



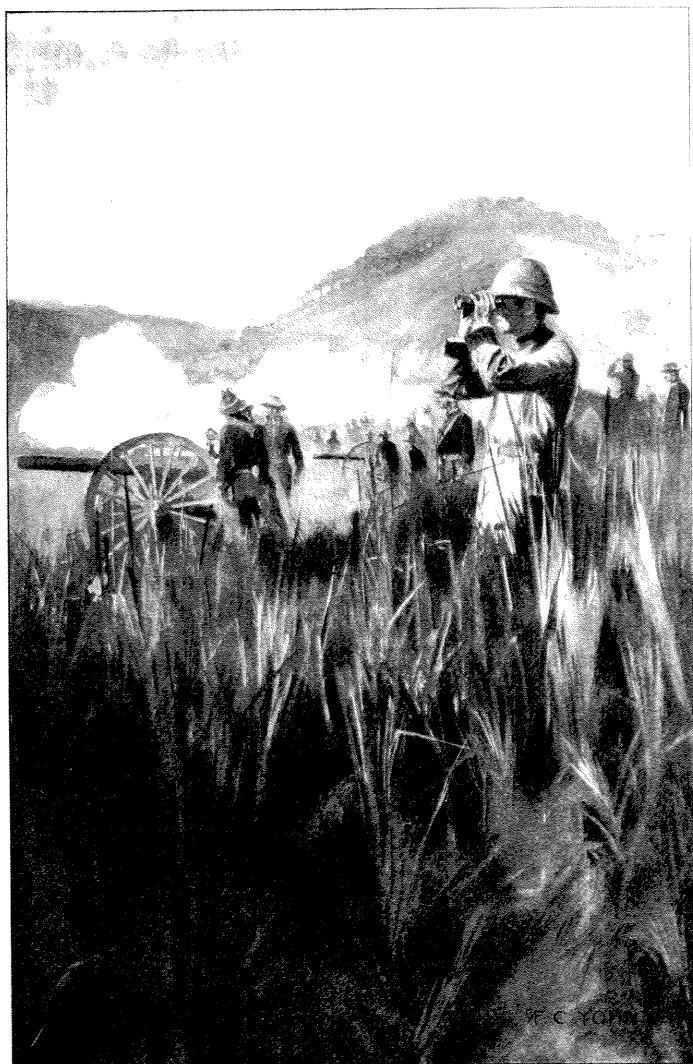
The Cuban and

Porto
Rican

Campaigns

RICHARD·HARDING
DAVIS

THE CUBAN AND
PORTO RICAN
CAMPAIGNS



Officers Watching the Artillery Play on Coamo.

Drawn by F. C. Yohn from a photograph by the Author.

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

BY

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ILLUSTRATED

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THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST SHOT

IT was half-past four on the afternoon of April 22d, and that peace which only exists when the sun is at 103° brooded over the coral islands of Key West and over the war-ships of the North Atlantic Squadron in her bay. The flags at the mast-heads moved irritably in the hot air, the palms at the Custom-house moved not at all, but were cut against the glaring blue sky like giant petals of tin; in the streets the colored drivers slept in their open hacks, and on the porch of the hotel a row of officers in white duck and of correspondents in yachting-caps sat with tilted chairs and with their feet on the railings before them, in a state of depressed and sweltering silence.

For two months they had been waiting at Key

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West. They had waited while the President's message had been postponed once, and three times while Representatives and Senators moved and amended and referred, while foreign powers had offered services more or less friendly, and while



Key West Hotel.

all the machinery of diplomacy had been put in motion to avert or to delay the inevitable end. And they had lost hope and interest. For three weeks the White Squadron had been disguised in a war-paint of lead. The decks of the war-ships had been cleared for action, and the great battle-ships that were to lead the way, and which stood

THE FIRST SHOT

seven miles nearer to the goal than the others, for three weeks had strained and tugged at their anchorage, like dogs struggling in their chains.

Ever since February the 15th, when the *Maine* settled into the mud of Havana Harbor, these men at Key West had held but one desire and one hope, and at half-past four of that hot and peaceful afternoon their reward came. It wore, when it came, the obvious and commonplace garb of every day. A small boy fell off his bicycle in front of the hotel and ran his eyes along the porch until they rested on a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. To him he handed a telegram, and, mounting his wheel again, rode away up the hot and dusty street. The correspondent opened the envelope with his thumb, and read: "Rain and hail," and started; and then, seeing that the watchful eyes of half the row were upon him, turned his back and took a narrow code-book from his pocket, and ran his finger down its page. He held it toward me, as I stood looking over his shoulder, and I read: "Rain and hail"—"War is declared, fleet ordered to sea." A few moments later the porch was empty, the hall of the hotel was piled high with hand-bags and sailors' kits, and hackmen were lashing their horses down the dusty street; and at the water's edge one could

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see launches, gigs, and cutters streaking the blue surface of the bay with flashes of white and brass ; signal flags of brilliant reds and yellows were spreading and fluttering at the signal halyards ; wig-waggers beat the air from the bridges, and across the water, from the decks of the monitors, came the voices of the men answering the roll : "One, two, three, FOUR ! *one, two, three, FOUR !*"

There were still ships to coal, or Captain Sampson, who had become Admiral Sampson since half-past four, would on the word have started to blockade Havana. But as they could not be left behind, all of those ships that were ready were moved outside the harbor and the fleet was signalled to be in readiness to start at four o'clock the next morning. That night as the sun sank—and it sinks at Key West with a splendor and glory that it assumes in but few other ports in the world—it spread a fiery red background for thirteen black ships of war outlined with gallows-like yards against the sky. Some still lay at anchor, sparkling with cargo lights and with the coaling barges looming bulkily along side, and others moved across the crimson curtain looking less like ships than a procession of grotesque monsters of the sea—grim, inscrutable, and menacing.

THE FIRST SHOT

War had been declared. It had come at last, and, as the fleet lay waiting for the day, it is a question if any man in the squadron slept that night, but did not instead keep watch alone, and wonder what war might bring to him. To whom would it bring honor, to whom honor with death, to whom would the chance come, and who would seize it when it came, and who would make it come?

In the quick changes of war and under its cruel tests, unknown men would become leaders of men, and those who had attained high places and had risen and fattened in the days of peace would be pushed aside into oblivion; the political generals would see a gunner's mate become in an hour the nation's hero; new conditions and new problems would rise, to find men ready to grasp them. Anything was possible—new alliances, new enemies, and new friends. The declaration of war meant all these things—a new map and a new chapter in the history of the world.

And yet while men wondered as to what the morrow might bring forth, the physical aspect of the night was one in strange contrast to the great change of the day. We could imagine the interest and excitement which the declaration of war had roused in all corners of the country; we knew that

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for the moment Key West was the storm-centre of the map of the United States, and that where the squadron would go, what it would do, and how soon it would move upon the enemy were questions that men were asking in clubs and on street corners; we knew that bulletin-boards were blocking the streets of lower New York with people eager for news, and that men and women from Seattle to Boston were awake with anxiety and unrest.

And yet at the heart of it all, in the harbor of Key West, save for the water lapping against the great sides of the ships and the bells sounding in chorus across the stretches of the bay, there was only silence, and the night wore every aspect of peace. For though all through that night the vessels talked with one another, they spoke in a language of signs—a language that made less sound than a whisper. That was the only promise for the morrow, their rows of lanterns winking red and white against the night, and vanishing instantly in mid-air, and the great fingers of the search-lights sweeping grandly across the sky, halting upright for a moment, and then sinking to the water's edge, measuring out the heavens and carrying messages of command to men many miles at sea.

THE FIRST SHOT

The morning of the 23d awoke radiantly beautiful with light and color. In the hollows of the waves deep blue and purple shadows caught the million flashes of the sun, and their white crests danced in its light. Across this flashing picture of light and movement and color, the leaden-painted war-ships moved heavily in two great columns, the battle-ships and monitors leading on the left, the cruisers moving abreast to starboard, while in their wake and on either flank the torpedo-boats rolled and tossed like porpoises at play. To the active imagination it might have appeared that each was racing to be the first to throw a shell into Cabáñas prison, to knock the first stone from the ramparts of Morro Castle, to fire the first shot of the War of '98. But the first shot of the war was reserved for no such serious purpose.

For while the houses of Key West were still well in view, there came into the lines of the squadron a courteous Spaniard, who, unsuspecting and innocent of war, steered his tramp steamer, the *Buena Ventura*, into the very jaws of the enemy. And it was upon him that the unsought-for honor fell of receiving the first shot our navy had fired "in anger" in thirty years.

According to the story of the Spanish captain,

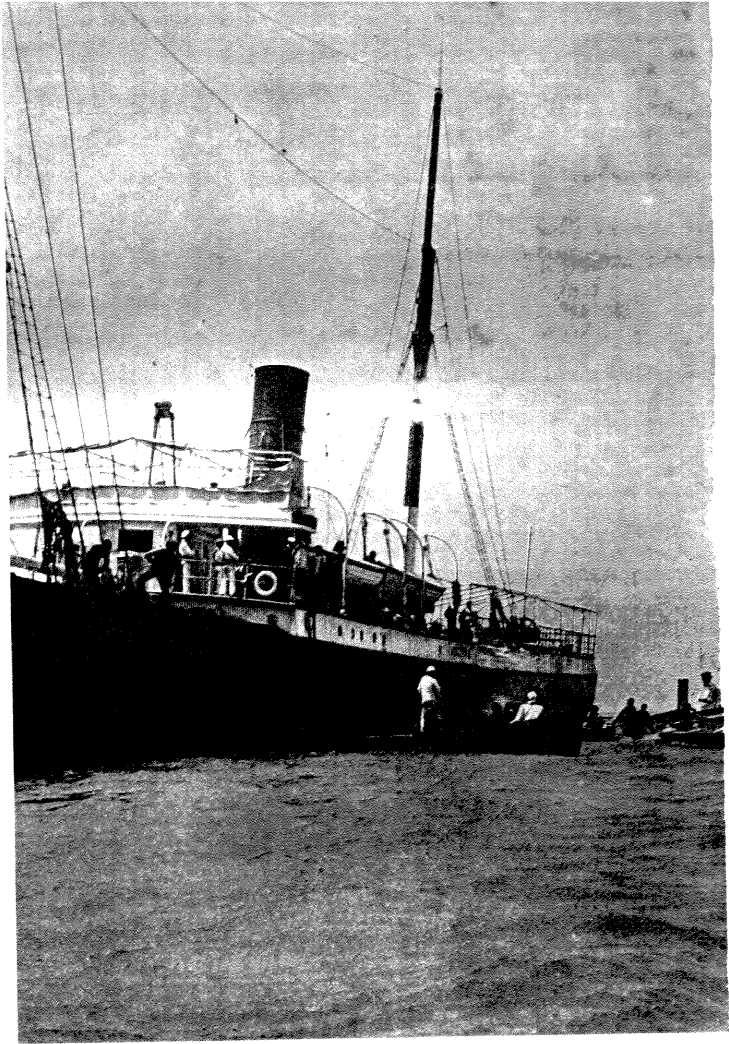
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as told that same afternoon in the harbor of Key West, when he saw so many "beautiful" war-ships flying the American flag, he said to himself: "Behold! the courtesy of my race requires that I salute these beautiful war-ships." Those are his exact words. And in admiration and innocence the poor man raised the red and yellow standard of Spain.

This was at half-past five in the morning of April 23d. Lieutenant Frank Marble was officer of the deck on the flag-ship, and from the forward bridge he had reported the presence of a vessel on the starboard bow. The admiral signalled the ship nearest the *Buena Ventura*, which happened to be the *Nashville*, "What colors does the stranger show?"

Both the *Helena* and the *Nashville* signalled back "Spanish," and the answer came from the flag-ship to the *Nashville*, "Capture her."

The signal as it is in the code-book is really much fuller than that, but that is its meaning. So the *Nashville* fired a shot across the *Buena Ventura's* bow. Patrick Walton fired it. It was the first shot of the war. A second shot followed, and the *Buena Ventura* hove to, and a prize crew, under Ensign Magruder, boarded her; and a press-boat buried her bows in the water



The First Prize of the War, *Buena Ventura*, Showing Some of the Prize Crew on her Deck.

THE FIRST SHOT

and rushed back to the United States with the news that the squadron had taken her first prize, and that the blockade had begun. And so it came about that a fluttering of flags and a couple of shots aimed at a flashing, dancing sea formed the first hostile act of our war with Spain.

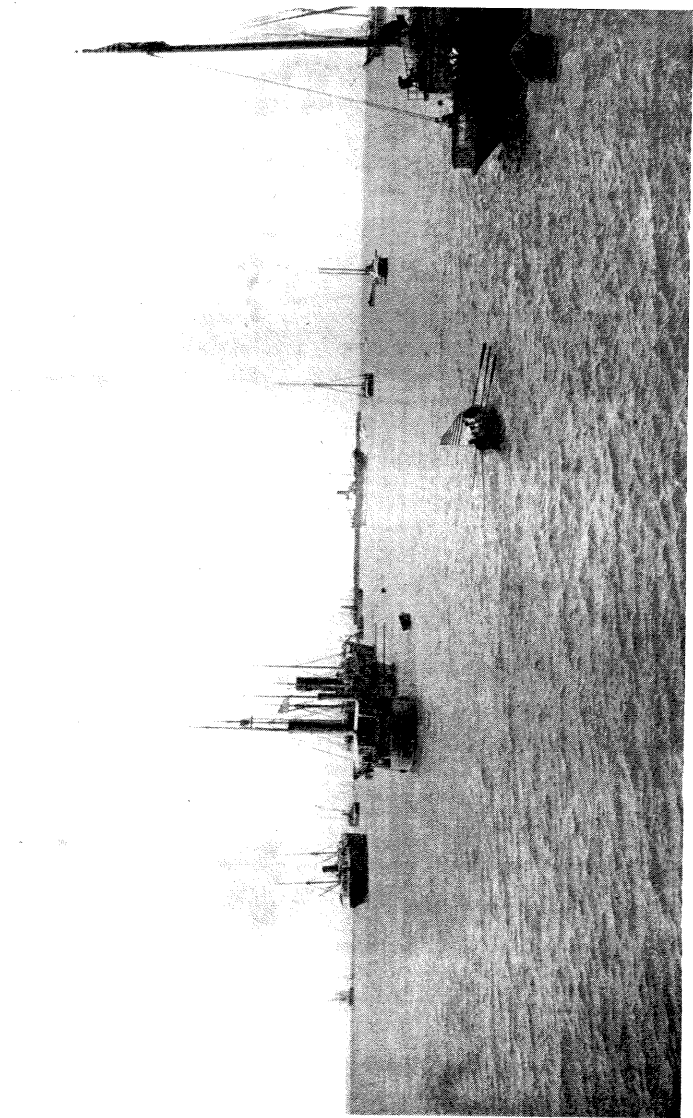
For twelve days after war was declared the flag-ship *New York* lay ten miles off Morro Castle, blistering in the sun by day and made beautiful by the moon at night. She was the central office of the blockading squadron, and from her messenger-boys, in the shape of black and grimy torpedo-boats, carried orders to the men-of-war that stretched along the coast from Cardenas to Bahia Honda. While they lay waiting or patrolling their stations, alert and watchful, the flag-ship planned and arranged and issued commands. She was the bureau of information for the fleet, the mouth-piece of the Strategic Board at Washington, and all through the hot brilliant days her red and yellow signals fluttered and flapped and her wig-waggers beat the air. Other war-ships drew up beside her, and their officers came on board to receive instructions; tug-boats converted into auxiliaries flew to her for aid, to ask for the loan of a few casks of drinking-water, or the services of a mechanic to mend a leak, or to deliver the mail-

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bags and, what was of equal value, clothes from the laundry.

The *New York* was the clearing-house of the fleet, the first to receive the news, the one place from which news was disseminated. It came to us from officers of prize-crews on their way back to their ships, who halted to report to the Admiral and to tell their adventures to the ward-room mess; and it was brought to us by the fleet of press-boats, which in return received the news of the day on the flag-ship. Sometimes they received this through a megaphone, sometimes they sent a correspondent over the side to get it at first hand, and sometimes, when the sea was rough, we threw it to them done up in a glass bottle. The flag-ship was the only place from which to view and comprehend the blockade. What was seen from a press-boat was at long range; from its deck the motive and result of any move was of necessity problematical. It was like reporting the burning of the Waldorf-Astoria from the Brooklyn Bridge. The observer in the distance might see much smoke and some flame, but whether the cause of the fire were accidental or incendiary, whether there were loss of life or deeds of heroism, he could only guess.

In its creature-comforts life on board the flag-



Group of Prizes—Key West.

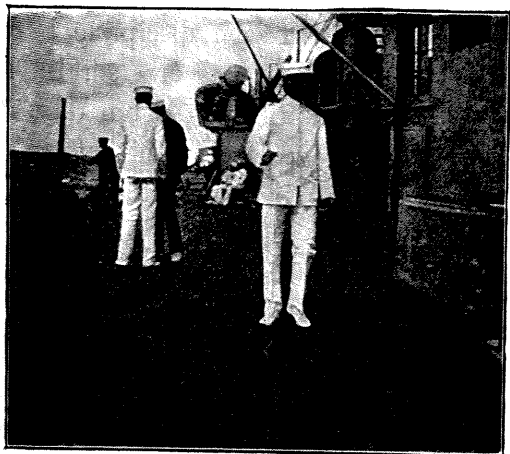
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ship was like that on board of a yacht cruising in summer seas ; but overshadowing its comforts was an organization as complete as that of the Bank of England, and discipline as absolute as that of a monastery. In no military post, from Knightsbridge Barracks to Gibraltar, from Fort Houston to Fort Sill, nor in Greece, Egypt, France, Russia, or Germany have I seen discipline better observed, or such "smartness," or such intelligent obedience as I noted during the ten days that I remained on the *New York*. In that time there were many novel experiences to impress one ; there was much that was entirely new and quite incomprehensible. There were some exciting races after blockade-runners, some heavy firing, some wonderful effects of land and sea and sky, some instances of coolness and courage and of kindness and courtesy ; but what was more impressive than all else besides, was the discipline of the ship's company and the perfection of her organization. Many men can swagger and be brave and shoot off a gun. That our sailors are brave no one has ever doubted, even before the victory of Manila Harbor ; but the best sailor is the man who not only can stand by his gun, but who can stand watch eight hours on end without stealing a few minutes' sleep ; who respects him-

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self, his ship, and her officers; who is as thoroughly in earnest when he is alone cleaning a bit of brasswork as when he is aiming a four-inch gun in the presence of the enemy.

The discipline of the *New York* was rigid, intelligent, and unremitting, and each of the five



The Flag-ship *New York* Cleared for Action.

hundred men on this floating monastery moved in his little groove with the perfect mechanism of one of the eight-inch guns. A modern war-ship is the perfection of organization. It is the embodiment of the axiom that "a stitch in time saves nine." It is the eternal vigilance which obtains on board that keeps her what she is, the hourly

THE FIRST SHOT

fight against rust and dust that makes her always look as though she had just been made complete that morning. All the old homely sayings seem to be the mottoes of her executive. There is "a place for everything and everything in its place," whether it is a projectile weighing half a ton, or signal flag No. 22, or a roll of lint for the surgeon, or the blue-jacket in charge of the search-light.

A ship of war is like a moving village. She has to house and feed and give employment to her inhabitants, and to place them at certain points at a moment's notice, to face unknown conditions and to face them coolly and intelligently. You can imagine the confusion in a village of five hundred people should they be dragged out of bed at midnight by an alarm of fire. But in the floating village of the war-ship *New York* discipline and training have taught the inhabitants to move to certain places, and to perform certain work when they get there, within a space of two minutes. It is so on every other war-ship in the Navy of the United States. And it does not consist entirely in manning a gun and pulling a lanyard. That is the showy work—the work that tells in the despatches, and which is illustrated in the weekly papers.

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There are also those who serve "who only stand and wait"; who see nothing of the fighting.



"Messenger!"

but take equal risk with those who fight; who are not inspired by the consciousness that all is going well, but who remain at their posts in the semi-darkness below decks, shaken by concussions above, and not

knowing how soon the sides of the ship may part, or the decks below rise, or a projectile crash bursting and burning through the deck above and choke them with vile suffocating fumes. They feed the fires with coal and haul on ammunition-lifts, like miners in a coal-pit. Their work is just as important as is that of the gunner who trains and fires the big gun; but when it is over they go back to set the table for the officers' mess, or to play a bass viol in a string band, or sweep out the engine-rooms. They are just as valuable to the village as is the gunner's mate, and they should be remembered.

THE FIRST SHOT

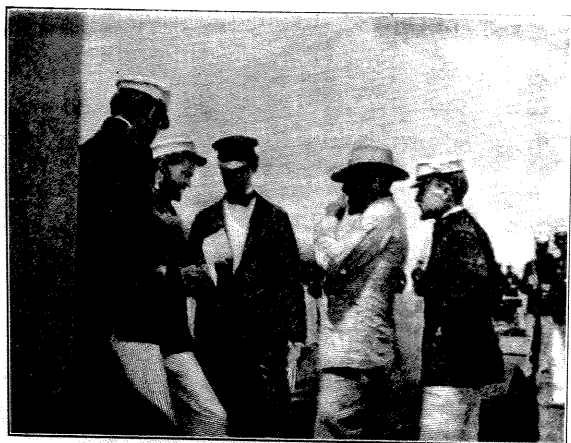
Admiral Schley remembered them at the time of the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and every few minutes sent messengers below decks to the engine-rooms to tell the men there how the fight was going, and that the American ships were driving the Spanish vessels from the sea. They were deserving of such consideration; for a more earnest, alert, and self-respecting class of men than are on our war-ships are not to be found in any class or profession in our country, and that is as true of the admiral as of the crew, and of the crew as of the admiral.

It was very difficult to believe that we were really at war. A peaceful blockade does not lend itself to that illusion. From the deck of the *New York*, we overlooked the coast of Cuba as from the roof of a high building; and all that we saw of war was a peaceful panorama of mountain-ranges and yellow villages, royal palms and tiny forts, like section-houses along the line of a railroad, and in the distance Morro Castle and the besieged city of Havana basking in a haze of glaring sunlight.

So, the first prisoner of the war was almost as much of a surprise to the ship as the ship was to him. Up to the time of his arrival a Spaniard, to most of the officers and crew, was an unknown

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quantity—a picture of a bull-fighter in the comic papers, something hidden away somewhere along the smiling line of coast. The first prisoner introduced us to the enemy, and his uniform of blue drill, his Panama hat, and his red and yellow cockade made the Spaniard for the first time



The First Prisoner of the War. The Spaniard is the one pulling his mustache; Sylvester Scovel is in the centre, in a yachting suit and cap.

real and human. I had seen Spanish officers in Cuba swaggering in cafés and plazas, tramping at the head of their troops through dusty roads, directing the burning of huts and cane-fields, and giving the order to fire on insurgent prisoners, and I must confess to a sneaking sense of joy when this poor Second Lieutenant came silently

THE FIRST SHOT

into Captain Chadwick's cabin twisting his hat between his hands, and sank gratefully into the chair they placed for him. The first question Captain Chadwick asked was whether he would have breakfast, but the prisoner said he had no appetite; then the captain offered him a cigar, but he shrugged his shoulders and bowed and said he did not care to smoke. Then the Captain told Sylvester Scovel, who was interpreting, to ask the prisoner to say from where he came, and how he happened to get caught. But to every one of these questions Scovel added six of his own, inquiring as to how many troops the Spaniards had placed along the coast, where forts were situated, where patrols met, and how deep the water was in certain ports. Every now and then Chadwick would say, "That will do, tell him he is free;" but Scovel would object: "No, don't let him go yet; he is telling me things he shouldn't."

And then Scovel would smile with innocent blue eyes upon the prisoner, and nod encouragingly, and the unhappy Lieutenant would proceed to give him the information which the blockading squadron desired.

The name of Sylvester Scovel is probably better known in Cuba than that of any other

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American, even than that of Fitzhugh Lee. He is certainly more cordially hated than any other of the "nation of pigs," and a reward of \$10,000 was for some time placed upon his head. The Spaniards captured him once, after he had eluded them hundreds of times; the Senate of the United States demanded that he should be set at liberty, and after a month's imprisonment he was released. If he had been taken in Cuba during the war, he would have been shot or hung on the instant; and the death of no other hanged American would, I believe, have caused such universal rejoicing among Spanish officers and Spanish residents. Consequently, it was rather amusing to see the Spanish Lieutenant, Juan de Rio, clinging close to Scovel's elbow, and showing him the utmost deference and gratitude. Scovel wore a yachting cap and a suit of blue serge, so it is probable that the Spaniard mistook him for one of the ship's junior officers. But when they parted, after Scovel had shown him over the ship, there was a little scene. They had said farewell with many flourishes, and the Spaniard had, after the fashion of his race, made a pretty speech to the effect that he saw it was impossible to surpass the courtesy of an American officer as to surpass his war-ship.

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THE FIRST SHOT

“You have been most kind to me,” he added, “and I should like to know your name. I shall always remember it.”

Scovel laughed and nodded. “My name is Sylvester Scovel,” he said, bowing. “I am the correspondent of the New York *World*.”

The Spanish have no sense of humor, and this one could not rise to the occasion. He only gasped and stared, and backed hastily away. He can hardly be blamed. It must be bewildering to find that you have been overwhelmed with courtesies by the man whose death, had he been your prisoner and you had killed him, would have brought you a reward of \$10,000 and a vote of thanks from your Government.

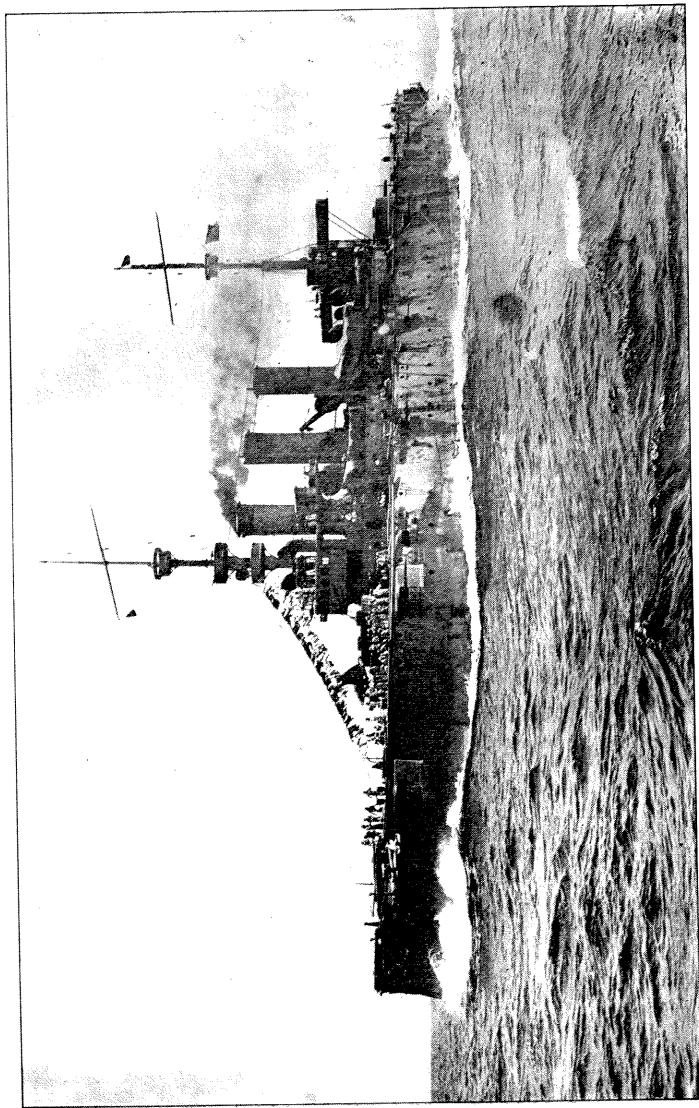
CHAPTER II

THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT

WHILE I was on board the *New York* the big guns were twice brought into service—once at the bombardment of the batteries at Matanzas, and again when they were trained on some impudent cavalry men who had fired on the ship from the shore. Why they did so, unless they had heard that French cavalry once captured a fleet of war-ships, it is impossible to say. The first of these bombardments was chiefly important because it was the first; the second was of no importance at all.

The quarter of an hour during which the firing lasted at Matanzas was of interest in giving some knowledge of how a war-ship in action acts upon herself. With land forces the effect of their fire upon the enemy is the only thought; on the sea, in one of these new inventions of warfare, the effect of the batteries on the ship herself is an added consideration.

The bombardment of the shore batteries at



The Flag-ship *New York* Under Way at Full Speed in Cuban Waters.

THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT

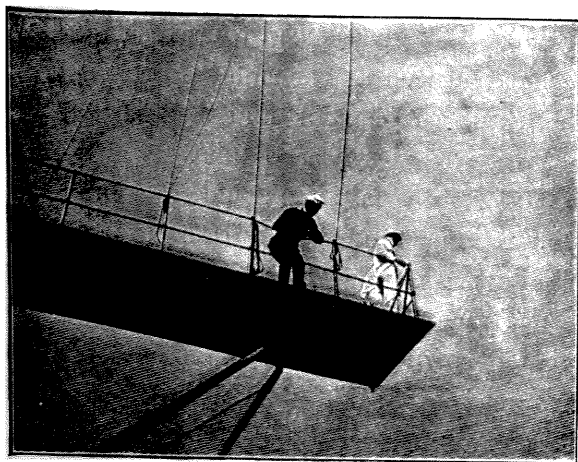
Matanzas came out of a clear sky. We knew something unusual was going forward, but only that. We had been lying off Morro and suddenly started at good speed to the east, and when we reached Matanzas we came slowly in toward the mouth of the harbor and then drifted. The *New York* was nearly two miles away from the shore, but with a glass one could see soldiers gathered on a long rampart of fresh earth. To the naked eye the yellow soil made a line against the green manigua bushes on the point.

I was in a gun-turret on the main deck listening to a group of jackies disagreeing as to whether the port before us was that of Matanzas or Cardenas. I had visited both places and ventured the opinion that it was Matanzas. So they crowded in to ask about the houses that we saw on shore, and as to whether there were mines in the harbor, and what we were doing there anyway; and I was just congratulating myself on having such a large and eager audience, when someone blew a bugle and my audience vanished, and six other young men came panting into the gun-turret, each with his hair flying and his eyes and mouth wide open with excitement.

I asked if that particular bugle call was "general quarters," and a panting blue-jacket as he

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

rushed by shouted "Yes, sir!" over his shoulder and ran on. Everybody was running—officers,

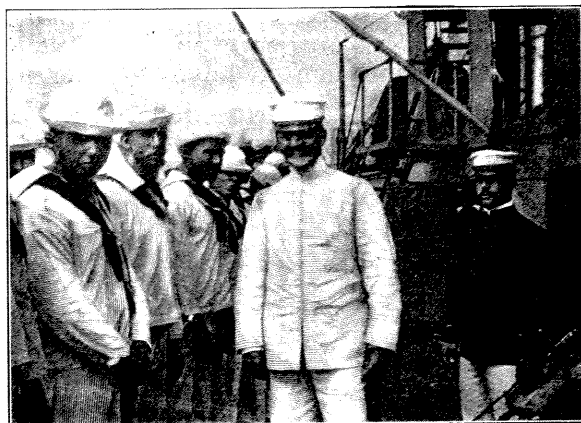


The Admiral's Bridge.

middies, and crew. Everyone seemed to have been caught just at the wrong end of the ship and on the wrong deck, at the exact point farthest from his division. They all ran for about a minute in every direction, and then there was absolute silence, just as though someone had waved a wand over each of them and had fixed him in his place. But it was apparently the right place. Captain Chadwick ran down the ladder from the forward bridge, and shouted at Ensign Boone, "Aim for 4,000 yards, at that

THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT

bank of earth on the point." Then he ran up to the bridge again, where Admiral Sampson was pacing up and down, looking more like a calm and scholarly professor of mathematics than an admiral. For the Admiral is a slow-speaking, quiet-voiced man, who studies intently and thoughtfully the eyes of everyone who addresses him; a man who would meet success or defeat with the same absolute quietness; an intellectual fighter, a man who impresses you as one who would fight and win entirely with his head.



Lieutenant Mulligan in the Centre. Ensign Boone, who Fired the First Shot at Matanzas, is on the Right.

Ensign Boone's gun was in the waist amidships, and he had been especially chosen to fire the first

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

gun because the Captain had picked him out from among the other junior officers as an eager and intelligent ensign, and also because the jealousy that rages between the eight-inch guns in the fore and after turrets is so great that not even the Admiral himself would dare to let one of them fire the first shot of the war—that is, the first shot “with intent to kill”—for fear of hurting the feelings of the others. So Captain Chadwick cut the knot by ordering Ensign Boone to let loose first. It was a proud moment in the life of Ensign Boone, and, as he is one of the class that was turned out of Annapolis before its time, he is a very young man to have such an honor thrust upon him. But, fortunately, he is modest and bore it bravely.

At first I tried to keep count of the shots fired, but soon it was like counting falling bricks. The guns seemed to be ripping out the steel sides of the ship, and to be racing to see which could get rid of the most ammunition first. The thick deck of the superstructure jumped with the concussions, and vibrated like a suspension-bridge when an express train thunders across it. They came crashing from every point, and, when you had steadied yourself against one volley, you were shaken and swayed by the backward rush of

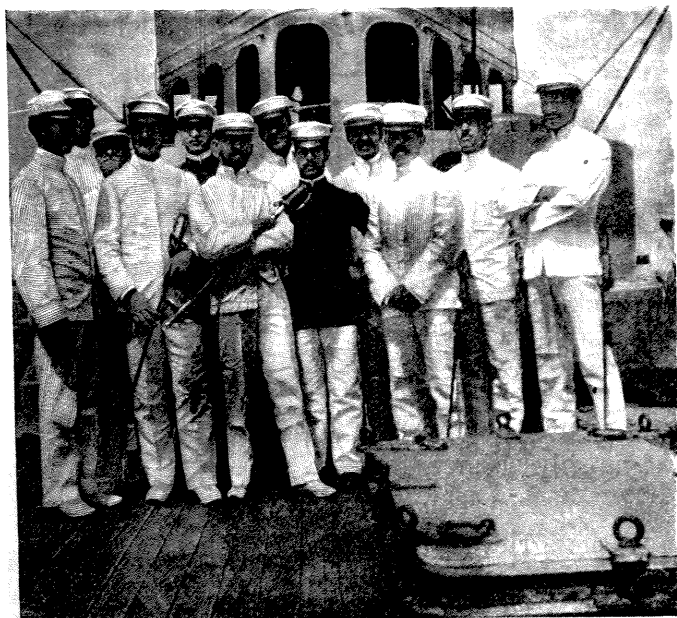
THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT

the wind from another. The reports seemed to crack the air as though it were a dense body. It opened and shut and rocked you about with invisible waves. Your ear-drums tingled and strained and seemed to crack. The noise was physical, like a blow from a base-ball bat; the noise itself stung and shook you. The concussions were things apart; they shook you after a fashion of their own, jumping your field-glasses between the bridge of your nose and the brim of your hat and hammering your eyebrows. With this there were great clouds of hot smoke that swept across the decks and hung for a moment, hiding everything in a curtain of choking fog, which had a taste of salt, and which rasped your throat and nostrils and burned your eyes.

The ship seemed to work and to fight by herself; you heard no human voice of command, only the grieved tones of Lieutenant Mulligan, rising from his smoke-choked deck below, where he could not see to aim his six-inch gun, and from where he begged Lieutenant Marble again and again to "Take your damned smoke out of my way." Lieutenant Marble was vaulting in and out of his forward turret like a squirrel in a cage. One instant you would see him far out on the deck, where shattered pieces of glass and

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wood-work eddied like leaves in a hurricane, and the next pushing the turret with his shoulder as though he meant to shove it overboard; and then he would wave his hand to his crew inside and



Junior Officers of the *New York*. Ensign Boone in the Centre.

there would be a racking roar, a parting of air and sea and sky, a flash of flame vomiting black smoke, and he would be swallowed up in it like a wicked fairy in a pantomime. And instantly

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from the depths below, like the voice of a lost soul, would rise the protesting shriek of Dick Mulligan asking, frantically, "Oh, WILL you take your damned smoke out of my way!"

The *New York* did not have all the fighting to herself, for the *Puritan* and the *Cincinnati* were a few hundred yards out at sea, and almost broke their signal halyards in begging the Admiral to be allowed to come in too. They were like school-boys snapping their fingers at the school-master in their eagerness to show off their knowledge, and well they showed it. An impudent battery had opened from the eastern coast of the harbor, and they turned on that. The *Puritan* was a wonderful sight. Her decks were lashed with two feet of water, the waves seemed to be running in and out of her turrets, and the flames and smoke from her great guns came from the water-line, so that it looked to us as though she were sinking and firing as she sank. The *Cincinnati* fired broadsides as rapidly as a man can shoot a self-cocking revolver; it was perhaps the most remarkable performance of the day. The aim throughout was excellent—although it is not necessary to say that of American marksmanship—and the shots fell fairly in the ramparts, throwing the earthworks fifty feet in the air and cut-

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ting them level with the ground. Only three shots from the batteries struck near the *New York*, and none of them came closer than one hundred yards. The engagement lasted fifteen minutes, but it was so exciting while it lasted that they did not seem more than five.

On the whole, the concussions were not as deafening as I had been led to think they would be, but what the effect would be on one, if an enemy's shots of like force were striking and bursting around the ship, I cannot even imagine. The thought of it makes me want to take off my hat to every blue-jacket I meet.

No shots passed near us, but I found the wear and tear from our own guns alone during that quarter of an hour in which they were in action far more trying than all the Turkish shells had been at Velostinos, when they raced continuously overhead for the better part of two long, hot days. But there you were a free agent; you only moved because you thought you were going to be hit. On the *New York* you moved because you could not help yourself, because the guns of your own side beat you about and deafened and blinded and shook you.

It is not likely that anyone will undervalue the qualities of our sailors, but no one need feel

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the least afraid of giving them too much honor, or of praising them beyond their deserts. Their footing on one of these floating iron-foundries in action is about as secure as that of a parcel of flies on a window-pane when someone hits it with a rock. With the army, a soldier always has the satisfaction of knowing that, if he is not victorious, he can retreat through several States before he is forced into the Pacific Ocean, but the sailor of our navy has no such consolation. He must either win, or sink in his coffin.

One night, just at the dinner-hour, the flag-ship passed the harbor of Cabáñas, which opens in the land a few miles west of Mariel. As she skirted in near shore there was a rattle of volley firing to the left. It appeared to come from a group of buildings on a hill that at one time formed a part of the *centrale* of the Count de la Runion, who owns the sugar plantation of La Herradura, or the Horseshoe, as it is called on account of the way the land curves around the fresh water lake which lies east of Cabáñas Harbor.

The firing continued for some minutes, but it sounded so futile, so inadequate, and so impertinent that those on the deck of the flag-ship gazed shoreward in astonishment, and no one moved to reply.

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It grew louder and bolder, and an officer said : "That should be answered ;" but as he spoke a stoker leaning out of the hatch of the *Porter*, grimy and sweating and black, took his pipe from between his teeth and laughed.

We could hear his laugh across the water. It was sublime in its irony. It was perhaps the best answer that anyone could have made ; but volley firing could not be taken only as a joke, and so the four-inch guns in the stern were run out and turned on the *Horseshoe*.

It was as ill-chosen a name for that building under the circumstances, as was *Buena Ventura* for that first prize of the war.

The four-inch gun was aimed at the *Horseshoe* and struck the roof, and as it spoke the deck of the flag-ship heaved as suddenly as an elevator starts when it rises with a jerk, and for a few moments the gun continued to hurl flashes of flame and clouds of hot smoke and volleys, that shook the leaves of the palms and echoed among the hills of Cuba.

It was just at sunset, when the sky was blazing with a gridiron of red and gold. On the decks and on the superstructure, in the turrets and on the bridges, the blue-jackets and the marines crowded together, leaning forward and

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peering into the fading light. As each shell struck home they whispered and chuckled as though they were seated in the gallery at a play, for there had been no general call to quarters. It was only a bit of gun practice in passing, intended to teach infantrymen not to interfere with their betters, and possibly also to discover if there were any masked batteries near Cabáñas which might be tempted by the bombardment to disclose their hiding-places. Meanwhile from below came the strains of the string band playing for the officers' mess, and the music of Scheur's "Dream of Spring" mingled with the belching of the four-inch gun.

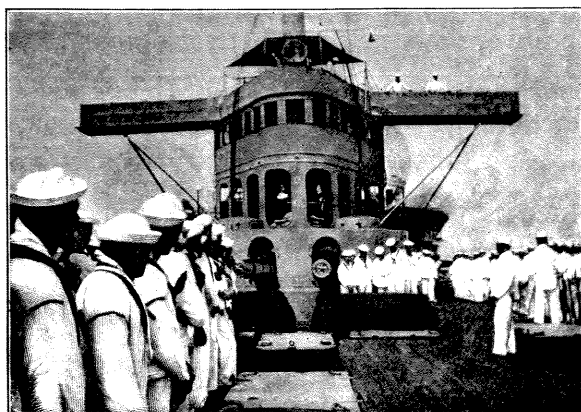
This is not a touch of fiction, but the reporting of cold coincidence, for war as it is conducted at this end of the century is civilized.

The ship ran up nearer to the shore, and as she did so a troop of cavalry galloped into view across the fields and formed a cordon under a great tree. What evil purpose they intended toward the *New York* a mile out at sea did not disclose itself, for Captain Chadwick, who was below decks, chose to aim the last shot himself. He trained the four-inch gun on the group around the tree and pulled the lanyard.

There was the same flash as before; it lit up

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the faces of the officers and crew as though they were being taken in a flash-light photograph. There was the same backward rush of pungent smoke, the same bellowing roar, and the same upheaval of the massive deck, but when the smoke had cleared there was no cavalry troop



Sunday Inspection on Board the *New York*.

around the tree. The horsemen were riding madly in fifty directions, like men at polo, and at a speed unequalled even in their retreats before machete charges.

But I still think the answer of the grimy stoker was the better one.

We had several calls to "general quarters" at night. They were probably the most picturesque

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moments of the ten days spent on the flag-ship. To the landsman one bugle-call was like another; "general quarters" meant no more to him than the bugle-call which announced that the mail was going ashore in ten minutes. It was three sleepy Japanese stewards who told me we were going into action. Whenever I woke to find them in the wardroom, I knew someone was going to fire off a six-inch gun.

They opened a hatch just beyond my berth and pulled on a creaking ammunition-hoist. They did this drowsily and stiffly, with the clutches of sleep still on their limbs, and heavy on their eyelids. The officers would run by buttoning tunics over pajamas, and buckling on swords and field-glasses. Even below decks you could hear the great rush of water at the bows and the thumping of the engines, which told that the ship was at racing speed; and when you had stumbled on deck the wind sweeping past awoke you to the fact that in two minutes five hundred men had fallen out of hammocks and into cutlasses and revolvers, and that the ship was tearing through the dark water in pursuit of a bunch of lights. There were no orders shouted, but wherever you peered in the darkness—for the flag-ship showed no lights—you discerned silent, motionless figures.

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They were everywhere—on the bridges, at the foot of the gangways, grouped around the guns, crouched in the turrets. You tumbled over them at every step ; you saw them outlined against the stars.

And then, shining suddenly from the flying bridge and rising and reaching out across the waves, would shoot the finger of the search-light. It showed the empty waters, and the tossing white-caps in a path of light. “To the left !” a voice would call from the height of the forward bridge, and, as though it were a part of the voice, the light shifted. “No, higher !” the voice would call again, and the obedient light would rise, turning the glare of day upon a half-mile more of troubled water and exposing on its horizon a white, frightened steamer, scudding at full speed for her life. Sometimes she backed, sometimes she changed her course, but the light never loosened its clasp. It gripped her like a thief held in the circle of a policeman’s lantern.

It was like a cat playing with a mouse, or a hound holding a fox by its scent. In the silence of the great war-ship, where the darkness was so great that the men, crowded shoulder to shoulder, could not see each other’s face, the blockade-run-

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ner, exposed and pointed out and held up to our derision, seemed the only living thing on the surface of the waters. She was as conspicuous as a picture thrown by a stereopticon on a screen. And then one of the forward guns would speak, flashing in the night like a rocket and lighting up the line of the deck and the faces of the men, and it would speak again and again. And the flying steamer, helpless in the long-reaching clutch of the search-light, and hearing the shells whistle across her bows, would give up the race and come to a standstill, sullen and silent.

While I was on the *New York* I received a cablegram asking me to relate how the crew behaved during the action at Matanzas. I did not answer it, because I thought there were a few things the American people were willing to take for granted, and because the bombardment at Matanzas was no test of the courage of the crew, but of its marksmanship. There is a story, however, which illustrates the spirit of the men on the *New York*, and which answers, I think, any queries that anyone may make as to how they might behave in action.

Taylor, a young gunner's mate, was shot on April 26th by a revolver. It was an accident; but it is possible he was more seriously hurt than

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was any of the six wounded men who went through the seven hours' battle at Manila, for the ball passed through his arm and into his right side, and came out nearly a foot away under his left armpit. Junior Surgeon Spear said that, if he had tried to dodge the vital parts in Taylor's body with a surgical instrument, he could not have done it as skilfully as did the bullet, which was neither aimed nor guided by a human hand. It was Junior Surgeon Spear who performed the operation, while the Fleet Surgeon, Dr. Gravatt, watched him and advised. It was a wonderful operation. It lasted nearly two hours, and it left the layman uncertain as to whether he should the more admire the human body or the way a surgeon masters it. What they did to Taylor I cannot tell in technical language, but I know they cut him open and lifted out his stomach and put it back again and sewed him up twice. He could not get wholly under the influence of the ether, and he raved and muttered, and struggled so that at times it required the efforts of two men to hold him down. Just before the Surgeon began to operate the boy gave the Chaplain his mother's address, and reached out his hand and said, "So long, Chaplain."

He was a typical New York boy. He came

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from Brooklyn, but nevertheless he looked and talked and thought as you would expect and hope that an apprentice from the *St. Mary's* training-ship would look and talk and think. His skin was as tough as a shoe which had remained long in the salt water, but it was beautifully white and spotless, like a girl's, and the contrast it made with the skin which the sun and wind had tanned was as sharp as the stripes on the flag.

When the second part of him was sewn up Taylor was carried to a cot. He lay there so still that I thought he was dead, and, as it was, they had to inject strychnine into his veins to keep his heart beating. But a minute later he opened his eyes and turned them to the operating-table, where he remembered in a half-drunken way they had placed him two hours before. His eyes were dazed with the ether, his lips were blue, and his face was a ghastly gray. He looked up at the four figures leaning over him, their bare arms covered with his blood, and back at the operating-table that dripped with it. What had happened, who had attacked him, and why, he could not comprehend. He did not know that parts of him which had lain covered for many years had been taken out and held up naked, palpitating, and bleeding to the ruthless light of the

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sun, to the gaze of curious messmates crowded at the end of the sick-bay ; that these parts of himself had been picked over and handled as a man runs his fingers over the keys of a piano, and had then been pushed and wedged back into place and covered over as one would sew a patch on an old sail, to lie hidden away again for many, many years more.

He only knew that some outrageous thing had been done to him—that he had been in a nightmare in hell ; and to Taylor, still drunk with ether, these men whose wonderful surgery had saved his life were only the bloody assassins who had attempted it and failed.

He was pitifully weak from loss of much blood, from the shock of the heavy bullet that had dug its way through his body, from the waves of nausea that swept over him, but the boy opened his eyes and regarded the surgeons scornfully. Then he shook his head from side to side on the pillow and smiled up at them.

“ Ah, you’s e can’t kill me,” he whispered. “ I’m a New Yorker, by God ! You’s e can’t kill me.”

That is the spirit of the men who sunk the Spanish fleet at Manila and at Santiago, and of the crew of the war-ship that is named after the city of New York.

CHAPTER III

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

AFTER Dewey's victory on May 1st, and while Sampson was chasing the will-of-the-wisp squadron of Spain, the army lay waiting at Tampa and marked time. The army had no wish to mark time, but it had no choice.

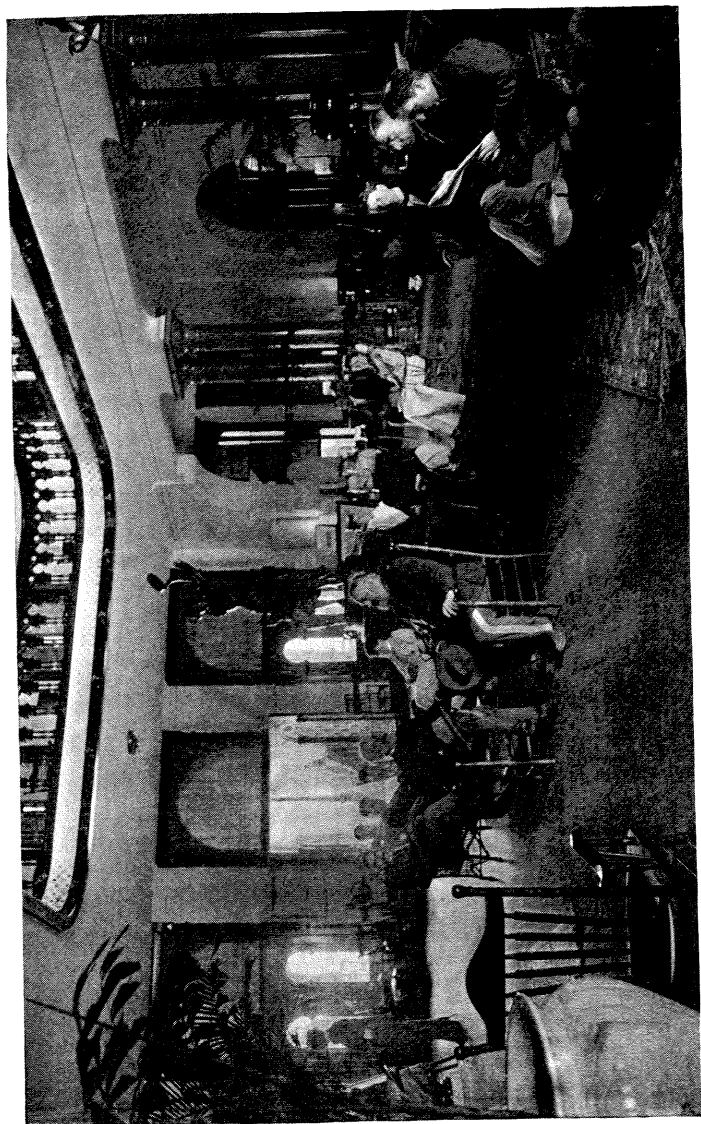
It could not risk going down to the sea in ships as long as there was the grim chance that the Spanish fleet would suddenly appear above the horizon line and send the transports to the bottom of the Florida Straits. The army longed to be "up and at them." It was impatient, hot, and exasperated; but there was true common-sense in waiting and a possible failure in an advance without a convoy, and so it continued through the month of May to chafe and fret and perspire at Tampa. Tampa was the port selected by the Government as the one best suited for the embarkation to Cuba. There is a Port of Tampa, and a city nine miles inland of the same name. The army was distributed at the port and in the

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pine woods back of the city ; and the commanding generals of the invading army, with their several staffs, made their head-quarters at the Tampa Bay Hotel.

And so for a month the life of the army was the life of an hotel ; and all those persons who were directly or indirectly associated with the army, and who were coming from or going to Key West, halted at this hotel and added to its interest. It was fortunate that the hotel was out of all proportion in every way to the size and wealth of Tampa, and to the number of transient visitors that reasonably might be expected to visit that city. One of the cavalry generals said : "Only God knows why Plant built an hotel here ; but thank God he did."

The hotel stands on grounds reclaimed from the heavy sand of the city. It is the real oasis in the real desert—a giant affair of ornamental brick and silver minarets in a city chiefly composed of derelict wooden houses drifting in an ocean of sand ; a dreary city, where the sand has swept the paint from the houses, and where sand swamps the sidewalks and creeps into the doors and windows. It is a city where one walks ankle-deep in sand, and where the names of avenues are given to barren spaces of scrubby under-



Lobby - Tampa Bay Hotel.

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growth and palmettoes and pines hung with funereal moss.

In the midst of this desolation is the hotel. It is larger than the palaces which Ismail Pasha built overnight at Cairo, and outwardly not unlike them in appearance, and so enormous that



Tampa Bay Hotel Piazza.

the walk from the rotunda to the dining-room helps one to an appetite.

Someone said it was like a Turkish harem with the occupants left out. For at first there were no women at the hotel. It was an Eveless Eden, and during the early part of May the myriads of rocking-chairs on the long porches were filled

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with men. This was the rocking-chair period of the war. It was an army of occupation, but it occupied the piazza of a big hotel.

Everyone believed that the army was going to move in two days. "Well, certainly by Monday," they would say. So at first everyone lived on a war basis. All impedimenta were shipped North. White linen was superseded by flannel shirts, collars were abandoned for polka-dot kerchiefs. Men, fearing the mails would prove too slow, telegraphed for supplies, not knowing that they could walk North and back again before the army would move.

Those were the best days of the time of waiting. Officers who had not met in years, men who had been classmates at West Point, men who had fought together and against each other in the last war, who had parted at army posts all over the West, who had been with Miles after Geronimo, with Forsythe at Wounded Knee, with Hardie and Hunter in the Garcia campaign along the Rio Grande, were gathered together apparently for an instant onslaught on a common enemy, and were left to dangle and dawdle under electric lights and silver minarets. Their talk was only of an immediate advance. It was to be "as soon as Sampson smashes the Cape Verde

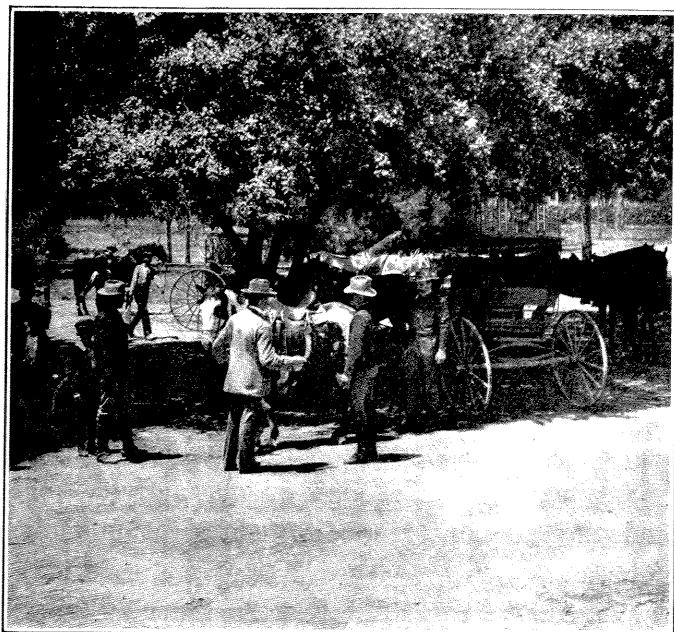
THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

fleet." "It will be all over in two weeks," they said. "We're not going to have a look in at all," they growled. "Do you know what we are? We're an army of occupation, that's all we are. Spain will surrender when her fleet is smashed, and we'll only march in and occupy Havana." So they talked and argued and rocked and drank gallons of iced tea, and the hot days wore into weeks. Life then centred around the bulletin-board; men stood eight deep, peering over each other's shoulders as each new telegram followed fast and was pasted up below the last. Outside, in the sun, horse-dealers from every part of the State led their ponies up and down before the more or less knowing eyes of dough-boy officers and war correspondents; and this daily sale of horses was the chief sign of our activity—this and the frequent reappointment of commanding generals.

One day General Wade was the man of the hour, the next it was General Shafter; and every day came promises of the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief himself. "Miles is coming in a special car," everybody told everybody else. "Now we shall certainly start," everybody said; and each man began to mobilize his laundry, and recklessly paid his hotel bill, and went over his campaign

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kit for the thirtieth time. But the Commander-in-Chief did not come until after many false alarms, and gloom fell upon the hotel; and many decided it would be cheaper to buy it outright



Correspondent Bargaining for a Horse.

than to live there any longer, so they slept under canvas with the soldiers, and others shaved again and discarded piece by piece the panoply of war. Leggings and canvas shooting-coats gave way to white duck, fierce sombreros to innocent straw

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hats; and at last wives and daughters arrived on the scene of our inactivity, and men unstrapped their trunks and appeared in evening dress. It was the beginning of the end. We knew then that whether Sampson smashed the ubiquitous fleet or not, we were condemned to the life of a sea-side summer resort and to the excitement of the piazzas. The men who gathered on those piazzas were drawn from every part of the country and from every part of the world, and we listened to many strange stories of strange lands from the men best fitted to tell them. Lieutenant Rowan, just back from six weeks with Garcia, and bronzed and hidden in an old panama hat, told us of the insurgent camp; Major Grover Flint, who had been "marching with Gomez," told us of him; William Astor Chanler, in the uniform of a Cuban colonel, from which rank he was later promoted to that of captain in our own Volunteer Army, talked of Africa with Count von Goetzen, the German military *attaché*, who was also an African explorer; Stephen Bonsal and Caspar Whitney, both but just back from Siam, discoursed on sacred elephants and white ants; and E. F. Knight, the London *Times* correspondent, lingered with the army of the rocking-chairs for a

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

day before swimming into Matanzas Harbor and going to Cabañas prison. Captain Dorst tried to explain why the *Gussie* expedition failed, as though its name were not reason enough: and young Archibald, who accompanied it, and who



Frederic Remington. Caspar Whitney. Richard Harding Davis.
Grover Flint. Capt. Arthur H. Lee, K.A.,
British Military Attaché.

A Group of War Correspondents.

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

was the first correspondent to get shot, brought wounds into contempt by refusing to wear his in a bloody bandage, and instead hid his honors under his coat.

There were also General O. O. Howard and Ira Sankey, who busied about in the heat, preaching and singing to the soldiers; Miss Clara Barton, of her own unofficial Red Cross Army; Mr. George Kennan and Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who had views to exchange on Russia and why they left it, and General Fitzhugh Lee, looking like a genial Santa Claus, with a glad smile and glad greeting for everyone, even at the risk of his becoming



Major-General Joseph
Wheeler.

Vice-President in consequence; and there was also General "Joe" Wheeler, the best type of the courteous Southern gentleman, the sort of whom Page tells us in his novels, on whom politics had left no mark, who was courteous because he could not help being so, who stood up

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

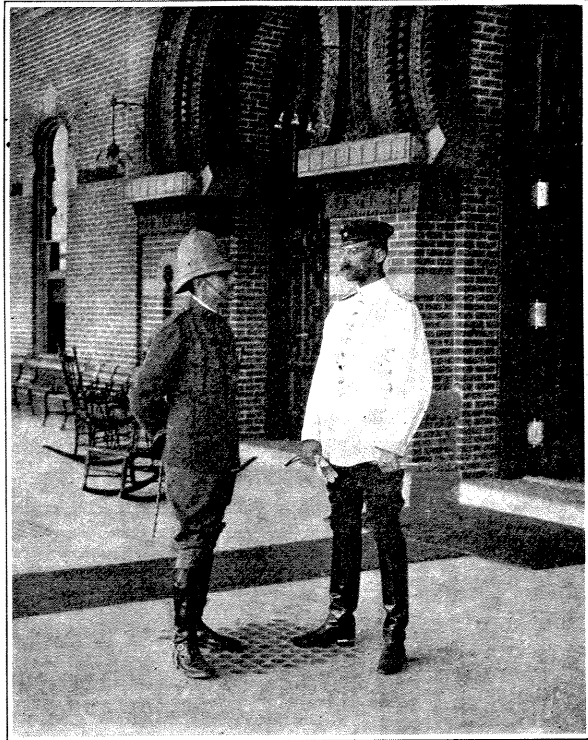
when a second lieutenant was introduced to him, and who ran as lightly as a boy to help a woman move a chair, or to assist her to step from a carriage. There was also, at the last, Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, with energy and brains and enthusiasm enough to inspire a whole regiment; and there were military *attachés* in strange, grand uniforms, which kept the volunteer army gaping.

But the two men of greatest interest to the army of the rocking-chairs were probably America's representative, Frederic Remington, and Great Britain's representative with our army, Captain Arthur H. Lee. These two held impromptu receptions at every hour of the day, and every man in the army either knew them or wanted to know them. Remington was, of course, an old story; but Lee, the new friend and the actual sign of the new alliance, ran him close in popularity. There was no one, from the generals to the enlisted men, who did not like Lee. I know many Englishmen, but I know very few who could have won the peaceful victory this young captain of artillery won; who would have known so well just what to see and to praise—and when to keep his eyes and mouth shut. No other Englishman certainly could have told

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

American stories as well as he did and not have missed the point.

Many strange experiences and many adventures



Captain Arthur H. Lee and Count von Goetzen, British and German
Military *Attachés*.

had fallen to the lot of some of these men; and had the war been delayed a little longer, the stories they told under the colored lights of the

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broad verandas would have served for a second "Thousand and One Nights," and would have held as great an interest. They were as familiar with the Kremlin as with the Mosque of St. Sophia, with Kettner's Restaurant as with the Walls of Silence. They knew the love-story of every consul along the Malaysian Peninsula and the east coast of Africa, and why he had left home; they disagreed as to whether laced leg-gings or heavy boots are better in a Borneo jungle; they talked variously in marks, tael, annas, and shillings; they had been chased by elephants and had shot rhinoceri; and they had themselves been fired over, with the Marquis Yamagata in Corea, with Kitchener in Egypt, with Maceo in Cuba, and with Edhem Pasha in Thessaly. One of them had taken six hundred men straight across Africa, from coast to coast; another had explored it for a year and a half without meeting a white man. This man had explored China disguised as a Chinaman and Russia as a Russian; that had travelled more hundreds of miles on snow-shoes than any other American, Indian, or Canadian. There was one who had been to school with an emperor, and another who had seen an empress beheaded, and Captain Paget, the English naval *attaché*, who had shot

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

thirteen lions, and then, feeling some doubt as to his nerve, dropped four thousand feet out of a balloon to test it.

On the whole, it was an interesting collection



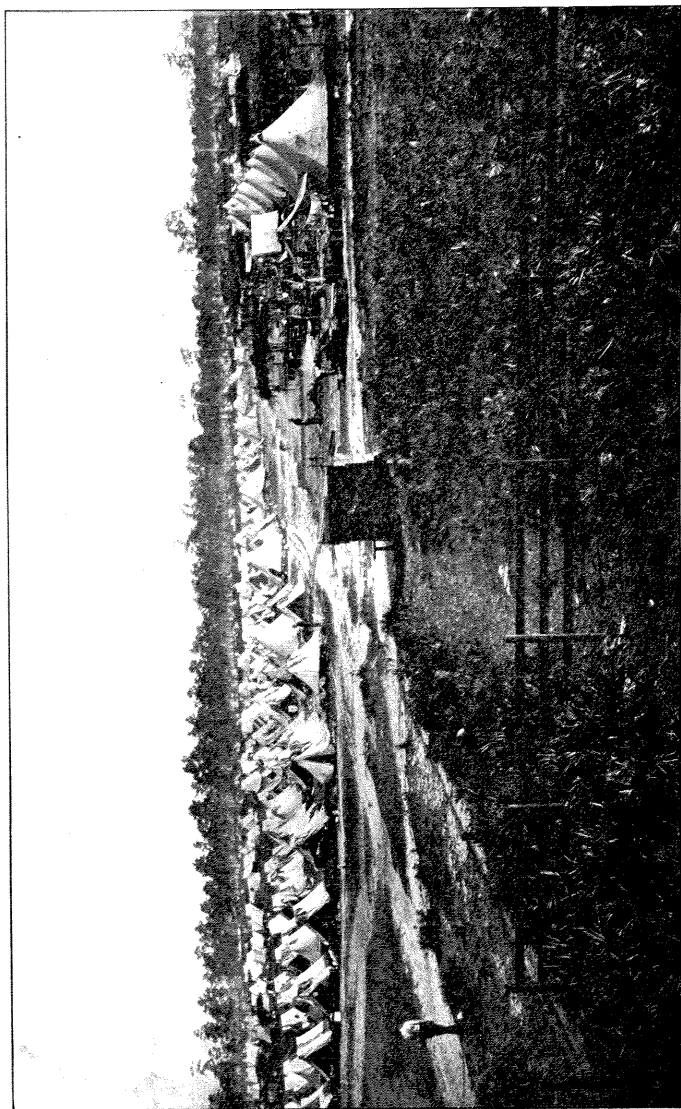
Foreign *Attachés* at Tampa.

of men—these generals with new shoulder-straps on old tunics, these war correspondents and military *attachés*, who had last met in the Soudan and Greece, and these self-important and gloomy

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

Cuban generals, credulous and mysterious ; these wealthy young men from the Knickerbocker Club, disguised in canvas uniforms and Cuban flags, who are not to be confused with the same club's proud contribution to the Rough Riders. There were also women of the Red Cross Army, women of the Salvation Army, and pretty Cuban refugees from Havana, who had taken a vow not to dance until Havana fell. Each night all of these people gathered in the big rotunda while a band from one of the regiments played inside, or else they danced in the big ball-room. One imaginative young officer compared it to the ball at Brussels on the night before Waterloo ; another, less imaginative, with a long iced drink at his elbow and a cigar between his teeth, gazed at the colored electric lights, the palm-trees, the whirling figures in the ball-room, and remarked sententially : "Gentlemen, as General Sherman truly said, 'war is hell.'"

Four miles outside of this hotel, sleeping under the pines and in three inches of dirty sand, there were at first ten thousand and then twenty-five thousand men. They were the Regulars and Volunteers, and of the two the Volunteers were probably the more interesting. They were an unknown proposition ; they held the enthusiasm



General View of the Camp at Tampa. Eighth Infantry in the Foreground.

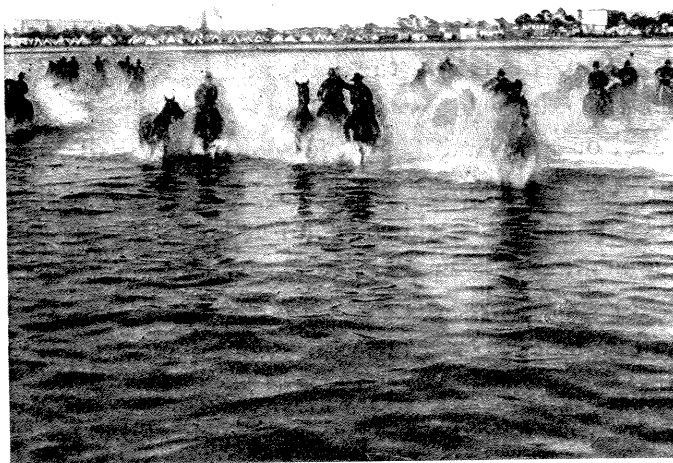
THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

of amateurs; they were making unusual sacrifices, and they were breaking home-ties which the Regulars had broken so long before the war came that the ties had had time to reknit. The wife or mother of the Regular had grown accustomed to his absence, and had arranged her living expenses on a basis of his monthly pay; the family of the Volunteer, on the contrary, was used to see him come home every evening and hang his hat in the hall, and had been living on the salary he received as a book-keeper, salesman, or mill-hand. So the Volunteers had cares for those at home which the Regulars did not feel, as well as the discomforts of the present moment. Neither of them showed much anxiety as to the future.

The first two regiments of Volunteers to arrive at Lakeland, which lies an hour's ride farther back than Tampa, were the Seventy-first New York and the Second Massachusetts. They made an interesting contrast. The New York men were city-bred; they had the cockney's puzzled contempt for the country. Palm-trees, moss hanging from trees, and alligators were as interesting to them as the first sight of a Pathan prisoner to a British Tommy. Their nerves had been edged by the incessant jangle of cable-cars and

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

the rush and strain of elevated trains. Their palates had been fed on Sunday papers and Wall Street tickers; their joys were those of the roof-gardens, and Muschenheim's, of Coney Island, and



First Artillery Horses Bathing in the Surf.

the polo grounds. The Massachusetts men, on the other hand, were from the small towns in the western half of Massachusetts; they were farmers' sons, and salesmen in village stores; some of them were country lawyers, and many of them worked in the mills. They took to the trees and

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

lakes contentedly ; their nerves did not jerk and twitch at the enforced waiting ; they had not been so highly fed with excitement as the New York boys ; they did not miss the rush and hurry



Leaving the Water.

of Broadway. Their desires were curiously in character. One of them "wanted to see a stone fence once more before he was shot," and another "wanted to drink water from a well again out of a bucket." He shut his eyes and sucked in his lips at the recollection. The others all nodded

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

gravely; they all knew they had drunk out of wooden buckets. The New York men knew nothing of stone walls. They made jokes of their discomforts, and added others from Weber & Fields, and their similes showed that they had worked when at home in the law courts, the city hospitals, and in the department stores. "The food was not exactly Shanley's," they said, and the distance across the lake was about that of the home-stretch at Morris Park. They were more restless, nervous, and argumentative than the New England men, and they, at that distance, held the Spaniard in fine contempt. They "wouldn't do a thing to him," they said. And later they certainly kept their word. The Massachusetts men were more modest. I told them that the New York men were getting up athletic sports, and running races between the athletes of the different companies.

"Oh, well," said one of the New England men, "when they find out who is their fastest runner, I'll challenge him to run away from the first Spaniard we see. I'll bet I beat him by a mile." It is a good sign when a regiment makes jokes at the expense of its courage. It is likely to be most unpleasant when the fighting begins.

It seemed a fact almost too good to be true, that the great complaint of the New York men



Second Infantry Drill at Tampa. The regiment entrenching itself (time, seven minutes).

14
7







THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

was the superabundance of beans served out to them, and that the first complaint of the sons of Massachusetts was that they had not received beans enough. "Beans for breakfast, beans for lunch, beans for dinner—what t'ell!" growled the New Yorkers.

"And as for beans," shrieked a Massachusetts warrior, "they don't give you enough to fill a tablespoon."

While the Second Massachusetts was in camp there was a military funeral under the pines of Lakeland when the body of Weslie S. Brass, of Company I, who died of pneumonia, was sent North. His company was detailed to escort the body to the train, but every other company in the regiment volunteered to march behind it also, and all the citizens of Lakeland lined the sandy streets and stood with heads uncovered as it passed. Before many weeks had passed men of higher rank than that of private were killed in battle, but had this boy been a major-general, or had he been killed leading a forlorn hope, no greater honor could have been shown him nor more tenderness and consideration.

The State of Florida is not very far from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts when a boy is dying under a tent, and a woman stood outside

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the little chapel crying because the officers had not allowed her to take the sick soldier to her own house. She was only one of many women, each of whom came to the camp to ask if she could not nurse the soldier, or bring him home with her so that she might feel that she was doing something for the cause, so that his mother up in Massachusetts might feel that some other mother had been with him at the last. Colonel Clarke knew the boy was far better off in the camp hospital than he could be in the hands of untrained nurses. So the women of Lakeland had to content themselves with robbing their own gardens and the fields of flowers for his coffin, and in joining in the procession to his funeral.

The chaplain held the service just at sunset, in a little Episcopal church set in a grove of pines at the edge of the lake. Beside the coffin a guard of honor had stood all day in white gloves and brightened brass and dustless blue, objects of cleanliness and smartness, the like of which no one had seen near Tampa for many weeks. But their presence alone was not honor enough for a Volunteer, so the Colonel came with his staff, and the regimental band followed up the hill, the drums rolling heavily and the bugles breathing a dirge, and following after them marched com-

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pany after company, winding out from under the trees and up the dusty road in an endless column of blue, hundreds of young soldiers, erect and clear-eyed, with clean-cut New England faces, the sons of farmers, mill-hands, lawyers, the individuality of each heightened by the uniform he wore. There was not standing-room enough in the chapel for more than a third of them, so the other companies surrounded it in long, motionless lines, while the voices of two officers and two privates, singing together, sounded through the open windows in the hush of the twilight.

The day is spent and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on,

they sang, and a stillness came over the little village and upon the townspeople lining the sidewalks and leaning on the garden gates, upon the lake and the hundreds of white tents among the moss-bearing pines.

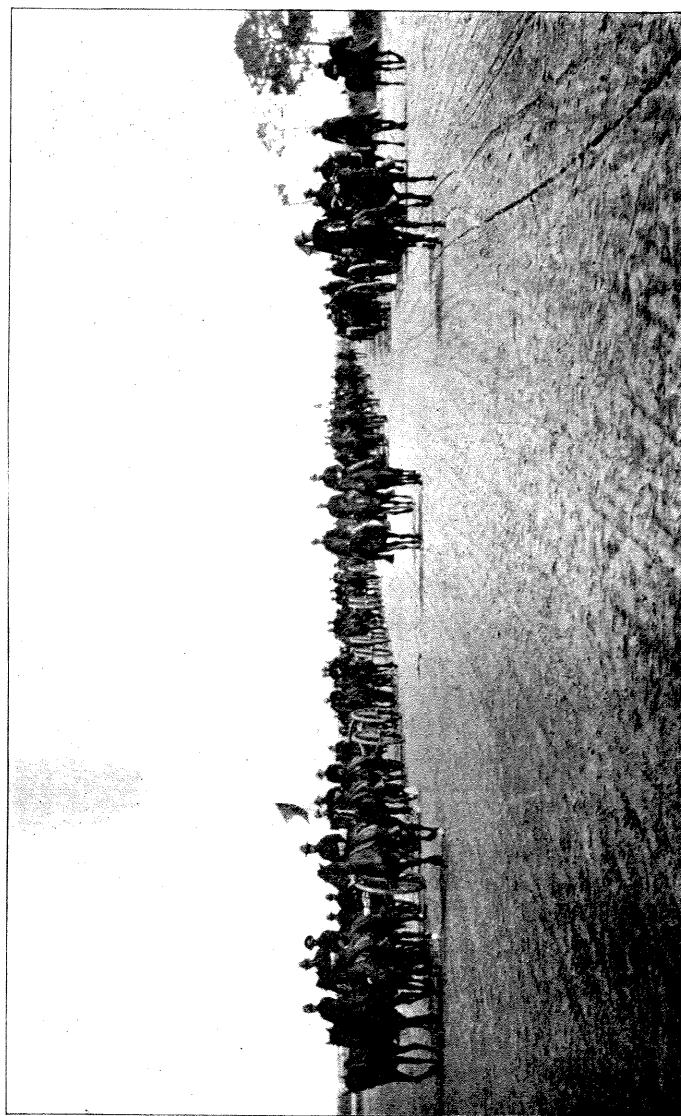
"I am the resurrection and the life," the chaplain read, and a thousand young men in blue uniform bent their heads.

It was a good sight for the people of Florida to see. It showed them all that not even one of 80,000 Volunteers can fall from the ranks either by illness or by a hostile bullet without

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receiving honor and attaining his reward. Weslie S. Brass was honored with a funeral that a marshal of France might have deserved and one which taught a fine lesson. It woke deep, serious thoughts in the hearts of many young men. It helped draw two little towns in far distant States close together. It showed that the man who is in uniform is the man his countrymen honor above all other men, even if he is only a private of one regiment among many. If a college professor, no matter how distinguished, had died in Lakeland, it is doubtful whether a thousand men would have asked to be allowed to march behind his body, or whether the people would have lined the streets to see it pass, or whether every mother would have wept as though for her own son. It was what Weslie Brass had volunteered to do for the Union that gained him a tribute from his countrymen in a far-away State. It was the offer of his services, and, if need be, of his life, that won him a public funeral. That he died before he saw the enemy did not count for much with his colonel, nor with his fellow countrymen. He had started for the front, and that was enough in Westfield, Massachusetts, and in Lakeland, Florida.

The Regular soldier was professionally indif-



An Artillery Brigade.

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

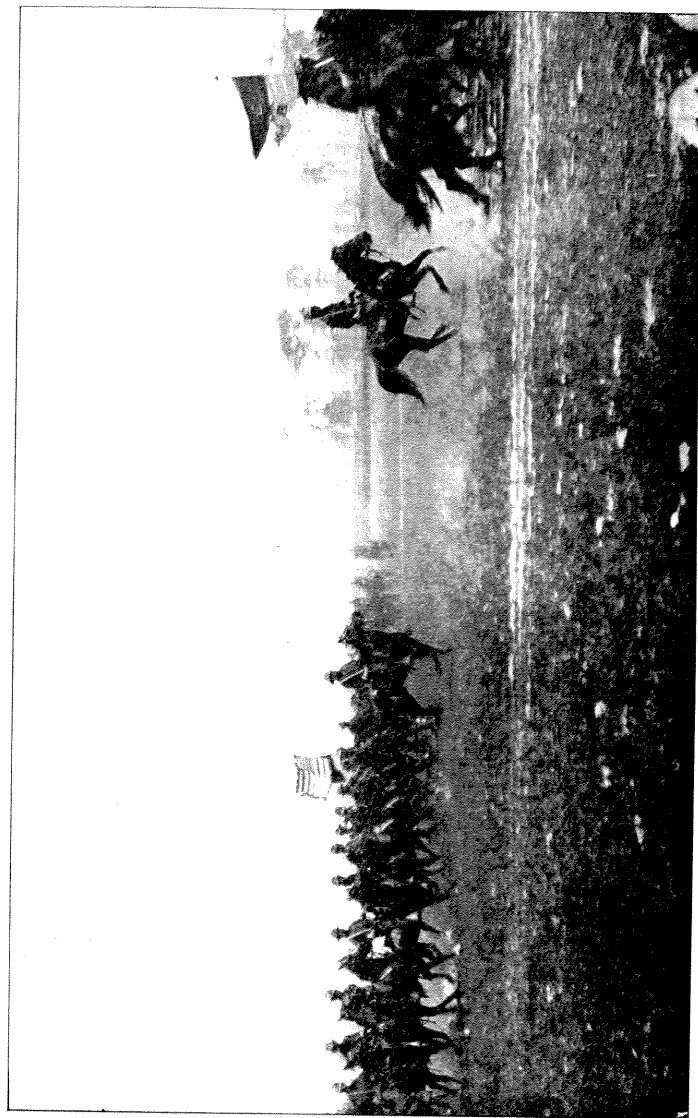
ferent. He was used to camp-life, and regarded soldiering as a business. Indeed, some of them regarded it so entirely as a business, and as nothing more, that those whose time had expired in camp did not re-enlist for the war, but went off into private life in the face of it. That is where they differed from the Volunteer, who left private life the moment war came. But a great many of these time-expired Regulars did not re-enlist, because they preferred to join the Volunteers, where advancement is more rapid, and where their superior experience would soon obtain for them the rank of sergeant, or possibly a commission.

Those who did remain were as fine a looking body of soldiers as can be seen in any of the Continental regiments. Indeed, there are so few of them that the recruiting officer has only himself to blame if he fails to pick out the best, and the result of his selection is that the men of our Regular army correspond to the *corps d'élite* of European armies. Whether it was General Randolph's artillerymen firing imaginary shrapnel at imaginary foes, or the dough-boys in skirmish-line among the roots of the palmettoes, or at guard-mounting, or the cavalrymen swimming their horses, with both horse and man entirely

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stripped for action, the discipline was so good that it obtruded itself; and the manner in which each man handled his horse or musket, and especially himself, made you proud that they were American soldiers, and desperately sorry that there were so few of them.

An American citizen thinks the American soldier is the best, for the easy reason that he is an American; but there were three Englishmen whose profession had qualified them to know soldiers of every land, and who were quite as enthusiastic over the cavalry as any American could be. For one thing, all of our men are physically as large as Life Guardsmen, and what they lose in contrast by lack of gold and pipe-clay, and through the inferiority of their equipment and uniform, is made up to them in the way they ride a horse. A German or English trooper sits his horse like a clothes-pin stuck on a line—the line may rise or sag, or swing in the wind, but the clothes-pin maintains its equilibrium at any cost, and is straight, unbending, and a thing to itself. The American trooper, with his deep saddle and long stirrup, swings with the horse, as a ship rides at anchor on the waves; he makes a line of grace and strength and suppleness from the rake of his sombrero to the toe of



Third Cavalry at Drill.

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

his hooded stirrup. When his horse walks, he sits it erect and motionless; when it trots, he rises with it, but never leaves the saddle; and when it gallops, he swings in unison with it like a cowboy, or a cockswain in a racing-shell.

It was a wonderful sight to see two thousand of these men advancing through the palmettoes, the red and white guidons fluttering at the fore, and the horses sweeping onward in a succession of waves, as though they were being driven forward by the wind. It will always puzzle me to know what the American people found to occupy them that was of such importance as to keep them from coming to see their own army, no matter how small it was, while it was rehearsing and drilling among the pines and palms of Florida. There will be few such chances again to see a brigade of cavalry advancing through a forest of palms in a line two miles long, and breaking up into skirmishes and Cossack outposts, with one troop at a trot and another at a walk, and others tearing, cheering through the undergrowth, their steel swords flashing over their heads and the steel horse-shoes flashing underfoot. It was a fine spectacle, and it was due to such occasional spectacles in and around the camps that the rocking-chair life was rendered bearable.

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

But at last it came to an end, for the Commander-in-Chief finally arrived, and with him his staff in the new uniform, looking very smart and very soldierly; and all the other officers who had been suffering at Tampa, in heavy blue tunics without pockets, gazed but once upon the staff, and with envy, and then telegraphed frantically for the khaki outfit that would not come. We



"Who said oats?"

were all desperately hurried then; we had no idea where we were going, nor for how long. No secret, be it said to the credit of the censor and the staff officers, was ever better kept; but we knew, at last, that we were going, and that was joy, and the tears and rage of those who were to be left behind was a fine thing to see.

One hour we thought Santiago was the place, and the next Porto Rico, and the next we swung

THE ROCKING-CHAIR PERIOD

back to Santiago. We thought this because A, of such a staff, had told B, of another staff, who had told C, that we should take only ten days' rations. On the other hand, the Japanese military *attaché* had been told to take his tent with him; so that must mean a landing at Mariel. Still, the censor had objected to the word "spurs," so it must be Matanzas. It was all quite as absurd as that, and, as a matter of fact, no one knew up to the hour when we were ordered on board.

CHAPTER IV

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORTS

THE departure of the transports from Tampa Bay, when it came after many weary postponements and delays, was neither picturesque nor moving. The band did not play "The Girl I Left Behind Me," nor did crowds of weeping women cling to the bulkheads and wave their damp handkerchiefs; the men who were going to die for their country did not swarm in the rigging and cheer the last sight of land. They had done that on the morning of June 8th, and had been ingloriously towed back to the dock; they had done it again on the morning of June 10th, and had immediately dropped anchor a few hundred yards off shore. So they were suspicious and wary, and when the head-quarters ship, the *Segurança*, left the dock three colored women and a pathetic group of perspiring stevedores and three soldiers represented the popular interest in her departure. The largest number of United States troops that ever went down to the sea in



Port Tampa on Day of Sailing of Transports.

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORTS

ships to invade a foreign country were those that formed the Fifth Army Corps when it sailed for Santiago. The thought of twelve thousand men on thirty-two troop ships and their escort of fourteen war-ships suggests the Spanish Armada.

It brings up a picture of a great flotilla, grim, sinister, and menacing, fighting its way through the waves on its errand of vengeance and conquest. But as a matter of fact the expedition bore a most distinct air of the commonplace. It moved through a succession of sparkling, sunlit days, over a sea as smooth as a lake, undisturbed by Spanish cruisers or by shells from Spanish forts. As far as the eye could see it had the ocean entirely to itself.

Scattered over a distance of seven miles the black passenger steamers and the mouse-colored war-ships steamed in three uneven columns and suggested a cluster of excursion steamers, and yachts and tugs as one sees them coming back from Sandy Hook after an international yacht-race.

The troop-ships were fitted up with pine cots and a small proportion of stalls for the horses; the first-class cabins were turned over to the officers. On some of them the men swarmed over every part of the ship, on others the officers held only the bridge to themselves.

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

Probably half of the men forming the expedition had never been to sea before. They probably will desire never to go again, but will say from the depth of their one experience that the dangers of the deep are vastly exaggerated. They will not wish to go again, because their first experience was more full of discomfort than any other trip they are likely to take could possibly be; on the other hand, they may sail the seas many times before they find it as smooth, or the rain as infrequent, the sun as beautiful, or the heavens as magnificent.

We travelled at the rate of seven miles an hour, with long pauses for thought and consultation. Sometimes we moved at the rate of four miles an hour, and frequently we did not move at all. Our delays were chiefly due to the fact that two of the steamers were each towing a great scow or lighter, on which the troops were to be conveyed to shore, and because another one was towing a schooner filled with water. The speed of the squadron was, of course, the speed of the slowest ship in it, so the water-boat set the pace.

The war-ships treated us with the most punctilious courtesy and concealed contempt. And we certainly deserved it. We could not keep in line and we lost ourselves and each other, and the

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORTS

gun-boats and torpedo-boats were kept busy rounding us up, and giving us sharp, precise orders in passing, through a megaphone, to which either



Generals Miles and Shafter on Deck of the Transport *Segurança* at Port Tampa.

nobody on board made any reply, or everyone did. The gun-boats were like swift, keen-eyed, intelligent collies rounding up a herd of bungling sheep. They looked so workmanlike and clean,

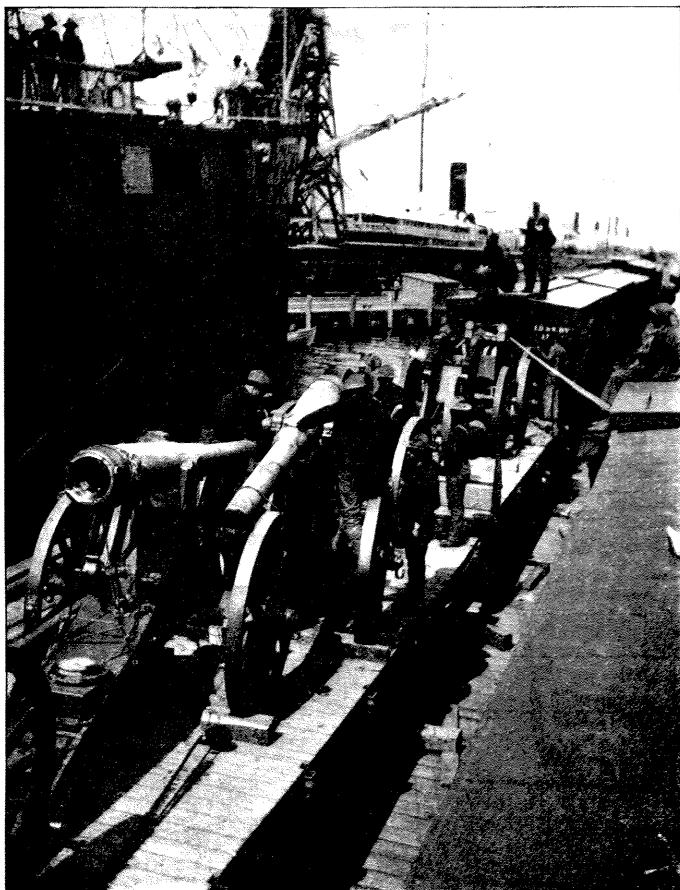
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

and the men were so smart in their white duck, that the soldiers cheered them all along the line, as they dashed up and down it, waving their wigs frantically.

The life on board the head-quarters ship was uneventful for those who were not in command. For these their tables and desks were spread in the "social hall," and all day long they worked busily and mysteriously on maps and lists and orders, and six typewriters banged on their machines until late at night. The ship was greatly overcrowded; it held all of General Shafter's staff, all of General Breckinridge's staff, the Cuban generals, the officers and five hundred men of the First Regiment, all the foreign *attachés*, and an army of stenographers, secretaries, clerks, servants, couriers, valets, and colored waiters.

All of these were jumbled together. There were three cane chairs with seats and two cane chairs without seats. If you were so unlucky as not to capture one of these, you clung sidewise to the bench around the ship's rail or sat on the deck. At no one moment were you alone. Your most intimate conversation was overheard by everyone, whether he wished to do so or not; the *attachés* could not compare notes on our deficiencies without being betrayed, nor could the staff

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORTS



Artillery for Cuba.

discuss its plan of campaign without giving it to the whole ship. Seven different languages were in course of constant circulation, and the griev-

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

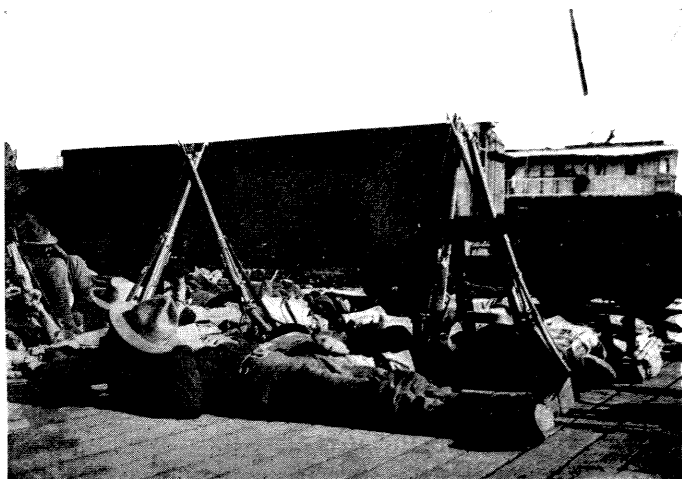
ances of the servants and the badinage of the colored cooks mingled with the latest remarks on the war. At night you picked your way over prostrate forms of soldiers and of overworked stewards, who toiled eighteen hours a day in a temperature of 102 degrees.

The water on board the ship was so bad that it could not be used for purposes of shaving. It smelled like a frog-pond or a stable-yard, and it tasted as it smelt. Before we started from Tampa Bay the first time it was examined by the doctors, who declared that in spite of the bad smell and taste it was not unhealthy, but Colonel J. J. Astor offered to pay for fresh water, for which Plant charged two cents a gallon, if they would empty all of the bad-smelling water overboard. General Shafter said it was good enough for him, and Colonel Astor's very considerate offer was not accepted. So we all drank apollinaris water or tea. The soldiers, however, had to drink the water furnished them, except those who were able to pay five cents a glass to the ship's porter, who had a private supply of good water which he made into lemonade. The ship's crew and engineers used this water.

Before handing the ship over to the Government, the company removed all of her wine stock

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORTS

and table-linen, took out two of her dining-tables and generally stripped her, and then sent her South undermanned. Her steward hired and borrowed and bought linen and servants and table-waters at Tampa, but there was so little linen



Waiting for the Expedition to Move.

that it was seldom changed, and had it not been that the servants of the officers were willing to help wait at table, there would have been four stewards to look after the wants of fifty or sixty passengers. The food supplied by the line to which the ship belonged was villanous; the enlisted men forward were much better served by

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the Government with good beans, corned beef, and coffee. Apparently, no contract or agreement as to quantity or quality of food for the officers had been made by the Government with the owners.

The squadron at night, with the lights showing from every part of the horizon, made one think he was entering a harbor, or leaving one. But by day we seemed adrift on a sea as untravelled as it was when Columbus first crossed it. On the third day out we saw Romano Key. It was the first sight of land, and after that from time to time we made out a line of blue mountains on the starboard side. The squadron, though, had apparently been sighted from the shore, for the light-houses along the coast were dark at night, which would seem to show that the lesson of the Armada has not been lost on the Spaniard.

Someone has said that "God takes care of drunken men, sailors, and the United States." This expedition apparently relied on the probability that that axiom would prove true. "The luck of the British Army," of which Mr. Kipling boasts, is the luck of Job in comparison to the good fortune that pursued that expedition. There was really nothing to prevent a Spanish torpedo-boat from running out and sinking four or five

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ships while they were drifting along, spread out over the sea at such distance that the vessels in the rear were lost to sight for fourteen hours at a



General Miles on the Day of Sailing of Transports.

time, and no one knew whether they had sunk or had been blown up, or had grown disgusted and gone back home. As one of the generals on board said, "This is God Almighty's war, and we are only His agents."

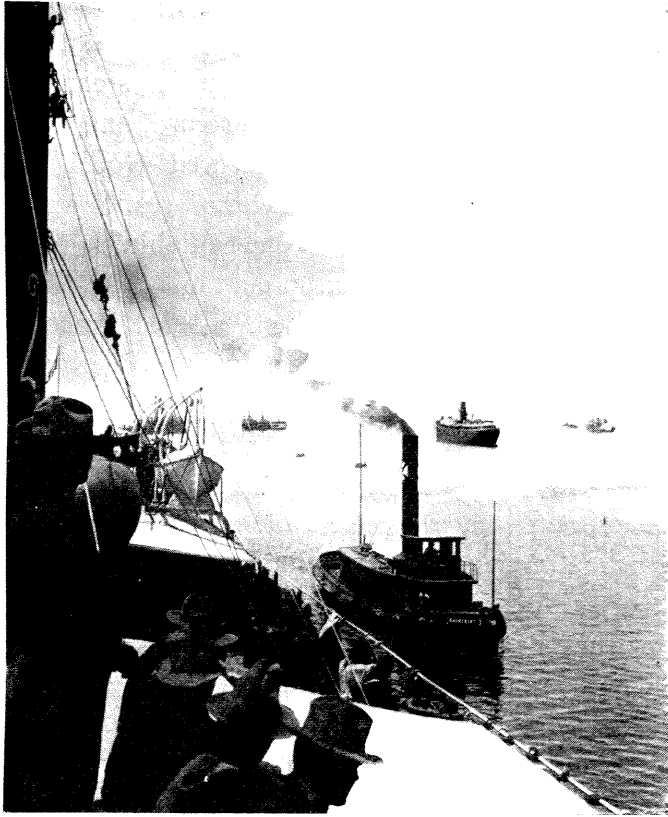
THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

The foreign *attachés* regarded the fair weather that accompanied us, the brutal good health of the men, the small loss of horses and mules, and the entire freedom from interference on the part of the enemy with the same grudging envy that one watches a successful novice winning continuously at roulette. At night the fleet was as conspicuous as Brooklyn or New York, with the lights of the Bridge included, but the Spanish took no advantage of that fact; no torpedo-destroyers slipped out from Cardenas or Nuevitas, or waited for us in the old Bahama Channel, where for twelve miles the ships were crowded into a channel only seven miles across. Of course, our own escort would have finished them if they had, but not before they could have thrown torpedoes right and left into the helpless hulks of the transports, and given us a loss to remember even greater than that of the *Maine*.

But as it was, nothing happened. We rolled along at our own pace, with the lights the navy had told us to extinguish blazing defiantly to the stars, with bands banging out rag-time music, and with the foremost vessels separated sometimes for half a day at a time from the laggards in the rear.

It was a most happy-go-lucky expedition, run

THE VOYAGE OF THE TRANSPORTS



Transports Off for Cuba.

with real American optimism and readiness to take big chances, and with the spirit of a people who recklessly trust that it will come out all right in the end, and that the barely possible may not

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

happen, that the joker may not turn up to spoil the hand, who risk grade crossings and all that they imply, who race transatlantic steamers through a fog for the sake of a record, and who on this occasion certainly "euchred God's almighty storm and bluffed the eternal sea."

No one complained and no one grumbled. The soldiers turned over to sleep on the bare decks, with final injunctions not to be awakened for anything under a Spanish battle-ship, and whenever the ships drew up alongside, the men bombarded each other with jokes on the cheerful fact that they were hungry and thirsty and sore for sleep. But, for all that, our army's greatest invasion of a foreign land was completely successful, but chiefly so, one cannot help thinking, because the Lord looks after his own.

There are three places in the West Indies where Columbus is said to have first landed ; one of them is at Santiago. Some hundreds of years from now there will probably be as great a dispute as to where the American troops first landed when they came to drive the Spaniard across the sea and to establish the republic of Cuba. There were two "first landings" of the army of invasion ; but before it came to Cuba soldiers of the Regular Army were put ashore at Arbolitas Point, when they

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General Shafter at Port Tampa Superintending Embarkation.

acted as an escort to the *Gussie* expedition. On this occasion a Spanish lieutenant and several of his soldiers were killed, and on the American side a correspondent was shot through the arm. Still

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another landing was made before the Regulars came in force, this time by marines, at Guantamo Bay; and as they established a camp there and remained on shore, the credit of first raising the American flag on Cuban soil, and of keeping it in its place, belongs to them, and through them to the navy. The first American flag raised temporarily was put up on a block-house near Cardenas by Lieutenant Willard, also of the navy.

When the army came at last, sixteen thousand strong, in thirty-one transports, and with an escort of fourteen war-ships, it made two landings: a preliminary one on June 20th, when only twenty people went ashore at Aserraderos, and on June 22d at Baiquiri, when all through the day there was a continuous going and coming of shore-boats from the transports, each carrying from twenty to thirty men, and following after each other as swiftly as cable-cars on Broadway.

The preliminary landing was made by General Shafter and Admiral Sampson without any escort or protection from United States troops.

The *Segurança* ran away from the rest of the troop-ships on the morning of June 20th. Captain Chadwick, Commander of the *New York*, had come over the side when we were twenty miles from Santiago, and Admiral Sampson had fol-

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lowed him. When the ship was within five miles of Morro Castle they conferred with General Shafter in his cabin and decided that he should go ashore at Aserraderos at once to see General Garcia and discuss the question of a landing-place for the army.

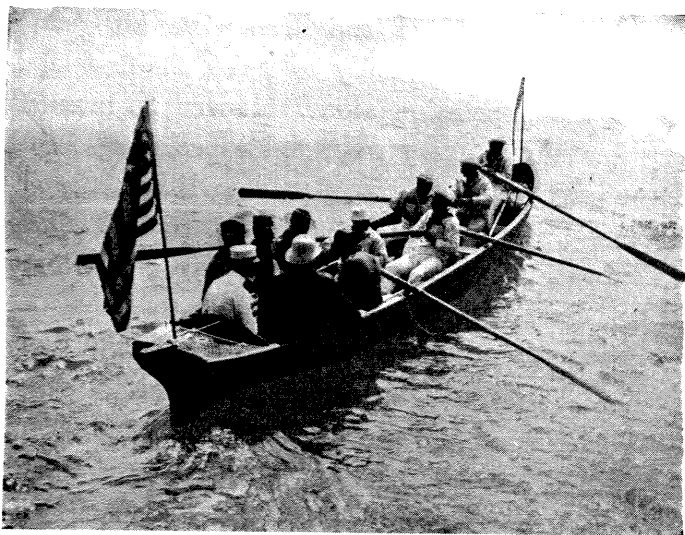
So we abandoned the transports altogether and steamed off selfishly to make the first landing of the expedition alone. It was an interesting landing in every way, and especially so as I have said, because it was made without the escort or protection of any American troops. Only four boatloads left the ship, carrying only thirty of her six hundred passengers.

Among these were Generals Shafter and Ludlow, Colonels McClernand, Astor, and Wagner, Lieutenants Miley and Noble, Captain Stewart Brice, Captain Lee, of the British Army, Captain Count von Goetzen, of the German Army, General Castillo, of the Cuban Army, and Admiral Sampson and Lieutenant Staunton, of the *New York*, and Frederic Remington, Caspar Whitney, Stephen Bonsal, and the writer.

The landing was made in a little bay overhung by a grove of cocoa-nut palms at the base of a great range of mountains eighteen miles west of Santiago. The mountains stretched back from

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the jungle of manigua bushes on the coast until they met the clouds. There was no sign of life or of man's habitation on any part of their great terraces except where here and there a cattle trail zigzagged up and down across the valleys.



Admiral Sampson and General Shafter Going Ashore at Aserraderos.

Drawn up under the cocoa-nut palms were a double row of Cuban officers, and as the blue-jackets drove the long-boat from the *Vixen* toward the shore, the Cubans dashed into the water up to their waists and came toward us, cheering and shouting, and the officers on horseback sur-

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rounded the boat, splashing and churning up the water, and saluting the two men whose coming meant for them the freedom and independence of their island.

It was a remarkable and most dramatic picture. In the background were the towering, grim green mountains, with their tops lost in the clouds, the motionless palms and the ragged, half-naked foot-soldiers crowding far into the water, and in the foreground the white long-boat, with her crew of blue-jackets and with the American flag fluttering at the stern.

There were mules and ponies waiting for the commanding officers, and, as the shore-boats from the *Segurança* were rowed after them into the cove, they disappeared up the trail, surrounded by the mounted escorts. There was no cavalry escort to guide us, so our boats promptly ran aground on a shoal, and the Cuban patriots dashed into the water up to their waists and carried us ashore on their shoulders.

The picture presented by Captain Stewart Brice, late city Councilman of Greater New York and now of the Volunteer Army, clasping a naked negro around the neck and digging him in the stomach with his spurs, was one that would have made his fellow-members of Tammany Hall proud.

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and to cater to their entertainment out of their own absolute want and poverty. It was not enough that they stood in salute to the General in two long lines from the place of his arrival until he had reached their camp, but they brought us the milk of cocoa-nut and limes, and mangoes and pineapples, and made coffee and offered us water, and forced us to mount on their half-starved horses, while they walked.

The conference of the powers was held under a thatched roof of palm-leaves that drooped over the sides, making four hanging walls. Under this sat General Shafter, in his blue blouse, with its double rows of buttons that mark the major-general; Admiral Sampson, in fresh white duck, and General Garcia, in a slouch hat and linen uniform, with high military boots.

Garcia is a handsome man, with a white mustache and goatee, and looks like Caprivi, the German Chancellor. In his forehead, between the snow-white eyebrows, is a deep bullet wound, which shows where he tried to kill himself when, ten years ago, he was a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards.

It had been a long, hard, and desperate struggle for the white-haired old soldier, and as he sat at last in his own camp, with the Admiral of the

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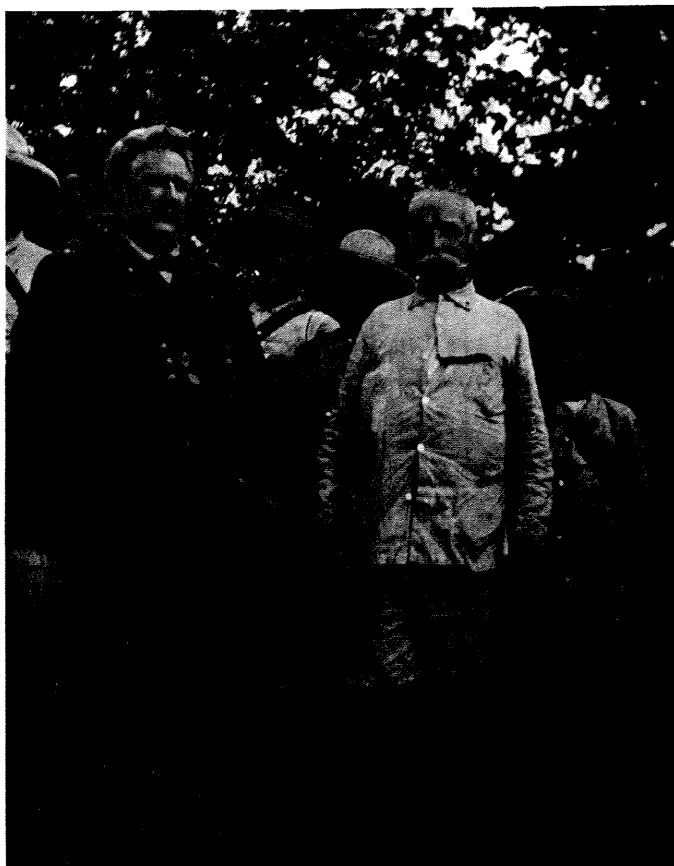
Atlantic Squadron on his right and the American General on his left, he must have thought that at last his reward had come.

Apart from its political value, the scene was one of wonderful tropical beauty. It was worthy of a meeting of such importance in the history of the Republic of Cuba and to the great Republic across the Florida Straits.

Beneath the camp the sea stretched in a motionless plain of dark blue, lying pulseless in the heat; overhead the mountains rose through a misty haze of heat to meet clouds of a glaring, blinding white. Every feature of the landscape was painted in high lights; there was no shading, it was all brilliant, gorgeous, and glaring.

The sea was an indigo blue, like the blue in a washtub; the green of the mountains was the green of corroded copper; the scarlet trees were the red of a Tommy's jacket, and the sun was like a lime-light in its fierceness.

While the great men talked under the palm-trees, the Americans and the Cubans made each other's acquaintance, and the blue-jackets mixed with the barefooted soldiers, and the two *attachés* made snap-shot photographs for the education of the British and German armies. Their presence with the invading army filled the officers of the



Generals Shafter and Garcia with Cuban Volunteers.

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Cuban Army with an idea that their struggle for liberty was stirring the nations of the world.

When they heard that on the *Segurança* were also military *attachés* from as far afield as Japan, they could not express their surprise, and when they learned that there was one from Austria as well, they could not understand it at all. Austria, they argued, was helping Spain, so they could not comprehend why one of that nation was allowed with the American Army, but they satisfied themselves at last by arguing that Captain Lee, the British *attaché*, was there to look after the Cuban interests, and in case Austria interfered, to order out the British Army.

It was the first time we had seen the Cuban revolutionists in the field, and what impressed us most favorably was the appearance of the officers. They were fine-looking, young gentlemen, well, and even smartly, uniformed, and with the bearing and assurance of officers and of men accustomed to command. Their soldiers were ragged and half-starved, and inadequately armed, but they obeyed the few commands we heard given them correctly, and showed a rudimentary grasp of company drill and discipline. They spent the time given to the conference in studying the new-comers with cheerful curiosity, but their offi-

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cers went on about their duties without wasting time on men who did not for the moment concern them.

When the conference was ended a line of Cuban soldiers again lined the trail for General Shafter's return, and to the sound of calls on the trumpets, and to presented arms, he rode back to his boat, and the first landing of the first detachment of the American army of invasion had been successfully accomplished.

The landing in force took place the second day after this at nine o'clock in the morning. All we had been told was that the landing would take place at daybreak, and at that hour we woke to find the transports drawn up in their usual disorder opposite the town of Nueva Salamanca, which lies eighteen miles east of Santiago. Just above this village is the river Baiquiri, and it was this river and not the town that gave its name to the landing-place. We watched the landing from the decks of the *Segurança*, which in order that General Shafter might the better direct the landing, was the ship that ran in closest to the shore. To better understand what followed, the reader might know what we did not know—the plan of operations as it was prepared beforehand. The full plot is given in the bulletin from the

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flag-ship *New York*, issued on the day before the landing, which the newspapers have already frequently printed. Some of its most important orders were as follows :

NORTH ATLANTIC STATION, U. S. FLAG-SHIP NEW YORK (1st Rate),

Off Santiago de Cuba, June 21, 1898.

ORDER OF BATTLE.

1.—The Army Corps will land to-morrow morning, the entire force landing at Baiquiri. The landing will begin at daylight, or as soon thereafter as practicable. General Castillo, with a thousand men coming from the eastward of Baiquiri, will assist in clearing the way for an unopposed landing, by flanking out the Spanish forces at that point.

2.—Simultaneously with the shelling of the beach and block-houses at Baiquiri, the Ensenada de los Altares, and Aguadores, both to the eastward of Santiago, and the small Bay of Cabáñas, about two and one-half miles to the westward of Santiago, will be shelled by the ships stationed there for that purpose.

3.—A feint in force of landing at Cabáñas will be made, about ten of the transports, the last to disembark their forces at Baiquiri, remaining during the day, or greater part of the day, about two miles to the southward of Cabáñas, lowering boats and making apparent preparations for disembarking a large body of troops ; at the same time General Rabi with five hundred Cuban troops will make a demonstration on the west side of Cabáñas.

4.—The following vessels are assigned to bombard the four points mentioned above :

At Cabáñas, the *Scorpion*, *Vixen*, and *Texas*.

At Aguadores, the *Eagle* and *Gloucester*.

At Ensenada de los Altares, the *Hornet*, *Helena*, and *Bancroft*.

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At Baiquiri, the *Detroit*, *Castine*, *Wasp*, and *New Orleans*, the *Detroit* and *Castine* on the westward flank, the *Wasp* and *New Orleans* on the eastern flank. All the vessels named will be in their position at daylight.

6.—The *Texas* and *Brooklyn* will exchange blockading stations, the *Texas* going inside to be near Cabáñas. The *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, and *Oregon* will retain their blockading positions, and will keep a vigilant watch on the harbor mouth. The *Indiana* will take the *New Orleans*'s position in the blockading line east of Santiago, and between the flagship *New York* and the shore. This is only a temporary assignment for the *Indiana*, to strengthen the blockading line during the landing, and avoid any possibility of the enemy's breaking through should he attempt to get out of the port.

7.—The *Suwanee*, *Osceola*, and *Wompatuck* will be prepared to tow boats. Each will be provided with two five or six-inch lines, one on each quarter; each long enough to take in tow a dozen or more boats.

8.—These vessels will report at the *New York* at 3.30 A.M. on June 22d, prepared to take in tow the ships' boats which are to assist in the landing of troops and convey them to Baiquiri.

9.—The *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, *Massachusetts*, *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *New York*, and *Indiana* will send all their steam-cutters and all their pulling boats, with the exception of one retained on board each ship, to assist in the landing. These boats will report at the *New York* at 3 A.M.

10.—Each boat, whaleboat, and cutter will have three men; each launch five men, and each steam-cutter its full crew and an officer for their own management. In addition to these men, each boat will carry five men, including one capable of acting as coxswain to manage and direct the transports' boats. Each steam-launch will be in charge of an officer, who will report to Captain Goodrich. Care will be taken in the selection of boat-keepers and coxswains, to take no men who are gun-pointers or who occupy positions of special importance at the battery.

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14.—The attention of Commanding Officers of all vessels engaged in blockading Santiago de Cuba is earnestly called to the necessity of the utmost vigilance from this time forward—both as to maintaining stations and readiness for action, and as to keeping a close watch upon the harbor-mouth. If the Spanish Admiral ever intends to attempt to escape, that attempt will be made soon.

•
WILLIAM T. SAMPSON,
*Rear Admiral, Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Naval Force,
North Atlantic Station.*

At Baiquiri are the machine-shops and ore-dock of the Spanish-American Iron Company. The ore-dock runs parallel with the coast-line, and back of it are the machine-shop and the company's corrugated zinc-shacks and rows of native huts thatched with palm-leaves. Behind these rise the mountains, and on a steep and lofty spur is a little Spanish block-house with a flag-pole at its side. As the sun rose and showed this to the waiting fleet it is probable that every one of the thousands of impatient soldiers had the same thought, that the American flag must wave over the block-house before the sun sank again.

The morning broke cool and clear. There was no sign of life in the village, and, except that the machine-shop and one of a long row of ore-cars on the ore-pier were on fire and blazing briskly, we should have thought that the place was deserted. Until nine o'clock nothing hap-

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pened, and then from Siboney came the first sounds of bombardment. It is probable that to ninety per cent. of the soldiers it was the first shot they had ever heard fired in anger. There was another long wait while the launches sped from ship to ship with shore-boats rocking in tow on cables behind them, and in time they were filled, but not without much mirth and a few accidents.

It was delightful to see the fine scorn of the coxswains as the "dough-boys" fell and jumped and tumbled from the gangway ladder into the heaving boats, that dropped from beneath them like a descending elevator or rose suddenly and threw them on their knees. It was much more dangerous than anyone imagined, for later in the day when two men of the Twenty-fifth Regiment were upset at the pier, the weight of the heavy cartridge-belt and haversack and blanket-roll carried them to the bottom. Soon the sea was dotted with rows of white boats filled with men bound about with white blanket-rolls and with muskets at all angles, and as they rose and fell on the water and the newspaper yachts and transports crept in closer and closer, the scene was strangely suggestive of a boat-race, and one almost waited for the starting gun.

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It came at last, though in a different spirit, from the *New Orleans*, and in an instant the *Detroit*, the *Castine*, and the little *Wasp* were enveloped in smoke. The valleys sent back the reports of the guns in long, thundering echoes that reverberated again and again, and the mountain-side began at once to spurt up geysers of earth and branches of broken bushes, as though someone had stabbed it with a knife and the blood had spurted from the wound. But there were no answering shots, and under the cover of the smoke the long-boats and launches began to scurry toward the shore. Meanwhile, the war-ships kept up their fierce search for hidden batteries, tearing off the tin roofs of the huts, dismantling the block-houses, and sending the thatched shacks into bonfires of flame. The men in the boats pulled harder at the oars, the steam-launches rolled and pitched, tugging at the weight behind them, and the first convoy of five hundred men were soon bunched together, racing bow by bow for the shore. A launch turned suddenly and steered for a long pier under the ore-docks, the waves lifted it to the level of the pier, and a half-dozen men leaped through the air and landed on the pier-head, waving their muskets above them. At the same

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moment two of the other boats were driven through the surf to the beach itself, and the men tumbled out and scrambled to their feet upon the shore of Cuba. In an instant a cheer rose faintly from the shore, and more loudly from the



A Cheer by the Rough Riders.

war-ships. It was caught up by every ship in the transport fleet, and was carried for miles over the ocean. Men waved their hats, and jumped up and down, and shrieked as though they themselves had been the first to land, and the com-

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bined cheering seemed as though it must surely reach to the walls of Santiago and tell the enemy that the end was near. But the cheers were whispers to what came later, when, outlined against the sky, we saw four tiny figures scaling the sheer face of the mountain up the narrow trail to the highest block-house. For a moment they were grouped together there at the side of the Spanish fort, and then thousands of feet above the shore the American flag was thrown out against the sky, and the sailors on the men-of-war, the Cubans, and our own soldiers in the village, the soldiers in the long-boats, and those still hanging to the sides and ratlines of the troop-ships, shouted and cheered again, and every steam-whistle on the ocean for miles about shrieked and tooted and roared in a pandemonium of delight and pride and triumph.

CHAPTER V

THE GUASIMAS FIGHT

THE problems which presented themselves to the commanding general of the Santiago expedition might be placed in a list, as follows:

1. To disembark 12,000 men, artillery, and supplies from thirty-two transports.
2. To move the men, rations, ammunition, and artillery toward Santiago, up a steep and narrow trail through a wooded country.
3. To reconnoitre the approach to Santiago, to clear away any forces which might retard the advance of the army upon it, and, finally, to take Santiago by assault, or by siege.

The selection of a landing-place for the army was one much discussed, and, possibly, Siboney and Baiquiri were as suitable for the purpose as any of the others might have been, but when we recollect the original purpose of the expedition they seem unnecessarily distant from the seat of the proposed operations. The original reason for sending an army to Santiago was a somewhat pe-

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culiar one. It was because our war-ships could not reach the war-ships of the enemy. It has often happened that an army has asked the navy to assist it in an assault upon a fortified port. But



Colonel Roosevelt.

this is probably the only instance when a fleet has called upon an army to capture another fleet. Cervera and his ships of war lay bottled up in Santiago harbor, and on account of the forts and mines which guarded the approach to the inner

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harbor, our vessels could not reach him. Accordingly, the army was asked to attack these forts in the rear, to capture them, to cut the wires con-



Colonel Roosevelt and Richard Harding Davis.

necting them with the mines in the harbor, and so clear the way for our fleet to enter and do battle with the enemy.

To carry out this programme, the army might have landed at Aguadores, on the east of the

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mouth of the harbor of Santiago, and at Cabáñas, on the west. Each of these ports is but three miles in the rear of the batteries which guard the entrance to the harbor. To convey troops, and artillery, and rations three miles would not have been a difficult problem. Or, had the navy decided against Aguadores as a suitable landing-place, it would still have been possible to have made the landing at Siboney, and then marched the troops along the railroad which clings to the coast from Siboney to Aguadores, under the shelter of a steep range of cliffs. This advance could have been made safely under the cover of the guns of the fleet. No Spanish force could have lived on the railroad, or on the cliffs above it, under such a fire. It has been argued that had the army approached Santiago from Aguadores, a road of retreat for the Spanish garrison would have been left uncovered. This was equally true of the place selected for the actual attack, which left the road of retreat to Holguin open until July 8th. For other reasons, however, the landing was made at Baiquiri, eighteen miles away from the harbor, and the point of attack was not the forts, but the city itself. Further, the attack was made at a time when the city was protected by Cervera's guns, and in the face of the fact

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that he had declared if the Americans succeeded in entering the city, he would instantly bombard it, and so render it untenable, which he could very easily have done. When General Nelson A. Miles arrived he decided that the attack on the forts was even then the proper method to



Landing of American Forces at Siboney.

pursue in order to capture the city, and he ordered General Guy Henry to reconnoitre Cabáñas, and prepare to land artillery. General Henry made the reconnoissance, but before further movement was ordered, the surrender of Santiago, which had been made necessary by the departure of Cervera from the harbor, and by the capture of

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the hills overlooking the city by our army, was an accomplished fact.

The disembarkment at Baiquiri was a marvelous and wonderful thing. Only two men were drowned. What makes this so remarkable is the fact that the boats carrying the men were run up through the surf, and either beached, or brought to a pier so high that to reach it the men had to jump from the boat at the exact moment it rose on the wave. Seven thousand men were put ashore in this way. The greater part of the pier was covered with loose boards, and the men walked on these or stepped across open girders, two feet apart. While doing this, they carried their packs, arms, and ammunition. Three weeks later, when I returned to this pier with General Miles, then on his way to Porto Rico, the loose boards were still loose, and he landed in the same way, by scrambling up the pier as the boat rose, and picked his way over the same open girders. During those three weeks thousands of men, thousands of tons of supplies, and thousands of boxes of ammunition had been piled up high upon this pier, and carried away from it, and yet, apparently, no attempt had been made to render it safe, either for the arms or for the men. It was still impossible to cross it without running the risk of

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stepping into space, or of treading on the end of a loose board and falling between the girders. It was obviously the work of the engineers to improve this wharf, or build a better one. But the engineers happened to be on board the transport *Alamo*, and on the day of landing General Shaf-



Another View of the Landing.

ter sent the *Alamo* to Aserraderos for three days to build pontoon bridges for the Cubans. In consequence, the men whose services at that time were most greatly needed, were thirty-six miles up the coast, employed as ferrymen for our Cuban allies.

At Siboney matters were rather worse, as there

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was not even a pier as inadequate as that at Baiquiri. There the men were dumped out into the surf and waded for the shore. After several days a pier was begun, but it also was washed by the waves, and only lighters and tugs could approach it. This made it necessary to handle the supplies four or five times, instead of landing them directly from the transports on a pier big enough, and in water deep enough, to allow the transports to draw up alongside.

To add to the confusion which retarded the landing of supplies, the transport captains acted with an independence and in disregard of what was required of them, that should, early in the day, have led to their being placed in irons. The misconduct of the transport captains was so important a matter that much more space must be devoted to it than can be allowed here. In a word, they acted entirely in what they believed to be the interests of the "Owners," meaning, not the Government, which was paying them enormous rents per day, but the men who employed them in time of peace. For the greater part of each day these men kept from three to twenty miles out at sea, where it was impossible to communicate with them, and where they burned coal at the expense of the Government. Had they

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been given stations and ordered to anchor over them, they could have been found when the supplies they carried were wanted, and the cost of coal saved. I was on six different transports, and on none of them did I find a captain who was, in his attitude toward the Government, anything but insolent, un-American, and mutinous, and when there was any firing of any sort on shore they showed themselves to be the most abject cowards and put to the open sea, carrying the much-needed supplies with them.

When our war-ships had destroyed the *Maria Teresa*, and four hundred of her Spanish crew were clinging to the wreck, the captain of one of the transports refused to lower his boats and go to their aid. This was after the firing had entirely ceased, and there was no danger. Had it not been for the *Gloucester*, which had just been engaged with the enemy, and her two small shore-boats, the entire four hundred prisoners would have been washed into the sea, and drowned. The English Government pays the merchant vessels it uses for transports ten per cent. over their usual freight rates; our Government paid these transports two hundred to three hundred per cent. over freight rates, possibly because our Government, like nature, is not economical, and for



Major Major Major-Gen. Chaplain Colonel Lieut.-Colonel
Dunn. Brodie. Jos. Wheeler. H. A. Brown. Leonard Wood. Theodore Roosevelt.

THE GUASIMAS FIGHT

the reason that many of the vessels were passenger-carriers, as well as freighters. But the greater number of the owners, before sending their vessels south, stripped them of everything needed on a passenger-ship, even of bed-linen and towels, and sent them to sea undermanned, so they were virtually nothing but freight-carriers and ocean tramps. The fact that this floating collection of stores was in shore one day, and out of sight twenty miles at sea the next, was one of the causes of the failure to supply the troops with rations. These captains knew that the soldiers at the front needed food, and that the food needed was in the hulls of the ships they commanded, but in order to save the owners a smashed davit, or a scratched hull, or for no other reason than their own will, they allowed the men at the front to starve while they beat up and down as they pleased.

Had there been a strong man in command of the expedition, he would have ordered them into place, stern and bow anchors would have kept them there, and a signal officer on shore could have communicated with them at their different stations in the harbor. But there was no Captain of the Port appointed, and instead of a Signal Officer to wig-wag to them, the transports were

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chased over many miles of sea in small row-boats. The transport captains were civilians for the time being, under the direction of the Government, and were amenable to military laws. When the stevedores mutinied at Guanica, and at the Port of Ponce, under General Miles, they were given three minutes to resume work, with the choice of being put in irons if they did not, and were informed if they jumped overboard and tried to escape, they would be shot in the water as deserters.

This inability to keep the transports near the shore, and the inexcusable failure to build a wharf on which to land supplies, explains why the rations came so slowly to the front. To get them there was the first problem of the Commanding General, and each succeeding day, as the tide rose higher, and the surf became more dangerous, it continued to confront him with graver insistence.

The first accounts of the fight of the Rough Riders at Guasimas came from correspondents three miles away at Siboney, who received their information from the wounded when they were carried to the rear, and from an officer who stampeded before the fight had fairly begun. These men declared they had been entrapped in an am-

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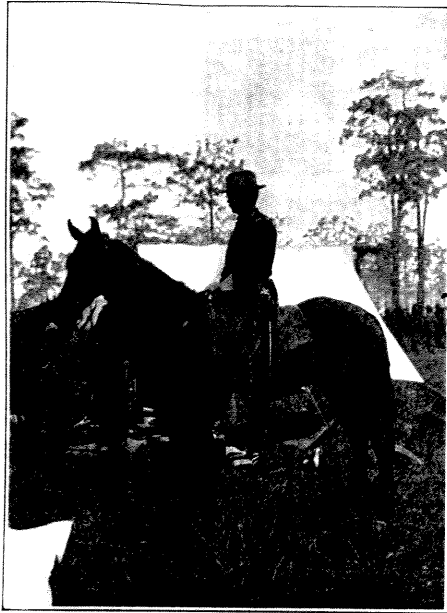
bush, that Colonel Wood was dead, and that their comrades were being shot to pieces. When the newspapers reached the front, it was evident that the version these wounded men gave of the fight had been generally accepted in the States as the true account of what had occurred, and Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, while praised for their courage, were condemned editorially for having advanced into the enemy's country without proper military precautions, for rushing blindly into an ambushade, and through their "recklessness" and "foolhardiness" sacrificing the lives of their men.

Indeed, one Congressman, who from the marble rotunda of the Capitol was able to master a military problem in a Cuban swamp two thousand miles away, declared that Roosevelt ought to be court-martialled.

It is quite true that the fight was a fight against an enemy in ambush; in a country with such advantages for ambush as this, the Spaniards would be fools to fight us in any other way, but there is a vast difference between blundering into an ambushade and setting out with a full knowledge that you will find the enemy in ambush, and finding him, there and then driving him out of his ambush and before you for a mile and a half into

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a full retreat. This is what Major-General Joseph Wheeler planned that General Young and Colonel Wood should do ; so if the conduct of these officers was reckless, it was recklessness due to their



Captain O'Neill of the Rough Riders, also Mayor of Prescott, Ariz.
Killed at San Juan.

following out the carefully prepared orders of a veteran general.

At the time of this fight General Wheeler was in command of all troops on shore, and so continued as long as General Shafter remained on board

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the flag-ship. What orders he gave then were in consequence final, but in starting General Young and Colonel Wood to the front when he did, he disarranged the original order in which the troops were to move forward, as it had been laid down by General Shafter before the transports arrived at Baiquiri. According to this original plan, General Lawton's division of infantry should have been in the van, and in pushing forward regiments from his own division of dismounted cavalry General Wheeler possibly exceeded his authority. That, however, is entirely a question between the two major-generals and does not concern either General Young or Colonel Wood, who merely obeyed the orders of their superior officer. The fact that the Rough Riders, in their anxiety to be well forward, had reached Siboney by making a forced march at night, does not alter the fact that their next forward movement on Guasimas was not made in a spirit of independence, but by order of the Commanding General.

On the afternoon of June 23d a Cuban officer informed General Wheeler that the enemy were intrenched at Guasimas, blocking the way to Santiago. Guasimas is not a village, nor even a collection of houses; it is the meeting-place of two trails which join at the apex of a V, three miles

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from the seaport town of Siboney, and continue merged in a single trail to Santiago. General Wheeler, accompanied by Cubans, reconnoitred this trail on the afternoon of the 23d, and with the position of the enemy fully explained to him, returned to Siboney and informed General Young and Colonel Wood that he would attack the place on the following morning. The plan was discussed while I was present, so I know that so far from anyone's running into an ambush unaware, every one of the officers concerned had a full knowledge of where he was to go to find the enemy, and what he was to do when he got there. No one slept that night, for until two o'clock in the morning troops were still being disembarked in the surf, and two ships of war had their search-lights turned on the landing-place, and made Siboney as light as a ball-room. Back of the search-lights was an ocean white with moonlight, and on the shore red camp-fires, at which the half-drowned troops were drying their uniforms, and the Rough Riders, who had just marched in from Baiquiri, were cooking their coffee and bacon. Below the former home of the Spanish comandante, which General Wheeler had made his head-quarters, lay the camp of the Rough Riders, and through it Cuban officers were riding their half-starved po-

THE GUASIMAS FIGHT

nies, scattering the ashes of the camp-fires, and galloping over the tired bodies of the men with that courtly grace and consideration for Americans which invariably marks the Cuban gentleman. Below them was the beach and the roaring surf, in which a thousand or so naked men were assisting and impeding the progress shoreward of their comrades, in pontoons and shore-boats, which were being hurled at the beach like sleds down a water-chute.

It was one of the most weird and remarkable scenes of the war, probably of any war. An army was being landed on an enemy's coast at the dead of night, but with somewhat more of cheers and shrieks and laughter than rise from the bathers in the surf at Coney Island on a hot Sunday. It was a pandemonium of noises. The men still to be landed from the "prison hulks," as they called the transports, were singing in chorus, the men already on shore were dancing naked around the camp-fires on the beach, or shouting with delight as they plunged into the first bath that had offered in seven days, and those in the launches as they were pitched head-first at the soil of Cuba, signalized their arrival by howls of triumph. On either side rose black overhanging ridges, in the lowland between were

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white tents and burning fires, and from the ocean came the blazing, dazzling eyes of the search-lights shaming the quiet moonlight.

The Rough Riders left camp after three hours' troubled sleep at five in the morning. With the exception of half a dozen officers they were dis-



American Boats Landing Cubans at Siboney.

mounted, and carried their blanket-rolls, haversacks, ammunition, and carbines. General Young had already started toward Guasimas the First and Tenth dismounted Cavalry, and according to the agreement of the night before had taken the eastern trail to our right, while the Rough Riders climbed the steep ridge above Siboney and started toward the rendezvous along the trail to the

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west, which was on high ground and a half mile to a mile distant from the trail along which General Young was marching. There was a valley between us, and the bushes were so thick on both sides of our trail that it was not possible at any time, until we met at Guasimas, to distinguish his column.

As soon as the Rough Riders had reached the top of the ridge not twenty minutes after they had left camp, which was the first opportunity that presented itself, Colonel Wood took the precautions he was said to have neglected. He ordered Captain Capron to proceed with his troop in front of the column as an advance guard, and to choose a "point" of five men skilled as scouts and trailers. Still in advance of these he placed two Cuban scouts. The column then continued along the trail in single file. The Cubans were just at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards; the "point" of five picked men under Sergeant Byrne and duty-Sergeant Fish followed them at a distance of a hundred yards, and then came Capron's troop of sixty men strung out in single file. No flankers were placed for the reason that the dense undergrowth and the tangle of vines that stretched from the branches of the trees to the bushes below made it a physi-

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cal impossibility for man or beast to move forward except along the beaten trail.

Colonel Wood rode at the head of the column, followed by two regular army officers who were members of General Wheeler's staff, a Cuban officer, and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. They rode slowly in consideration of the troopers on foot, who carried heavy burdens under a cruelly hot sun. To those who did not have to walk it was not unlike a hunting excursion in our West; the scenery was beautiful and the view down the valley one of luxuriant peace. Roosevelt had never been in the tropics and Captain McCormick and I were talking back at him over our shoulders and at each other, pointing out unfamiliar trees and birds. Roosevelt thought it looked like a good deer country, as it once was; it reminded McCormick of southern California; it looked to me like the trail across Honduras. They advanced, talking in that fashion and in high spirits, and congratulating themselves in being shut of the transport and on breathing fine mountain air again, and on the fact that they were on horseback. They agreed it was impossible to appreciate that we were really at war—that we were in the enemy's country. We had been riding in this pleasant fashion for an hour

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and a half with brief halts for rest, when Wood stopped the head of the column, and rode down the trail to meet Capron, who was coming back. Wood returned immediately, leading his horse, and said to Roosevelt:

“Pass the word back to keep silence in the ranks.”

The place at which we had halted was where the trail narrowed, and proceeded sharply downward. There was on one side of it a stout barbed-wire fence of five strands. By some fortunate accident this fence had been cut just where the head of the column halted. On the left of the trail it shut off fields of high grass blocked at every fifty yards with great barricades of undergrowth and tangled trees and chapparal. On the other side of the trail there was not a foot of free ground; the bushes seemed absolutely impenetrable, as indeed they were later found to be.

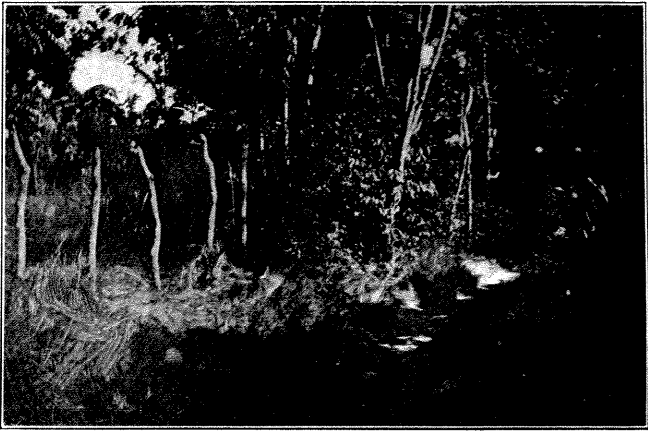
When we halted the men sat down beside the trail and chewed the long blades of grass, or fanned the air with their hats. They had no knowledge of the situation such as their leaders possessed, and their only emotion was one of satisfaction at the chance the halt gave them to rest and to shift their packs. Wood again walked

THE CUBAN AND PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGNS

down the trail with Capron and disappeared, and one of the officers informed us that the scouts had seen the outposts of the enemy. It did not seem reasonable that the Spaniards, who had failed to attack us when we landed at Baiquiri, would oppose us until they could do so in force, so, personally, I doubted that there were any Spaniards nearer than Santiago. But we tied our horses to the wire fence, and Capron's troop knelt with carbines at the "ready," peering into the bushes. We must have waited there, while Wood reconnoitred, for over ten minutes. Then he returned, and began deploying his troops out at either side of the trail. Capron he sent on down the trail itself. G Troop was ordered to beat into the bushes on the right, and K and A were sent over the ridge on which we stood down into the hollow to connect with General Young's column on the opposite side of the valley. F and E Troops were deployed out in skirmish-line on the other side of the wire fence. Wood had discovered the enemy a few hundred yards from where he expected to find him, and so far from being "surprised," he had time, as I have just described, to get five of his troops into position before a shot was fired. The firing, when it came, started suddenly on our right. It

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sounded so close that—still believing we were acting on a false alarm, and that there were no Spaniards ahead of us—I guessed it was Capron's men firing at random to disclose the enemy's position. I ran after G Troop under Captain Llewellyn, and found them breaking their way



The Place Where the Guasimas Fight Began.

through the bushes in the direction from which the volleys came. It was like forcing the walls of a maze. If each trooper had not kept in touch with the man on either hand he would have been lost in the thicket. At one moment the underbrush seemed swarming with troopers, and the next, except that you heard the twigs breaking, and the heavy breathing of the men, or a crash

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as a vine pulled someone down, there was not a sign of a human being anywhere. In a few minutes they all broke through into a little open place in front of a dark curtain of vines, and the men fell on one knee and began returning the fire that came from it.

The enemy's fire was exceedingly heavy, and the aim was low. Whether the Spaniards saw us or not we could not tell; we certainly saw nothing of the Spaniards, except a few on the ridge across the valley. The fire against us was not more than fifty to eighty yards away, and so hot that our men could only lie flat in the grass and fire in that position. It was at this moment that the men believed they were being fired on by Capron's troop, which they imagined must have swung to the right, and having lost its bearings and hearing them advancing through the underbrush, had mistaken them for the enemy. They accordingly ceased firing and began shouting in order to warn Capron that he was shooting at his friends. This is the foundation for the statement which was frequently made that the Rough Riders had fired on each other, which they did not do then or at any other time. Later we examined the relative position of the trail which Capron held, and the position of G Troop, and

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they were at right angles to one another. Capron could not possibly have fired into us at any time, unless he had turned directly around in his tracks and aimed up the very trail he had just descended. Advancing, he could no more have hit us than he could have seen us out of the back of his head. When we found many hundred spent cartridges of the Spaniards a hundred yards in front of G Troop's position, the question as to who did the firing was answered.

It was an exceedingly hot corner. The whole troop was gathered in the little open place blocked by the network of grape-vines and tangled bushes before it. They could not see twenty feet on three sides of them, but on the right hand lay the valley, and across it came the sound of Young's brigade, who were apparently heavily engaged. The enemy's fire was so close that the men could not hear the word of command, and Captain Llewellyn, by word of voice, and Lieutenant Greenway, unable to get their attention, ran among them, batting them with their sombreros to make them cease firing. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt ran up just then, bringing with him Lieutenant Woodbury Kane and ten troopers from K Troop. Roosevelt lay down in the grass beside Llewellyn and consulted with him eagerly.

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Kane was smiling with the charming content of a perfectly happy man, exactly as though it were a polo match and his side had scored. When Captain Llewellyn told him his men were not needed, and to rejoin his troop, he led his detail over the edge of the hill on which we lay, although the bullets were passing three feet high. As he disappeared below the crest, walking quite erect, he was still smiling. Roosevelt pointed out that it was impossible to advance farther on account of the network of wild grape-vines that masked the Spaniards from us, and that we must cross the trail and make to the left. The shouts the men had raised to warn Capron had established our position to the enemy, and the firing was now fearfully accurate. Sergeant Russell, who in his day had been a colonel on a governor's staff, was killed, and the other sergeant was shot through the wrist. In the space of three minutes nine men were lying on their backs helpless. The men drew off slowly to the left, dragging the wounded with them. Owing to the low aim of the enemy, they were forced to move on their knees and crawl on their stomachs. Even then they were hit. One man near me was shot through the head. Returning two hours later to locate the body, I found that the buzzards had

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torn off his lips and his eyes. This mutilation by these hideous birds is, no doubt, what Admiral Sampson mistook for the work of the Spaniards, when the bodies of the marines at Guantamano were found disfigured in the same fashion. K Troop had meantime deployed into the valley



Siboney, from the Hill Over which the Wounded Rough Riders
Retired After the Fight.

under the fire from the enemy on the ridge. It had been ordered to establish communication with General Young's column, and while advancing and firing on the ridge, Captain Jenkins sent the guidon-bearer back to climb the hill and wave his red and white banner where Young's men could see it. The guidon-bearer had once

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run for Congress on the gold ticket in Arizona, and, as someone said, was naturally the man who should have been selected for a forlorn hope. His flag brought him instantly under a heavy fire, but he continued waving it until the Tenth Cavalry on the other side of the valley answered, and the two columns were connected by a skirmish-line composed of K Troop and A, under Captain "Bucky" O'Neill.

G Troop meanwhile had hurried over to the left, and passing through the opening in the wire-fence had spread out into open order. It followed down after Captain Luna's troop and D and E Troops, which were well already in advance. Roosevelt ran forward and took command of the extreme left of this line. Wood was walking up and down along it, leading his horse, which he thought might be of use in case he had to move quickly to alter his original formation—at present his plan was to spread out his men so that they would join Young on the right, and on the left swing around until they flanked the enemy. K and A Troops had already succeeded in joining hands with Young's column across the valley, and as they were capable of taking care of themselves, Wood was bending his efforts to keep his remaining four companies in

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a straight line and revolving them around the enemy's "end." It was in no way an easy thing to do. The men were at times wholly hidden from each other, and from him; probably at no one time did he see more than two of his troops together. It was only by the firing that he could tell where his men lay, and that they were always steadily advancing.

The advances were made in quick, desperate rushes—sometimes the ground gained was no more than a man covers in sliding for a base. At other times half a troop would rise and race forward and then burrow deep in the hot grass and fire. On this side of the line there was an occasional glimpse of the enemy. But for a great part of the time the men shot at the places from where the enemy's fire seemed to come, aiming low and answering in steady volleys. The fire discipline was excellent. The prophets of evil of the Tampa Bay Hotel had foretold that the cowboys would shoot as they chose, and, in the field, would act independently of their officers. As it turned out, the cowboys were the very men who waited most patiently for the officers to give the word of command. At all times the movement was without rest, breathless and fierce, like a cane-rush, or a street-fight.

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After the first three minutes every man had stripped as though for a wrestling-match, throwing off all his impedimenta but his cartridge-belt and canteen. Even then the sun handicapped their strength cruelly. The enemy were hidden in the shade of the jungle, while they had to fight in the open for every thicket they gained, crawling through grass which was as hot as a steam bath, and with their flesh and clothing torn by thorns and the sword-like blade of the Spanish "bayonet." The glare of the sun was full in their eyes and as fierce as a limelight.

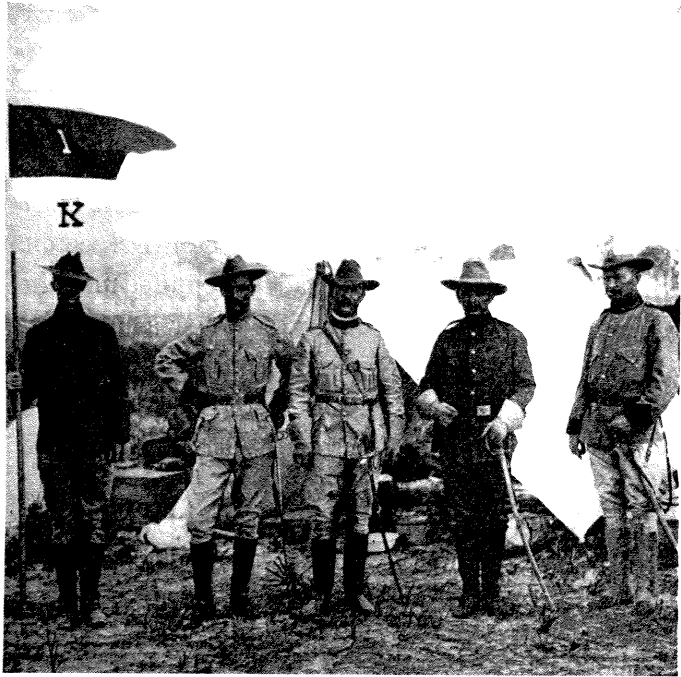
When G Troop passed on across the trail to the left I stopped at the place where the column had first halted—it had been converted into a dressing station and the wounded of G troop were left there in the care of the hospital stewards. A tall, gaunt young man with a cross on his arm was just coming back up the trail. His head was bent, and by some surgeon's trick he was advancing rapidly with great strides, and at the same time carrying a wounded man much heavier than himself across his shoulders. As I stepped out of the trail he raised his head, and smiled and nodded, and left me wondering where I had seen him before, smiling in the same cheery, confident way and moving in that same position. I knew

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it could not have been under the same conditions, and yet he was certainly associated with another time of excitement and rush and heat, and then I remembered him. He had been covered with blood and dirt and perspiration as he was now, only then he wore a canvas jacket and the man he carried on his shoulders was trying to hold him back from a white-washed line. And I recognized the young doctor with the blood bathing his breeches as "Bob" Church, of Princeton. That was only one of four badly wounded men he carried on his shoulders that day over a half-mile of trail that stretched from the firing-line back to the dressing station under an unceasing fire. And as the senior surgeon was absent he had chief responsibility that day for all the wounded, and that so few of them died is greatly due to this young man who went down into the firing-line and pulled them from it, and bore them out of danger. Some of the comic paragraphers who wrote of the members of the Knickerbocker Club and the college swells of the Rough Riders organization, and of their imaginary valets and golf clubs, ought, in decency, since the fight at Guasimas to go out and hang themselves with remorse. For the same spirit that once sent these men down a white-washed field against their oppo-

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nents' rush-line was the spirit that sent Church, Channing, Devereux, Ronalds, Wrenn, Cash, Bull, Larned, Goodrich, Greenway, Dudley Dean, and



Sergeant Tiffany. L.A. Woodbury Kane. Major Dunn. Captain Jenkins. L.A. H. K. Devereux.

A Group of Rough Riders.

a dozen others through the high hot grass at Guasimas, not shouting, as their friends the cowboys did, but each with his mouth tightly shut, with his eyes on the ball, and moving in obedience to

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the captain's signals. Judging from the sound, our firing-line now seemed to be half a mile in advance of the place where the head of the column had first halted. This showed that the Spaniards had been driven back at least three hundred yards from their original position. It was impossible to see any of our men in the field, so I ran down the trail with the idea that it would lead me back to the troop I had left when I had stopped at the dressing station. The walk down that trail presented one of the most grewsome and saddest pictures of the war. It narrowed as it descended; it was for that reason the enemy had selected that part of it for the attack, and the vines and bushes interlaced so closely above it that the sun could not come through.

The rocks on either side were spattered with blood and the rank grass was matted with it. Blanket-rolls, haversacks, carbines, and canteens had been abandoned all along its length, so that the trail looked as though a retreating army had fled along it, rather than that one company had fought its way through it to the front. Except for the clatter of the land-crabs, those hideous orchid-colored monsters that haunt the places of the dead, and the whistling of the bullets in the trees, the place was as silent as a grave. For the

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wounded lying along its length were as still as the dead beside them. The noise of the loose stones rolling under my feet brought a hospital steward out of the brush, and he called after me :

“Lieutenant Thomas is badly wounded in here, and we can’t move him. We want to carry him out of the sun some place, where there is shade and a breeze.” Thomas was the first lieutenant of Capron’s troop. He is a young man, large and powerfully built. He was shot through the leg just below the trunk, and I found him lying on a blanket half naked and covered with blood, and with his leg bound in tourniquets made of twigs and pocket-handkerchiefs. It gave one a thrill of awe and wonder to see how these cowboy-surgeons, with a stick that one would use to light a pipe and with the gaudy ’kerchiefs they had taken from their necks, were holding death at bay. The young officer was in great pain and tossing and raving wildly. When we gathered up the corners of his blanket and lifted him, he tried to sit upright, and cried out, “You’re taking me to the front, aren’t you? You said you would. They’ve killed my captain—do you understand? They’ve killed Captain Capron. The — — — Mexicans! They’ve killed my captain.”

The troopers assured him they were carrying

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him to the firing-line, but he was not satisfied. We stumbled over the stones and vines, bumping his wounded body against the ground and leaving a black streak in the grass behind us, but it seemed to hurt us, more than it did him, for he sat up again seizing the men by the wrists imploringly with his bloody hands.

“For God’s sake, take me to the front,” he begged. “Do you hear me, I order you; damn you, I order— We must give them hell; do you hear? we must give them hell. They’ve killed Capron. They’ve killed my captain.”

The loss of blood and the heat at last mercifully silenced him, and when we had reached the trail he had fainted and I left them kneeling around him, their grave boyish faces filled with sympathy and concern.

Only fifty feet from him and farther down the trail I passed his captain, with his body propped against Church’s knee and with his head fallen on the surgeon’s shoulder. Capron was always a handsome, soldierly looking man—some said that he was the most soldierly looking of any of the young officers in the army—and as I saw him then death had given him a great dignity and nobleness. He was only twenty-eight years old, the age when life has just begun, but he rested his

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head on the surgeon's shoulder like a man who knew he was already through with it and that, though they might peck and mend at the body, he had received his final orders. His breast and shoulders were bare, and as the surgeon cut the tunic from him the sight of his great chest and the skin, as white as a girl's, and the black open wound against it made the yellow stripes and the brass insignia of rank seem strangely mean and tawdry.

Fifty yards farther on, around a turn in the trail, behind a rock, a boy was lying with a bullet-wound between his eyes. His chest was heaving with short, hoarse noises which I guessed were due to some muscular action entirely, and that he was virtually dead. I lifted him and gave him some water, but it would not pass through his fixed teeth. In the pocket of his blouse was a New Testament with the name *Fielder Dawson, Mo.*, scribbled in it in pencil. While I was writing it down for identification, a boy as young as himself came from behind me down the trail.

"It is no use," he said, "the surgeon has seen him; he says he is just the same as dead. He is my bunkie; we only met two weeks ago at San Antonio; but he and me had got to be such good



Wounded Rough Riders Coming Over the Hill at Siboney. Head of Column of Second Infantry Going to Support the Rough Riders, June 24th.

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friends— But there's nothing I can do now." He threw himself down on the rock beside his bunkie, who was still breathing with that hoarse inhuman rattle, and I left them, the one who had been spared looking down helplessly with the tears creeping across his cheeks.

The firing was quite close now, and as I continued the trail was no longer filled with blanket-rolls and haversacks, nor did pitiful, prostrate figures lie in wait behind each rock. I guessed this must mean that I was now well in advance of the farthest point to which Capron's troop had moved before it had deployed to the left, and I was running forward feeling confident that I must be close on our men when I saw far in advance the body of a sergeant blocking the trail and stretched at full length across it. Its position was a hundred yards in advance of that of any of the others—it was apparently the body of the first man killed. After death the bodies of some men seem to shrink almost instantly within themselves; they become limp and shapeless, and their uniforms hang upon them strangely. But this man, who was a giant in life, remained a giant in death—his very attitude was one of attack; his fists were clinched, his jaw set, and his eyes, which were still human, seemed fixed with

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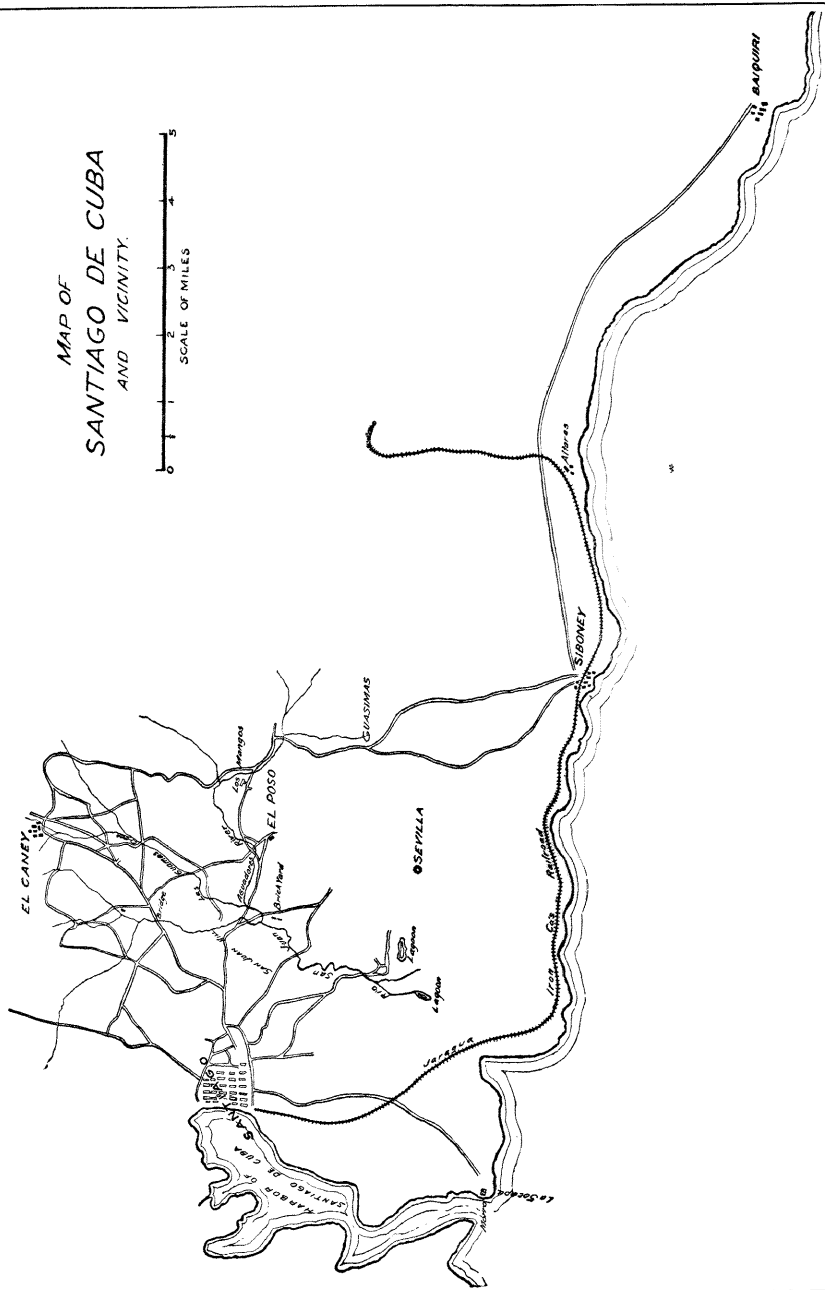
resolve. He was dead, but he was not defeated. And so Sergeant Fish died as he had lived—defiantly, running into the very face of the enemy, standing squarely upright on his legs instead of crouching, as the others called to him to do, until he fell like a column across the trail. “God gives,” was the motto on the watch I took from his blouse, and God could not have given him a nobler end; to die, in the forefront of the first fight of the war, quickly, painlessly, with a bullet through the heart, with his regiment behind him, and facing the enemies of his country.

The line at this time was divided by the trail into two wings. The right wing, composed of K and A Troops, was advancing through the valley, returning the fire from the ridge as it did so, and the left wing, which was much the longer of the two, was swinging around on the enemy's right flank, with its own right resting on the barbed-wire fence. I borrowed a carbine from a wounded man, and joined the remnant of L Troop which was close to the trail.

This troop was then commanded by Second Lieutenant Day, who on account of his conduct that morning and at the battle of San Juan later, when he was shot through the arm, was promoted to be captain of L Troop, or, as it is now officially

MAP OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA AND VICINITY.

0 1 2 3 4 5
SCALE OF MILES



THE GUASIMAS FIGHT

designated, Capron's troop. He was walking up and down the line as unconcernedly as though we were at target-practice, and an English sergeant, Byrne, was assisting him by keeping up a continuous flow of comments and criticisms that showed the keenest enjoyment of the situation. Byrne was the only man I noticed who seemed to regard the fight as in any way humorous. I suspect Byrne was Irish. I saw no one who was in the least alarmed, for at Guasimas no one had time to pose, or to be flippant, or to exhibit any signs of braggadocio. It was for all of them, from the moment it started, through the hot, exhausting hour and a half that it lasted, a most serious proposition. The conditions were exceptional. The men had made a night march the evening before, had been given but three hours troubled sleep on the wet ground, and had then been marched in full equipment up hill and under a cruelly hot sun, right into action. Not one man in the regiment had ever fired a Krag-Jorgensen carbine until he fired it at a Spaniard, for their arms had been issued to them so soon before sailing that they had only drilled with them without using cartridges, and perhaps eighty per cent. of them had never been under fire before. To this handicap was also added the nature of the

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ground and the fact that our men could not see their opponents. Their own men fell or rolled over on every side, shot down by an invisible enemy, with no one to retaliate upon in return, with no sign that the attack might not go on indefinitely. Yet they never once took a step backward, but advanced grimly, cleaning a bush or thicket of its occupants before charging it, and securing its cover for themselves, and answering each volley with one that sounded like an echo of the first. The men were panting for breath; the sweat ran so readily into their eyes that they could not see the sights of their guns; then limbs unused to such exertion after seven days of cramped idleness on the troop-ship trembled with weakness and the sun blinded and dazzled them; but time after time they rose and staggered forward through the high grass, or beat their way with their carbines against the tangle of vines and creepers. A mile and a half of territory was gained foot by foot in this brave fashion, the three Spanish positions carried in that distance being marked by the thousands of Mauser cartridges that lay shining and glittering in the grass and behind the barricades of bushes. But this distance had not been gained without many losses, for everyone in the regiment was

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engaged. Even those who, on account of the heat had dropped out along the trail, as soon as the sound of the fight reached them, came limping to the front—and plunged into the firing-line. It was the only place they could go—there was no other line. With the exception of Church's dressing station and its wounded there were no reserves.

Among the first to be wounded was the correspondent, Edward Marshall, of the *New York Journal*, who was on the firing-line to the left. He was shot through the body near the spine, and when I saw him he was suffering the most terrible agonies, and passing through a succession of convulsions. He nevertheless, in his brief moments of comparative peace, bore himself with the utmost calm, and was so much a soldier to duty that he continued writing his account of the fight until the fight itself was ended. His courage was the admiration of all the troopers, and he was highly commended by Colonel Wood in the official account of the engagement.

Nothing so well illustrated how desperately each man was needed, and how little was his desire to withdraw, as the fact that the wounded lay where they fell until the hospital stewards found them. Their comrades did not seek that excuse to go to the rear.

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The fight had now lasted an hour, and the line had reached a more open country, with a slight incline upward toward a wood, on the edge of which was a ruined house. This house was a former distillery for *aguardiente*, and was now occupied in force by the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt on the far left was moving up his men with the intention of taking this house on the flank; Wood, who was all over the line, had the same objective point in his mind. The troop commanders had a general idea that the distillery was the key to the enemy's position, and were all working in that direction. It was extremely difficult for Wood and Roosevelt to communicate with the captains, and after the first general orders had been given them they relied upon the latter's intelligence to pull them through. I do not suppose Wood saw more than thirty of his men out of the five hundred engaged at any one time. When he had passed one troop, except for the noise of its volley firing, it was immediately lost to him in the brush, and it was so with the next. Still, so excellent was the intelligence of the officers, and so ready the spirit of the men, that they kept an almost perfect alignment, as was shown when the final order came to charge in the open fields. The advance upon the ruined building was made

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in stubborn, short rushes, sometimes in silence, and sometimes firing as we ran. The order to fire at will was seldom given, the men waiting patiently for the officers' signal, and then answering in volleys. Some of the men who were twice Day's age begged him to let them take the enemy's impromptu fort on the run, but he answered them tolerantly like spoiled children, and held them down until there was a lull in the enemy's fire, when he would lead them forward, always taking the advance himself. It was easy to tell which men were used to hunting big game in the West and which were not, by the way they made these rushes. The Eastern men broke at the word, and ran for the cover they were directed to take like men trying to get out of the rain, and fell panting on their faces, while the Western trappers and hunters slipped and wriggled through the grass like Indians; dodging from tree-trunk to tree-trunk, and from one bush to another. They always fell into line at the same time with the others, but they had not exposed themselves once while doing so. Some of the escapes were little short of miraculous. The man on my right, Champneys Marshall, of Washington, had one bullet pass through his sleeve, and another pass through his shirt, where