it was pulled close to his spine. The holes where the ball entered and went out again were clearly cut. Another man's skin was slightly burned by three bullets in three distinct lines, as though it had been touched for an instant by the lighted end of a cigar. Greenway was shot through his shirt across the breast, and Roosevelt was so close to one bullet, when it struck a tree, that it filled his eyes and ears with tiny splinters. Major Brodie and Lieutenant Thomas were both wounded within a few feet of Colonel Wood, and his color-sergeant, Wright, who followed close at his heels, was clipped three times in the head and neck, and four bullets passed through the folds of the flag he carried. One trooper, Rowland, of Deming, was shot through the lower ribs; he was ordered by Roosevelt to fall back to the dressing station, but there Church told him there was nothing he could do for him then, and directed him to sit down until he could be taken to the hospital at Siboney. Rowland sat still for a short time, and then remarked, restlessly, "I don't seem to be doing much good here," and picking up his carbine, returned to the front. There Roosevelt found him.

"I thought I ordered you to the rear," he de-
"Yes, sir, you did," Rowland said, "but there didn't seem to be much doing back there."

He was sent to Siboney with the rest of the wounded, and two days later he appeared in camp. He had marched from Siboney, a distance of six miles, and up hill all the way, carrying his carbine, canteen, and cartridge-belt.

"I thought you were in hospital," Wood said.

"I was," Rowland answered, sheepishly, "but I didn't seem to be doing any good there."

They gave him up as hopeless after that, and he continued his duties and went into the fight of the San Juan hills with the hole still through his ribs. Another cowboy named Heffner, when shot through the body, asked to be propped up against a tree with his canteen and cartridge-belt beside him, and the last his troop saw of him he was seated alone grimly firing over their heads in the direction of the enemy. Church told of another young man shot through the chest. The entrance to his wound was so small that Church could not insert enough of the gauze-packing to stop the flow of blood.

"I'm afraid I'll have to make this hole larger," he said to the boy, "or you'll bleed to death."

"All right," the trooper answered, "I guess
you know best, only you'd better hurry." The boy stretched out on his back and lay perfectly quiet while Church, with a pair of curved scissors, cut away the edges of the wound. His patient neither whimpered nor swore, but stared up at the sun in silence. The bullets were falling on every side of them, and the operation was a hasty one, but the trooper made no comment until Church said, "We'd better get out of this; can you stand being carried?"

"Do you think you can carry me?" the trooper asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess you know," the boy answered, holding up his arms.

Another of the Rough Riders was brought to the dressing-station with a shattered ankle, and Church, after bandaging it, gave him his choice of riding down to Siboney on a mule, or of being carried a day later, on a litter.

"If you think you can manage to ride the mule with that broken foot," he said, "you can start at once, but if you wait until to-morrow, when I can spare the men, you can be carried all the way."

The cowboy preferred to start at once, so six hospital stewards lifted him up and dropped him
THE GUASIMAS FIGHT

on the mule, and into a huge Mexican saddle. He stuck his wounded ankle into one stirrup, and his untouched one into the other, and gathered up the reins.

"Does it pain you? Do you think you can stand it?" Church asked, anxiously. The cowboy turned and smiled down upon him with supreme disdain.

"What, stand this?" he cried. "Why, this is just like getting money from home."

Toward the last, the firing from the enemy sounded less near, and the bullets passed much higher. Roosevelt, who had picked up a carbine and was firing occasionally to give the direction to the others, determined upon a charge. Wood, at the other end of the line, decided at the same time upon the same manœuvre. It was called "Wood's bluff" afterward, for he had nothing to back it with; while to the enemy it looked as though his whole force was but the skirmish-line in advance of a regiment. The Spaniards naturally could not believe that this thin line which suddenly broke out of the bushes and from behind trees and came cheering out into the hot sunlight in full view, was the entire fighting force against it. They supposed the regiment was coming close on its heels, and as they hate
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

being rushed as a cat hates water, they fired a few parting volleys and broke and ran. The cheering had the same invigorating effect on our own side as a cold shower; it was what first told half the men where the other half were, and it made every individual man feel better. As we knew it was only a bluff, the first cheer was wavering, but the sound of our own voices was so comforting that the second cheer was a howl of triumph. As it was, the Spaniards thought the Rough Riders had already disregarded all the rules of war.

"When we fired a volley," one of the prisoners said later, "instead of falling back they came forward. That is not the way to fight, to come closer at every volley." And so, when instead of retreating on each volley, the Rough Riders rushed at them, cheering and filling the hot air with wild cowboy yells, the dismayed enemy retreated upon Santiago, where he announced he had been attacked by the entire American Army. One of the residents of Santiago asked one of the soldiers if those Americans fought well.

"Well!" he replied, "they tried to catch us with their hands!"

I have not attempted to give any account of General Young's fight on our right, which was
THE GUASIMAS FIGHT

equally desperate, and, owing to the courage of the colored troops of the Tenth in storming a ridge, equally worthy of praise. But it has seemed better not to try and tell of anything I did not see, but to limit myself to the work of the Rough Riders, to whom, after all, the victory was due, as it was owing to Colonel Wood's charge, which took the Spaniards in flank, that General Wheeler and General Young were able to advance, their own stubborn attack in front having failed to dislodge the enemy from his rifle-pits.

According to the statement of the enemy, who had every reason not to exaggerate the size of his own force, 4,000 Spaniards were engaged in this action. The Rough Riders numbered 534, of whom 8 were killed and 34 wounded, and General Young's force numbered 464, of which there were 8 killed and 18 wounded. The American troops accordingly attacked a force over four times their own number intrenched behind rifle-pits and bushes in a mountain-pass. In spite of the smokeless powder used by the Spaniards, which hid their position, the Rough Riders routed them out of it, and drove them back from three different barricades until they made their last stand in the ruined distillery, whence they finally
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS
drove them by assault. The eager spirit in which all was done is best described in the Spanish soldier's answer to the inquiring civilian, "They tried to catch us with their hands." It should be the Rough Riders' motto.
CHAPTER VI

THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

After the Guasimas fight on June 24th, at Guasimas, the army was advanced along the single trail which leads from Siboney on the coast to Santiago. Two streams of excellent water run parallel with this trail for short distances, and some eight miles from the coast crossed it in two places. Our outposts were stationed at the first of these fords, the Cuban outposts a mile and a half farther on at the ford nearer Santiago, where the stream made a sharp turn at a place called El Poso. Another mile and a half of trail extended from El Poso to the trenches of San Juan. The reader should remember El Poso, as it marked an important starting-point against San Juan on the eventful first of July.

For six days the army was encamped on either side of the trail for three miles back from the outposts. The regimental camps touched each other, and all day long the pack-trains passed up and down between them, carrying the day's ra-
The trail was a sunken wagon road, where it was possible, in a few places, for two wagons to pass at one time, but the greater distances were so narrow that there was but just room for a wagon, or a loaded mule-train, to make its way. The banks of the trail were three or four feet high, and when it rained it was converted into a
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

huge gutter, with sides of mud, and with a liquid mud a foot deep between them. The camps were pitched along the trail as near the parallel stream as possible, and in the occasional places where there was rich, high grass. At night the men slept in dog tents, open at the front and back, and during the day spent their time under the shade of trees along the trail, or on the banks of the stream. Sentries were placed at every few feet along these streams to guard them from any possible pollution. For six days the army rested in this way, for as an army moves and acts only on its belly, and as the belly of this army was three miles long, it could advance but slowly.

This week of rest, after the cramped life of the troop-ship, was not ungrateful, although the rations were scarce and there was no tobacco, which was as necessary to the health of the men as their food. Tobacco to many people is a luxury, to men who smoke it is a necessity. The men before Santiago, who were forced to go without their stimulant for four days, suffered just as greatly as a dipsomaniac who is cut off from alcohol. When I said this before in a cable from Santiago, an army officer wrote to some paper and ridiculed the idea, and asked if we were to believe the American soldiers were hysterical, nervous girls.
They are not that, of course, but these men before San Juan actually suffered as much for tobacco as they did for food. With a pipe the soldier can kill hunger, he can forget that he is wet and exhausted and sick with the heat, he can steady his nerves against the roof of bullets when they pass continually overhead, as they did on the 2d of July. After leaving Siboney, the regulars paid two dollars for a plug of tobacco which usually costs them eight cents. Those who could not get tobacco at all smoked dried grass, roots, and dry manure. For several nights the nerves of some of them were so unstrung for the need of the stimulant that they could not sleep. That is a condition of the nerves to be
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

avoided if possible when men are going into a battle.

The transports carried all the tobacco needed, but in the mind of some commissary officers tobacco is in the class with canned peaches, jellies, and lime-juice, a sort of luxury to be issued after the bacon and coffee and hard-tack have been sent to the front. This should really be considered equally important with the coffee, which the soldier needs three times a day. His tobacco he must have every hour of the day.

But in spite of the lack of tobacco and food, the six days ashore were interesting and busy. The men scoured the woods and hills for mangoes and cocoa-nuts and loafed in the shade beside the beautiful streams, and their officers reconnoitred the hills above them. But I cannot find out that anyone reconnoitred the wooded basin which lies before San Juan. I know a man who says he knows another man who told him he did so, but of thorough reconnaissance there was absolutely none. The temper of the young officers was keen for just such adventure, any number of them were eager to scout, to make actual surveys of the trails leading to Santiago, to discover the best cover and the open places, where the fords crossed the streams, and the trails which flanked the Spanish
trenches. But their services were not required. Major-General Chaffee seems to have been the only officer who acquainted himself with that mile and a half of unknown country into which, on the 1st of July, the men were driven as cattle are chased into the chutes of the Chicago cattle-pen. His rank permitted him to take such excursions on his own responsibility, but there were hundreds of other officers who would have been glad of a like opportunity, and there were, in the Rough Riders' Regiment alone, several hundred men who for years had been engaged in just that work, scouting and trailing. But the only reconnoissance the officers were permitted to make was to walk out a mile and a half beyond the outposts to the hill of El Poso, and to look across the basin that lay in the great valley which leads to Santiago. The left of the valley was the hills which hide the sea. The right of the valley was the hills in which nestle the village of El Caney. Below El Poso, in the basin, the dense green forest stretched a mile and a half to the hills of San Juan. These hills looked so quiet and sunny and well kept that they reminded one of a New England orchard. There was a blue bungalow on a hill to the right, a red bungalow higher up on the right, and in the centre the block-house of
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

San Juan, which looked like a Chinese pagoda. Three-quarters of a mile behind them, with a dip between, were the long white walls of the hospital and barracks of Santiago, wearing thirteen Red Cross flags, and, as was pointed out to the foreign

![Image](image_url)

*The Farm House Below El Poso Hill, where Many of the Rough Riders were Wounded by the Third Spanish Shell.*

*attachés* later, two six-inch guns a hundred yards in advance of the Red Cross flags.

It was so quiet, so fair, and so prosperous looking, that it breathed of peace. It seemed as though one might, without accident, walk in and take dinner at the Venus Restaurant, or loll on the benches in the Plaza, or rock in one of the

179
great bent-wood chairs around the patio of the Don Carlos Club.

But, on the 27th of June, a long, yellow pit opened in the hillside of San Juan, and in it we could see straw sombreros rising and bobbing up and down, and under the shade of the blockhouse, blue-coated Spaniards strolling leisurely about or riding forth on little white ponies to scamper over the hills. Officers of every regiment, attachés of foreign countries, correspondents and staff officers, daily reported the fact that the rifle-pits were growing in length and in number, and that in plain sight from the hill of El Poso, the enemy was intrenching himself at San Juan, and at the little village of El Caney to the right, where he was marching through the streets. But no artillery was sent to El Poso hill to drop a shell among the busy men at work among the trenches, or to interrupt the street parades in El Caney. For four days before the American soldiers captured the same rifle-pits at El Caney and San Juan, with a loss of two thousand men, they watched these men diligently preparing for their coming, and wondered why there was no order to embarrass or to end these preparations.

It is not a difficult task to criticise the conduct of a campaign when it is finished, to show how
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

Santiago should have been taken after it has been taken; but long before the army moved there were general officers who saw how the approach on the city should be made, and who did not wait until after the 1st of July to explain what should be avoided.

Stone Breastwork with Palm-leaf Roof at South Side of El Caney.

Five days before the battle of San Juan General Chaffee, in my hearing, explained the whole situation, and told what should be done and foretold what eventually happened if certain things were left undone. It was impossible, he said, for the army, without great loss, to debouch from the two trails which left the woods and opened on the country before the San Juan hills. He
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

suggested then that it would be well to cut trails parallel with the entire front of the wood and hidden by it, and with innumerable little trails leading into the open, so that the whole army could be marched out upon the hills at the same moment.

"Of course, the enemy knows where those two trails leave the wood," he said; "they have their guns trained on the openings. If our men leave the cover and reach the plain from those trails alone they will be piled up so high that they will block the road." This is exactly what happened, except that instead of being led to the sacrifice through both trails the men were sent down only one of them, and the loss was even greater in consequence. This is recorded here because even if the general in command did not know what to do, it is satisfactory to remember that we had other commanders there who did, with less political influence, but with greater military intelligence. It is quite safe to say that there is not the least doubt in the minds of any of the officers of the Fifth Army Corps, that had the attack on Santiago been planned by Generals Chaffee, Kent, or Lawton it would have been conducted as admirably as was the Porto Rican campaign, under Generals Miles, Schwan, Henry, and Wilson, and

182
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

with the loss of one-fourth the number of men who were sacrificed. General Shafter saw the field of battle only once before the fight took place. That was on June 29th, when he rode out to El Poso hill and surveyed the plain below. He was about the last officer in his army corps to climb that hill and make this survey, and he did not again go even that far to the front until the night after the battle, and he did not see the trenches for days after the battle had taken place. His trip to El Poso, which was three miles distant from his head-quarters, was apparently too much for his strength, and the heat during the ride prostrated him so greatly that he was forced to take to his cot, where he spent the greater part of his stay in Cuba before the surrender. On the day after the battle of San Juan he said, hopelessly, to a foreign attaché: “I am prostrate in body and mind.” He could confess this to a stranger, and yet, so great was the obstinacy, so great the vanity and self-confidence of the man, that, although he held the lives and health of 13,000 soldiers in his care, he did not ask to be relieved of his command. I do not think his not coming to the front was due to personal timidity, although in their anger and exasperation at his absence his officers freely
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

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accused him of allowing his personal safety to stand in the way of his duty, and so little regard had they for him that I have heard a colonel countermand his orders in the presence of other generals. His remaining in the rear was undoubtedly due to physical disability, and to the fact that he was ill and in pain.

There are some people who claim that the very fact of Shafter's retaining command when he was suffering showed his bull-dog pluck and courage,
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

but I cannot accept that point of view. A man who could not survive a ride of three miles on horseback, when his men were tramping many miles on foot with packs and arms, and under a tropical sun; who was so occupied and concerned with a gouty foot that he could not consider a plan of battle, and who sent seven thousand men down a trail he had never seen, should resist the temptation to accept responsibilities his political friends thrust upon him, responsibilities he knows he cannot bear. This is the offence that I impute to Shafter: that while he was not even able to rise and look at the city he had been sent to capture, he still clung to his authority. His self-confidence was untouched. His self-complacency was so great that in spite of blunder after blunder, folly upon folly, and mistake upon mistake, he still believed himself infallible, still bullied his inferior officers, and still cursed from his cot. He quarrelled with Admiral Sampson; he quarrelled with General Garcia; he refused to allow Colonel Greenleaf, Surgeon-in-Chief of the army, to destroy the pest-houses in Siboney, and he disobeyed the two orders sent him by General Miles from Tampa and again from Washington, directing him not to allow our soldiers to occupy the Cuban houses.
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

The obvious answer which is invariably made to every criticism on General Shafter is that, after all, he was justified in the end, for he did succeed; he was sent to Cuba to take Santiago and he took Santiago. He did not take Santiago. His troops, without the aid they should have received from him of proper reconnaissance and sufficient artillery, devotedly sacrificed themselves and took the hills above Santiago with their bare hands, and it was Admiral Cervera who, in withdrawing his guns which covered the city, made a present of it to the American Army. It must not be forgotten that the departure of Cervera's fleet removed Santiago's chief defence, and the cause of Shafter's coming to Cuba as well. The American people cannot have forgotten Shafter's panic-stricken telegram of July 2d, when he said that our lines were so thin that he feared he might have to withdraw from the position his men had taken. It came like a slap in the face to everyone who believed Santiago was already ours. Nor can they have forgotten that on the very next day Cervera, having preferred to take a desperate chance to save his fleet, rather than remain on guard before the city, and having withdrawn, Shafter no longer cabled of retreat, but demanded surrender.
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

Shafer's demand for surrender was sent in on the morning of the 3d, Cervera did not leave until the afternoon, so the admirers of Shafter

claim that Cervera would not have left the harbor at all if Shafter had not arrived and captured the hills above the city. The truth, however, is that it was not on account of Shafter, but in spite of Shafter, that the hills were taken. I now shall

187
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

try to make clear how his plan of attacking the city not only failed, but, before it was abandoned, caused needless loss of life; how it finally was disregarded by the generals at the front, and how the battle was won without him, for he did not see the battle of San Juan, nor direct the battle of San Juan, nor was he consulted by those who did.

On the afternoon of June 30th, Captain Mills rode up to the tent of Colonel Wood, and told him that on account of illness, General Wheeler and General Young had relinquished their commands, and that General Sumner would take charge of the Cavalry Division; that he, Colonel Wood, would take command of General Young's brigade, and Colonel Carroll, of General Sumner's brigade.

"You will break camp and move forward at four o'clock," he said. It was then three o'clock, and apparently the order to move forward at four had been given to each regiment at nearly the same time, for they all struck their tents and stepped down into the trail together. It was as though fifteen regiments were encamped along the sidewalks of Fifth Avenue and were all ordered at the same moment to move into it and march down town. If Fifth Avenue were ten feet wide, one can imagine the confusion.

188
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

General Chaffee was at General Lawton's headquarters, and they stood apart whispering together about the march they were to take to El Caney. Just over their heads the balloon was ascending for the first time and its great glisten-

The War Balloon Making its First Ascension, on the Day Before the Battle of San Juan.

ing bulk hung just above the tree-tops, and the men in the different regiments, picking their way along the trail, gazed up at it open-mouthed. The head-quarters camp was crowded. After a week of inaction the army, at a moment's notice, was moving forward, and everyone had ridden in haste to learn why.
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

There were attachés, in strange uniforms, self-important Cuban generals, officers from the flagship *New York*, and an army of photographers. At the side of the camp, double lines of soldiers passed slowly along the two paths of the muddy road, while, between them, aides dashed up and down, splashing them with dirty water, and shouting, "You will come up at once, sir." "You will not attempt to enter the trail yet, sir." "General Sumner’s compliments, and why are you not in your place?"

Twelve thousand men, with their eyes fixed on a balloon, and treading on each other’s heels in three inches of mud, move slowly, and after three hours, it seemed as though every man in the United States was under arms and stumbling and slipping down that trail. The lines passed until the moon rose. They seemed endless, interminable; there were cavalry mounted and dismounted, artillery with cracking whips and cursing drivers, Rough Riders in brown, and regulars, both black and white, in blue. Midnight came, and they were still slipping forward.

General Sumner’s head-quarters tent was pitched to the right of El Poso hill. Below us lay the basin a mile and a half in length, and a mile and a half wide, from which a white mist was rising.
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

Near us, drowned under the mist, seven thousand men were sleeping, and, farther to the right, General Chaffee's five thousand were lying under the bushes along the trails to El Caney, waiting to march on it and eat it up before breakfast.

The place hardly needs a map to explain it. The trails were like a pitchfork, with its prongs touching the hills of San Juan. The long handle of the pitchfork was the trail over which we had just come, the joining of the handle and the prongs were El Poso. El Caney lay half way along the right prong, the left one was the trail down which, in the morning, the troops were to be hurled upon San Juan. It was as yet an utterly undiscovered country. Three miles away, across the basin of mist, we could see the street-lamps of Santiago shining over the San Juan hills. Above us, the tropical moon hung white and clear in the dark purple sky, pierced with millions of white stars. As we turned in, there was just a little something in the air which made saying "good-night" a gentle farce, for no one went to sleep immediately, but lay looking up at the stars, and after a long silence, and much restless turning on the blanket which we shared together, the second lieutenant said: "So, if anything happens to me, to-morrow, you'll see she
gets them, won’t you?” Before the moon rose again, every sixth man who had slept in the mist that night was either killed or wounded; but the second lieutenant was sitting on the edge of a Spanish rifle-pit, dirty, sweaty, and weak for food, but victorious, and the unknown she did not get them.

El Caney had not yet thrown off her blanket of mist before Capron’s battery opened on it from a ridge two miles in the rear. The plan for the day was that El Caney should fall in an hour. The plan for the day is interesting chiefly because it is so different from what happened. According to the plan the army was to advance in two divisions, along the two trails. Incidentally, General Lawton’s division was to pick up El Caney, and when El Caney was eliminated, his division was to continue forward and join hands on the right with the divisions of General Sumner and General Kent. The army was then to rest for that night in the woods, half a mile from San Juan.

On the following morning it was to attack San Juan on the two flanks, under cover of artillery. The objection to this plan, which did not apparently suggest itself to General Shafter, was that an army of twelve thousand men, sleeping within
five hundred yards of the enemy's rifle-pits might not unreasonably be expected to pass a bad night. We discovered the next day that not only the five hundred yards but the whole basin was covered by the fire from the rifle-pits. The army could not remain in the woods even by daylight

![Image of the battlefield](image)

Gun No. 1 of Grimes's Battery, the First Gun Fired at San Juan Block-House, July 1st.

when it was possible to seek some slight shelter, but according to the plan it was expected to bivouac for the night in these woods, and in the morning to manoeuvre and deploy and march through them out to the two flanks of San Juan. How the enemy was to be hypnotized while this was going forward it is difficult to explain.
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

According to this programme, Capron's battery opened on El Caney and Grimes's battery opened on the pagoda-like block-house of San Juan. The range from El Poso was exactly 2,400 yards, and the firing, as was discovered later, was not very effective. The battery used black powder, and, as a result, after each explosion the curtain of smoke hung over the gun for fully a minute before the gunners could see the San Juan trenches, which was chiefly important because for a full minute it gave a mark to the enemy. The hill on which the battery stood was like a sugar-loaf. Behind it was the farm-house of El Poso, the only building in sight within a radius of a mile, and in it were Cuban soldiers and other non-combatants. The Rough Riders had been ordered to halt in the yard of the farm-house and the artillery horses were drawn up in it, under the lee of the hill. The First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry were encamped a hundred yards from the battery along the ridge. Later I took pains to find out by whose order these troops were placed within such close proximity to a battery, and was informed, by the general in command of the division, that his men had been put in that exact spot by the order of the Commanding General. They might as sensibly have
Artillery Coming Up El Poso Hill.
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

been ordered to paint the rings in a target while a company was firing at the bull's eye. For the first twenty shots the enemy made no reply, when they did it was impossible, owing to their using smokeless powder, to locate their guns. The third shell fell in among the Cubans in the block-house and among the Rough Riders and the men of the First and Tenth Cavalry, killing some and wounding many. These casualties were utterly unnecessary and were due to the stupidity of whoever placed the men within fifty yards of guns in action. Until after the trenches of San Juan were taken by the infantry the artillery's part in the attack on Santiago was of little value. The hills of San Juan and the fort at El Caney were finally taken by assault and with but little aid from the heavier arm. There were only sixteen three-inch guns with this expedition, which set forth with the known purpose of besieging a city. Military experts say that the sixty guns left behind in Tampa would have been few enough for the work they had to do. It was like going to a fire with a hook and ladder company and leaving the hose and the steam-engines in the engine-house. If the guns which were left at Tampa, and the siege-guns which were left on the transports at Baiquiri had first
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

played on the San Juan hills, and put out the fire there, so many men of the hook and ladder contingent would not have been sacrificed.

A quarter of an hour after the firing began from El Poso one of General Shafter's aides directed General Sumner to advance with his divis-

El Poso, Immediately After the Spanish Fire Ceased. A shell entered, killing Cubans inside.

don down the Santiago trail, and to halt at the edge of the woods.

"What am I to do then?" asked General Sumner.

"You are to await further orders," the aide answered.

As a matter of fact and history this was prob-
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

ably the last order General Sumner received from General Shafter, until the troops of his division had taken the San Juan hills, as it became impossible to get word to General Shafter, the trail leading to his head-quarters tent, three miles in the rear, being blocked by the soldiers of the First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry, and later, by Lawton's division. General Sumner led the Sixth, Third, and Ninth Cavalry, and the Rough Riders down the trail, with instructions for the First and Tenth to follow. The trail, virgin as yet from the foot of an American soldier, was as wide as its narrowest part, which was some ten feet across. At places it was as wide as Broadway, but only for such short distances that it was necessary for the men to advance in column, in double file. A maze of underbrush and trees on either side was all but impenetrable, and when the officers and men had once assembled into the basin, they could only guess as to what lay before them, or on either flank. At the end of a mile the country became more open, and General Sumner saw the Spaniards intrenched a half mile away on the sloping hills. A stream, called the San Juan River, ran across the trail at this point, and another stream crossed it again two hundred yards farther on. The troops were halted at this

203
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

first stream, some crossing it, and others deploying in single file to the right. Some were on the banks of the stream, others at the edge of the woods in the bushes. Others lay in the high grass which was so high that it stopped the wind, and so hot that it almost choked and suffocated those who lay in it.

The enemy saw the advance and began firing with pitiless accuracy into the jammed and crowded trail, and along the whole border of the woods. There was not a single yard of ground for a mile to the rear, which was not inside the zone of fire. Our men were ordered not to return the fire but to lie still and wait for further orders. Some of them could see the rifle-pits of the enemy quite clearly and the men in them, but many saw nothing but the bushes under which they lay, and the high grass which seemed to burn when they pressed against it. It was during this period of waiting that the greater number of our men were killed. For one hour they lay on their rifles staring at the waving green stuff around them, while the bullets drove past incessantly, with savage insistence, cutting the grass again and again in hundreds of fresh places. Men in line sprang from the ground and sank back again with a groan, or rolled to one side clinging silently to an
Fording a Stream on the Way to the Front.
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

arm or shoulder. Behind the lines hospital stewards passed continually, drawing the wounded back to the streams, where they laid them in long rows, their feet touching the water's edge and their bodies supported by the muddy bank. Up and down the lines, and through the fords of the

![Mule Train Carrying Ammunition from Siboney to San Juan.](image)

streams, mounted aides drove their horses at a gallop, as conspicuous a target as the steeple on a church, and one after another paid the price of his position and fell from his horse wounded or dead. Captain Mills fell as he was giving an order, shot through the forehead behind both eyes; Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, as he

207
said, "There is no Spanish bullet made that can kill me." Steel, Swift, Henry, each of them was shot out of his saddle.

Hidden in the trees above the streams, and above the trail, sharpshooters and guerillas added a fresh terror to the wounded. There was no hiding from them. Their bullets came from every side. Their invisible smoke helped to keep their hiding-places secret, and in the incessant shriek of shrapnel and the spit of the Mausers, it was difficult to locate the reports of their rifles. They spared neither the wounded nor recognized the Red Cross, they killed the surgeons and the stewards carrying the litters, and killed the wounded men on the litters. A guerilla in a tree above us shot one of the Rough Riders in the breast, while I was helping him carry Captain Morton Henry to the dressing-station, the ball passing down through him, and a second shot from the same tree, barely missed Henry as he lay on the ground where we had dropped him. He was already twice wounded and so covered with blood that no one could have mistaken his condition. The surgeons at work along the stream dressed the wounds with one eye cast aloft at the trees. It was not the Mauser bullets they feared, though they passed continuously, but
too high to do their patients further harm, but
the bullets of the sharpshooters which struck
fairly in among them, splashing in the water and
scattering the pebbles. The sounds of the two
bullets were as different as is the sharp pop of a
soda-water bottle from the buzzing of an angry
wasp.

For a time it seemed as though every second
man was either killed or wounded, one came upon
them lying behind the bush, under which they
had crawled with some strange idea that it would
protect them, or crouched under the bank of
the stream, or lying on their stomachs and lap-
ing up the water with the eagerness of thirsty
dogs. As to their suffering, the wounded were
magnificently silent, they neither complained nor
groaned, nor cursed.

"I've got a punctured tire," was their grim
answer to inquiries. White men and colored
men, veterans and recruits and volunteers, each
lay waiting for the battle to begin or to end so
that he might be carried away to safety, for the
wounded were in as great danger after they were
hit as though they were in the firing line, but
none questioned nor complained.

I came across Lieutenant Roberts, of the Tenth
Cavalry, lying under the roots of a tree beside
the stream with three of his colored troopers stretched around him. He was shot through the intestines, and each of the three men with him was shot in the arm or leg. They had been overlooked or forgotten, and we stumbled upon them only by the accident of losing our way. They had no knowledge as to how the battle was going or where their comrades were, or where the enemy was. At any moment, for all they knew, the Spaniards might break through the bushes about them. It was a most lonely picture, the young
lieutenant, half naked, and wet with his own blood, sitting upright beside the empty stream, and his three followers crouching at his feet like three faithful watch-dogs, each wearing his red badge of courage, with his black skin tanned to a haggard gray, and with his eyes fixed patiently on the white lips of his officer. When the white soldiers with me offered to carry him back to the dressing-station, the negroes resented it stiffly. "If the Lieutenant had been able to move, we would have carried him away long ago," said the sergeant, quite overlooking the fact that his arm was shattered.

"Oh, don't bother the surgeons about me," Roberts added, cheerfully. "They must be very busy. I can wait."

As yet, with all these killed and wounded, we had accomplished nothing—except to obey orders—which was to await further orders. The observation balloon hastened the end. It came blundering down the trail, and stopped the advance of the First and Tenth Cavalry, and was sent up directly over the heads of our men to observe what should have been observed a week before by scouts and reconnoitring parties. A balloon, two miles to the rear, and high enough in the air to be out of range of the enemy's fire,
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

may some day prove itself to be of use and value. But a balloon on the advance line, and only fifty feet above the tops of the trees, was merely an invitation to the enemy to kill everything beneath it. And the enemy responded to the invitation. A Spaniard might question if he could hit a man, or a number of men, hidden in the bushes, but had no doubt at all as to his ability to hit a mammoth glistening ball only six hundred yards distant, and so all the trenches fired at it at once, and the men of the First and Tenth, packed together directly behind it, received the full force of the bullets. The men lying directly below it received the shrapnel which was timed to hit it, and which at last, fortunately, did hit it. This was endured for an hour, an hour of such hell of fire and heat, that the heat in itself, had there been no bullets, would have been remembered for its cruelty. Men gasped on their backs, like fishes in the bottom of a boat, their heads burning inside and out, their limbs too heavy to move. They had been rushed here and rushed there wet with sweat and wet with fording the streams, under a sun that would have made moving a fan an effort, and they lay prostrate, gasping at the hot air, with faces aflame, and their tongues sticking out, and their eyes
rolling. All through this the volleys from the rifle-pits sputtered and rattled, and the bullets sang continuously like the wind through the rigging in a gale, shrapnel whined and broke, and still no order came from General Shafter.

Captain Howse, of General Sumner's staff, rode down the trail to learn what had delayed the First and Tenth, and was hailed by Colonel Derby, who was just descending from the shattered balloon.

"I saw men up there on those hills," Colonel Derby shouted; "they are firing at our troops." That was part of the information contributed by the balloon. Captain Howse's reply is lost to history.

General Kent's division, which was to have been held in reserve, according to the plan, had been rushed up in the rear of the First and Tenth, and the Tenth had deployed in skirmish order to the right. The trail was now completely blocked by Kent's Division. Lawton's Division, which was to have reinforced on the right, had not appeared, but incessant firing from the direction of El Caney showed that he and Chaffee were fighting mightily. The situation was desperate. Our troops could not retreat, as the trail for two miles behind them was wedged with
men. They could not remain where they were for they were being shot to pieces. There was only one thing they could do—go forward and take the San Juan hills by assault. It was as desperate as the situation itself. To charge earthworks held by men with modern rifles, and using modern artillery, until after the earthworks have been shaken by artillery, and to attack them in advance and not in the flanks, are both impossible military propositions. But this campaign had not been conducted according to military rules, and a series of military blunders had brought seven thousand American soldiers into a chute of death, from which there was no escape except by taking the enemy who held it by the throat, and driving him out and beating him down. So the generals of divisions and brigades stepped back and relinquished their command to the regimental officers and the enlisted men.

"We can do nothing more," they virtually said.

"There is the enemy."

Colonel Roosevelt, on horseback, broke from the woods behind the line of the Ninth, and finding its men lying in his way, shouted: "If you don't wish to go forward, let my men pass, please." The junior officers of the Ninth, with their ne-
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

groes, instantly sprang into line with the Rough Riders, and charged at the blue block-house on the right.

I speak of Roosevelt first because, with General Hawkins, who led Kent’s Division, notably the Sixth and Sixteenth Regulars, he was, without doubt, the most conspicuous figure in the charge. General Hawkins, with hair as white as snow, and yet far in advance of men thirty years his junior, was so noble a sight that you felt inclined to pray for his safety; on the other hand, Roosevelt, mounted high on horseback, and charging the rifle-pits at a gallop and quite alone, made you feel that you would like to cheer. He wore on his sombrero a blue polka-dot handkerchief, à la Havelock, which, as he advanced, floated out straight behind his head, like a guidon. Afterward, the men of his regiment who followed this flag, adopted a polka-dot handkerchief as the badge of the Rough Riders. These two officers were notably conspicuous in the charge, but no one can claim that any two men, or any one man, was more brave or more daring, or showed greater courage in that slow, stubborn advance than did any of the others. Someone asked one of the officers if he had any difficulty in making his men follow him. “No,” he answered, “I had
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

some difficulty in keeping up with them." As one of the Brigade Generals said: "San Juan was won by the regimental officers and men. We had as little to do as the referee at a prize-fight who calls 'time.' We called 'time' and they did the fighting."

I have seen many illustrations and pictures of this charge on the San Juan hills, but none of them seem to show it just as I remember it. In the picture-papers the men are running up hill swiftly and gallantly, in regular formation, rank after rank, with flags flying, their eyes aflame, and their hair streaming, their bayonets fixed, in long, brilliant lines, an invincible, overpowering weight of numbers. Instead of which I think the thing which impressed one the most, when our men started from cover, was that they were so few. It seemed as if someone had made an awful and terrible mistake. One's instinct was to call to them to come back. You felt that someone had blundered and that these few men were blindly following out some madman's mad order. It was not heroic then, it seemed merely terribly pathetic. The pity of it, the folly of such a sacrifice was what held you.

They had no glittering bayonets, they were not massed in regular array. There were a few
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

men in advance, bunched together, and creeping up a steep, sunny hill, the tops of which roared and flashed with flame. The men held their guns pressed across their breasts and stepped heavily as they climbed. Behind these first few, spreading out like a fan, were single lines of men, slipping and scrambling in the smooth grass, moving forward with difficulty, as though they were wad.
ing waist high through water, moving slowly, carefully, with strenuous effort. It was much more wonderful than any swinging charge could have been. They walked to greet death at every step, many of them, as they advanced, sinking suddenly or pitching forward and disappearing in the high grass, but the others waded on, stubbornly, forming a thin blue line that kept creeping higher and higher up the hill. It was as inevitable as the rising tide. It was a miracle of self-sacrifice, a triumph of bull-dog courage, which one watched breathless with wonder. The fire of the Spanish riflemen, who still stuck bravely to their posts, doubled and trebled in fierceness, the crests of the hills crackled and burst in amazed roars, and rippled with waves of tiny flame. But the blue line crept steadily up and on, and then, near the top, the broken fragments gathered together with a sudden burst of speed, the Spaniards appeared for a moment outlined against the sky and poised for instant flight, fired a last volley and fled before the swift-moving wave that leaped and sprang up after them.

The men of the Ninth and the Rough Riders rushed to the block-house together, the men of the Sixth, of the Third, of the Tenth Cavalry, of the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, fell on their faces
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN

along the crest of the hills beyond, and opened upon the vanishing enemy. They drove the yellow silk flags of the cavalry and the Stars and Stripes of their country into the soft earth of the trenches, and then sank down and looked back at the road they had climbed and swung their hats in the air. And from far overhead, from these few figures perched on the Spanish rifle-pits, with their flags planted among the empty cartridges of the enemy, and overlooking the walls of Santiago, came, faintly, the sound of a tired, broken cheer.
CHAPTER VII

IN THE RIFLE-PITS

The position of the regulars immediately after they had taken the San Juan hills was painfully suggestive of Humpty-Dumpty on the wall. They did not suggest Humpty-Dumpty at the time, but now one sees that their attitude then was quite as precarious as his and almost as absurd.

Along the top of each hill were tiny groups of not more than from a dozen to fifteen soldiers. They were sprawling on their backs, panting for breath, or sitting with their elbows on their knees and panting for breath. By some miracle they had arrived at this supreme elevation, and they found themselves suddenly in complete possession of several block-houses and rows and rows of abandoned rifle-pits. Three hundred yards below them, in the valley that stretched between the city of Santiago and the hills on which they crouched, thousands of Spanish rifles were spluttering furiously and shrieking with rage and dis-
United States Troops in the Trenches Before Santiago.
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

appointment, making the crest of hills behind which our men lay absolutely untenable. At their feet were the sunny slopes up which they had just climbed, and which were still swept by fierce and sudden showers of falling bullets. They could neither retreat nor advance, and they were so few that to one coming up the hill they suggested Sunday groups of workmen picnicking on the hills of a city park. They were so few in number, so utterly inadequate to the extent of hills they had captured and which they were supposed to hold, that their position was like that of a man clinging to a church steeple and unable, without breaking his neck, to slip down on any side; but who still proclaimed to the air about him, "See how I hold this steeple!" Their own point of view and sense of relief and surprise were thus best expressed in the words of Stephen Crane's trooper, who sank upon the crest of the hill, panting, bleeding, and sweating, and cried: "Well, hell, here we are!"

I watched the cavalry take the hills they captured from a place on the trail about three hundred yards behind them, near a ford of the San Juan stream, which was later picturesquely called the Bloody Bend, because so many men were hurt there, and because it was used as a
dressing station for the wounded. General Wheeler was seated at this ford at the foot of a great tree, and gathered about him were different members of his staff—his son, and Captain William Astor Chanler, and Captain Hardie, who was, much to his disgust, in command of the General’s body-guard, and so could not storm the hill with his regiment. I told General Wheeler that the cavalry had just reached the top of the hill, and I think from his answer that this was the first information that he had received of the fact that the hills were captured. At the same moment an aide rode up and said, “General Wheeler, we have taken the San Juan blockhouse. It is now possible for you to come up to
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

the front." General Wheeler at once rose and walked on up the three hundred yards of trail to the hill; but about half an hour before he reached it I saw General Sumner riding over the hills with his aides: Captain Howse, Lieutenant Harmon, who was wounded, but who still sat in his saddle, and Lieutenant Andrews of Troop G, Third Cavalry, whose horse had been shot, but who trotted along beside Sumner on foot. I mention this, because in General Shafter's general order congratulating the troops on the victory of San Juan, he gave the entire credit for the work of the cavalry division to General Wheeler, speaking of him as leading the dismounted cavalry at the front. He did not mention General Sumner at all. As a matter of history, General Sumner bore the heat and brunt of the day, and was in command of the cavalry division long after the hills were taken, until about four o'clock, when General Wheeler reassumed command. General Wheeler has won so many laurels in the Civil War, and again in this last war, that he does not need honors which belong to another. General Kent, who was also mentioned in the same general order for the good work of his infantry, was most magnanimous, and at the time of the fight gave the credit of the advance to his
brigade commander, General Hawkins. In the minds of the army of the rifle-pits this disclaimer on his part did not so much help General Hawkins, who had distinguished himself before the eyes of all, as it added to the great popularity of General Kent. Later General Shafter corrected his original error, and in his final report states that Sumner, and not Wheeler, commanded the cavalry at the battle of San Juan.

During the days while the armies camped in the rifle-pits it was necessary to pass frequently over the trail from the Bloody Bend to the foot of the hill on which stood the San Juan blockhouse, and I now know that the distance between those two points is not over three hundred yards. But on the morning of the first of July, when Mr. Floyd Campbell, the Herald artist, and I followed on the footsteps of the regulars it seemed to stretch for many weary miles. It was so long that morning that at about every fifty feet we found it necessary to sit down and rest. We were generally overcome with fatigue wherever there was a tree. There were few trees large enough for our purpose, and they were all occupied. Everyone had been under fire for five hours; but at no place nor time during the entire war did the fire of the enemy seem so unpleasant as it was
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

that morning along that trail. Bullets passed without giving a moment's respite at several different heights, and while doing so made a most demoralizing amount of noise. They struck the trees overhead, the ground underfoot, and cut holes in the air on every side. Sometimes a shrapnel shell burst and tore the men it hit into ribbons of flesh. Dead horses and the bodies of the regulars lay all along the trail, and no one who was not wounded, or supporting wounded, passed down it from the front. It was interesting to observe the pressure which men put upon their nerves suddenly slip from them, and to see them flying panic-stricken for a tree, or dropping on their knees and sliding along the ground. It showed that a man when he is alone can only bear a certain amount of danger, as he can only stand a certain amount of physical fatigue. You would see a soldier walking along the trail quite boldly for a little way, and then a bullet would come too close to his head, or too many of them would whistle by at the same moment, and his nerves would refuse to support the strain any longer, and he would jump for the bushes and would sit there breathing heavily until he mustered up sufficient will-power to carry him farther on. It was hardest for the wounded who had
just fallen during the charge up the hill. They had paid their dues, and felt that they deserved a respite; but the bullets pursued them cruelly all the way down the trail, following them like live things, and driving them as with whips to efforts far beyond their strength. There was one big tree which everyone who was at San Juan will remember, and which stood on the left of the trail just between the two streams. It was the rest-house for many men that morning, and it served them well apparently, for a few days later we counted forty-two bullet holes in its trunk. Two officers who were making maps on little boards which hung from their shoulders like a peddler’s tray, made for this tree, and three regulars and Campbell and I joined them. It was as though we were seeking shelter from a storm. One of the regulars was crowded out to one side, and he suddenly rolled over on top of us, crying, “I’ve got it, I’ve got it,” in such a cheerful tone of delight that we did not believe him, and told him to sit still and not spoil our formation. But he showed us where the bullet had entered his shoulder. We might have been under that tree yet had not General Kent ridden by at a gallop, sitting up very stiff in his saddle and, as it were, looking the bullets straight in the eye.
Looking Toward Santiago from the Trenches of the Colored Troops.
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

He made the group behind the tree feel uncomfortable, so the officers with the drawing-boards and the rest of us scrambled to our feet and went up after them. We found our men lying on their backs along the hills just below the crest. They were still panting after their climb, and were not at that time making any effort to return the fire of the enemy. To have done so would have been inviting death, for bullets from machine guns and Mausers were clipping the crest of the hills unceasingly. During this time the correspondents, as usual, shared whatever danger there was with the soldiers, and while the hills were still swept with the enemy’s fire Stephen Crane and John Hare, of Collier’s, came up them, and later John Fox, of Harper’s, and James Whigham, the golf champion, who was acting as the correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, and Sir Bryan Leighton, a correspondent of the New York Journal. These were the only correspondents I saw that far up on that day, although several others who had been in the Caney fight arrived later.

Campbell had an insane sense of duty which forced him to take a photograph of Santiago from the crest of the hill, and I had to go where he did. I obtained a very hurried view of the city, and
looked at it only long enough to enable me to say truthfully that I had seen it, but not long enough to enable me to recognize it if I saw it again. The artillery under Major Dillenback had just taken up a position on the crest. It remained in position about three minutes. The men loaded the guns lying on their backs and rising on one elbow to open the breech. When the infantry saw them coming up the hill, lashing their horses and bumping the guns into trees and over rocks, with their red blankets and red guidons flashing in the sun, the sight was so inspiring that the tired men cheered and forgot that as yet the artillery had done but little to aid them. The guns came up the hill so fast that it looked as though we would be in Santiago in a few hours, instead of which within the next three minutes the guns were charging just as fast down the hill again, abandoning the infantry and dismounted cavalry to the Spaniards. It is one of the first rules of tactics, I believe, that artillery must be the last arm of the service to leave the field, as the moral effect of its withdrawal upon the infantry is naturally demoralizing. It can be said for the artillery, that it was an absurd proposition to send it to the crest of the hill, where it was exposed to modern rifle-fire at very short
range; but still it might have withdrawn in better order.

To reach the crest of the hill I had to pass through a company of infantry which had been sent up in skirmish order to support the artillery during the three minutes in which it was engaged. These men were lying on their faces about fifty feet below the crest, and as I passed among them on my way back I noticed that they wore in their hats the silver badge of the Seventy-first New York and I supposed the regiment below in the block-house from which I had just seen these men detached was the remainder of the Seventy-first. In my despatch to the Herald, which I wrote immediately, I mentioned the fact that the Seventy-first was at that writing holding the crest of the San Juan hill. In this I was mistaken, for the company I had seen, with one other, were the only companies of the regiment that took part in the charge. I believe the one on the hill was Company F, under the command of Captain Rafferty. When the newspapers arrived from New York, it appeared from their accounts of the battle that the hills of San Juan had been taken by the Rough Riders and the Seventy-first New York. One paper even said, "Inspired by the example of the Rough
Riders, the Sixth and Ninth Regulars charged the hill with undaunted courage.” This injudicious praise was as distasteful to the Rough Riders as it was unfair to the regulars. The Rough Riders were no better than the regulars, although they behaved just as well; but when Colonel Roosevelt, in his letter to the Secretary of War, boasted that they were five times as good as any other regiment of volunteers, he was in my opinion far too modest. They were many times as good as any other volunteer regiment that I ever saw in action and out of action, which is also the same as saying that any regiment of regulars is many times better than any regiment of volunteers. The inside story of the Seventy-first New York is well known to everyone who was present at the fight. The regiment did not run away, but it certainly did not behave well. The fault was entirely that of some of the officers. They funked the fight and, as General Kent describes in his report, refused to leave the bushes, and as a result the men either funked it too, or, as was the case with a dozen from each company, fell in with the regulars of Kent’s division, and so reached the crest of the hill with them and led by their officers. It was the first time these volunteers had been under fire, and the fact that
A Detachment of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers just before going into action.
they at first hung back is chiefly interesting because their doing so was another argument against the use of amateurs in time of war. The fulsome praise given to this regiment was a most serious injustice to the men of the regular army who on that day did their full duty, which these volunteers did not. It also strengthens the hands of those politicians who support for their own ends that national menace called the National Guard, and those militia officers who forced their Congressmen to defeat the Hull bill. The militia Colonel can now point to the "gallant Seventy-first" as an example of the bravery and of the value of volunteers in action, when what the country needs to know now is that in actual warfare the volunteer is a nuisance, that it always takes one regular to offset his mistakes, to help him cook his rations, and to teach him to shelter himself and to keep himself clean. The only correspondent who thought it wise to tell the truth concerning the officers of the Seventy-first at the time of the fight was the correspondent of the World; but as soon as his paper learned that the truth was not what the friends of the Seventy-first desired, it gave them what they desired, and stultified itself by saying that its correspondent had lied. There is one story which was told in
the trenches and which illustrates the feeling that existed there toward the officers of this volunteer regiment. One of these men was lying hidden in the grass when the order was given to charge the hills. An officer of the regular army in running forward did not see him, and stepped with his heel in the small of the other man's back. The indignant volunteer yelled after him, "Where in hell are you going?"

"To the front," the regular replied, cheerfully. "Where in hell are you going?"

242
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

After the withdrawal of the artillery General Wheeler came up and established his headquarters at the turn of the trail, in a cut between two of the hills. He remained there, and never left the rifle-pits until Santiago fell.

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, and our men were by this time greatly in need of food, and especially of water, for a battle is

Generals Wheeler, Chaffee, and Lawton in Consultation.

the most thirst-creating of all experiences. There was, however, no food of any sort, and the water could only be secured at great risk to the men
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

who left the shelter of the hills to go after it. About the same hour the ammunition wagons came up and halted above General Wheeler's head-quarters, and men from the hills were sent to bring back cartridges. The colored regulars of the Tenth were the first to come down after the ammunition, and seemed overjoyed at the fact that the wagons held cartridges and not, as some supposed, rations. The web belts of most of them were empty, and in no one belt were there more than half-a-dozen or ten of the one hundred and fifty cartridges with which the men had begun the day. The negro soldiers established themselves as fighting men that morning, and the chuckles they gave as they shoved the cartridges into their belts showed that, though they did not have food or water, so long as they had ammunition they were content. About 5 o'clock the Spaniards rallied and poured in a furious fire, which it is now believed was intended to cover the retreat of a large number of their comrades in the direction of Santiago. When the sun sank that night the situation was not encouraging. The enemy was still firing with unabated enthusiasm, and our men were returning his fire with equal desperation. They were still scattered far apart along the hills. They
were seldom more than a company at any one spot, and there were bare spaces from 100 to 200 yards apart held by only a dozen men. That night our soldiers did not sleep, as all of them were under fire, and many were kept at work enlarging the rifle-pits and digging fresh defences or standing guard. This work was inspired by General Wheeler, who sent to the rear for entrenching tools, and encouraged the brigade generals to make every effort to strengthen the position already won. In the morning Lawton's division, after a cruel night march from beyond El Caney, arrived at the rifle-pits and capped those hills farthest to the right. The firing continued viciously all that day; but our losses were small, while, as we learned later, the enemy's losses were exceedingly heavy. One of the Spanish prisoners said they amounted to over 1,000 in killed and wounded. When our men advanced up the trail on the morning of the battle they had been ordered to put their blanket rolls and haversacks in different places along the line of march, and details were left behind to guard these belongings. But a few hours later, when the wounded came straggling to the rear, the surgeons ordered these men who were on guard to help carry the wounded to the
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

field hospitals, and so the two miles of ponchos and blankets and rations were abandoned along the trail, and everyone who passed up and down it helped himself to whatever he happened to need, and the Cubans to as much as they could carry. The result was that on the 2d of July the greater number of the men were still without shelter of any sort, and with almost nothing to eat.

That evening the now celebrated conference of the Generals was held at El Poso. The moonlight and the random firing which punctuated the silence of the night gave the meeting a dramatic and picturesque interest. Shafter lay on a door which had been taken from the El Poso farmhouse, and the other Generals stood around him whispering together. At some distance from them were their aides, and still farther removed were the men of General Shafter's cavalry escort, leaning with their elbows on their saddles, and wondering, as we all did, as to what the conference might bring forth. Those who took a part in it now say that the question of retreating from the position on the hills was discussed that night, but not seriously considered; but if it was not considered then, it was the one topic of the following morning.
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

The situation in the rifle-pits on the morning of the 3d was really most critical. One smelt disaster in the air. The alarmists were out in strong force and were in the majority. The enlisted men

had been without a night's sleep since 4 o'clock of June 30th. For the greater part of that time they had been under a constant fire. They had not been fed. They had no tobacco, which is much more necessary to the nerve than is food to the stomach. To avoid the enemy's fire they
were forced to move about on their hands and knees. Their clothing was as wet as constant perspiration and dew and rain and the fording of the streams could make it. Through sitting bent double in the trenches their limbs and backs were stiff and cramped, and they were weakened by a fierce tropical sun. They were hanging to the crest of the San Juan hills by their teeth and finger-nails, and it seemed as though at any moment their hold would relax and they would fall. The Generals of division and of brigade were unanimous in declaring that the situation was most desperate, and that the Commanding-General must show himself at the front or ask to be relieved of his command. One of them said:

"It does not matter so much which one of us is in command, so long as someone is. But we can't go on this way, with no one in authority."

After a tour of the rifle-pits, where I learned what the different commanding officers thought of the situation, I wrote a long despatch to the *Herald* in which was set forth the serious nature of our position. This despatch was criticised later, on the ground that it had given information of our condition to the enemy. The same criticism could be made with equal justice of the despatch of the Commanding-General, who cabled
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

on the 2d that his lines were so thin that he feared he might be forced to fall back—if that is not giving information to the enemy and of a most agreeable character, it has no meaning whatsoever. It was stated that my despatch which appeared on July 7th in the New York Herald had been recabled to the Paris Herald, that from Paris it was forwarded to Madrid, and that on the next day, July 8th, the authorities in Madrid communicated its contents to General Toral—so giving the garrison in Santiago increased confidence and hope, and encouraging it to hold out longer against us. It was even suggested that the writer should be shot for treason. It is most unpleasant to be accused of treason, and perhaps I may be allowed to point out now that on July 8th the garrison at Santiago offered to surrender. Hence, if the despatch ever reached Santiago, so far from giving the garrison hope and confidence and inspiring it with a desire to hold out longer, it either had no result whatsoever, or a result exactly opposite from the one it was suggested it would produce.

After Cervera's fleet was destroyed on the 3d the strain was perceptibly relaxed, the firing ceased, and we entered into a more cheerful state of existence under the white flag of truce. The
rifle-pits from this time on were divided against themselves into two parties, one of which, without meaning to reflect upon it in any way, might be called the faction of the Alarmists. These gentlemen were peace-at-any-price men, and at one time their anxiety to finish off the campaign was so great that they seriously threatened the honor of the army and of the country by wishing to accept the original terms of General Toral's offer of evacuation. President McKinley's message, ordering them to accept nothing less than unconditional surrender, came to them like a sharp slap in the face, and filled the hearts of the younger officers and men with the greatest possible amusement and relief. The greater number of the alarmists were camped in a hollow between two hills, and the malarial nature of the low ground they occupied and the fact that they were constantly sleeping in a swamp seemed to prey upon their spirits and to give them a gloomy point of view. One of them, who was a constant prophet of evil, came up to General Lawton just as he arrived at the trenches after the long night march from El Caney, and in the hearing of the men pointed in great excitement to a distant hill and cried: "Do you see that hill, General Lawton? There is a battery of
Spanish artillery hidden on that hill, and it enfilades all of your trenches. If it should open fire now, you would not have a man left alive.”

Lawton’s men had fought all the day before and marched all the previous night, and such statements from a colonel did not tend to improve their nerves. They looked at Lawton with anxious eyes, and he with charming readiness pretended to entirely misunderstand.

“Well, I cannot help it,” he said, pulling off his gauntlets. “My men are too tired to capture that battery now, and I won’t order them to do it; in an hour perhaps, when they are rested, I’ll go over and take it, but there is no hurry.”

The men turned away perfectly satisfied, and the alarmist is still wondering how General Lawton came to misunderstand.

The days that followed July 3d were filled with innumerable visits to the Spanish lines under flags of truce. To the men in the pits, who knew nothing of the exigencies of diplomacy, these virgin flags were as offensive as those of red are to the bull. The men had placed their own flags along the entire line of trenches; and though they afforded the enemy a perfect target and fixed our position as clearly as buoys mark out a race-course, the men wanted the flags there, and
felt better at seeing them there, and so there they remained. The trenches formed a horseshoe curve five miles in length, and the entire line was defiantly decorated with our flags. When they fluttered in the wind at full length and the sun kissed their colors, they made one of the most inspiring and beautiful pictures of the war. The men would crouch for hours in the pits with these flags rustling above them, and felt well repaid for their service; but when they saw crawling across the valley below the long white flag of truce, their watchfulness seemed wasted, their vigilance became a farce, and they mocked and scoffed at the white flag bitterly. These flags were sent in so frequently that the men compared them to the different war extras of a daily paper, and would ask, "Has that ten o'clock edition gone in yet?" and, "Is this the base-ball edition coming out now, or is it an entry?"

One of the regulars said to me in great perplexity, "I can't make out this flag of truce gag. It reminds me of two kids in a street fight, stopping after every punch to ask the other fellow if he's had enough. Why don't we keep at it until somebody gets hurted?"

One of the cowboys of the Rough Riders expressed the same idea in professional phraseology:
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

"Now that we got those Mexicans corralled," he said, "why don't we brand them?"

It really did seem as though we were a little too anxious, and our frequent attempts to feel the

Looking to the Left Down the Trench of the Second Infantry.

pulse of General Toral's courage by notes of hand instead of by gunpowder gave him more confidence than was good for him or for us. The navy would drop a few shells into Santiago, and at once an officer would be rushed into Toral's lines with a note inquiring whether he was not terribly
frightened, and assuring him that that was nothing to what the navy could do if it tried, and did he not think he had better act nicely about it and surrender? To which Toral would reply airily that, on the contrary, he was far from frightened; that he knew our troops were suffering from fever while his own were acclimated, and that he was prepared to hold out against us indefinitely. So the next day we would fire a few cannon shots at him and rush in another flag of truce to inquire how he liked that, warning him that if he did not at once behave like a good boy we would eat him up at 10 o'clock the next morning. That was our ultimatum. But at 10 o'clock the next morning we would send in another flag to say that we would “extend his time” a few days longer, and that then we really would eat him up.

We extended Toral’s time so frequently that it reminded Major-General Breckinridge of a story. General Breckinridge, as Inspector-General, held no active command. He represented the Commander-in-Chief at Washington, and his duty was just to sit around on a box of rations and make himself pleasant, and to observe things and report upon them later. He was a most charmingly inconsequent person, and the only one in the
army who was never ruffled or bored or indignant, but, instead, was always politely amused and content. He told many stories, and told them exceedingly well. The stories were good in themselves, and it was invariably the case that you discovered later that they had summed up the situation in a line.

“A drunken man,” so General Breckinridge related, “once considered himself insulted by John L. Sullivan, and, without recognizing who Sullivan was, gave him three minutes in which to apologize. Sullivan appreciated his opponent’s condition and said, ‘I don’t need three minutes, I apologize now. What more will you have to drink?’ and departed. When he had gone the barkeeper said to the man, ‘Do you know who that was you wanted to fight just now?’

“The drunken man said he did not know, nor did he care.

“‘Well, that was John L. Sullivan,’ said the barkeeper, ‘the champion pugilist of the world. Now what would you have done if he hadn’t apologized in three minutes?’

“The drunken man gave the question a few moments’ brief consideration. ‘I guess I would have extended his time,’ he said.”

I lived in the rifle-pits from July 3d to 15th,
after both sides had appointed Peace Commissioners and the surrender was a fact. At headquarters they were just as uncomfortable as we were in the trenches and in much greater danger, as it was much easier to keep out of range on the hills than when approaching or leaving them along the trail. But the life in the rifle-pits was much more interesting than was that at headquarters. We were in constant sight of the enemy, who was not more than three hundred yards distant; we could keep in better touch with our own men, and the different parleys and peace negotiations took place under our eyes.

The most interesting event which passed in view of the rifle-pits was the return of Lieutenant Hobson. Hobson had been a prisoner for six weeks. On some days we were told he was dead, but at last we were assured he was alive. From our pits we could see the walls of his jail; and he could see our five miles of fluttering flags crowding closer and closer to him every evening, and signalling him silent messages of hope and encouragement. Between his iron bars he could watch our men, moving along the yellow trenches or peering toward him through a field-glass, and the pickets—those tall gaunt regulars who had taken the hills with their blood and
The Spanish Prisoners being Escort to the Lines to be Exchanged for Hobson and his *Murrina* Crew.
who were now creeping up on him by night nearer and nearer, winning the ground between him and themselves by the sweat of their brows.

And one day, with the rifle-pits behind him filled with thousands of the enemy, with the rifle-pits before him filled with thousands of his friends, Hobson and his seven comrades rode out into the welcoming arms of the American army and into their inheritance.

The trail up which they came was a broad one between high banks, with great trees meeting in an arch overhead. For hours before they came officers and men who were not on duty in the rifle-pits had been waiting on these banks, broiling in the sun and crowded together as closely as men on the bleaching-boards of a base-ball field.

Hobson’s coming was one of the most dramatic pictures of the war. The sun was setting behind the trail, and as he came up over the crest he was outlined against it under this triumphal arch of palms. The soldiers saw a young man in the uniform of the navy, his face white with the prison pallor, and strangely in contrast with the fierce tan of their own, and with serious eyes, who looked down at them steadily.

For a moment he sat motionless, and then the waiting band struck up “The Star-Spangled
Banner.” No one cheered or shouted or gave an order, but every one rose to his feet slowly, took off hat slowly, and stood so, looking up at Hobson in absolute silence.

It was one of the most impressive things one could imagine. No noise, nor blare, nor shouted tribute could have touched the meaning or the depths of feeling there was in that silence.

And then a red-headed, red-faced trooper leaped down into the trail and shouted, “Three cheers for Hobson;” and the mob rushed at him with a roar of ecstasy, with a wild welcome of friendly cheers. Few men, certainly very few young men, have ever tasted such a triumph. These men who had made it possible for him to leave his cell and to breathe fresh air again were not of his branch of the service, they were not even brother officers, their attitude toward him was one of attention and salute, they were the men who had been gathered from every point of the Union to be drilled and hammered and fashioned into the thing called a regular. They were without local or political friends or conditions, they had no staff of artists and reporters at their heels to make them heroes in spite of themselves; but they were the backbone of the war—the professional fighting-machines, the grumbling, self-
Another View of the Spanish Prisoners on the way to be Exchanged.

Copyright, 1868 by J. C. Hemment.
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

respecting, working regulars. As brave men they honored a brave man; and this sun-tanned, dirty, half-starved, fever-racked mob of regulars danced about the educated, clever engineer as though the moment was his, and forgot that at the risk of their lives they had set him free, that the ground he rode over had been splashed with their blood.

There is always something humorous about a sailor ashore, and after the serious, earnest face of Hobson it was a comic relief to see six obstinate mules dragging an ambulance loaded with seven clean, smart blue-jackets, grinning and shouting and rolling over each other in glee. Everyone who had started to run after Hobson stopped to cheer them; but they refused to be lionized, and turned aside the cheers of the enlisted men by shouting: “Say, but you fellers didn’t do a thing to them the other night!”

“Say, we heard you,” they yelled, drowning out the cheers of the troopers. “Your shells fell right into our hospital yard. Say, but we wished we was with you, we did.”

“They come in dead in carts.”

“You couldn’t see the street for them.”

It was no time for choosing similes. Men were dancing up and down on the trenches and the
hills, waving hats and shrieking. Officers were shouting Hobson's name. Photographers were leaping about, perpetuating a moment.

It was the same story all the way to Siboney. Every little group of soldiers we came across stood at attention at the unusual sight of a navy uniform. When they recognized the man they waved their hats and cheered.

Hobson was the first officer I had seen saluted in six days. Everyone had been too busy to salute. When he came to where the Seventy-first New York was mending a road, the men gave a yell and rushed waist-high through the river and stopped the cavalcade while they mobbed him, shaking both his hands and crowding so close that his horse could not move.

It was the most wonderful ride a young man of twenty-eight has ever undertaken—to ride through the enemy's country guarded by your own countrymen; on every side to hear cheers and approval; at every step to learn that your work was done, and well done; to know the weary days in jail were over; to feel the fresh air and see the great mountain-peaks and royal palms bending benediction under a soft blue sky.

But best of all, perhaps, was when he rode through the twilight and reached the coast and
Blindfolded Spanish Prisoners on the way to the Meeting-place between the Lines.
saw again in the offing the lights of the flag-ship, his floating home, and heard from across the water the jubilant cheers of the blue-jackets, who could not even see him, who did not know he had already arrived, but who cheered because they had heard he was coming, because he was free.

The kind and the degree of discomfort which our men endured in the rifle-pits was variously understood by those at home. These latter appreciated the conditions which existed on the San Juan hills according to whether they themselves had ever roughed it on hunting trips or in camp. Some said, airily, that such hardships were the lot of every soldier; others, with less experience and with hearts more tender, regarded the life on the hills as a month of torture. One mother in Richmond refused to leave that city during the heat of the summer because she could not bear to think that she was cool and comfortable while her son was sweating in the tropics; and you heard of others who fasted from the good things of the table because some relative before Santiago was without them. In Philadelphia a group of wealthy young women, each with a husband or brother at the front, stoically gave each other luncheons composed of bacon and hardtack, forgetting that the sauce of appetite and life in the
open air makes bacon and hardtack as palatable as White Mountain cake. As was developed later, when the fever raged in every regiment, the life on the hills was not a healthy one; but the constant excitement and the unusual nature of our surroundings at the time made up for many things. The men themselves grumbled at this but little; and when they did grumble, it was not that their condition was so hard, but at the fact that so many of the evils of that condition were quite unnecessary. Of the necessaries of life, or what seemed necessaries when at home,
Hobson's *Merrimac* Crew Arriving within the American Lines, just After the Exchange.

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IN THE RIFLE-PITS

both officers and men were quite destitute. They were like so many Robinson Crusoes on a desert island. The Spanish rifle-pits in front and the devastated country in the rear afforded them as few comforts as a stretch of ocean. For three years the land back of us toward Siboney had been successively swept by Cuban insurgents and Spanish columns. There was, in consequence, not a cow to give milk, nor even a stray hen to give eggs. The village of Sevilla, which one of the Boston papers described as having been taken by our troops with no loss of life, consisted of the two ruined walls of one house. The rest of the village was on the ground, buried under trailing branches and vines. There was not even a forgotten patch of potatoes or of corn. Mangoes (which the men fried, or ate raw, and by so doing made themselves very ill), limes, and running water was all that the country itself contributed to our support. Money had no significance whatsoever. For a Cuban pony, which in time of peace one can buy for fifteen dollars in gold, I offered one hundred and fifty dollars a week rent, promising to return the pony when the campaign was finished, and to throw in a McClellan saddle as well; and though this offer was made many times to many Cubans, I could not
get the pony. Later, when everybody began to steal everything that the owner was not sitting upon at the time and guarding with a gun, it was possible to buy a horse for less money. In the trenches a match was so precious a possession that, when you saw a man light his pipe with one instead of at the cooks' fire, you felt as though you had seen him strike a child. Postage-stamps were, of course, unknown; and those who could not write "soldier's letter" on their envelopes had to give up corresponding. Writing-paper at one time became so scarce that orders and requisition papers were made out on the margins of newspapers and on scraps torn from note-books and on the insides of old envelopes.

The comic paragraphers found much to delight them in my cabled suggestions that the officers and men were suffering from want of a place to bathe and for clean clothes. Of course, bathing is an effeminate and unmanly practice, and the American pargrapher is right to discourage cleanliness wherever he finds it; but cleanliness is an evil, nevertheless, which obtains in our army, and those of the officers who were forced to wear the same clothes by night and by day for three weeks were so weak as to complain. One officer said, "I do not at all mind other men's
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

clothes being offensive to me, but when I cannot go to sleep on account of my own it grows serious.” This is not a pleasant detail, but it describes a condition which existed. The personal belongings of the officers had been left behind on the transports, and, as the pack-trains were sorely

needed to bring up the rations, they never saw razors and fresh linen again until they purchased them in Santiago. A tooth-brush was the only article of toilet to which all seemed to cling, and each of the men carried one stuck in his hat-band, until they appeared to be a part of the uniform. Nothing seemed so much to impress the foreign

279
attachés as the passing of company after company of regulars, each with a tooth-brush twisted in his hat-band.

I lost my saddle-bags for three days, but they were found and returned to me by the surgeon of the Rough Riders. "There was nothing in the saddle-bags to identify you as the owner," he said, "but somebody told me you had lost yours, so I brought these over." His blue shirt happened to be unbuttoned as he spoke, and on the undershirt he wore I read "R. H. Davis." I pointed out this strange fact. "Davis," he cried, beseechingly, "there was fifty dollars of yours in those saddle bags and bacon and quinine, and we never touched them. We gave them all back, but that clean shirt I had to have. I'm only human. I will part with my life before I give you back that shirt." There was another story which illustrates the value of tobacco when it has ceased to exist. General Sumner owned a box of very bad Jamaica cigars. He was the only man in the Fifth Army Corps, except young Wheeler, who had any, so he was a marked man. In those days no one wore much insignia of rank; one of General Wheeler's stars was cut out of a tin cup, and Roosevelt's acorns were hammered from a leaden spoon. On the 30th of June,
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

Sumner was sitting by the trail without his blouse, in a blue shirt, and with no sign of rank about him, but he was smoking. He spoke rather sharply to a line of regulars who were hurrying forward.

"Who was that man spoke to you?" one of them asked the other over his shoulder.

"I dunno," said the regular. "But he's a general, for sure. He was smoking a cigar."

When it rained the water ran down the hills in broad streams, overflowing the tent-trenches and leaping merrily over the bodies of the men. It was not at all an unusual experience to sleep through the greater part of the night with the head lifted just clear of the water and the shoulder and one-half of the body down in it. Mr. Whigham, who lived at Shafter's head-quarters, and young Dr. Greenleaf, who visited them, told me of seeing the fever patients there lying in a hollow where the water ran over them in a continuous stream. During the week we were camped below El Poso, whenever it rained during the day both officers and men used to stow their clothes under the dog-tent in a rubber poncho and stand about naked until the sun came out again. I have a photograph of one of the officers of the Rough Riders digging his rain-trench while
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

dressed in a gold chain and locket. General Miles was very much amused and startled when he visited the camp of the volunteers from Washington, D. C., to see several hundred of them standing naked at attention and saluting him as he passed. Quinine was very scarce, even before the fever set in, and boys, whose rich fathers in New York were spending many dollars in sending cables to inquire as to their safety and health, were going about begging for one quinine pill for a comrade.

During those days there was constant danger that a storm might set in and drive the transports out to sea and destroy the trails and cause the streams to overflow their banks, and so cut off the army from its base of supplies. There was a bridge across each of the two streams near the hills; but one was only an old gate which someone had found and thrown across the stream from bank to bank, and the other bridge was made of bamboo. The story was that when a Michigan regiment arrived at this stream on its way to the front, one of the volunteers who was a lumberman offered to throw a bridge across it in order to save the regiment from the wetting which would ensue if the men waded across it, as every one else had been doing for a week. This bridge
of the lumberman was considered to be rather a joke on the Engineers, but they denied the truth of the story and claimed that they had built the bridge themselves. But as for seven days they had neglected to build any bridge over this stream, which was not more than ten feet wide, it does not much matter who did bridge it eventually. The absence of a bridge at this stream was very important, because fording it kept the men in a constant state of dampness, which helped bring on the fevers which followed later. The heavy storm on the morning of the 13th swept away the gate and the bamboo bridge, and the swollen stream overflowed its banks, delaying the pack-train with the rations and Captain Treat’s artillery, and cutting off all direct communication with the transports. I am positive that there was no bridge until the 7th of July, for it was being built late on the afternoon of the 6th when we rode with Hobson to Siboney. The men working on it then told him it was not yet strong enough to bear the weight of his horse.

So much has been written about the Rough Riders that one approaches them with some hesitation, and in spite of the fact, and not on account of the fact, that they formed the most pict-
uresque regiment in the army. They started in at the beginning of the war very heavily handicapped by too much advertising, and they had to live that down before the public would believe in them. But the notoriety the advertising gave them made each man feel a sense of responsibility and esprit de corps, a feeling which existed to the same degree in no other regiment. This sentiment was encouraged by the officers, and among the men there was a most brotherly exhibition of loyalty and good-will and unselfishness. The hardest part of a campaign is, of course, not the
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

fighting, but the inaction of the camp and the dig-
gging of drains and ditches, the standing guard over
nothing in the sun or in the rain, and having to
sleep in three inches of water or to make fires out
of damp wood. It was the cheery spirit with
which the Rough Riders performed these duties
that distinguished them from the volunteers.
While others grumbled and protested mutinously
that they had volunteered to fight Spaniards and
not to dig roads, the Rough Riders went about
whatever duty was assigned to them promptly and
in a cheerful spirit, and by binding a laurel to the
plough made all manner of unpleasant duties a
service of patriotism. They were just as much a
source of interest to the regulars of the army be-
fore Santiago as they were later, on their return,
to the civilians of Broadway, and to the gener-
als the regiment was the enfant terrible of the
trenches. The alarmists were in constant dis-
stress as to what they might do next, and actually
feared that some bright morning this unique or-
ganization would slip its collar and charge the
Spanish lines, alone and unsupported. As it was,
they pushed their rifle-pits forward every night,
and their redan held the men who were nearest
to the enemy. On the 10th, when there was a
brief bombardment, the dynamite gun which was

285
attached to the Rough Riders' regiment upset a six-inch gun in the Spanish lines, and the Rough Riders leaped up on the trenches, and cheered, and gave their piercing cowboy yells. The noise was heard at Wheeler's head-quarters, and produced a momentary panic there, lest the noise meant that the cow-punchers and college boys had started on a run for Santiago. On the night that the First Illinois arrived at the front they were so anxious to get into action that as soon as darkness fell they began firing at everything that moved, and among other things at the pickets in front of the pits of the Rough Riders. The Captain in charge of the outpost sent back word to the Colonel of the First Illinois that, if his men shot at his detail again, he would be under the painful necessity of capturing the Colonel's trenches.

While writing of the Rough Riders I wish to speak of one of them whom I knew but slightly, but whom I saw constantly about the camp and on the march, and whom I admired more as a soldier than almost any other man in the regiment. This was Sergeant Tiffany, who, by tradition and previous environment, was apparently the least suited of men to perform the work he was ordered to do. But he played the part given him as well
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

as it could have been played. He was the ideal Sergeant, strict in discipline to himself and to others, doing more than his share of the day's work sooner than leave the work ill-done, never stooping to curry favor from his men, but winning

Lieutenant William Tiffany.

it by force of example, and smiling with the same cheerful indifference when an intrenching tool made his hands run with blood, or a Spanish bullet passed through his hat, as one did when he charged the hill at San Juan. He stood at salute and took his orders from men with
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

whom for many years he had been a college-mate and a club-mate, recognizing in them only his superior officers; and there was not a mule-skinner or cow-puncher in the regiment that did not recognize in him something of himself and something finer and better than himself. When Roosevelt promoted him to a lieutenancy for bravery at the battle of San Juan, I heard him say:

"Tiffany, I am especially glad to give you this step, because you are about the only man who has never by sign or word acted as though he thought he deserved promotion. There are some who are always very busy whenever I pass, and who look at me as though they meant to say, 'See how humble I am, and how strictly I attend to my duties. You who know how important a person I am at home will surely recognize this and make me an officer.' But you have never acted as though you expected to be anything but a Sergeant all your life, and you have done your work as though you had been a Sergeant all your life, and so I am glad of this chance to make you a Lieutenant.

Death, which had so often stepped back to let Tiffany pass forward with his men, touched him when it came with that same courtesy which he had always shown to others, taking him when those
Raising the Flag Over Santiago.

Drawn by F. C. Yohn from photographs and sketches made during the ceremony by Mr. Archibald. Showing the squadron of Second United States Cavalry and Ninth United States Infantry and the group of general officers and their staffs.
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

nearest to him in heart were near him in person. But his life was given to his country as much as though he had lost it in the cactus of Guasimas, or on the hill of San Juan, or in the rifle-pits when he stood for hours behind his quick-firing gun. He was a gentle and brave man, an obedient sergeant and a masterful officer, a soldier who never "shirked a duty, nor sought an honor."

I did not see the ceremony of the raising of our flag over Santiago. The surrender itself had become an accomplished fact, and, as the campaign in Porto Rico promised better things, I left the rifle-pits when General Miles sailed for Juanica, and landed with our troops at that first port.

The life in the rifle-pits was a most interesting and curious experience, and one full of sad and fine and humorous moments, but on looking back at it now the moments which one remembers best, and which one will remember the longest are, I think, those which came at sunset when the band played the national anthem. The men would be bending over the fires cooking supper or lying at length under the bomb-proofs stretching limbs cramped with two hours' watch in the pits, the officers would be seated together on a row of wooden boxes, and beyond the mountains the setting sun lit the sky with a broad red curtain

291
of flame; and then to these tired, harassed, and hungry men would come the notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which bore with it something of a call to arms and something of a call to prayer. Those who have heard it and who have cheered it in the hot crowded theatres, in the noisy city streets, cannot really know or understand it. They must hear it very far away from home, with great palm-trees giving it an unfamiliar background, with a listening enemy a few hundred yards distant, with the sense of how few of your own people are about you, and how cut off they are, and how dependent upon one another. As the instruments beat out the notes each night the little discomforts of the day cease to exist, the murmurs of the rifle-pits, which were like the hum of a great bazaar, were suddenly silent, and the men before the fires rose stiffly from their knees, and those in the gravelike trenches stood upright, and the officers stepped from their tents into the sight of the regiment. On every hill, as far as one could see, rows and rows of motionless figures stood facing the direction from which the music came, with heads uncovered and with eyes fixed on the flags that rose above the hills where their hands had placed them. When the music had ceased, the men pulled on
The Trenches of the Rough Riders on San Juan Hill.

Sergeant Tiffany's Colt gun may be seen, to the left, under the Rough Riders' flag. The flag on the right belongs to the Tenth Colored Regulars. The Spanish block house seen above the trench was only three hundred yards distant.
IN THE RIFLE-PITS

their hats again and once more began to fry a piece of hardtack in a layer of grease and fat; but for a moment they had seen the meaning of it all, they had been taken outside of themselves and carried back many miles to the country for which they fought, and they were inspired with fresh courage and with fresh resolve.

John Fox, Jr., War Correspondent.
CHAPTER VIII

THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

WHEN the men who accompanied our army to Porto Rico returned to their own people again, they found that at home the Porto Rican campaign was regarded as something in the way of a successful military picnic, a sort of comic-opera war, a magnified field-day at Van Cortlandt Park. This point of view was hardly fair, either to the army in Porto Rico or to the people at home. It cheated the latter of their just right to feel proud.

In comparison to the Santiago nightmare, the Porto Rican expedition was a fête des fleurs; but the reason for this, apart from the fact that the country, unlike Cuba, had not been devastated and that the Porto Ricans, unlike the Cubans, were most friendly, was one which should make all Americans pleased with themselves and with
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

their army. It should give them such confidence in the army and its generals as we like to honestly feel when we boast of anything to which we can prefix the possessive pronoun, whether it be our local base-ball nine, our express trains or elevators, or our army and navy.

Porto Rico was a picnic because the commanding generals would not permit the enemy to make it otherwise. The Spaniards were willing to make it another nightmare—they were just as ready to kill in Porto Rico as in Cuba—but our commanding General in Porto Rico was able to prevent their doing so. A performance of any sort always appears the most easy when we see it well done by an expert—even golf looks possible as Whigham plays it. All he does is to hit a ball with a stick. But you might go out and hit the same ball with the same stick for a year, and no one would think of giving you silver cups. Anyone who has seen a really great matador face a bull in a bull-ring has certainly thought that the man had gained his reputation easily. He walks about as unconcernedly as you walk about your room; and when he is quite ready he waits for the bull, takes a short step to one side, thrusts his sword into the bull’s neck, and the bull is dead. The reason the Spanish bull gored our
men in Cuba and failed to touch them in Porto Rico was entirely due to the fact that Miles was an expert matador; so it is hardly fair to the commanding General and the gentlemen under him to send the Porto Rican campaign down into history as a picnic.

This is not saying that it was not a picnic, but explaining why it was so. A general who can make an affair of letting blood so amusing to his men that they regard it as a picnic is an excellent general.

One of the lesser evils of the Cuban campaign was that it gave our friends, the enemy in Europe, the idea that the way in which that particular expedition was conducted was typical of the way every other expedition would be conducted which we might send over sea. But should they act seriously on that idea, they would find themselves abruptly and painfully undeceived. The European can say, to our discredit, that we failed to feed our soldiers in the field, and to care for them when they were wounded and ill; but they cannot say that the soldiers did not do their share, even though republics were ungrateful and political officials incompetent.

Even our own people had just cause to be alarmed at the bungling and waste of life in
General Miles in Launch of *Massachusetts* Towing Pontoons, at Juanica, Porto Rico.

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THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

Cuba. So it might be well, both at home and abroad, to emphasize at once the fact that we have other generals in the field.

That the people do not know more concerning the Porto Rican expedition is partly due to the fact that the majority of newspaper correspondents were detained in Cuba by sickness and quarantine, and that those who reached the island were too few in number to give the expedition there the acclaim it deserved. For three days there were only two correspondents with the army in Porto Rico, and never more at any time than eighteen. In Cuba there were more than a hundred. Moreover, the campaign was nipped by peace almost before it could show its strength; but from the start it was one with which any of the great military powers would have been pleased and satisfied. And this in spite of the fact that the regiments engaged, with but three exceptions, were composed of volunteers.

The army in Porto Rico advanced with the precision of a set of chessmen; its moves were carefully considered and followed to success; its generals, acting independently and yet along routes reconnoitered by General Roy Stone and Major Flagler, and selected by General Miles, never missed a point nor needlessly lost a man,
nor retreated from a foot of land over which they had advanced. And two months before the army had reached the island Captain Whitney, at the greatest personal risk a man can run, had carefully studied out the entire island, its roads and harbors, so that not only the army, but the navy also, relied upon and used his drawings and notes. Every day the four different columns swept the Spaniards before them in a net, capturing town after town and company after company. Their fights were but skirmishes, but the skirmishes were as carefully thought out, and the enemy was as scientifically surrounded, attacked, and captured, as though great battles had been fought and thousands of lives lost in accomplishing the same end. There was more careful preparation and forethought exhibited in the advances which our generals made upon the little towns that they captured in Porto Rico, than was shown in the entire campaign against the city of Santiago—General Chaffee's reconnaissance and
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

capture of El Caney alone always excepted. The courage of the men is not under discussion now; what we are considering here is a comparison of good generalship with bad, and the American reader, for his own satisfaction, should not be little a clean-cut, scientific campaign by calling it a picnic. He should remember that in Porto Rico eight cities and towns, with 100,000 inhabitants, were won over to the United States at the cost of very few men killed. Santiago, with its 40,000 inhabitants, was won for the Cubans at the cost of thousands of men killed and wounded in battle and wrecked by fever. An eye-witness of both campaigns must feel convinced that the great success of the one in Porto Rico was not due to climatic advantages and the co-operation of the natives, but to good management and good generalship.

Juanica is a pretty little harbor protected by very high cliffs. The town is one street, which runs back for a mile under the shade of crimson trees, with houses of gay colors on either side of it. Back of the one street are lanes crowded with huts of palm-leaves. The Gloucester ran into the harbor and fired a three-pounder at a Spanish flag on a block-house. This was the first intimation that anyone, except General Miles,
had received that the American troops were to land on the south coast of Porto Rico. When the news reached Washington the War Department was surprised, because it thought that General Miles would land at Fajardo, in the north; the Spaniards were surprised as a matter of course; and the newspaper boats were so overtaken with surprise that, with one exception, none of them hove in sight for three days.

The first landing was made by the blue-jackets of the *Gloucester*. They built a trocha of stones and barbed wire across the one street, and called it Fort Wainwright, and killed four Spaniards with a Colt's quick-firing gun. Then they wagged for reinforcements, and the regulars of the artillery and the engineers under Lieutenant-Colonel Black came in to give them countenance. Meanwhile, the *Gloucester* fired at the ridges about the harbor and a troop of cavalry on a hill, and, as she was short-handed, the Paymaster and the Surgeon helped to feed the guns. It can be truly said that life on the *Gloucester* was seldom dull. When the Spaniards had fled, 2,000 volunteers from Massachusetts and Illinois, and more regulars of the artillery, were put on shore, and in a few hours were camped along the street;
and the inhabitants, who had fled to the hills before the hideous bombardment of the Gloucester’s three-pounder, returned again to their homes. The Porto Ricans showed their friendliness to the conquerors by selling horses to the officers at
three times their value, and the volunteers made themselves at home on the doorsteps of the village, and dandled the naked yellow babies on their knees, and held marvellous conversations with the natives for hours at a time, in a language entirely their own, but which seemed to be entirely satisfactory. The next morning there was an outpost skirmish, in which the Sixth Massachusetts behaved well, and the next evening there was a false alarm from the same regiment. This called out the artillery and the Illinois regiment, and the picture made by the shining brown guns as they bumped through the only street in the moonlight was sinister and impressive. To those of us who had just come from Santiago the sight of the women sitting on porches and rocking in bent-wood chairs, the lighted swinging lamps with cut-glass pendants, and the pictures and mirrors on the walls which we saw that night through the open doors as we rode out to the pickets, seemed a part of some long-forgotten existence. We know now that the women were dark of hue and stout, that the pictures were chromos of the barber-shop school, and that the swinging lamps were tawdry and smoked horribly; but at that moment, so soon after the San Juan rifle-pits, the women of Jua-
nica were as beautiful as the moonlight, and their household gods of the noblest and best.

The alarm turned out to be a false one, and, except for the pleasure the spectacle had afforded the fat, brown ladies on the porches, the men had lost half a night's sleep to no purpose. Later, they lost the other half of the night because our outposts on the hills would mistake stray mules and cattle for Spaniards, and kept up an unceasing fire about the camp until sunrise. Some of their bullets hit the transport on which General Miles was sleeping, and also the ship carrying the Red Cross nurses, who were delighted at being under fire, even though the fire came from the Sixth Illinois. From remarks made the next morning by General Miles, he did not seem to share in their delight.

After three days, General Guy Henry moved on to occupy Juaco, and General Miles proceeded down the coast to the Port of Ponce. The city of Ponce, which lies two miles back from the port, surrendered officially and unofficially on four separate occasions. It was possessed of the surrender habit in a most aggravated form. Indeed, for anyone in uniform it was most unsafe to enter the town at any time, unless he came prepared to accept its unconditional surrender. In the official
account sent to Washington by Captain Higginson of the Massachusetts, the city of Ponce and the port surrendered to Commander Davis of the Dixie—so General Miles reported; so history, as it is written, will report. But, as a matter of fact, the town first surrendered to Ensign Curtin of the Wasp, then to three officers who strayed into it by mistake, then to Commander Davis, and finally to General Miles. Ensign Curtin is a grandson of the war governor of Pennsylvania. He is about the youngest-looking boy in the navy, and he is short of stature, but in his methods he is Napoleonic. He landed with a letter for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port and city, and he wore his side-arms and an expression in which there was no trace of pity. The Captain of the Port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce and make his demands in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds," and "Gadzooks," and "Damme, sir," would have utterly failed to express his astonishment. Had it come to this, then, that an Ensign holding the President's commission, and representing such a ship of
MAP
"SHOWING LOCATION OF"
"U.S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH LINES"
"AND OFFICES"
"OPERATED BY THE SIGNAL CORPS BATTALION"
"ATTACHED TO"
"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY IN THE FIELD"

Made by Lieutenant-Colonel S. Reher, United States Volunteer Signal Corps.
terror as the *Wasp*, was to go to a mere Colonel, commanding a district of 60,000 inhabitants?

"How long will it take that military commander to get down here if he hurries?" demanded Ensign Curtin. The trembling Captain of the Port, the terrified foreign consuls and the custom-house officials thought that a swift-moving cab might bring him to the port in a half-hour.

"Have you a telephone about the place?" asked the Napoleonic Curtin. They had.

"Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a hack in thirty minutes and surrender, I shall bombard Ponce!"

This was the Ensign's ultimatum. He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to his gig. Four hacks started on a mad race for Ponce and the central office of the telephone rang with hurry-calls.

On his way out to the ship, Ensign Curtin met
Troops Entering Ponce.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

Commander Davis on his way to the shore. Commander Davis looked at his watch. "I shall ex-

General Miles and Staff in the Patio of the Hotel Français at Ponce

tend his time another half-hour," said Commander Davis. Ensign Curtin saluted sternly, making no criticism upon this weak generosity on the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

be magnanimous. He, at least, had upheld the honor of the navy, and he will go down in the history of the war as the middy who demanded and obtained a surrender by telephone.

General Miles landed in the morning after Curtin had taken the place, and Mr. Curtin came ashore in the same boat with us. We asked him if he had already landed, and he replied, modestly, that he had; but he spared the commanding General's feelings by making no reference to his own part in the surrender. In the boat with General Miles were the two head-quarters flags of the commanding General of the army, four officers of his personal staff, Curtin, and four regulars. One of these regulars spoke three languages, and as a soldier of the Foreign Legion of France had carried the first French flag to the shore of Tonquin. Although this was not known until later, one of the head-quarters flags of the United States army was handed to him to carry to the shore of Porto Rico. When one remembers that there are 25,000 regulars in our army to whom it might have been given, it was a curious coincidence that this particular honor should have fallen to that particular man. He was in no way unappreciative of the honor. He stood up in the bow and waved the heavy silk flag from one side to the other until the
Market Place at Ponce.
boat rocked, and at the sight the several thousand people who were waiting for General Miles on the wharves and housetops and swamping the small boats in the wake of his gig shouted "Vivas" and shrieked and cheered. Suddenly the Franco-American soldier held up the flag as high as he could place it, and in most excellent and eloquent Spanish called upon the people of Porto Rico to welcome the commanding General of the United States. There was a momentary hush of surprise that an American soldier should show such knowledge of their own tongue, and then a wilder burst of "Vivas," and another pause to hear if there was more to follow. There was much more to follow. From the bow of our boat our self-elected orator assured them that the coming of General Miles brought them liberty, fraternity, peace, happiness, and wealth. He promised them no taxes, freedom of speech, thought, and conscience, "three acres and a cow," plurality of wives, "one man, one vote," and to every citizen a political office and a pension for life. Before the gig had touched the landing-steps the United States Government, in the person of that soldier, was pledged to give Porto Rico everything in its power and beyond its power to grant. So General Miles landed in triumph.
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

After that speech it is small wonder that Americans were popular in Porto Rico.

Later in the day, General Miles and General Wilson, in full dress uniform, received the homage of Ponce from the balcony of the Alcalde’s pal-

![Image](crossing-the-river-rio-bucana)  

ace. Nothing could have been more enthusiastic or more successful than their open-air reception. The fire companies paraded in their honor, and ran over three of their own men, which gave the local Red Cross people an opportunity to appear on the scene, each man wearing four red crosses, to carry away the wounded. This created
some confusion, as the firemen preferred to walk, but the Red Cross people were adamant, and bore them off on stretchers whether they would or no. The only thing wanting to complete the picture was an American flag. It was only a detail, but

![American Soldier Showing a Rifle to Spaniards.](image)

the populace seemed to miss it. It was about the only article with which the expedition was not supplied. Frantic cabling to Washington repaired the loss, and within a week flags were sent out all over the island and raised upon the roof of many a city hall. Ponce itself held more foreign flags than we had ever seen. Judging from their
number, one would have thought that the population was composed entirely of English, Germans, French, and Swiss, and members of the Red Cross Society. It was explained later that the Spanish residents had been assured that the American soldiers would loot their houses, and so for their better protection they had invited all of their friends who were subjects of foreign powers to come and spend a few days and bring their flags with them. On one very handsome house belonging to a very rabid Spaniard, who apparently had a surfeit of spare bedrooms, there were as many flags as there are powers in the European concert. He was taking no chances.

The first week of the American occupation of Ponce, when new conditions arose every hour, was full of interest. There were financial questions to be answered, as to the rate of exchange and the collection of taxes and customs dues—questions of local law as opposed to martial law. There were Spanish volunteers swearing allegiance to the United States, and Porto Ricans to be sworn in as judges and registrars. The American post-office, opened for business, telephone wires which had been cut for strategic reasons were repaired for the public service, the railroad was set in motion at the point of the
Unloading Army Supplies from the Transports at Port Ponce.
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

bayonet, and signs reading “English spoken here” were hung outside of every second shop. In the band-stand in the Plaza, where for many years the Spanish military band had played every Sunday and Thursday, the provost-guards slept and cooked and banged on a hoarse rheumatic piano. “Rosy O’Grady” and “The Banks of the Wabash” superseded “The March of Isabella” of the three nights previous, and an American company reopened the opera-house with a variety performance; a newspaper called La Nueva Era was issued in twenty-four hours, printed half in Spanish and half in English; and twenty miles out, at Coamo, where two roads met, an energetic volunteer who combined enterprise with patriotism nailed up a sign with a hand pointing North and reading:

GO TO JAMES GETTS
FOR CLOTHING,
WARRINGTON, WIS.

The people of Ponce were certainly the most friendly souls in the world. Nothing could surpass their enthusiasm or shake their loyalty. If a drunken soldier, of whom there were surpris-
bayonet, and signs reading "English spoken here" were hung outside of every second shop. In the band-stand in the Plaza, where for many years the Spanish military band had played every Sunday and Thursday, the provost-guards slept and cooked and banged on a hoarse rheumatic piano. "Rosy O'Grady" and "The Banks of the Wabash" superseded "The March of Isabella" of the three nights previous, and an American company reopened the opera-house with a variety performance; a newspaper called La Nueva Era was issued in twenty-four hours, printed half in Spanish and half in English; and twenty miles out, at Coamo, where two roads met, an energetic volunteer who combined enterprise with patriotism nailed up a sign with a hand pointing North and reading:

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THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

ingly few, entered the shop or home of a Porto Rican, the owner could not be persuaded to make a charge against him. The natives gave our men freely of everything; and the richer and better class of Porto Ricans opened a Red Cross hospital at their own expense and contributed money, medicines, cots, and doctors for our sick soldiers. They also placed two American Red Cross nurses in charge, and allowed them absolute authority.

Peace came too soon to allow the different generals who were making the ways straight to show all that they could do and how well they could do it. In view of this fact it was almost a pity that peace did come so soon. For with the bungling at Santiago, and the scandal and shame after the war of the treatment of our sick soldiers on the transports and in the fever camps, the successes which would have followed the advance of the different expeditions across Porto Rico would have been a grateful relief. The generals, with the exception of General Schwan, were handicapped to a degree by the fact that their commands were, for the greater part, composed of volunteers; but the personality of the generals, each in his different way, made this count for little, and they obtained as good ser-
City Troop Marching through the Town of Santa Isabel.
vice out of the men as the work that there was to do demanded. Particularly good was the service of Troop C of Brooklyn who for four days held the farthest out-post at Aibonito where they were under fire from quick-firing guns on the hills above them, and of the First City Troop of Philadelphia which well upheld the traditions of an organization which dates from the days of General Washington. It was not in the field alone, where they were on their native heath, that the generals distinguished themselves; but in governing and establishing order in the towns which they captured, where their duties were both peculiar and foreign to their experience, they showed to the greatest advantage. They went about the task of setting up the new empire of the United States as though our army had always been employed in seizing islands and raising the flag over captured cities. They played the conquerors with tact, with power, and like gentlemen. They recognized the rights of others and they forced others to recognize their rights. Wherever it was possible to do so, General Miles propitiated the people by employing local labor. Within an hour after the firing had ceased in Juanica, he was renting ox-carts and oxen from the native ranch-owners and buy-
Arrest of a Spanish Spy in Ponce. The man is holding his hands across his forehead in sign of surrender.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

ing cattle outright. At Ponce he employed hundreds of local stevedores who had been out of work for many days. He set them to unloading the transports and coaling the war-ships; and

380
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

when he learned that the boss stevedores were holding back part of the men’s pay he corrected the abuse at once, and saw that each man received what was due to him. General Wilson, in his turn, as military governor of the city and district of Ponce, was confronted with many strange conditions. He had to invent oaths of allegiance, to tranquillize the foreign consuls, to protect rich Spaniards from too enthusiastic Porto Ricans, to adopt a new seal for the city, and a new rate of exchange; to appoint new officers in the courts, to set free political prisoners, and to arrest and lock up political offenders against the new régime.

But the work was not confined to the cities, and soon each of the generals had changed the magistrate’s chair for the saddle. It was a beautiful military proposition, as General Miles laid it down. Four columns were to traverse the island from four different directions, and drive all the enemy outside of San Juan back into that city, so leaving none but friends on the flanks and in the rear. By taking all the towns en route and picking up every Spaniard it met on the way, the army would surround San Juan with the island already won. Then with the navy in the harbor and the army camped about the city,
San Juan would, as a matter of common sense, surrender.

Peace interfered with the completion of this plan, but its inception and start were most brilliant and successful. General Wilson was sent down the centre along the military road with directions to follow it straight on to the capital.
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

On the right end of the rush-line, General Brooke and General Hains were to swing around to take Guayana and strike the military road back of Cayey and Aibonito just as Wilson closed up on

![General Wilson Entering Coamo.](image)

Photographed by the author.

these towns from the south. General Roy Stone, with a mixed command of Porto Ricans, United States volunteers and regulars, was sent to Adjuntas to reconnoitre and clear the way. General Guy Henry was sent out to follow the same
route and to take the city of Arecibo in the north. On the extreme left, General Schwan, with a splendid command composed entirely of regulars, was given a sort of roving commission to fight anything he saw, and then to take Mayaguez and beat up toward Arecibo to join Henry. As soon as those columns were on the way, General Miles was to follow wherever his advice and presence would be of the most value.

The generals lost no time in getting to work. Juana Dias was, in theatrical parlance, a one-night stand, and it surrendered without a fight to General Wilson, but the taking of Coamo, the next city on his list, was one of the prettiest skirmishes of the campaign.

General Hains meanwhile had taken Guayana from four hundred Spaniards at the cost of one officer and four men wounded, all of the Fourth Ohio. On the 13th, General Schwan’s regulars found the Spaniards intrenched in force at Las Marias and drove them back and out of Mayaguez, a city of 30,000 inhabitants. In this fight, two privates were killed and fourteen enlisted men and Lieutenant Byron were wounded. The Spanish loss was thirty in killed and wounded, and the Lieutenant-Colonel, with fifty privates,
City Troop Marching on Road between Ponce and Guayama.
were taken prisoners. General Stone engaged the enemy in a night skirmish beyond Adjuntas and drove the Spaniards back, carrying their killed

Third Wisconsin Entering Coamo.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.

and wounded with them. There was no loss among his own men.

The city of Coamo was taken by the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, but it surrendered first.
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

to four correspondents who had galloped into it by mistake.

There was no reveille on the morning of the day the Sixteenth Pennsylvania took Coamo. At General Wilson's head-quarters a sentry shook the flaps of the tents and told us it was time to get up. He reminded one of a Pullman-car porter shaking the curtains of a berth and saying, "Only twenty minutes to New York." It was so unmilitary that everyone refused to wake.

So General Wilson taught the officers of his staff a lesson in punctuality by riding off without them, and they had to gallop three miles to overtake him.

The road was better than any road outside of the city parks in America, with a hard, sloping surface and rain-gutters at each side and brick bridges over the streams. It was shaded by pink and red trees and a few common or garden-trees of green, so that we might not think we were passing beneath a succession of triumphal arches. Sometimes on our right, above the sugar-cane, we saw the sea and the white spray breaking on the reefs.

As the cavalcade passed, the Porto Ricans came out lazily to the roadside and peered at the officers over the fences of cactus, and neglected,
brown, naked children fell out of the doors and bumped down the steps, howling dismally. The white helmet of the general was still half a mile ahead, and the sabre-tache of his aide was beating his horse's flanks like a club. The hoofs of
our horses rang like hammers on the road, and the swords and picket-pins clattered and jangled. There were great hills to the left and right, clothed with a hundred shades of green, and below them green lakes of sugar-cane, with the corrugated iron roofs and the tall chimneys of the sugar-mills rising out of them, and looking like turtle-back steamers pushing their way through the fresh water lakes.

As we raced by we saw teams of six oxen pulling long ploughs through chocolate-colored earth. Small boys rode one of each yoke of oxen and sang in chorus a drowsy, droning song, which sounded like the song the Lascars sing on a P. and O. steamer when they pull on a rope. The morning was very still, for there are few birds in Porto Rico, and only the hum of innumerable insect-life answered the ring of the horses' hoofs.

The white helmet of the general halted next to an open field of high, yellow grass, where four brown guns pointed at a block-house on the hill above Coamo. As we drew up one of the guns roared and flashed, and a cloud of white smoke rushed forward and stopped as though it had struck a solid wall and then swept back again, hiding the gun and the men about it in a curtain of mist. The horses under the trees reared and
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

tugged at their bridles and danced, and terrified human beings came running up the road carrying their children and shying like the horses whenever a shot was fired. A few Mauser rifles answered the guns, but the bullets flew high and did no harm.

The block-house smoked and crumbled and then burst into red flames. The artillery limbered up again and crawled off up a hill to the right, and Troop C, of Brooklyn, moved off still farther to the right and disappeared over a hill. All the infantry started forward. It advanced in beautiful order, with scouts and skirmishers beating through the high grass and creeping up behind rocks and popping up suddenly from over the crests of the hills. In the level plain at the left of the road the regiments moved in blocks of blue and brown.

The men in blue made a target just twice as conspicuous as that made by the men in brown. But there was no one at hand to fire on them. On the other side of Coamo the Spaniards were hurrying across the bridge and out into the white road. On the hills above them the Sixteenth Regiment of Pennsylvania were waiting for them and opened fire. The enemy had not thought of an ambush. He had delayed until the first shot
from the artillery had broken the stillness of the morning, and then, feeling sure of an hour’s start, had fallen back rapidly toward Aibonito. The Spaniards ran off the road into the rain gutters, and these, with the cactus lining the road, served
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

as trenches. Their white hats were the mark at which the volunteers fired.

The Spanish comandante seemed to wish to die. He galloped out of the road and into the meadow, where he was conspicuous from the top of his head to the hoofs of his horse. At one time he stood motionless, where there was a break in the cactus hedge, holding his reins easily and looking up at the firing line above. After he was killed the men in the trench along the road raised a white handkerchief on a stick and ceased firing.

Colonel Biddle, of the engineers, who had acted as a scout for the volunteers, stood out on the edge of the hill and held a rifle above his head with both hands and let it fall. The Spaniards stepped into the road and repeated his motions, raising the rifles and dropping them to their feet. There were ten dead, ten wounded and one hundred and sixty taken prisoners. Ten of the Sixteenth were wounded.

The volleys had been heard on the other side of the town, and the artillery fired three more shots for moral effect only. The infantry, hurrying to the rescue, found that the bridge on the Ponce road was destroyed and rushed down a steep ravine and across the fords in the river.
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

There were two aides of General Wilson, Captain Breckinridge and Lieutenant Titus, who were riding in the infantry skirmish line. Captain Paget, the British naval attaché, and four correspondents—Millard, Root, Thompson, and myself—were also with them, and we all forded the river together. They had seen General Ernst and his staff a half hour before hurrying toward the town along the Ponce road, and they supposed he had already entered it. Moreover, the road leading into the town was the shortest distance to the place from whence the firing came, so we rode down it at a gallop in order that we might still be in time to see Coamo surrender.

For a mile the road was quite empty, and the houses on either side were either shut and barred or open and deserted. A rifle-pit, also deserted, stretched across the road, but the horses scrambled around it and, turning with the road, brought us into the main street of Coamo. General Ernst was not in the street, nor were there any Spaniards. There was a man with a white flag in the middle of it, and he seemed inclined to drop it and run if needful.

The horses were racing now, and the clatter they made in the empty street was impressive.
Third Wisconsin Volunteers Passing Spanish Rifle-pit Thrown Up Across the Street in Coamo.

Drawn from a photograph taken by the author.
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

As we passed a few men crawled out from under the porches and shouted, "Vivan los Americanos!" and then ran back again and hid. More men with white flags peeped out from around corners and shook the flags at us frantically.

It was like a horse race, with starters stretched out all along the course. Barricades of iron pipes across the street and more rifle-pits failed to discourage the horses. They were excited by the shouts and by the flags, and they carried us, racing neck and neck, to the other end of Coamo. There we found, to our embarrassment, that it was empty of American troops, and that, unwittingly and unwillingly, we had been offered its surrender.

Captain Breckinridge and Lieutenant Titus looked at each other's shoulder-straps, and Lieutenant Titus congratulated his superior officer on having taken a town of five thousand inhabitants with six men.

Then we borrowed a flag of truce, and with the aid of Captain Paget's red silk handkerchief wig-wagged to the Sixteenth that it was perfectly safe to come in.

I took the Spanish flag of the Alcalde, his staff of office, his seals of the city and the key to the cartel. The staff I left with him, the flag I
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

turned over to General Wilson, to whom it, of course, belonged, and the key to the cartel I still retain as a souvenir of the fact that once for twenty minutes, I was mayor and military governor and chief of police of Coamo.

The people were glad to see our troops, but there was a difference between the reception they gave them and the reception the people of Ponce gave them, which was as marked as possible. At first the people of Coamo were terrified, and carried brandy bottles with them as being possibly a stronger means of protection than the flags of truce. But as soon as they saw no harm would
Photo-topographic Map of the Spanish Position near Alagarto Aug 27, 1898.
Scale 1:2,000

Note: The details assumed at the Rear Gun Position. Elevation 50 feet.
come to them they became more friendly, but not so delirious as were the people of Ponce. The Americans did not care. They sang, "Just tell them that you saw us, and that we were doing well."

General Wilson had established himself in the home of the Alcalde and was sending modest telegrams to the Commander-in-chief at Ponce and receiving congratulations. The men were smoking the cigarettes and drinking the wine the people pressed upon them and the officers swarmed in the only hotel and fought the skirmish over again.

But someone always has to pay the reckoning, and back of the negro quarter of the town, at the end of an avenue of palms, the men who had paid the heaviest price were being buried in the Catholic graveyard. It was just after sunset, and the place was damp and chilly and dark. Two hospital stewards, who had been keeping count of the Spanish dead as they were put into the graves, sat on a tombstone and checked off the last foreign name on the list with a stub of a pencil.

"Well, that's all," said the hospital steward, as he put on his blouse. "We can go now."

The grave-diggers gathered up their spades and
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

looked anxiously for their pay, and the keeper of the graveyard stood at the iron gate and jangled his keys against it as a sign to hurry and that his supper was waiting. It seemed as though no one had time nor thought to spare for the soldiers who had just been hidden from sight forever. Their Spanish friends in the town had not dared to stand at their graves; their comrades were
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

marching to Coamo as prisoners, or were being driven there wounded in the ambulances. It seemed a pity that there was no priest nor firing-squad nor bugler to sound “Lights out” and to pay the soldiers the last tribute, which is the least tribute a country can pay to the men who die for her. With all the rumors of peace that there were in the air, it seemed a pity that they should have died at all.

The lives of a few Spanish officers would not have counted to the American people, and they probably counted for a great deal to someone somewhere in Spain.

The hospital stewards stood looking at each other doubtfully, as though they were trying to think if there were anything still left to do.

And as they hesitated, there came faintly from the other end of the town the throb and beat of martial music advancing up the main street of Coamo. The old keeper of the graveyard left the gates to lock themselves and hobbled off in pursuit, and from the centre of the town we heard wild shouts of “Viva,” and from the negro quarters came the sound of bare feet pattering down the road.

The people of Coamo were turning their backs on the men who had ruled them for a hundred
years, and were running to greet their new masters, who had been masters for only the last three hours. The music grew louder and louder and broke into the jubilant swing of a Sousa march.

It was the new step on the floor and the new face at the door. The son and heir was coming fast, blue-shirted, sunburned, girded with glistening cartridges. He was sweeping before him the last traces of a fallen Empire; the sons of the young Republic were tearing down the royal crowns and the double castles over the city halls, opening the iron doors of the city jails and raising the flag of the new Empire over the land of the sugar-cane and the palm.

But the men in the graveyard stopped, and looked back at the fresh earth over the graves and half sheepishly raised their hands in salute, and then walked on toward the town to greet the conquerors.

Three days later General Wilson advanced toward Aibonito and found the Spaniards strongly intrenched with artillery and quick-firing guns upon the high hills which protect that city. An effort to dislodge the enemy was attempted on the day before peace was declared. It was made by the artillery, under Major Lancaster. It advanced to within two thousand yards of the
enemy's intrenchments, and unlimbered in a field to the left of the road under a terrific fire of shrapnel, common shell, and Mauser bullets. The Spaniards, fortunately, fired too high to touch the artillery, but did much damage to our infantry on the bluffs above. As a spectacle, it was one of the most picturesque fights of the war. Not only could the artillerymen see each other's guns plainly without the aid of a glass, but they could see the men who served them as well, and they answered shell with shell and with the speed of a ball volleyed across a tennis-net. It was in this fight that a shrapnel-shell struck the road within ten inches of the foot of the British naval attaché, Captain Paget, and at the same instant lifted five Wisconsin volunteers off their feet and knocked them down. For a moment, Paget was lost to view in a cloud of dust and smoke, from which no one expected to see him reappear alive, but he strode out of it untouched, remarking, in a tone of extreme annoyance, "There was a shell in the Soudan once did exactly that same thing to me." His tone seemed to suggest that there was a limit to any man's patience. A few minutes later a solitary tree beneath which he was sitting was struck by another shell, which killed two and wounded three
men. Major Woodbury, the surgeon-in-chief of the command, who was under fire for the first time, assisted the men to the ambulances, while the Mauser bullets cut many holes in the air above him; he behaved as cheerily as any man I ever saw in a fight. Paget, who had been in a dozen campaigns, took it all as a matter of course, and assisted one of the wounded men out of the range of the bullets from the side of a steep and high hill. The sight did more to popularize the Anglo-American alliance with the soldiers than could the weightiest argument of ambassadors or statesmen.

Just as this fight ended, Lieutenant Hains, whose gun occupied the most exposed position in a turn of the road, and the one farthest in advance, was shot through the body by a bullet. It half turned him, and he staggered into the arms of his sergeant, who caught him around the waist and helped him to the ambulance. One night on the transport, after we had shared a very bad dinner, he had recklessly promised to give me a good one "when we take San Juan," and I had reminded him of this promise frequently. When I came up to him after he was shot, he raised his eyes and said, faintly, "I am afraid I can't give you that dinner at San Juan."
I naturally pretended that I thought he was not badly hurt, and said we would put off the dinner until we met in New York.

"Very well," Hains said, closing his eyes. "If it's just as convenient to you, we'll wait until we get to New York." A man who can joke about

Battery "A" under Captain Warburton Loading Lighter with Guns.

his dinner engagements when a bullet has just passed through him from his shoulder to his hip is a good man to keep in the army, and fortunately for the army Hains lived.

A day after the fight at Aibonito, Peace laid her detaining hand on the shoulder of each general, and the operations closed for thirty days.
THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

Peace came differently to different men. One major of volunteers who had already established his nerve on polo-fields and as a most reckless

Sentries at Cavalry Outpost on Cayey Road, about two and a half Miles from Guayana. Established after Protocol.

rider, without a moment's hesitation, threw his hat high in the air and cried, "Thank God! Now I won't get killed." On the other hand, the artillerymen of Battery B of Pennsylvania,
The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns

when they heard peace had come, swore and hooted and groaned. They were behind a gun pointed at the enemy, who was intrenched to the left of Guayana. The shell was in the chamber, the gunner had aimed the piece and had run backward, but before it spoke, Lieutenant MacLaughlin, of the Signal Corps, galloped upon the scene, shrieking, "Cease firing, peace has been declared!" Whereat the men swore.

Peace came with Porto Rico occupied by our troops and with the Porto Ricans blessing our flags, which must never leave the island. It is a beautiful island, smiling with plenty and content. It will bring us nothing but what is for good, and it came to us willingly with open arms. But had it been otherwise, it would have come to us. The course of empire to-day takes its way to all points of the compass—not only to the West. If it move always as smoothly, as honorably, and as victoriously as it did in Porto Rico, our army and our people need ask for no higher measure of success.