

DESCRIPTIONS OF
ARMY LIFE IN THE
PHILIPPINES

BY JAMES R. MEVICKER

Prologue:

This series of documents contain the contents of a scrapbook created by James Rufus McVicker (JRM) (1876-1963) during his term of Army duty in the Philippines Islands.

James R. McVicker agreed to act as a war correspondent, initially for the Ottumwa Courier newspaper and later for other publications.

The books contain all, or most, of the newspaper clippings and notes, which JRM submitted, in addition to other newspaper articles relating to the Spanish American War and beyond.

In addition there are articles relating to his West Point experience as well as his political and vocational careers.

The actual pages are faded, yellowed and extremely fragile. Scanning the contents would have been difficult to accomplish, while maintaining the integrity of the document.

I decided to photograph the pages, as best I could, using a digital camera on a tripod. Some of the pages may be difficult to read without zooming in to small sections. This dictated using a high-resolution image, resulting in a larger file size than I would have desired.

IOWA IN THE VAN.

Battleship First in Conflict With Cervera's Fleet.

STORY AS TOLD BY CAPTAIN EVANS

"Fighting Bob" Tells How the Spanish Armada Went to Quick Destruction in the Night Off Santiago.

Off Santiago De Cuba, July 8, by the Associated Press Dispatch Boat Dauntless, by way of Kingston, Jamaica, July 30 (delayed in transmission).—Copyright, 1898, by the Associated Press.—The battleship Iowa was the first ship to see the Spanish fleet coming out of the harbor. A moment later the Iowa was at general quarters and the signal was hoisted that the enemy's ships were coming out. A gun was fired to attract the attention of the fleet at 9:33 a. m.

Captain Robley D. Evans, the commander of the Iowa, was sitting in his cabin talking to his son, a cadet on the Massachusetts, who, luckily, had been left behind in a picket launch when the Massachusetts went to Guantanamo to coal at dawn. Captain Evans' account of the battle, as told in the cabin of the Iowa to a correspondent of the Associated Press, is intensely interesting. He said:

"At the time 'general quarters' were sounded the engine bell rang full speed ahead, and I put the helm to starboard and the Iowa crossed the bows of the Infanta Maria Teresa, the first ship out. As the Spanish admiral swung to the westward, the 12-inch shells from the forward turret of the Iowa seemed to strike him fair in the bow and the fight was a spectacle. As the squadron came out in column, the ships beautifully spaced as to distance and gradually increasing their speed to 13 knots it was superb.

Steady Fire by the Iowa.

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

"In a very short space of time the enemy's ships were all clear of the harbor mouth, and it became evidently impossible for the Iowa to ram either the first or the second ship on account of their speed. The range at this time was 2,000 yards from the leading ship. The Iowa's helm was immediately put hard to starboard and the entire starboard broadside was poured into the Infanta Maria Teresa.

"The helm was then quickly shifted to port and the ship went across the stern of the Teresa in an effort to head off the Oquendo. All the time the engines were driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shells from the enemy passed over the smokestacks and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her.

"The Cristobal Colon, being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly to the front in an effort to escape. In passing the Iowa the Colon placed two 6-inch shells fair-

ly in our starboard bow. One passed through the cofferdam and dispensary, wrecking the latter and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the side at the water line within the cofferdam, where it remains.

Harvoe On the Oquendo.

"As it was now obviously impossible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed, the Iowa's helm was put to starboard and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the Almirante Oquendo, at a distance of 1,100 yards, the Iowa's entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on the Oquendo. The punishment was terrific. Many 12 and 8-inch shells were seen to explode inside of her and smoke came out through her hatches.

"Two 12-inch shells from the Iowa pierced the Almirante Oquendo at the same moment, one forward and the other aft. The Oquendo seemed to stop her engines for a moment and lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed and gradually drew ahead of the Iowa and came under the terrific fire of the Oregon and Texas.

"At this moment the alarm of 'torpedo boats' was sounded and two torpedo-boat destroyers were discovered in the starboard quarter at a distance of 4,000 yards. Fire was at once opened on them with the after battery and a 12-inch shell cut the stern of one destroyer squarely off. As the shell struck a small torpedo boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head.

"I said to Executive Officer Rogers: 'That little chap has got a lot of cheek!' Rogers shouted back: 'She shoots very well, all the same.'

Good Work of the Gloucester.

"Well up among the advancing cruisers, spitting shots at one and then another, was the little Gloucester, shooting first at a cruiser and then at a torpedo boat and hitting a head wherever she saw it. The marvel was that she was not destroyed by the rain of shells.

"Meanwhile the Vizcaya was slowly drawing ahead of the Iowa, and for the space of 15 minutes it was give and take between the two ships. The Vizcaya fired rapidly but wildly, not one shot taking effect on the Iowa, while the shells from the Iowa were tearing great rents in the sides of the Vizcaya. As the latter passed ahead of the Iowa

she came under the murderous fire of the Oregon.

"At this time the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo, leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach and in flames. The Texas, Oregon and Iowa pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire, and in a few moments the Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks with their colors down, the Teresa flying a white flag at the fore. The crews of the enemy's ships stripped themselves and began jumping overboard, and some of the smaller magazines began to explode.

Speediness of Victory.

"Meantime the Brooklyn and the Cristobal Colon were exchanging compliments in lively fashion at apparently long range, and the Oregon, with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on to the Colon, also paying attention to the Vizcaya. The Teresa and Oquendo were in flames on the beach just 20 minutes after the first shot was fired. Fifty minutes after the first shot was fired the Vizcaya put her helm to port with a great burst of flame from the after part of the ship, and headed slowly for the rocks at Aceraderos, where she found her last resting place.

"As it was apparent that the Iowa could not possibly catch the Cristobal Colon and that the Oregon and Brooklyn undoubtedly would, and as the fast New York was also on her trail, I decided that the calls of humanity should be answered and attention given to the twelve or fifteen hundred Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors to the American squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson. I therefore headed for the wreck of the Vizcaya, now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was in as far as the depth of the water would admit I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men who were being drowned by dozens or roasted on the decks.

Stops Firing by Cubans.

"I soon discovered that the insurgent Cubans from the shore were shooting at men who were struggling in the water after having surrendered to us. I immediately put a stop to this, but I could not put a stop to the mutilation of many bodies by the sharks inside the reef. These creatures had become excited by the blood from the wounded mixing in the water.

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

Many Prisoners Wounded.

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

"The bottoms of the boats held two or three inches of blood. In many cases dead men were lying in the blood. Five poor chaps died on the way to the ship. They were afterward buried with military honors from the Iowa.

Heroism of Spaniards.

"Some examples of heroism, or, more properly, devotion to discipline and duty, could never be surpassed. One man on the lost Vizcaya had his left arm almost shot off just below the shoulder. The fragments were hanging by a small piece of skin. But he climbed unassisted over the side and saluted as if on a visit of ceremony. Immediately after him came a strong-hearted sailor, whose left leg had been shot off above the knee, he was hoisted on board the Iowa with a tackle, but never a whimper came from him.

"Gradually the mangled bodies and naked well men accumulated until it would have been almost difficult to recognize the Iowa as a United States battleship. Blood was all over her usually white quarter-deck, and 272 naked men were being supplied with water and food by those who a few minutes before had been using a rapid-fire battery on them.

"Finally came the boats with Captain Eulate, commander of the Vizcaya, for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. The captain's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarter-deck to welcome him and I stood waiting to welcome him. As the chair was placed on the deck the marines raised himself. Captain Eulate slowly raised himself in the chair, saluted me with grave dignity, unbuckled his sword before him, kissed it reverently, with tears in his eyes, and then surrendered it to me. Of course I declined to receive his sword, and as the crew of the Iowa saw this they cheered like wild men.

Eulate in Grief.

"As I started to take Captain Eulate into the cabin to let the doctors examine his wounds the magazines on board the Vizcaya exploded with a tremendous burst of flame. Captain Eulate, extending his hands, said: 'Adios, Vizcaya. There goes my beautiful ship, captain;' and so we passed on to the cabin, where the doctors dressed his three wounds.

"Meantime 30 officers of the Vizcaya had been picked up, besides 272 of her crew. Our wardroom and steerage officers gave up their staterooms and furnished food, clothing and tobacco to those naked officers from the Vizcaya. The paymaster issued uniforms to the naked sailors, and each was given all the corned beef, coffee and hard tack he could eat. The war had assumed another aspect.

"For courage and dash there is no parallel in history to this action of the Spanish admiral. He came, as he knew, to absolute destruction. There was one single hope—that was that the Cristobal Colon would steam faster than the Brooklyn.

"The spectacle of two torpedo-boat destroyers, paper shells at best, deliberately steaming out in broad daylight in the face of the fire of a battleship can be described in one way: It was Spanish and it was ordered by Blanco. The same must be said of the entire movement.

Cool Work of Americans.

"In contrast to this Spanish fashion was the cool, deliberate yankee work. The American squadron was without sentiment, apparently. The ships went at their Spanish opponents and literally tore them to pieces. But the moment the Spanish flag came down it must have been evident that the sentiment was among the Americans, not among the Spaniards.

"I took Admiral Cervera aboard the Iowa from the Gloucester, which had rescued him from the dead, and received him with a full admiral's guard. The crew of the Iowa crowded all over the turrets, half naked and black with powder, as Cervera stepped over the side, bare-headed. Over his undershirt he wore a thin suit of flannel, borrowed from Lieutenant Commander Walwright of the Gloucester. The crew cheered vociferously. Cervera is every inch an admiral, even if he had not any hat. He submitted to the fortunes of war with a grace that proclaimed him a thoroughbred."

"Captain Evans is intensely proud of his ship and her men. The Iowa fired 31 12-inch, 48 8-inch, 270 4-inch, 1,060 6-pound and 130 1-pound shots.

Destruction of the Vizcaya.

The officers of the Vizcaya said they simply could not hold their crews at the guns on account of the rapid-fire poured upon them. The decks were flooded with water from the fire hose and blood from the wounded made this a dark red. Fragments of bodies float-

ed in this along the gun deck. Every instant the crack of exploding shells told of new havoc. One of the 12-inch shells from the Iowa exploded a torpedo in the Vizcaya's bow, blowing 21 men against the deck above and dropping them dead and mangled into the fire which at once started below.

The torpedo boat Ericsson was sent by the flagship to the help of the Iowa in the rescue of the Vizcaya's crew. Her men saw a terrible sight. The flames leaped out from the huge shot holes in the Vizcaya's sides, licked up the decks and sizzled the flesh of the wounded who were lying there shrieking for help. Between the frequent explosions there came awful cries and groans from the men pinned in below.

This carnage was chiefly due to the rapidity of the Americans' fire. Corporal Smith of the Iowa fired 135 aimed shots in 50 minutes from a 4-inch gun. Two shells struck within ten feet of Smith and started a small fire, but the corporal went on pumping shots into the enemy, only stopping to say, "They've got it in for this gun, sir."

From two 6-pounders 440 shots were fired in 50 minutes.

Up in the tops the marines banged away with 1-pounders, too excited to step back to duck as the shells whistled over them.

One gunner of a secondary battery under a 12-inch gun was blinded by smoke and saltpeter from the turret, and his crew was driven off, but sticking a wet handkerchief over his face, with holes cut for his eyes, he stuck to his gun.

Gunners Scorn Danger.

Finally, as the 6-pounders were so close to the 8-inch turret as to make it impossible to stay there with safety, the men were ordered away before the big gun was fired, but they refused to leave. When the 8-inch gun was fired the concussion blew two men of the smaller gun's crew ten feet from their guns and threw them to the deck as deaf as posts. Back they went again, however, and were again blown away, and finally had to be dragged away from their stations.

Such bravery and such dogged determination under the heavy fire were of frequent occurrence on all the ships engaged.

During his stay on the Iowa Admiral Cervera endeavored himself to all. After Blanco's order was issued he wanted to come out on the night of July 2, but General Linares said: "Wait till tomorrow morning. You will catch them at divine service then."

The Spaniards say that no torpedo boats ever came out to attack Admiral Sampson's fleet. The Pluton and Terror, they say, kept guard every night inside the harbor.

The Indiana was hit only twice. She fired no armor-piercing shells except from the smokeless powder 6-pounders. The Oregon was hit three times, twice by fragments of shells. The Iowa was struck nine times.

HE IS STILL WITH US.

Oh, the man who howled the loudest
A month or so ago—
Who was mad because the President
Was "so infernal slow"—
Whose blood was fairly boiling.
Who was sweating bloody sweat—
Have you noticed that he's floating
Around here yet?
Oh, the fellow who was taming.
Who was stewing day and night—
Who was ripping, who was tearing,
Who was spolling for a fight—
Have you noticed, gentle reader,
That he doesn't fume or fret,
And that he hasn't taken
His departure yet?

[Cleveland Leader]

LA QUASINA BATTLE

The Heroic Charge of Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

FURTHER DETAILS AND INCIDENTS.

Gallant Fight and Magnificent Conduct of American Troops in a Charge Upon the Enemy After An Ambuscade.

Juragua, Cuba, June 27, per Associated Press Dispatch Boat Dandy, via Kingston, Jamaica, June 29.—(Copyrighted, 1898, by the Associated Press.)—The initial fight of Colonel Woods rough riders and the troopers of the First and Tenth regular cavalry will be known in history as the battle of La Quasina. That it did not end in the complete slaughter of the Americans was not due to any miscalculation in the plan of the Spaniards, for as perfect an ambuscade as was ever formed in the brain of an Apache Indian was prepared, and Lieut. Col. Roosevelt and his men walked squarely into it. For an hour and a half they held their ground under a perfect storm of bullets from the front and sides, and then Colonel Wood at the right and Lieut. Col. Roosevelt at the left, led a charge which turned the tide of battle and sent the enemy flying over the hills towards Santiago.

It is now known that 16 men on the American side were killed and 60 were wounded or are reported to be missing. It is impossible to calculate the Spanish losses, but it is known that they were far heavier than those of the Americans, at least as regards actual loss of life. Already 37 dead Spanish soldiers have been found and buried, while many others are undoubtedly lying in the thick underbrush on the side of the gully or on the slope of the hill, where the main body of the enemy was located. The wounded were all removed.

That the Spaniards were thoroughly posted as to the route to be taken by the Americans in their movements towards Sevilla was evident, as shown by the careful preparations they had made. The main body of the Spaniards was posted on a hill, on the heavily wooded slopes of which had been erected two block houses, and flanked by irregular intrenchments of stone and fallen trees. At the bottom of these hills run two roads, along which Lieut. Col. Roosevelt's men and eight troops of the First and Tenth cavalry, with a battery of four howitzers, advanced. These roads are but little more than gullies, rough and narrow, and at places almost impassable.

In these trails the fight occurred. Nearly half a mile separated Roosevelt's men from the regulars, and between them and on both sides of the road in the thick underbrush was concealed a force of Spaniards that must have been large, judging from the terrible and constant fire they poured into the Americans. The fight was opened by the First and Tenth cavalry under General Young. A force of Spaniards was known to be in the vicinity of La Quasina, and early in the

morning Lieut. Col. Roosevelt's men started off over the precipitous bluff back of Siboney to attack the Spaniards on their right flank, General Young at the time taking the road at the foot of the hill.

About two and a half miles out from Siboney some Cubans, breathless and excited, rushed into camp with the announcement that the Spaniards were but a little way in front, and were strongly entrenched. Quickly the Hotchkiss guns out in front were brought to the rear, while a strong scouting line was thrown out. Then cautiously and in silence the troops

moved forward until a bend in the road disclosed a hill where the Spaniards were located. The guns were again brought to the front and placed in position, while the men crouched down in the road, waiting patiently to give Roosevelt's men, who were toiling over the little trail along the crest of the ridge, time to get up.

At 7:30 a. m. General Young gave the command to the men at the Hotchkiss guns to open fire. The command was the signal for a fight that for stubbornness has seldom been equalled. The instant the Hotchkiss guns were fired the hillsides commanding the road gave forth volley after volley from the Mausers of the Spaniards.

"Don't shoot until you see something to shoot at!" yelled General Young, and the men, with set jaws and gleaming eyes, obeyed the order. Crawling along the edge of the road and protecting themselves as much as possible from the fearful fire of the Spaniards, the troopers, some of them stripped to the waist, watched the base of the hill, and when any part of a Spaniard became visible they fired. Never for an instant did they falter. One husky warrior of the Tenth cavalry, with a ragged wound in his thigh, coolly knelt behind a rock, loading and firing, and when told by one of his comrades that he was wounded, laughed and said: "Oh, that's all right. That's been there for some time."

In the meantime, away off to the left could be heard the crack of the rifles of Colonel Wood's men, and the regular, deep-toned volley firing of the Spanish. Over there the American losses were the greatest. Colonel Wood's men, with an advance guard well out in front, and two Cuban guides before them, but apparently with no flankers, went squarely into the trap set for them by the Spaniards, and only the unflinching courage of the men in the face of a fire that would even make a veteran quail prevented what might easily have been a disaster.

As it was, troop L, the advance guard under the unfortunate Captain Capron, was almost surrounded, and but for the re-inforcement hurriedly sent forward, every man would probably have been killed or wounded.

"There must have been nearly 1,500 Spaniards in front and to the right of us," said Lieut. Col. Roosevelt yesterday, when discussing the fight. "They held the ridges and rifle pits and machine guns, and had a body of men in ambush in the thick jungle at the sides of the road over which we were advancing. Our advance guard struck the men in ambush and drove them out. But they lost Captain Capron, Lieut. Thomas and about 15 men killed or wounded. The Spanish firing was accurate, so accurate, indeed, that it surprised me, and their firing was fearfully heavy."

"I want to say a word for our own men," continued Lieut. Col. Roosevelt. "Every officer and man did his duty up to the hilt. Not a man flinched."

From another officer who took a prominent part in the fighting more details were obtained. "When the firing began," said he, "Lieut. Col. Roosevelt took the right wing with troops G and K, under Captains Llewelyn and Jenkins, and moved to the support of Captain Capron, who was getting it hard. At the same time Colonel Wood and Major Brodie took the left wing and advanced in open order on the Spanish right wing. Major Brodie was wounded before the troops had advanced 100 yards. Colonel Wood then took the right wing, and shifted Colonel Roosevelt to the left. In the meantime the fire of the Spaniards had increased in volume, but, notwithstanding this, an order for a general charge was given, and with a yell the men sprang forward. Colonel Roosevelt, in front of his men, snatched a rifle and ammunition belt from a wounded soldier, and, cheering and yelling with his men, led the advance. For a moment the bullets were singing like a swarm of bees all around them, and every instant some poor fellow went down. On the right wing, Captain McClintock had his leg broken by a bullet from a machine gun, while four of his men went down. At the same time Capt. Luna, of Troop F, lost two of his men. Then the reserves, troops K and E, were ordered up. Col. Wood, with the right wing, charged away, and Lieut. Col. Roosevelt, on the left, charged at the same time. Up the men went, yelling like fiends and never stopping to return the fire of the Spaniards, and keeping on with grim determination to capture that block house. That charge was the end. When within 500 yards of the coveted point the Spaniards broke and ran, and for the first time we had the pleasure which the Spaniards had been experiencing all through the engagement, of shooting with the enemy in sight."

In the two hours' fighting during which the volunteers battled against their concealed enemy, enough deeds of heroism were done to fill a volume. One of the men of Troop E, desperately wounded, was lying squarely between the lines of the fire. Surgeon Church hurried to his side and, with bullets pelting all around him, calmly dressed the man's wound, bandaged it and walked unconcernedly back, soon returning with two men and a litter. The wounded man was placed on the litter and brought into our lines. Another soldier of Troop L, concealing himself as best he could behind a rock, gave up his place to a wounded companion, and a moment or two later was himself wounded.

Sergt. Bell stood by the side of Capt. Capron when the latter was mortally hit. He had seen hard fighting against terrible odds, but he never flinched. "Give me your gun a minute," he said to the sergeant, and kneeling down, he deliberately aimed and fired two shots in quick succession. At each a Spaniard was seen to fall. Bell, in the meantime, had seized a dead comrade's gun and knelt beside his captain and fired steadily. When Capt. Capron fell he gave the sergeant a parting message to his wife and father, and bade the sergeant good-by in a cheerful voice and was borne away dying.

Sergt. Hamilton Fish, Jr., was the first man killed by the Spanish fire. He was near the head of the column as

it turned from the wood road into range of the Spanish ambushade. He shot one Spaniard who was firing from the cover of a dense patch of underbrush, when a bullet struck his breast and he sank at the foot of a tree with his back against it. Capt. Capron stood over him shooting, and others rallied around him, covering the wounded man. The ground this afternoon was thick with empty shells where Fish lay. He lived twenty minutes. He gave a lady's small hunting case watch from his belt to a messmate as a last souvenir.

With the exception of Capt. Capron, all the rough riders killed in yesterday's fight were buried this morning on the field of action. Their bodies were laid in one long trench, each wrapped in a blanket. Palm leaves lined the trench and were heaped in profusion over the dead heroes. Chaplain Brown read the beautiful Episcopal burial service for the dead, and as he knelt in prayer, every trooper with bared head knelt around the trench. When the chaplain announced the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," the deep bass voices of the men gave a most impressive rendering of the music. The dead rough riders rest right on the summit of the hill where they fell. Chaplain Brown has marked each grave and has complete records for the benefit of friends of the dead soldiers.

Capt. Capron's body was brought into Juaragua in the afternoon, but it was deemed inadvisable to send the remains north at this season and the interment took place on a hillside near the seashore, back of the provisional hospital. After a brief service, a parting volley was fired over the grave of the dead captain and the bugle sounded "taps" as the sun sunk over the mountain tops beyond Santiago.

HEROES UNDER FIRE.

Stephen Crane Describes the Rough Riders' First Fight.

HEEDLESS OF DANGER ABOUT THEM.

Carelessly They Went to Their Death With Superb Courage—Heroism of Marshall, the Newspaper Correspondent.

Under the date of June 24, writing from Siboney, Cuba, Mr. Stephen Crane, author of the "Red Badge of Courage," describes the fight of the rough riders at La Quasima as follows:

And this is the end of the third day since the landing of the troops. Yesterday was a day of insurgent fighting and rumors of insurgent fighting. The Cubans were supposed to be fighting somewhere in the hills with the regiment of Santiago de Cuba which had been quite cut off from its native city. No American soldiery were implicated in any way in the battle. But today is different. The mounted infantry—the First Volunteer cavalry—Teddie's Terrorers—Wood's Weary Walkers—have had their first engagement. It was a bitter hard first fight for new troops, but no man can ever question their gallantry.

As we landed from a dispatch boat

we saw the last troop of the mounted infantry wending slowly over the top of a huge hill. Three of us promptly posted after them upon hearing the statement that they had gone out with the avowed intention of finding the Spaniards and mixing it up with them.

They were far ahead of us by the time we reached the top of the mountain, but we swung rapidly on the path through the dense Cuban thickets and in time met and passed the hospital corps—a vacant, unloaded hospital corps—going ahead on mules. Then there was another long lonely march through the dry woods, which seemed almost upon the point of crackling in to a blaze under the rays of the furious Cuban sun. We met nothing but blankets, shelter tents, coats and other impedimenta, which the panting rough riders had flung behind them on their swift march.

In time we came in touch with a few stragglers, men down with heat, prone and breathing heavily, and then we struck the rear of the column. We were now about four miles out, with no troops nearer than that by the road. I know nothing about war, of course, and pretend nothing, but I have been enabled from time to time to see brush fighting, and I want to say here plainly that the behavior of these rough riders while marching through the woods shook me with terror as I have never before been shaken.

They knew nothing but their own superb courage and wound along this narrow winding path, babbling joyously, arguing, recounting, laughing, making more noise than a train going through a tunnel. Any one could tell from the conformation of the country when we were liable to strike the enemy's outposts, but the clatter of tongues did not then cease. Also those of us who knew heard going from hillock to hillock the beautiful coo of the Cuban wood dove—ah, the wood dove, the Spanish guerrilla wood dove which had presaged the death of gallant marines. For my part I declare that I was frightened almost into convulsions. Incidentally I mentioned the cooing of the doves to some of the men, but they said decisively that the Spaniards did not use this signal. I don't know how they knew.

Well, after we had advanced well into the zone of the enemy's fire—mark that, well into the zone of the Spanish fire—a loud order came along the line, "There's a Spanish outpost just ahead, and the men must stop talking." "Stop talkin', can't ye, —, it," bawled a sergeant. "Ah, say, can't ye stop talkin'?" howled another. I was frightened because I thought this silly brave force was wandering placidly into a great deal of trouble. They did. The firing began. Four little volleys were fired by members of a troop deployed to the right. Then the Mauser began to pop—the familiar Mauser pop. A captain announced that this distinct Mauser sound was our own Krag-Jorgensen. Oh, misery!

Then the woods became aglow with fighting. Our people advanced, deployed, re-inforced, fought, fell—in the bushes, in the tall grass, under the lone palms—before a foe not even half seen. Mauser bullets came from three sides—although men began to cry that they were being fired into by their own people—whined in almost all directions. Three troops went forward in skirmish order, and in five minutes

they called for re-enforcements. They were under a cruel fire. Half of the men hardly knew whence it came, but their conduct, by any soldierly standard, was magnificent.

The rough riders advanced steadily and confidently under the Mauser bullets. They spread across some open ground—tall grass and palms—and there they began to fall, smothering and thrashing down in the grass, marking man shaped places among those luxuriant blades. The action lasted about one-half hour. Then the Spaniards fled. They had never had men fight them in this manner, and they fled. The business was too serious. Then the heroic rumor arose, soared, screamed above the bush. Everybody was wounded. Everybody was dead. There was nobody. Gradually there was somebody. There was the wounded, the important wounded. And the dead.

Meanwhile a soldier passing near me said, "There's a correspondent up there all shot to hell." He guided me to where Edward Marshall lay, shot through the body. The following conversation ensued: "Hello, Crane." "Hello, Marshall. In hard luck, old man?" "Yes, I'm done for." "Nonsense. You're all right, old boy. What can I do for you?" "Well, you might file my dispatches. I don't mean file 'em ahead of your own, old man—but just file 'em if you find it handy."

I immediately decided that he was doomed. No man could be so sublime in detail concerning the trade of journalism and not die. There was the solemnity of a funeral song in these absurd and fine sentences about dispatches. Six soldiers gathered him up on a tent and moved slowly off. "Hello!" shouted a stern and menacing person. "Who are you, and what are you doing here? Quick!" "I am a correspondent, and we are merely carrying back another correspondent who we think is mortally wounded. Do you care?" The rough rider, somewhat abashed, announced that he did not care.

And now the wounded soldiers began to crawl, walk and be carried back to where, in the middle of the path, the surgeons had established a little field hospital which was a spectacle of heroism. The doctors, gentle and calm, moved among the men without the common, senseless bullying of the ordinary ward. It was a sort of fraternal game. They were all in it and of it, helping each other. In the meantime three troops of the Ninth cavalry were swinging through the woods, and a mile behind them the seventy-first New York was moving forward eagerly to the rescue. But the day was done. The rough riders had bitten it off and chewed it up—chewed it up splendidly.

THE SANTIAGO FIGHT

Major General Kent Makes His Official Report.

DESCRIBES ADVANCE OF AMERICANS

Soldiers Dash Forward in the Face of a Destructive Fire—Many Instances of Heroism on Part of Officers. Story of the Battles.

Headquarters of the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps, Near Santiago de Cuba, July 22.—(Correspondence Associated Press.)—Major General Shafter having authorized the publication of the official report of the brigadier general, J. Ford Kent, of the battle of July 1, 2 and 3, a certified copy of the report is now furnished to the Associated Press by Major A. C. Sharpe, assistant adjutant general, First division, Fifth army corps. The report is as follows:

"Headquarters First division, Fifth army corps, in the field, Fort San Juan, near Santiago de Cuba, July 7, 1898.

"The assistant adjutant general Fifth army corps.—Sir: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my command in the battle of July 1:

Preparing for the Battle.

"On the afternoon of June 30, pursuant to orders given me verbally by the corps commander at his headquarters, I moved my second and third brigades (Parson and Wikoff) forward about two miles to a point on the Santiago road near the corps headquarters. Here the troops bivouacked, the first brigade (Hawkins) remaining in its camp the two preceding days, slightly in rear of corps headquarters.

"On the following morning (July 1) at 7 o'clock I rode forward to the hill where Captain Grimes' battery was in position. I here met Lieutenant Colonel McClelland, assistant adjutant general, Fifth corps, who pointed out to me a green hill in the distance which was to be my objective on my left and either he or Lieutenant Miley of Major General Shafter's staff gave me directions to keep to my right on the main road leading to Santiago.

"I had previously given the necessary orders for Hawkins' brigade to move early, to be followed in turn by Wikoff and Parson.

"Shortly after Grimes' battery opened fire I rode down to the stream and there found General Hawkins at the head of his brigade at a point about 250 yards from the El Paso sugar house. Here I gave him his orders.

Cavalry Delays Advance.

"The enemy's artillery was now replying to Grimes' battery. I rode forward with Hawkins about 150 yards, closely followed by the Sixth infantry, which was leading the First brigade. At this point I received instructions to allow the cavalry the right of way, but for some unknown reason they moved up very slowly, thus causing a delay in my advance of fully forty minutes. Lieutenant Miley of General Shafter's staff was at this point and understood how the division was delayed and repeated several times that he understood I was making all the progress possible.

"General Hawkins went forward and word came back in a few minutes that it would be possible to observe the enemy's position from the front. I immediately rode forward with my staff. The fire of the enemy's sharpshooters was very distinctly felt at this time.

Observes Enemy's Position.

"I crossed the main ford of the San Juan river, joined General Hawkins, and with him observed the enemy's position from a point some distance in advance of the ford. General Hawkins deemed it possible to turn the enemy's right at Fort San Juan, but later, under the heavy fire, this was found impracticable for the First brigade, but was accomplished by the Third brigade coming up later on General Hawkins' left.

"Having completed the observation with my staff, I proceeded to join the head of my division just coming under heavy fire. Approaching the First brigade I directed them to move alongside the cavalry (which was halted). We were already suffering losses caused by the balloon near by, attracting fire and disclosing our position.

New York Troops in a Panic.

"The enemy's infantry fire, steadily increasing in intensity, now came from all directions, not only from the front and the dense tropical thickets on our flanks, but from sharpshooters thickly posted in trees in our rear, and from shrapnel apparently aimed at the balloon.

"Lieutenant Colonel Derby of Shafter's staff met me about this time and informed me that a trail or narrow way had been discovered from the balloon a short distance back leading to the left of a ford lower down the stream. I hastened to the forks made by this road and soon after the Seventy-first New York regiment, of Hawkins' brigade, came up. I turned them into the by-path indicated by Lieutenant Colonel Derby leading to the lower ford, sending word to General Hawkins of this movement.

"This would have speedily delivered them in their proper place on the left of their brigade, but under the galling fire of the enemy the leading battalion of this regiment was thrown into confusion and recoiled in disorder on the troops in the rear.

Ordered to Lie Down.

"At this critical moment the officers of my staff practically formed a cordon behind the panic-stricken men and urged them to again go forward. I finally ordered them to lie down in the thicket and clear the way for others of their own regiment who were coming up behind. This many of them did and the Second and Third battalions came forward in better order and moved along the road toward the ford.

"One of my staff officers ran back waving his hat to hurry forward the Third brigade, who upon approaching the forks found the way blocked by men of the Seventy-first New York. There were other men of this regiment crouching in the bushes, many of whom were encouraged by the advance of the approaching column to arise and go forward.

"As already stated, I had received orders some time before to keep in the rear of the cavalry division. Their advance was much delayed, resulting in frequent halts, presumably to drop their blanket rolls, and due to the natural delay in fording a stream. These delays, under such a hot fire, grew exceedingly irksome, and I therefore

pushed the head of my division as quickly as I could toward the river in column or files to two paralleled in the narrow way by the cavalry. This quickened the forward movement and enabled me to get into position as speedily as possible for the attack. Owing to the congested condition of the road, the progress of the narrow column was, however, painfully slow. I again sent a staff officer at a gallop to urge forward the troops in the rear.

Regulars to the Rescue.

"The head of Wikoff's brigade reached the forks at 12:20 p. m., and hurried on the left, stepping over prostrate forms of men of the Seventy-first. This heroic brigade, consisting of the Thirteenth, Ninth and Twenty-fourth United States infantry speedily crossed the stream and were quickly deployed to the left of the lower ford. While personally superintending this movement Colonel Wikoff was killed, the command of the brigade then devolving upon Lieutenant Colonel Worth, Thirteenth infantry, who immediately fell severely wounded, and then upon Lieutenant Colonel Liscum, Twenty-fourth infantry, who, five minutes later, also fell under the withering fire of the enemy. The command of the brigade then devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel E. P. Ewers, Ninth infantry.

"Meanwhile, I had again sent a staff officer to hurry forward the Second brigade, which was bringing up the rear. The Tenth and Second infantry, soon arriving at the forks, were deflected to the left to follow the Third Brigade, while the Twenty-first was directed along the main road to support Hawkins.

Enemy Driven Back.

"Crossing the lower fork a few minutes later the Tenth and Second moved forward in column in good order to-

ward the green knoll already referred to as my objective on the left. Approaching the knoll the regiments deployed, passed over the knoll and ascended the high ridge beyond, driving back the enemy in the direction of his trenches. I observed this movement from the fort on San Juan hill. Colonel E. P. Pearson, Tenth infantry, commanding the Second brigade, and the officers and troops under his command deserve great credit for the soldierly manner in which this movement was executed. I earnestly recommend Colonel Pearson for promotion.

Face a Destructive Fire.

"Prior to this advance of the Second brigade, the Third, connecting with Hawkins' gallant troops on the right, had moved toward Fort San Juan, sweeping through a zone of most destructive fire, scaling a steep and difficult hill and assisting in capturing the enemy's strong position, Fort San Juan, at 1:30 p. m. This crest was about 125 feet above the general level and was defended by deep trenches and a loopholed brick fort, surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements.

"General Hawkins, some time after I reached the crest, reported that the Sixth and Sixteenth infantry had captured the hill, which I now consider is correct, and credit it almost equally due the Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth regiments of infantry. Owing to General Hawkins' representations I forwarded the report sent to corps headquarters about 3 p. m., that the Sixth and Sixteenth infantry regiments had captured the hill.

"The Thirteenth regiment captured the enemy's colors, waving over the fort, but, unfortunately, destroyed them, distributing the fragments among the men, because, as was asserted, "it was a bad omen," two or three men having been shot while assisting Private Arthur Agnew, Company K, Thirteenth infantry, the captor. All fragments which could be recovered are submitted with the report. The greatest credit is due to the officers of my command, whether company, battalion, regiment or brigade commanders, who so admirably directed the formation of their troops, unavoidably intermixed in the dense thicket, and made the desperate rush for the distant and strongly defended crest.

Troops Show Great Bravery.

"I have already mentioned the circumstances of my Third brigade's advance across the ford, where, in the brief space of ten minutes, it lost its brave commander (killed) and the next two ranking officers by disabling wounds. Yet, in spite of these confusing conditions, the formations were effected without hesitation, although under a stinging fire, companies acting singly in some circumstances and by battalions and regiments in others, rushing through the jungle, across the streams, waist deep, and over the wide bottom thickly set with barbed-wire entanglements. In this connection I desire to particularly mention First Lieutenant Wendell L. Simpson, adjutant Ninth infantry, acting assistant adjutant general Third brigade, who was noticeably active and efficient in carrying out orders which I had given him to transmit to his brigade commander, who no longer existed.

Wood Asks for Help.

"The enemy having retired to a second line of rifle pits, I directed my line to hold their positions and intrenchments. At 3:10 p. m. I received almost simultaneously two requests, one from Colonel Wood, commanding a cavalry brigade, and one from General Sumner, asking for assistance for the cavalry on my right, as they were hard pressed. I immediately sent to their aid the Thirteenth infantry, who promptly went on this further mission, despite the heavy losses they had already sustained.

Praise for General Hawkins.

"Great credit is due to the gallant officer and gentleman, Brigadier General H. S. Hawkins, who, placing himself between the two regiments, leading his brigade, the Sixth and Sixteenth infantry, urged and led them by voice and bugle calls to the attack so successfully accomplished. My earnest thanks are due to my staff officers present at my side and under my personal observation on the field, especially to Major A. C. Sharpe, assistant adjutant general; Major Philip Reade, inspector general; Captain U. G. McAlexander, chief quartermaster, and my aids, First Lieutenant George S. Cartwright, Twenty-fourth infantry, and First Lieutenant William P. Jackson, Second infantry; also to Adolph Carlos Munoz, the latter a volunteer aid, subsequently wounded in the fight of the 2d instant, who richly merits a commission for his able assistance, given without pay.

"The officers enumerated should at least be breveted for gallantry under fire. I also personally noticed the conduct of First Lieut. T. J. Kirkpatrick, assistant surgeon, U. S. A., on duty with the Twenty-fourth infantry, giving

Washington, Aug. 12.—With simplicity in keeping with republican institutions, the war, which has raged between Spain and the United States for a period of three months and twenty-two days, was quietly terminated at twenty-three minutes past four o'clock this afternoon, when Secretary Day, for the United States, and Cambon, for Spain in the presence of President McKinley, signed the protocol which will form the basis of a definite treaty of peace. It is but simple justice to our sister republic France to record the fact that to her good offices the speedy termination of a war that might have run on indefinitely was brought about, and the president himself deemed that action on the part of the French government worthy of special praise.

The President's Proclamation.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

WHEREAS, By a protocol concluded and signed August 12th, 1898, by William R. Day, secretary of state of the United States, and his excellency, Jules Cambon, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the republic of France, at Washington, respectively representing for this purpose and the government of the United States and the government of Spain, the United States and Spain have formally agreed upon terms on which negotiations for the establishment of peace between the two countries shall be undertaken; and

WHEREAS, It is in said protocol agreed that upon its conclusion and signature hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and that notice to that effect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces; now, therefore,

I, William McKinley, president of the United States, do, in accordance with the stipulations of the protocol, declare and proclaim on the part of the United States a suspension of hostilities, and do hereby command that orders be immediately given through the proper channels to the commanders of the military and naval forces of the United States to abstain from all acts inconsistent with this proclamation,

In witness whereof, I hereunto set my hand and cause the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 12th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and thirty-third.

By the President:

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

W. R. DAY, Secretary of State.

A copy of the above proclamation has been cable to our army and navy commanders. Spain will cable her commanders like instructions.

THE CLOSING CHAPTER.

The closing chapter of events that led up to the signature of the protocol and the cessation of hostilities is full of interest. These were rumors in the early morning that over night the French embassy had received the long expected final instructions from Madrid but these, upon inquiry, proved groundless, it being until half-past twelve that the note began to come from Madrid in small lots. The state department was soon advised of the fact that the message was under transmission, but it is evident that it would be long and its reception would occupy much time.

At 2:45 o'clock Secretary Thiebaut, of the French embassy, appeared at the state department to inform Day that the ambassador was in full possession of the note, and was fully empowered to sign the protocol for Spain, and only awaited the pleasure of the state department. He intimated that the ambassador would be pleased to have the final ceremony conducted in the presence of the president, where the negotiations were begun.

Leaving the secretary of the embassy in his office, Day made a short visit to the White House to learn the president's wishes in the matter. The latter immediately consented to accept the suggestion, and Thiebaut hastened to inform his principal that the president would receive him at the White House at four o'clock.

At the appointed hour a driving rainstorm prevailed, obliging all parties to resort to carriages for transportation to the White House. Day came to the office with a large portfolio under his arm enclosing copies of the protocol, the proclamation to be issued by the president stopping hostilities, and some other necessary papers. He was accompanied by Assistant Secretary Moore, Second Assistant Secretary Adeo and Third Assistant Secretary Cridler.

They went immediately into the cabinet room, where the president sat, waiting. He had invited to be present Assistant Secretaries Pruden and Cortelvou and Lieutenant Colonel Montgomery.

SIGNING THE PROTOCOL.

At 4:05 Cambon and Thiebaut were announced to the waiting party in the cabinet room and were ushered into their presence. After an exchange of diplomatic courtesies, unnecessary loss of time did not occur and Assistant Secretary of state Cridler, on the part of the United States, and Thiebaut, on the part of Spain, retired to a window where there was a critical examination of the protocol.

This inspection had all the outward formalities due a document of this importance. It was prepared in duplicate, one copy to be retained by the United States government and the other by Spain.

The text was handsomely engrossed in running Old English script, each copy of the protocol being arranged in double column, French and English standing alongside for easy comparison as to the exactness of the translation. The two copies were alike, except that the one held by this government has the English text in the first column and the signature of Secretary Day is ahead of that of Cambon, while the copy transmitted to Spain has French in the first column and the signature of Cambon ahead of Day.

The protocol sent to Spain was accompanied by credentials issued by McKinley, specially empowering the secretary of state to affix his signature to the document. Later the American copy of the protocol will be accompanied by the written credentials of the Spanish government sent by Cambon, and bearing the signature of Queen Christina.

The cable dispatch received by him to-day conferred full authority to sign the protocol, and stated that written authorization would follow.

Prior to the ceremony to-day Thiebaut showed the cable dispatch to Day, and it was accepted as sufficient to enable the ambassador to sign on behalf of Spain.

When the written authorization arrives it will be presented to the state department to accompany the protocol.

An examination of the protocol was satisfactory and the document was handed to Cambon first, and then to day, who affixed their signatures on each side of the two copies. Then the last details in making the protocol binding was administered by Assistant Secretary Cridler, in charge of the chancery work, who at

LIEUT. HOBSON TALKS.

He Gives a Graphic Description of How He Sank the Merrimac.

When Lieut. Hobson returned to the American vessels after being exchanged, he received along with his men a great ovation. A correspondent says:

"It was not until he was safe once more on deck that the crew of the New York cheered and then they broke out into a wild yell which went up over and over again until the men were hoarse. Numbers of the crew rushed forward on the quarterdeck and a great group of men struggled around the tall figure of the man who dared so much.

Hobson sat once more among his messmates and told the story of his experience, his marvelous escape and the imprisonment in Morro Castle, watching the shells explode outside his cell under the muderous fire.

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

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

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

"Not a man must move," I said, and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that all of us were not killed as the shells rained over us and the minutes became hours of suspense. When the water came upon the Merrimac's deck catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but was still made fast to the boom and we caught hold of the edge and clung on, our heads being above the water.

"One man thought we were safer right there; it was quite light, the firing had ceased except that on the New York's launch and I feared Ensign Powell and his men were killed.

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

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

"Then we were put in cells in Morro Castle and later taken to Santiago."

The young hero could not understand his promised exceptional promotion but was overjoyed to learn that his bravery had been recognized by the people. The crew who came with him received a ringing reception. All are doing well."

A STORY IS RETOLD.

Osborne Deignan Narrates Again the Story of the Merrimac.

GREAT OVATION TO A PLUCKY SAILOR

He Tells Story of That Awful Night in the Santiago Bay and Subsequent Imprisonment With Comrades in the Morro.

Stuart, Nov. 14.—The details of the great reception given to Osborn Deignan, a member of the little band of sailors who volunteered under Lieutenant Hobson to undertake the most daring and dangerous feat known in naval history, here Saturday, are known by this time all over Iowa and, in fact, all over the country. The attempts of the pretty young women to "Hobsonize" the young man at the depot, and their rather crestfallen defeat, are also known to a rather astonished public, as well as the subsequent surrender of the young hero at his home to the self same persistent young women. It was a great day for Stuart, a day that will be talked about here in the centuries to come. No one will ever forget how the bands played, how the people cheered, how even the flags and bunting that decorated every building in Stuart, fluttered as the young man in whose honor the great demonstration was made, walked by the side of his brother, through the streets of the town. It was a grand scene, and most perfectly illustrated the claim that the road to greatness in this country is open to every man.

Saturday night a grand reception was held and prominent men formally welcomed the young man.

Relates the Thrilling Story.

To a press representative he talked interestingly of the incident which has made the name of Hobson and his crew known to the whole civilized world. He said:

"When it became known to us that volunteers were to be asked for to take the Merrimac into the mouth of Santiago and sink her, I, along with about 6,000 other sailors, applied for permission to be a part of that crew. I had re-enlisted in the navy the day following the outbreak of the war, and was assigned to the Merrimac. I appealed to the captain to use his influence to have me selected as one of the men to help sink the ship, and he was successful. We were told of the dangers that would be met with and assured that there was no possible hope of coming out alive. And we were further advised that if we should be so fortunate as to escape death from the shot and shell of the forts and batteries, it would only be to meet a worse fate at the hands of the Spanish, who know so well how to torture prisoners.

"When the selection of the men had been made the fortunate, or rather the unfortunate, ones, were brought to the deck of the Merrimac and the others of the regular crew were taken off by the New York. We stripped the vessel and were given our instructions by Lieutenant Hobson. It was decided that we should enter the harbor on the morning of the 2d of July. We were to be chased into the harbor by the New York who was to fire blank cartridges so as to confuse the enemy and divert their attention from the Merrimac. But the New York did not show up, and after cruising about for some time we returned to our former position. This suspense was the worst part of the work. It was almost unbearable. We could barely make out the fortifications and the black shadow cast by Morro castle, and every minute we expected to be blown out of the water by a broadside from them.

"The next night we tried it again, and with what success the world knows. The night was dark as pitch, the sea was smooth, and it seemed to us that the weather was never more favorable for carrying sound. Every throb of the engine sounded like the puffing of a locomotive. I was placed at the wheel. Hobson stood on the deck and with him was Messenger Charette. These were the only two of the men within my vision, although I knew that one of the crew was stationed on the deck beneath me to take my place at the wheel in case of my death or injury. I had heard such an order given at the time arrangements were made. I confess that when Hobson gave orders to Randolph Claussen to remain on deck and to take the place of Deignan when killed, his words sent a chill through me. You must understand that the work we had to do was different from going into action regularly. We were sneaking over the mines and under the guns of the enemy at a time of night when men are apt to be cowardly. We would, and did, actually welcome the time when the monotony and suspense were broken by shots from the Spanish guns.

"We had advanced much farther into the harbor than we thought possible without detection, when suddenly there came flashes from the dark shores and immediately the sea about us began to

foam from the churning given it by shot and shell. The first shot carried away my cap, and the second hit the Merrimac in a vital part, for she listed to starboard and refused to answer the helm. I called to Lieutenant Hobson that something was wrong with the steering gear; that the ship was helpless in my hands. He ordered his messenger to go below and learn how bad we were damaged. Hobson then ordered me to lash the wheel, and to go below and touch off my mine. I did this, and then went amidships on the starboard side, where the crew had been ordered to meet. The other members of the crew touched off their mines that had been assigned to them and we clustered together and awaited the sinking of the ship. All this time the shots from the enemy were plowing the sea. The night, which had been dark as Egypt, was made light as day by the constant flashes from their heavy guns, and the place seemed a veritable inferno. We were ordered to keep low on the deck below the rail, as to stand erect made us a good target for the Spanish.

"Thus we floated about, and in forty minutes from the time of our entrance the Merrimac sank, and we were cast off into the water. We clung to a raft that had been provided for the purpose and none of us were taken down by the suction. At 6 o'clock in the morning we were rescued by Admiral Cervera, as you know. I learned later that the accident to our rudder gear was due to the picket boat of the Mercedes, which had slipped up and shot away our rudder chain. When the Merrimac sank the heavy guns ceased, but the rifles of the Spanish kept pecking away at everything which resembled a floating human being until morning.

"We were taken aboard a Spanish ship, given dry clothes and food, and submitted to close questioning. The Spanish wanted to know how many guns the Merrimac carried and how many shots we had fired. The Spaniards actually believed that we had batteries on the Merrimac, and would not believe that we were armed with nothing more deadly than revolvers.

How Spanish Killed Each Other.

"The Spanish had kept us under a severe cross-fire, but at the same time they were pouring shot into each other and with deadly effect. Each fortification supposed that it was being pelted by our guns, when in reality it was being fired into by Spanish guns on the other side of the harbor.

"We were taken to Morro Castle and placed in a cell 20x20. It was a damp, musty room in the basement of the old pile. We remained there until the British consul interceded for our removal when we were taken to the military hospital within the city of Santiago.

A Guard Gets Scared.

"While we were in Morro the ships of Sampson bombarded the old castle. One shot fell near the door of our cell, and a part of it knocked the gun from the hands of our guard. The Spaniard dropped to his knees and began to pray. A Spanish corporal came along and kicked the guard most unmercifully in the stomach, at the same time upbraiding him for exhibiting such cowardice before the Americans.

A Precarious Moment.

"We were well treated by the Spanish with a few exceptions. They gave us as much to eat as they had themselves, which was not the best, to be sure. One of the exceptions mentioned was

when the American troops began to close in on the city. When the first wounded Spaniard was brought in, shot through the breast, our guard became angry and shoved the barrel of his carbine through the bars of our cell swearing that he would kill us. There was no protection within and we thought our time had come. We had heard much of the savagery of the Spanish, and felt that our chances for escaping their vengeance was slight, and when this fellow drew his weapon upon us we concluded that the time for the assassination had arrived. But an officer arrived upon the scene in time to jerk away the weapon. The officer threw the loads from the carbine and had the guard sent away. We never saw him again.

Are Finally Exchanged.

"We were exchanged on July 6, and a happy moment it was to us. The Spaniards marched us through the city blindfolded, and hauled us about twelve miles, or until we were well between the lines, in an army wagon drawn by four mules. It was the roughest ride I ever took. The music of the American bands was the sweetest that ever fell upon mortal ear, in our judgment. On July 9 I was transferred to the Resolute and on Aug. 10 our ship took part in the bombardment of Manzanilla. We next went to Portsmouth and later carried the peace commissioners to Havana.

"Three of us could talk Spanish, and from one of the guards we learned that the Merrimac had been struck by two torpedoes. But one of these was a dummy, the Spanish having become so excited at the appearance of the Merrimac at close quarters that they actually fired a dummy torpedo into us. It should not be forgotten as an incident of that affair that the Mercedes, the Spanish warship that was left to guard the entrance to the harbor, fled before our approach without firing but a few shots. They mistook us for some horrible agent of destruction that had been conjured up by the 'American pigs' and ran at our approach. We drifted up the channel farther than was intended by reason of our broken rudder, and as a consequence the Merrimac did not block the entrance.

Story Was a Canard.

"The story of a stowaway on the Merrimac is a canard. No seamen sneaked aboard in order to be taken on the excursion into the mouth of the harbor. The men who composed the crew were: Randolph Claussen, the man who was to take my place at the wheel when I had been killed, now on the Texas; John Murphy, now of the Celtic; Dan Montague, now on the Lancaster; George Charrette, now a gunner on the Iowa; George Phillips, engineer, now on the Vermont, and Frank Kelley, fireman, also one of the crew of the Vermont.

Has No Sweetheart.

"The story that I have a sweetheart is a fake even bigger than the story of the castaway. It don't do for a sailor to have sweethearts; their business is along other lines, and as I expect to make fighting my trade for some time to come, I have no thought along the lines laid out for me by kind friends."

Biographical.

OSBORN W. DEIGMAN was born at Stuart, Iowa, in February, 1877. His maternal grandparents were Scotch and Dutch, respectively, while his father's parents were French (Deigman) and Irish. John W. Deigman, the father,

was conductor on the ill-fated train that was wrecked in the Grand, Iowa, cyclone in 1882, and was killed. Mrs. Deigman was subsequently married to Mahlon Grim, at Stuart, where they still reside. Osborn has a brother Frank L., of Seattle, and a sister, Mrs. Magdalene D. Kandie, of Louisville, Kansas.

He expects to remain in the navy to the end of his enlistment, some two and a half years hence. Further than that he has no definite plans.

WAS IN THE FIGHT

THIRSTED FOR SPANISH BLOOD.

Lieut. John Morrison's Experiences Before Santiago. Hardships Were Forgotten in the Supreme Desire To Kill the Dons.

While at Hedrick recently an Ottumwa Courier representative met Lieutenant John Morrison, of the Third United States cavalry, who was visiting relatives at Hedrick, and in conversation with the young officer much was learned concerning the action of our troops before Santiago.

Lieutenant Morrison is the son of Hedrick's efficient postmaster. He obtained appointment to West Point through Hon. John F. Lacey's influence, and was a classmate of Adjutant General Wheeler, and the fact that he is one of the few West Point graduates from Iowa to win distinction in the American-Spanish war, makes his information given of considerable local interest.

Lieutenant Morrison and his regiment, the Third United States cavalry, went to Cuba with Shafter's command, which was the first to sail from Tampa. Immediately upon landing every American was possessed with the supreme desire to kill Spaniards, and throughout the campaign, no matter how great the hardships, it remained a remarkable fact that the thirst for Spanish blood on the part of the Americans was no less than a frenzy.

As far as decisive results are concerned, little was done by the invading forces throughout the month of June because of the want of heavy artillery and on account of the almost impassible condition of the roads in the territory occupied. In spite of this, however, the men in the field accomplished much with their light arms and were preparing things for the daily expected arrival of General Miles. The first three days of July saw the most work for Uncle Sam's men, who by July 1st were all in the trenches. In regard to the trenches the work of the two armies presents a notable contrast. How our men conducted themselves is well known to every reader of the newspapers, but the conditions of the Spanish during the period of entrenchment have not yet been given publication. The Spanish trench

consisted of a simple ditch about 18 inches wide (barely wide enough for the soldiers to stand in), three feet in depth. In front of this was thrown the dirt taken from the excavation. In this, while fighting, the Spaniard remained in an uncomfortable position, stooping to conceal himself while loading his firearm. Behind the men and having little or no protection, were the officers, who were compelled to remain constantly at their post to force the men into fighting. The firing was done only at a signal from the officers, and was only in volleys.

With Miles' arrival at Santiago came plenty of siege artillery, and it was after all this was in position that Miles, Shafter and Toral had their famous conference, during which Miles and Shafter revealed to the Spanish general the strength of their forces and represented to him the foolhardiness of further resistance. The result was the days parleying, during which Toral was seeking authority from the Madrid government to surrender. The flight of the Spanish from their trenches when our men were fully 800 yards distant is one of the blots that will always remain upon the much vaunted Spanish valor.

After the fall of Santiago Lieut. Morrison visited the city with his command, but afterward withdrew from the place and encamped higher up on the mountain side because of better sanitary conditions.

In speaking of the service of the cavalry regiments Lieutenant Morrison laid great stress upon the fact that though accustomed to strict cavalry work, the men went through the entire campaign dismounted. In fact said he, 'Gen. Shafter was the only man who appeared upon the fighting line mounted, if you can call being perched upon the seat of a two-wheeled cart drawn by an indifferently fed army mule mounted. The Mauser rifles were an advantage that, in the opinion of the lieutenant, should have resulted favorably for the Spanish. This bullet is 1½ inches in length by ½ inch in thickness, is encased in a steel shell and is so deadly because it carries up so perfectly.

Lieutenant Morrison's command left Santiago about August 8th and arrived at Montauk August 14th where they have since been in camp. The regiment was brought into public notice at the recent funeral of young Wheeler on which occasion they acted as body guard. (The account of the funeral was given in detail in the dispatches of Friday's Courier.) Lieut. Morrison is now in St. Louis, and will spend the remainder of his leave of absence visiting friends and attending to business matters returning to his regiment about Oct. 1.

RAISING THE FLAG.

Thrilling Scenes That Will Live Forever in Minds of Americans.

Santiago de Cuba, Sunday, July 17, 1 p. m.—The American flag is floating in triumph over the governor's place at Santiago.

General McKibbin has been appointed temporary military governor.

The ceremony of hoisting the Stars and Stripes was worth all the blood and treasure it cost. A vast concourse of 10,000 people witnessed the stirring and thrilling scenes that will live forever in the minds of all the Americans present. A finer stage setting for a dramatic episode would be difficult to imagine. The palace, a picturesque old dwelling in the Moorish style of architecture, faces the Plaza de La Reina, the principal public square. Opposite rises the imposing Catholic cathedral. On one side is a quaint, brilliantly painted building, with verandas—the club of San Carlos—on the other, a building of much the same description, is the Cafe de La Venus.

Across the Plaza was drawn up the Ninth infantry, headed by the Sixth Cavalry band. In the street facing the palace stood a picked troop of the Second cavalry, with drawn sabres, under command of Captain Brett. Massed on the stone flagging between the band and the line of horsemen were the brigade commanders of General Shafter's division, with their staffs.

On the red tiled roof of the palace stood Captain McKittrick, Lieutenant Miley and Lieutenant Wheeler, immediately above them, upon the flagstaff, the illuminated Spanish arms and the legend "Viva Alfonso XIII." All about, pressing against the veranda rails, crowding to windows and doors and lining the roofs were the people of the town, principally women and noncombatants. As the chimes of the old cathedral rang out the hour of 12, the infantry and cavalry presented arms. Every American uncovered, and Captain McKittrick hoisted the Stars and Stripes. As the brilliant folds unfurled in a gentle breeze against a fleckless sky, the cavalry band broke into the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," making the American pulse and the American heart leap with joy.

At the same instant the sound of the distant booming of Captain Capron's battery, firing a salute of twenty-one guns, drifted in. When the music ceased, from all directions around our line came floating across the plaza the strains of the regimental bands and the muffled hoarse cheers of our troops.

The infantry came to "order arms" a moment later, after the flag was up, and the band played "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys." Instantly General McKibbin called for three cheers for General Shafter, which were given with great enthusiasm, the band playing Sousa's "The Star and Stripes Forever."

The ceremony over, General Shafter and his staff returned to the American lines, leaving the city in possession of the municipal authorities, subject to the control of General McKibbin.

LAFE YOUNG ON CUBA

"Sixty-three Days With Shafter Before Santiago."

THE EDITOR SPEAKS IN OTTUMWA.

A Graphic Description of the Campaign of the Spanish-American War—A Synopsis of the Lecture.

"A human being could live from the cradle to the grave, without doing an hour's work, subsisting on the natural fruits of the forest," said Lafe Young, editor of the Des Moines Capital, in his lecture on Cuba and the Santiago campaign at the Turner opera house last evening. The lecture was under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Phillip, and was not as largely attended as it deserved. The members of Company G were there in a body and Mr. Young was introduced by A. W. Buchanan, president of the Brotherhood, and said in part as follows:

In January, February and March, 1898, the eyes of the entire world were centered on the United States, every nation wondering whether the dispute between this country and Spain would be settled by diplomacy or the sword. With one exception the sympathy of every nation was with us. There were those who prophesied failure on our part were the sword resorted to. They said we had no navy; that we were a mixed people and would not be loyal to the government in a case of emergency, and that only a few years ago we were at war among ourselves. There were not a few of the leading nations who held aloof awaiting as they believed an opportunity to come in and secure a slice of a disrupted government which they anticipated would be the result of a war between this country and Spain. One nation, especially, wanted New Jersey. It did not want very much but it wanted the best.

In February congress appropriated five million dollars for the purpose of defraying the expense of conducting the war. Democrats and republicans and people from every walk in life flocked to the defense of their country.

Time went on and then came the report from Manila bay regarding the remarkable marksmanship of our men at the guns. Capt. Perry's achievements grow dim when compared with those of the illustrious Dewey. Up to the time of the battle in Manila bay, Dewey had scarcely been heard of, but since that time there have been more galley babies named in honor of the gallant officer, than were ever named after George Washington in the same length of time.

Dewey's naval achievements caused Germany to stop and think it over. France decided at once that she would be satisfied to continue her commerce in silks, ribbons, etc., with us, and Italy did not care for any interference whatever. Johnny Bull with his "come to my arms" policy said it was "the triumph of the Anglo Saxon race," thus taking a part of the glory himself.

One year ago last night Mr. Young landed in Tampa, Fla., where the fifth volunteer army corps was rapidly concentrating under Gen. Shafter. It was five weeks before they embarked for Cuba, during which time the United States government was busily engaged securing barges and making phenomenal strides towards raising, equipping and embarking this mighty army. The forces there assembled comprised men from every walk of life, men who knew ought of warfare, but who were determined as were their forefathers who went down in the noble cause of right and justice. Our forces were underestimated abroad and the only place for adjustment was on the battlefield.

Here the speaker described the scenes of embarking at Tampa and the subsequent landing at Cuba, with which every newspaper reader is perfectly familiar. The thirty-five newspaper men, including Mr. Young, embarked on the Olivette, which was also used as a hospital boat and for the accommodation of men from almost every foreign land, who had come to take a post graduate course in the art of the wholesale killing of men. On June 8 there were fifty vessels, bearing 27,000 souls, to Cuba. It was the largest fleet since that of the Spanish armada, which went out to defeat the English fleet, but returned on the installment plan. Among the many trying incidents of the tedious journey and the long period of waiting before effecting a landing, Mr. Young told how the newspaper scribes wrote everything they could think of, read and re-read everything they could find, until one morning he said that one of the press representatives was actually found reading a bible.

On June 20 they were in front of Santiago and Moro castle, mingling with the blockading fleets of Schley and Sampson. A very graphic description of the bombardment and subsequent fall of the Spanish stronghold at that point followed. He told of the landing and the patriotism which made the advances of the American troops as invincible as can be expressed by the fullest definition of the term; the ups and downs of camp life, and the experience of being under the first fire. He related the incident of the killing of Hamilton Fish and the subsequent wounding of the Indian who was quartered behind the same tree with Fish.

The speaker gave multitudes of incidents of camp life, the marches, the food supply and the general experience of the tenderfoot in war, up to the time of the battle of San Juan and El Caney, beyond which he does not carry the narrative.

Mr. Young went to the war at his own expense to see and learn, and while he has come into much prominence as a lecturer on the above subject, he says he is only a plain newspaper man and has no ambition outside of his profession.

THE FUTURE OF CUBA

What Will Be the Form of Its Government?

UNCLE SAM'S KNOTTY PROBLEM.

The Military Occupation of the United States Will Doubtless Continue Until Good Order Is Restored.

The problem of the future government of Cuba is one of the most serious that now confront the people of the United States, and this not solely owing to the inherent difficulties involved in the question per se, great as they are, but also from the fact that its solution involves to a certain extent a change in our policy, a cutting loose as it were from our traditional moorings.

It is supposed by some that such a form of government as has been administered in territories within the limits of this country would be suitable for the island, and by others that a government analogous to that of Canada would meet the requirements of the case. Neither of these, I imagine, will meet with the approval of the president and his cabinet, and neither, I think, would be admissible in the case of Cuba. The territorial form of government in this country, it is almost needless to remark, is but a temporary administration of public affairs adopted in sparsely populated districts until the people are sufficiently numerous to be admitted to the privileges of statehood. Can-

will be supported by our soldiers in the performance of their functions. Doubtless the military regime will be of the mildest possible character and will not make itself felt unless circumstances render it necessary.

But this manner of ruling Cuba, though undoubtedly the best and the only one possible at first, can only be of temporary duration. Neither the people of Cuba nor those of the United States could wish for such a condition of things to remain permanent.

In the president's message proposing intervention in Cuba he uses the following language: "The only hope of relief and repose from a condition that can be no longer endured is the enforced pacification of Cuba. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop."

To engage in a war from motives so noble is something that could be but rarely credited to any nation during the history of the world. The personal element has almost invariably been an important factor in all wars, and however lofty might be the pretenses national aggrandizement has largely been the ruling motive.

We cannot for a moment attribute any such ulterior designs to Mr. McKinley. He meant undoubtedly precisely what he said. Our nation interfered for the cause of humanity, and unless we would fall from this lofty pedestal it is incumbent upon us to show to the world that this was our reason for going to war with Spain and no other. This of course imposes certain restrictions upon us in our dealings with Cuba. It was well understood at the time the war began that we were in duty and honor bound to give the struggling Cubans if possible these privileges of a political liberty which forms the cornerstone of our constitution. Since our Declaration of Independence we have held, whether rightly or wrongly, that governments can exist only by the consent of the governed, and holding this political creed it is difficult to see how we can refuse the Cubans what they have been fighting to gain for so many years.

The war resolution adopted by both houses of congress on April 19 is still more explicit and concedes to the Cubans the right to be free and independent. The full text of the momentous resolution that precipitated the conflict with Spain can be appropriately introduced in this connection:

Whereas, The abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating as they have in the destruction of a United States battleship, with 260 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the president of the United States in his message to congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of congress was invited, therefore be it resolved:

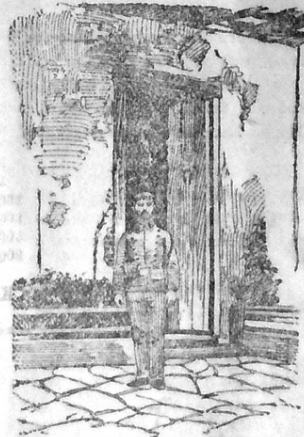
First.—That the people of the island of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent.

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

Third.—That the president of the United States be and he hereby is directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States and to call into the actual service of the United States as many of the several states to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

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

This resolution goes much further than to declare the right of the struggling Cubans to freedom and independence. It declares, in fact, that the



A SPANISH MILITARY POLICEMAN.

ada is a self governed country, practically independent, and bound to the mother country by a purely voluntary tie. Such a form of government in Cuba, with merely a bond of sympathy and affection to attach her to the United States, is scarcely conceivable, at least at present.

For some time to come there can be but little doubt that the government of the island by the United States will be quasi military in its character. The legal and other public officials, whether appointed afresh or continued in office

United States would secure their that right and would afterward leave them to govern themselves as soon as the pacification of the island had been secured. This last is the saving clause. From present indications in the island it will undoubtedly be some time yet before peace shall be so completely restored as to warrant the removal of our troops and the delegation of all authority in Cuba to its inhabitants.

The right to freedom and self government conceded in the Declaration of Independence and admitted in the war



BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON.
(United States military governor of Santiago province.)

resolution quoted presupposes, I presume, that the people to be free to govern themselves are capable of doing so in a rational manner. There are many people still in the world that are not capable of governing themselves, and it is yet to be demonstrated whether the Cubans must be included in this category.

Were the United States troops removed from the island and all exercise of our authority there to cease, a plebiscite of the population under insurgent auspices would undoubtedly result favorably to the class to which the insurgents belong. Already the Cuban leaders of the revolt against Spain are claiming that the Spanish in the island and their supporters practically disfranchised themselves by the mere fact of their opposition. If General Garcia and his supporters have their way, the loss of their votes will not be the greatest of the disabilities which those who did not favor the insurrection will have imposed upon them. And many of these, be it noted, are the solid men of the country—its business men and the well to do and intelligent classes generally.

So well aware are they of this fact that nearly all of them favor annexation to the United States rather than independence. The singular spectacle is now presented in the island of Cuba of those being now our allies who were our enemies when our troops invaded the island, and those in whose behalf we went to war are now largely in opposition. The reason for these changes of feeling are not far to seek. The Spanish and their supporters have been protected and treated with a leniency they never expected, and the others have been restrained from reprisals upon their enemies and from a voice in the administration of public affairs.

In view of the strained relations existing between those two widely divided portions of the population of Cuba the humane motives that led this country to interfere in Cuba in the first place impose an obligation upon it to maintain its authority there until the people have demonstrated their capacity for governing themselves.

How long the country must keep Cuba in a state of tutelage is problematic. Possibly years may elapse before the Cubans will be in a condition to properly determine as to how they shall be governed. In the meantime the United States government will have the task imposed upon it of maintaining the reign of law in the island and of educating the unhomogeneous masses of its population to higher and purer notions of liberty and of their mutual obligations to each other and to society than they yet possess. This self imposed task is by no means an easy one. Those of Spanish birth or origin in Cuba, however intelligent they may be, have the Spaniards' inherent tendencies toward misrule and revolution.

It is believed to be the view of the president now that when order has been fully restored in Cuba and the people have settled down to their peaceful occupations a convention of the representatives of the people should be called to vote upon the question of a form of government for the island. This convention of representatives of the whole people, in the free exercise of their choice, might express a wish to become a colonial dependency of the United States or might favor a republican form of government, or possibly a majority might ask to be annexed to the United States. In any of these contingencies it is believed that their wishes would meet the approval of the president and his advisers.

NEIL MACDONALD.

LAY IN THE TRENCHES AT SANTIAGO.

Tells a Courier Reporter All About His Trip to Cuba and the Part He Took in the War—Some Amusing Incidents.

Private George Holt, of Company F, First Illinois volunteer infantry, arrived in Ottumwa Sunday afternoon, on Burlington No. 1, and is now at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Adams Holt, on East Court street. He will spend about half of his sixty day furlough in this city. Mr. Holt is still weak from sickness and is very thin, but is now well on his way to strength and health. When he left Chicago with the "dandy First" he weighed 150 pounds; now he weighs but 120. Since leaving Santiago he was in the hospital, both aboard ship and at Montauk Point and was barely well enough to come on the hospital train to Chicago last Saturday.

George Holt is, we believe, the only Ottumwa boy who saw fighting in Cuba. At the time the war broke out he was in Chicago, in the employ of the Whitebreast Fuel company. He enlisted in the First Illinois in April, and went into camp with that regiment at Springfield. The story of his experiences since, as told this morning to a Courier reporter in a personal interview, follows:

"After a few weeks spent in camp at Springfield," said Private Holt, "we were moved to Chickamauga, where we began a routine of hard drill that took all surplus flesh off the boys in short order. We were among the first regiments to leave Chickamauga, and the hard march to the train in the heat of the day was made doubly hard for us, because we took the wrong road and marched fourteen miles instead of only six. Many of the men in our

company dropped out of the ranks from exhaustion. I stayed in all right, though the lieutenant told me afterwards that he had picked me for the first man to give out.

"When we got to Port Tampa there was some trouble in the quartermaster's department, and we had to go a whole day without anything to eat. At Tampa, too, we began to get a taste of the excessive heat, which we were afterwards to undergo.

"On June 30 we went aboard the transports City of Macon and Gate City, and steamed down to Key West where we lay until July 4th, when we sailed for Cuba. I was on the City of Macon, a very good boat, except that she was small. There were about six boats in one fleet, from Key West, and we were convoyed by the Wilmington and the Machias. Some of the transports were slow tubs, so that we were forced to steam only about six knots an hour. Going through Windward passage we encountered rough, choppy seas, and many of the men were sea-sick. I was sick nearly all the way over. Neither my partner nor I could eat anything but hardtack, on which we spread some jelly that we bought on the ship. All the way we lay in hammocks by the rail, and when the miserable hardtack and jelly would stay down no longer we leaned over and bowed to the inevitable.

"On the 9th of July we reached Siboney, and immediately landed from the transports. We stayed at Siboney all that afternoon and night, and until four o'clock the next day. At four o'clock on July 10th we left Siboney on the long march to the front of the American army around Santiago. We marched until some time after dark, when we were allowed to eat, and go to sleep. At three o'clock in the morning we again started on the march. Part of the time now we were made to march 20 feet apart, for fear of Spanish sharpshooters who, our officers believed, were concealed in the hills along the road. When day broke we were almost up to Shafter's headquarters, and after a few minutes for breakfast as we pushed on again toward the firing line.

"We reached the firing line about noon, and details of 25 men were sent at once into the trenches. I was in the first detail from our company. In the trenches we were under fire, but were not allowed to do any firing ourselves as the regulars were throwing up trenches just in front of us. About two hours after we went into the ditches the first flag of truce raised by the Spanish was sent up and firing ceased.

"We were still kept in the trenches, however, and were told by our officers that we might expect fighting during the night. During the afternoon an officer of the hospital corps came through all the trenches occupied by our regiment, and gave each man a quinine pill, which was swallowed immediately. A little later some officer of the regiment got it into his head that the hospital officer was a Spanish spy, and the pills were poison. So we were all made to drink salt water, and stick our fingers down our throats until we vomited. The salt water made some of the boys very sick, indeed.

"Towards nightfall the details in the trenches received reinforcements of 25 men, so that each trench held 50 soldiers. We were keyed up to the high-

est pitch of excitement by our officers telling us that an attack by Spaniards was expected during the night, and that we, as the weakest place in the American lines, would have to bear the brunt of it. We were regarded as the weakest, you know, because we had never seen fighting, and were armed only with old-fashioned Springfields. These Springfields are a sort of unmounted cannon, anyway, and as each man had 100 rounds of ammunition for his piece, he was thoroughly loaded down. We were determined to make up in the weight of our metal for what we lacked in the range of our guns.

"Shortly after dark it began to rain, and rained all night in perfect sheets. The trenches began to fill with water, and the mud got as deep and slushy in them as in a hog-wallow.

"The excitement among the men was intense, so much so, in fact, that we forgot to mind lying in the mud and getting soaking wet. I don't think we could ever have stood it, had we not been so terribly excited. The man next to me couldn't keep still. Every time he saw the grass in front of the trench waving in the wind, or a sheet of rain driving over the face of the hill, he would think it was the Spanish. 'Here they come,' he would mutter to me, 'a squad of them—no, it's a company; no, by thunder, it's a regiment!'

"Some of the men were worse than he. Along down the line some fellow thought he saw the Spanish, and fired at them. Immediately his whole trench broke out with a volley. You bet the officers were down onto those fellows in a second's time, and they managed to hold their fire the rest of the night.

"Well, you can imagine that we thought the night would never end. Hungry, and soaking wet, and stiff as boards, we were mighty glad when day came, and they let us crawl out of those horrible trenches and stretch ourselves once more. We got a cup of coffee, when we were out, and nothing I ever tasted seemed as good as that warm drink after the night in the trenches.

"On the afternoon of the 11th we went into camp, and that night slept like logs. It was the first good sleep for two nights. It was not our turn to go into the trenches again for three days, and just as we were marching in for the second time, Santiago surrendered.

"We moved our camp later to San Juan hill, where the famous fight occurred. We had a very good camp here, and had it not been for the awful heat in the day time and the cold nights, would have had an easy time. While we were in camp here a member of my squad, John P. Lindberg, of Chicago, died in the division hospital. He died at 9 o'clock, and the lieutenant immediately awakened the members of our squad. We went to the hospital, secured the body, dug a grave under a tree, buried our comrade, and were again asleep by 11 o'clock. The next day we put up a good head-board, carved with his name, company and regiment, and made a plat of the grave, taking the distance from two roads so that his body can be found if it is ever wanted in this country.

"We left Santiago on the 25th of August, on the Berlin, being the last volunteer regiment to leave Cuba. The Berlin is a big, fast boat and we reached Montauk Point in five days. I strained myself in handling the water-

casks while we were embarking, and so was sick all the way home. When I got to Montauk I could scarcely stand. I was taken in an ambulance to the Red Cross hospital, from which I was released just in time to come home on the First Illinois hospital train.

"Now that the thing is all over, I am glad that I have had the experience, but I wouldn't go through it again for worlds."

Mr. Holt secured, while in Cuba, many mementoes and curiosities which are very interesting. Many of those which he prized most highly he was obliged to throw away because he could not carry them. One of these was a piece of the tree under which the surrender took place. A Krag-Jorgensen shell picked up on San Juan hill after the big fight there, was presented by Mr. Holt to the Courier reporter, and will be highly prized as a memento of the late war. George Holt will return, when he again recovers his health, to accept his old position with the Whitebreast Fuel company, of Chicago.

From C. L. HEADLEY 13th U.S.I.

CAMP AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

July 17, 1898.

Dear friend McDonald:—I received your most welcome letter several days ago, and am glad to say that I am well and as stout as a mule. We never knew anything about hard service until we landed in Cuba, on June 22d. Since then I have not slept with my clothes off—not even my shoes. My gun is my bunk. My clothes are wet all the time, either by sweat or rain, for it rains every day.

Nearly all the clothes I have are a blue shirt, pants, hat, shoes, one pair woolen socks, and a handkerchief. We left everything else along the road, and after the battle I got a pancho and shelter tent. All our underclothes we threw away along with our blankets—too hot for a blanket in this country.

On the morning of July 1st, at about 7 a. m., we attacked the Spaniards in a strong position in a little town by the name of "Camie." There were 1300 Spaniards there, and only 27 of them lived to get away; while our loss was 1800 or more killed and wounded. The battle lasted 9½ hours, without a stop. We numbered about 6000, but they were in deep trenches and in a big stone block-house, while we laid on the tops of the little hills and kept popping away at them whenever one showed himself.

At about 3 p. m. they started to retreat on the road to the city, and as they came along the road we just mowed them down by the hundred. We killed and captured all but 27, and at dark we took up the march (what was left of us) for the city of Santiago de Cuba, where they had also been fighting all day. Our loss at both places on that day was about 1800 killed and wounded. The 22d

Infantry was in front all the time. We lost our colonel, killed; our lieutenant-colonel, 3 captains and 5 lieutenants wounded. In my own company, one corporal killed; our captain, one sergeant, 2 corporals and 8 privates wounded, out of 53 men.

The battle opened in great shape next morning and lasted until noon when a truce was opened. The city was asked to surrender but would not and they got 24 hours to think it over. Early on the morning of the 3rd the Spanish fleet sailed out of the bay but our Sampson destroyed everyone of their ships and captured them before they got a mile from the entrance, the Spanish army made a dash at our lines but were sent back in a hurry. We lost two men killed and one wounded in that skirmish and a shell struck about 20 yards behind us, we could feel the wind in our face as it passed over us. Like the other fight the bullets were as thick as hornets and how I got through without a scratch is a mystery to me.

At one time we had a cross fire, coming from front and flank and I was helping another, Newcome, to bind up the Captain's wound, it got too hot and our Major told us to leave him and get out of there. We left but the Sergt. only got a short way when a shot went through him from his back, came out of his mouth. He was just behind me and I did not know when he fell, but we found him after the fight was over. All the shade was full of wounded men and when we got them all carried in we were completely worn out.

We rested and had supper. We had not had any breakfast and all the dinner we had we had eaten under fire. After supper we started for Santiago but did not get there until the next morning and marched for miles along the line where stray bullets and a few big howling shells kept dropping among us but not many were hurt. There was a steady stream of wounded men coming to the rear from those on the firing line.

The 21st, 16th, 13th Infantry and 71st N. Y. volunteers were cut up pretty bad and I heard that Captain Guthrie was badly wounded July 20th. More than half of my company are on the sick keport and we expect to return to the United States soon to rest, but I am getting on too fast.

From July 2nd to 14th we lay in the trenches around Santiago and on the 14th the Spanish general surrendered the province of Santiago de Cuba. The city with its garrison of 12000 troops and 8000 more to the east of us who were held back by the Cubans. So we have captured 20000 Spanish soldiers so far

and killed more than we will ever know. We all felt glad when we got news of the surrender and hope the war will soon end but have to fight for Havana it will take a long time yet.

I like the Island and probably shall settle here when the war is over and peace established, for it is a beautiful country.

The Spaniards are getting onto ships to go home to Spain as rapidly as possible, but we will probably be held here two or three weeks yet. Then I hear we are to be taken back to some healthy place on the Atlantic coast, to rest up, get the companies filled up to 106 men, drill them into shape, and after the rainy season is over, go back to Cuba or some other place till the war is over.

Well, Mac, I must close for this time. You must excuse my not paying the postage, for we have neither paper, envelopes nor stamps, except as you see. Direct to

C. L. HEADLEY,
Co. "G," 22nd Infantry,
Camp near Santiago de Cuba,
West Indies.

FROM PORTO RICO

A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER BOY

The Writer is a Bunkey of Alva Allen, a Keokuk County Lad, Who Lives With His Father, D. E. Allen, Near Keswick.

THE KEOKUK COUNTY NEWS publishes a letter from Porto Rico, written by a comrade of Alva Allen, son of D. E. Allen of Adams township, this county. Mr. Allen says the boy is getting along nicely. The letter is very instructive of the clime and habits of its citizens in that far away country.

UTUADA, PORTO RICO, Aug. 20:—On every side of our camp, as far as the eye can see, there are mountains luxuriantly vegetated and producing not only innumerable flowers, but coffee, bananas, oranges, lemons etc. On the sides of these mountains are to be seen at spare intervals the thatched huts of the plantation laborers, who like some of the states, seem to prefer noble outlooks for their homes. However, the real reason for their choice is more practical, that of being near their labors on the hacienda.

In the morning white, fleece-like clouds ascend the mountains and hang about them like veils of chiffon, until the day is well advanced—or even all day long, if the day be not too bright.

The pueblo or village, though only a mile to the southeast, is not visible from our location being in a small valley which debouches toward the east from the main valley of the Arecibos. It is on the western bank of the little river just named that our regiment is encamped, and a ridge or low mountain intervenes between us and the pueblo. The fine military road leading from Utuado to the city of Arecibos also passes by our camp and every day many soldiers are to be seen leisurely following its course around the ridge into the village in search of something to satisfy both their curiosity and that inner physical craving which coffee and hard tack unaided fail to silence.

Owing to some hitch or other, rations have been almost unprecedentedly short in camp since we left Abjuntas, and besides many if the messes were obliged to leave their stoves, kettles, etc., forcing the men in some cases to boil their coffee in their own dippers. Last evening, however, an additional pack train arrived from Ponce, bringing enough supplies to relieve a situation that had begun to grow desperate.

The shops and restaurants of Utuado prove disappointing to the soldier in quest of something palatable. Even ripe bananas seem to be at a premium, though green ones are hanging in nearly every restaurant. Fruits of any description are, strange to say, offered for sale only in rare cases. I have seen a few comrades with pineapples in their possession since we arrived on the Island, but I have never seen one exposed for sale, not even in Ponce. Most of the ripe bananas I have seen are a small variety about two inches in length. They have a fine flavor and cost about 2 or 3 cents a dozen. The large variety when ripe are about 10 inches long and a single banana is enough for an extravagant indulgence. The mango which intruded itself upon us in great plenty on the southern coast is not seen here at all; for which relief much thanks, as the mango, though pleasant to look upon and passionately loved by natives, is an unwholesome enough diet for northerners.

In one restaurant on the main street of Utuado I found the nearest approach to the American lunch counter that I have yet seen in Porto Rico. Instead of a counter was a long, low table extending across the room with a broad seat in front. Here rice, red beans and a kind of meat stew were served at 10 centos per dish. Coffee, strong but of fair flavor, went at 4 centos per cup.

The streets and buildings are apparently strangers to that very abundant medium—water. I have not yet seen a Porto Rican scrubbing

or even sweeping. Though in Ponce certain establishments in the business district bore evidence of attention in that direction, the provincial towns appear to have no knowledge of the mop or broom. And hence it is that villainous odors annoy the air as one strolls about the streets of Utuado in a futile search for the commonest necessities.

One article that is seen hanging in nearly every trading establishment is a scrawny brand of yellow Indian corn, which is suspended by the husk like our seed corn. This to Porto Ricans is a rarity. Small boys hawk corn patty cakes about the street together with native cocoa-nut candy. At Adjuntas freshly boiled ears of corn were sold on the streets at 5 cents per ear by vendors of both sexes, who screamed at the top of their voices. The corn is grown here on the mountain sikes in small patches and if meal is desired it is ground in mortars. Wheat flour is a luxury which only the wealthy can afford, and hence we see the natives clamoring for hard tack with more eagerness than for money itself. A hard tack or two satisfies the natives for a surprising amount of drugery around camp. I have seen stands at street corners where hard tack had been accumulated among the soldiers were sold like "hot cakes." Around these the natives would cluster like flies. It will be a blessing indeed when American farinaceous products are allowed to enter this island without a cruel system of taxation operating to raise them beyond the reach of the humble. Then there will be seen in this island fewer emaciated hollow eyed faces.

One of the most conspicuous sights in Utuado is the cemetery. This is prominently situated in the edge of town nearest our camp and must be passed by in order to reach Utuado by the main highway. This ancient burial place is surrounded with a massive brick wall with arched gates. When the retreating Spaniards passed through here a short time ago, they seem to have determined to resist the prospective America advance and to that end they cut numerous port holes through the wall of the grave yard, intending to adopt it to the uses of a fort. Spanish shortsightedness and incompetency could find no better illustration, for towering above the cemetery on two sides are high bluffs from whose summits American marksmen could have easily commanded the interior of the fort and wiped out every Spaniard.

This place is a favorite resort for those of our number who crave unusual sights. The ground is literally strewn with the bones of cadavers that have, according to Spanish custom, been exhumed in find-

ing for newly departed soldiers a resting place for their mortal vesture in holy ground.

Though a hundred years behind the times in nearly every essential respect, there is at least one feature of this mountain pueblo that is of modern pretense. It has electric lights. As by orders from the diligent commander, no soldier of this brigade is allowed in Utuado after dark, I have not been privileged to gaze upon these glims and compare them with those of American towns.

Since we arrived here, now almost a week ago, the rainfall has been almost perpetual. This is indeed the rainy season in Porto Rico. The ground where our regiment is encamped, though superior to that at Ajuntas, is wet and as I believe, unhealthy. The Massachusetts quarters are simply appalling.

Not alone the wet weather, but a lack of fuel and the already noted scarcity of rations have had a damaging effect upon both physical and mental status of the soldiers, and to bear up under the strain requires bravery and tenacity of the truest American description.

The weather here is far cooler than the average summer in the Mississippi valley. Though the thermometers are lacking, I feel safe in placing the midday temperature of to-day at no higher a figure than 65. Of course the sun has been obscure most of the time for several days, which makes a difference. At night it is so cool as to penetrate a single blanket to an uncomfortable degree; but this has not been a matter of complaint as yet. If the men could only sleep dry they would complain of cold nights.

THE RANGE FINDER.

How Dewey Was Able to Achieve His Great Victory at Manila.

Since the welcome news of Admiral Dewey's remarkable victory at Manila on the 1st of May was published throughout the civilized world, it has been a matter for wonder everywhere, not less in the United States than in Europe, that the American gunners were able to destroy a Spanish squadron in a Spanish harbor without the loss of a single American life. When history repeated itself at Santiago two months later the wonder was intensified.

In the government building at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition is an exhibit which in a measure explains the mystery. This is a naval range finder; the invention of a United States naval officer. Up to date no one outside of Uncle Sam's service has been able to discover how it is operated. The inventors are shown in a glass case with various other nautical paraphernalia, and of course the attendants refuse to answer questions as to its method of working.

In showing the enormous advantages derived from the use of this instrument one of the naval officers in charge of the exhibit says:

"It is a fact that no other navy has any means of finding the range that does not involve a mathematical calculation. This implies a good deal of time lost, and in most cases they find it quicker to get the range by actual experiment. The Spaniards, for instance, have to fire several shots before they can get the range of one of Uncle Sam's ships. If their first shot falls short they try again and then they are apt to overshoot, and by that time the position of the vessels may have been altered and they are still at sea. Meanwhile the officer in the conning tower of the American ship has located them almost exactly with his instrument and reported the range by telephone to the various gun captains. This has only consumed a few seconds, and while the Spaniards are still trying to get their range the shells from the American guns are sweeping their decks.

"The peculiar thing about the instrument," continued the officer, "is that while it is one of the simplest things in the world to anyone who knows its secret, the most expert mechanic or inventor might examine it as long as he wanted to and still be unable to discover how it works. This is why representatives of other navies have been completely baffled in their efforts to find it out. They have range finders of their own, but none that give the same instantaneous, and accurate results. And as long as we can keep it in the dark we will be able to outshoot any nation on earth, even if there was no difference in the skill of the gunners."

There is another advantage in the use of the instrument which amounts to considerable in the course of half a dozen naval engagements. It costs \$1,360 to fire a pair of 13-inch guns once. If the Spaniards go into a fight they must fire at least two shots to secure the range. Frequently these do not answer, and they go on shooting \$650 charges in the air, while every pound of powder that goes into a United States gun is utilized. The ability of the American gunners to obtain the exact position of the enemy before a gun is fired saves thousands of dollars in ammunition in every engagement.

DR. TALMAGE TALKS

Anti-Expansionists Given Some Wholesome Advice.

WHAT AGITATORS NEED IS A SEDATIVE

Nothing Going to Happen to America But Prosperity—Cry for a Declaration as to Future Policy Declared Absurd.

Washington, April 19.—Rev. De Witt Talmage has given some interesting views upon the outlook of national affairs. He said:

"Never in my time nor in the time of any living man was the prospect for this country so bright. What our agitated politicians most need now is a sedative. Nothing is going to hap-

pen to this country but prosperity. All the evil prophecies of the past have failed. Every decade of our history has been an improvement on the previous decade. I do not share in the agitations either of the expansionists or anti-expansionists. It is absurd to be impatiently crying out for a declaration as to what is our government's policy for the future. They can not foresee what will be best; no man can tell now what will be best. We can no more see what will be the turn of affairs than we could have prophesied the explosion of the Maine or the sinking of Cervera's entire fleet with almost no loss to ourselves. I believe that President McKinley and his cabinet and the generals and admirals are doing the very best thing. It is easy for us to sit and criticize, as during the war we sat and criticised.

"The same thing happened during our civil conflict. We who stayed at home knew better how to fight the battles than the generals at the front, and prayers in those times were offered in Northern and Southern pulpits, which gave the Lord a great deal of information as to how the war should be conducted, information which, though not used, must have been very gratifying. The overhauling and defaming of our officials and military leaders at that time was 90 per cent worse than now. People called Grant a butcher and Lincoln a buffoon and Hooker a drunken loafer. It is very suggestive to take up the cartoons of the years between 1860 and 1865. Names around which we now put garlands were then bespattered with mud."

"What do you think of the investigations which have been and now are going on concerning the conduct of the war?"

"Well, I think this country always wants a scapegoat, some one on whom it can pile abuse and misrepresentation and billingsgate. No war department that was ever created could in two months give equipment, transportation, food, medicine and shelter to 200,000 men, and have everything go smoothly and without mistake. The simple fact is that some scoundrelly quartermasters, for whose behavior no one was responsible but themselves, sent to the army meat that will stink a thousand years. I would like to hear the name of some man who as secretary of war could have foreseen everything that has happened, and who could have made the necessary appointments without developing here and there an incompetent. War is pandemonium let loose, and no sooner is a war proclaimed than a lot of incompetent surgeons and fool chaplains and ignorant officials get their friends to commend them for positions in the army. And acting on what are supposed to be honest and intelligent commendations, the departments sometimes unwittingly send to the front physicians who could hardly tell the difference between rheumatism and mumps, and chaplains who can not speak without disgusting the regiment with their illiteracy, and officers who could not go through the easiest company drill in a city armory. At the time the Spanish war opened Washington was filled with applicants for everything, and the only wonder is that the war and navy departments were not oftener misled.

"The fact is that this war ought never to have occurred. A lot of fellows up there in congress kept howling for war, but when the war came

they did not go themselves, and they have ever since been trying to defame and belittle those who, to the best of their ability, conducted the war. We have had the greatest naval officer of the century, now Admiral Schley, assailed for disobeying orders, and Gen. Shafter denounced for being too fat, and wanting to retreat, and heroic and unparalleled Gen. Wheeler for something else, I have forgotten what. We are all tired of this investigating business. It is costing the government of the United States an awful pile of money, and the only practical result will be the extinguishment of what glory this giant of a nation won in thrashing the Spanish pigmy. The investigating committees had better be disbanded and go into better business than that of smelling around to see if they can find a malodor. I never knew a man in church or state to move for an investigating committee who was not himself a slice of 'embalmed beef.'

"The question now is, what to do with the bad job we have on hand. I say, educate and evangelize those islands. The work has already splendidly begun. The missionary societies have entered upon a great plan of gospelization. I hope capitalists in great numbers will go there and take with them printing presses and schools and colleges; in ten years those people may be prepared for the right of suffrage; for those ten years will bring the children now 11 years of age to 21, the right age to begin voting. Then they can say for themselves whether they will have a republic, or monarchy, or protectorate, or annexation."

SOME PROMINENT IOWA MEN.

Henry Watterson's Louisville Paper Talks About Our Statesmen.

Washington Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal: The term of J. H. Gear, of Iowa, in the senate will expire March 3, 1901, and he will be a candidate for re-election, and he will be mighty hard to beat. Though 74 years of age, he is as active and vigorous as most men of 50. In 1843 he became a citizen of Iowa, and made a fortune in mercantile pursuits. There is nothing brilliant about the old fellow, but he looks the solid citizen, and the people of Iowa have great confidence in him. He was three times a member of the state legislature; he was twice governor of Iowa; he was three times a member of congress, and is now United States senator. There may be abler men in Iowa than Governor Gear, but Iowa has tried him, and trusts him, and it is going to take a pretty good player to beat him. When Hannibal Hamlin went out of the senate, in 1891, Allison got his desk and holds it yet. When Fred T. Dubois went out of the senate, in 1897, Father Gear seized his seat, and holds it to the present day in order to be next to his colleague, Allison. It is Conkling's old seat, and one of the most desirable in the chamber. Its fellow, on the democratic side, was for years occupied by Matt Ransom, the handsomest brunette in either house of congress, as Conkling was the handsomest blonde.

Dave Henderson has been in congress nearly twenty years. He is impulsive and good natured. He is a rank partisan and without malice. He has the fiercest tongue and softest heart in congress. If he possessed the

wealth of three times three "golden balls" he would empty his pockets at the first cry of distress. He is one of the few men who can shed tears in public without being suspected of hypocrisy. Indeed, Dave Henderson is a fine fellow. He was born in Scotland in 1840, and loves his native land, as all her children do. When he first came to congress he was about the most intrepid bloody-shirter of them all. There never was a man as loyal as he said he was. When David speaks he tears passion to tatters. In Betterton's day he would have been a grand leading man for tragedy. Even now he could hurl the curse of Rome in a fashion that would remind you of the late Lawrence Barrett when Barrett was young.

One day—I believe it was in the Forty-ninth congress—Henderson was making a bloody-shirt speech in the house, and somebody said something about Scotland. Henderson flew all to finders, and in a declamation the most florid I ever heard, he exclaimed: "From Lowland moor to Highland pass treason never found lodgment in Scottish breast." The sentiment was loudly applauded on the republican side. Charles Sumner said of something Andy Johnson proposed, that it was a "ridiculousity." Henderson's was worse than that.

The inference was that the confederate movement was a treasonable conspiracy. And this from a Scotchman! No doubt Henderson was acquainted with Scotch history, and, according to the standard of treason, he applied to Davis, Lee, Jackson, Johnston and their followers, Scotland has shown more of it to the square inch than any other country on earth. A Scotchman is almost nobody in his own country if he cannot point with pride to an ancestor who was beheaded publicly, or murdered privately, for high treason.

Battle of "San Jewan."

It was at the breakfast table that Mr. Scott Lindsay, a veteran of the real war, read something about the anniversary of the battle of San Juan and began to breathe heavily through his nose.

"Great grief, mother!" he exclaimed, looking across the table at his wife. "Here's somethin' that'd make old Gen Sherman turn over in his grave. Thy'r goin' to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of San Jewan. Thunderation! The battle of San Jewan! Battle! Gosh, all fish-hooks! Battle! Say, if the old boys that 'uz with the Army o' the Tennessee ever started in to celebrate the anniversary of every darn little popgun skirmish like that battle of San Jewan we wouldn't do nothin' but celebrate, day in and day out, from one year's end to another. We'd have to get up in the night and annyverserate. Battle! Battle nothin'! W'y, around Vicksburg there we used to roll out in the mornin' an' fight three or four o' them battles just to whet our appetites. We didn't call 'em battles, though. We knew the difference between a battle and a strawberry festival. I went out rabbit shootin' several times last winter, you may rickollect. Well, I didn't never come back and say I'd been in any battle. did I?"

"Oh, well father, you must make some allowances," said Mrs. Lindsay. "These boys don't remember the other war."

"I guess they don't—I jess good and guess they—don't. If they did they wouldn't be spoutin' so much about bein' heroes an' all that. There's a blamed sight o' difference between chasin' some runt of a dago with a white feather in each hand and chasin' a six-foot Johnny Reb that jest raises up on his everlastin' hind legs an' come at you like a runaway horse, breathin' smoke out of his nose an' ears, y' Gory, and yellin' like an Injun. It's easy enough to chase anything that runs the other way, but this hero job's got it's drawbacks when the other feller gets it into his head that he wants to do the chasin' and swoops out o' the woods like an Ioway cyclone, by gosh, pumpin' lead into you till you git too heavy to run. Battle! When we had 'em stacked up until we couldn't see oyer 'em an' every regiment 'uz whittled down to a company an' our flags 'uz blown into carpet rags an' the blood got so deep it wet the ammunition in the wagons we used to begin to suspect that we'd had a battle. Somethin' a little less argumentative than that we called a skirmish. Anything the size of this San Jewan basket meetin' we didn't keep no tally of at all. That kind o' come under the head o' target practice."

"I wouldn't be too hard on 'em, father. They say these boys fought real well down there in Cuby."

"Well, to see 'em struttin' around town here in their cowboy hats and grassin' in front of every store, you'd think, by cracky, that every one o' 'em had chawed up a thousand o' them Spanish generals, whiskers an' all. You take some old codger that crawled through them swamps for 4 years, dodgin' minnie balls and nothin' to keep him alive but hardtack and hot slough water, and he ain't in it no more with one o' these cussed little whipper-snappers, by ginger, that—well, you ought to have heard old Cap Nesbit the other night after post meetin'. He made a few remarks about these kid soldiers that wouldn't pass muster in a crowd o' women, but they wuz satisfyin' to me."

"I don't see why Cap Nesbit wants to pick onto these boys. I think they deserve a lot of credit for enlistin' an' goin' down there in that hot country to fight."

"Enlistin' is all right and fightin' is all right, if you do it. I don't begrudge no man the credit of goin' out an' fightin' for his country. These boys done well as far as they went, but I don't want no kid to tell me what war is until he's been through one. These young fellers got a sniff o' blood, and now they think the've been through the slaughter house. There's old Dan Baily that got shot so often, he didn't mind it at all toward the last, laid in Andersonville till he was a rack of bones, come home here looken' like a corpse and ain't seen a well day since, an' he ain't as big a man in this town today as that grandson o' his that went down there to Porty Rico last winter an' laid in a hammock for six months."

smokin' cigarettes. He's what they call a hero now—had an ice cream reception for him when he come home, didn't they? I don't recollect that anybody had an ice cream reception for old Dan when he come home.—Heroes wasn't quite so gosh-danged scarce about that time. Nobody paid any attention to 'em. They used to ship 'em in here by the car load, and most of 'em went right on through town an' out to the graveyard. Wuzn't it you, mother, that wuz readin' the

other day about some regiment that wouldn't get on a train becuz they wuzn't no sleepers? Great Jehosaphat! I'd like to see somebody ask old Col. Griggs for a sleepin' car. I'd like to hear what he's say. Sleepin' cars! We wuz tickled to death to git box cars, cattle cars—anything on wheels. We didn't need no porter to brush our close, for the darned good reason that we didn't have no close to brush. Then there's all this talk about embalmed beef. We'd a' been mighty glad to get it—embalmed, petrified, moldy or any other way. We thought we wuz lucky if we could git a little hunk o' salt pork to drop in with the beans now an' then. We wuzn't out on no moonlight excursion, b' gosh, playin' tag with a lot o' tamborine players. We wuz out in the underbrush, daddin' my buttons, havin' it out with the toughest lot o' human panthers that ever wore uniforms. An' yit, like as not, if we go to break in on this San Jewan celebration, we'll git a back seat in the gallery. We ant heroes, I guess. Wy, on Decoration day these kids marched in front, ev'ry one of 'em puffed up like a toad in a thunderstorm—bigger man than old Grant, as the feller says. Now, they'r goin' to celebrate the anniversary of San Jewan. There was another likely skirmish about the same date. Gettysburg, I think they called it. Wonder why somebody don't celebrate that? Huh?"

A LOOK INTO FUTURE

An Inspired Prophetess Says the U. S. Will Wage a Terrible War.

WHAT Mlle. COUESDON PREDICTS

Inspired By Archangel Gabriel—She Testifies Concerning the Great Future In Store for the American Republic.

Paris, April 14.—Mlle. Couesdon, the now world-famous prophetess of the Rue de Paradis, has made a prophecy concerning the future of the United States.

She claims to be the mouthpiece of the Archangel Gabriel.

In spite of several attempted exposures, a great many people still believe in Mlle. Couesdon's prophetic powers, and even those who do not believe implicitly listen to her utterances with great interest.

Mlle. Couesdon has made an extraordinary number of prophecies which have come true. She foretold the dreadful fire of the Bazar de la Charite, the sudden death of Felix Faure and the political disturbances in France due to the Dreyfus case. These things have come true. She also predicted that a great king would arise in France and her believers are now looking forward with confidence to the fulfillment of this prophecy.

The prophetess is a dark-haired woman with prepossessing appearance. When she is in the prophetic mood she closes her eyes and her face assumes an unearthly expression. She speaks in rough, metrical voice. At times this becomes highly poetical and suggests the Psalms. Nearly all the lines end in "e" (with an acute accent) or "er," the commonest terminations in French.

As an example of Mlle. Couesdon's prophetic outpourings in their highest form, I will repeat her prediction of the great fire of the Bazar de la Charite. This was made to the Comtesse de Maille and several other ladies of the highest society, who were visiting her out of curiosity in May, 1896:

Near the Champs Elysees,
I see a place that is not high,
That is not a piety,
But approached for charity,
Which is not the verity,
I see the fire lift itself,
I hear people screaming,
I see flesh grilled,
And bodies calcined;
I see them by shovelfuls.

The fire of the Bazar de la Charite, which was on the Champs Elysees, occurred in May, 1897, exactly a year after the prophecy.

Mlle. Couesdon has within the past month enjoyed a tremendous renewal of popularity owing to the fulfillment of her prediction that President Faure would die suddenly.

In the course of a conversation with a correspondent she declared that she had no intention of marrying, as had been reported, because in that case she would lose her gift of prophecy.

When I visited Mlle. Couesdon I found her in a highly inspired and prophetic mood. I asked her what she foresaw of the future of the United States. After a time she closed her eyes and said:

It will not be easy,
War will come,
Again it will come,
It will not be easy,
I see a great day coming—a great day for America.

All America, North and South, under one government will be united.

The great American republic will stretch from pole to pole.

The day is not far distant in the life of a nation.

Great statesmen will strive to bring the whole continent under the American flag.

War will not be waged to bring this about.

Mexico will ask for admission into the United States after the death of President Diaz and it will be granted.

The South American countries will see the prosperity and happiness of Mexico under the American flag.

They, too, will ask to be admitted, and their wish will be granted.

Canada will remain longest out of the union.

America will have another great war.

It will be a greater war by far than that with Spain.

It will not be with Germany, neither will it be with France.

It will be with a country that is now making loud professions of friendship for America.

I cannot give you reasons, I can only tell you the things I see.

Statesmen will see clearly the wisdom of my predictions.

Germans in America will never permit their fatherland to wage war against the United States.

Englishmen have no such power.

It will be the most terrible war yet waged.

But America will finally be triumphant.

Then the American navy will be the greatest in the world.

A great change will come over the United States.

A time of great trouble is coming.

This will be due to her rich men.

The common people will remain sound and virtuous.

The rich men will become corrupt, avaricious and degraded.

They will ruin themselves with their incalculable riches.

President McKinley is not going to die suddenly as did President Faure.

He will be elected president a second time.

His health will fail him during his second term.

Then a great sorrow will befall him.

A sorrow in which he will have the sympathy of friends as well as enemies.

America will have to pay the penalty of her coming glory.

She will pay with the blood of her best sons.

Her negroes will become good citizens.

They will make splendid soldiers for her colonies.

In the middle of the next century there will be a great literary revival in America.

The language of the United States will spread from Greenland to Cape Horn.

The English language will be governed by America and not by England.

An American will reach the north pole and another the south pole.

Then the dominion of the United States will reach from pole to pole.

The evil of divorce will at last become unbearable.

The rich will change their wives so often that they will become worse than the Turks.

At last women will revolt for their own protection.

They will put an end to divorce altogether.

An American woman will lead this crusade.

She will go down to posterity as the Joanne d'Arc of the western world.

WORLD WAR NEAR.

Diplomats Think the Peace Congress Is Ridiculous.

PLAGUE SPOTS THREATEN PEACE.

Czar Prepares to Protect Himself While Preaching Peace—Dreibund Alliance a Farce—England and America Together.

Washington, April 11.—Representatives of foreign governments at Washington do not expect much of the peace conference which will assemble at The Hague next month. All of them are rather pessimistic when the subject is mentioned.

"I think the whole plan is ridiculous, especially coming at this time," said a prominent member of the diplomatic corps today. "Of all times this seems to be the most opportune, not for universal peace, but for universal war, and truly I do not see how it can be anything but a question of a short time when the crisis will come. And events are not shaping themselves in any way favorable to peace either. Each day's news makes a war more probable, and when one does come it will be a big one. I am unable to say why the nation's should accept in all seriousness the propositions for peace from such a mad man as the czar of Russia is well known to be. Why, even while making his protestations for peace, he is using every means in his power to increase his war power, so that when the crash that he well knows is inevitable, and which he is trying to ward off, does come, Russia will be able to hold her own, at least, England for the sake of the Dreibund.

Russia cannot afford to disarm, even were international peace assured. Her people are held in slavery so abject that the condition of the negro slaves in the United States was bliss compared to it, and without an army the government would not last ten minutes. France, far from being in a safe condition, is on the brink of a precipice. Any day's developments may bring on a war with England or Germany. Interests in the far east are conflicting with those of these two countries, and it is going to be a case of the survival of the fittest, and the fittest will surely not be the French. The so-called Dreibund between Germany, Austria and Italy is on a very weak footing, and is hardly worth, so far as a war purpose is concerned, the paper on which it is written. No one believes that either country would hesitate to break it were it to her advantage to do so. And now that Italy is working hand in hand with England in China, and the latter country is at least not friendly with Germany, no one believes that Italy will forsake "The Macedonian question in Turkey is coming to a focus, and it is only a matter of the patience of the powers before it will develop into another Cretan question. Spain, shorn of her colonies, would in a general war, lose what little is remaining to her in the

way of her African possessions. It is well known that England is very anxious to get hold of the fortress of Ceuta, and in the event of trouble, would not be slow in seizing it.

"The Philippine and Samoan questions will get this country mixed up in a war sooner or later, and even the South American republics are not free from war clouds. Chili and Argentina are still jealous of each other, and are only waiting a chance to prove finally which is to be the supreme power in South American affairs. Brazil has her hands full with her internal revolutions, which are periodical. The northern states will never rest until they are separated from the rest of the republic, and while they may be temporarily repulsed they will always be a menace to the peace of the country.

"As far as the Central American republics go, their logical end is annexation to the United States, as they can not exist independently. The annexation of Porto Rico will ruin their trade with this country, about all the trade they have, and they must soon join the procession.

"If present developments are to be taken into consideration China will be the first battle ground, and that long suffering country will have to bear the brunt of the battle for a while at least. China is now in about the same position as Poland was just before the partition of that country between Russia, Prussia and Austria. And no reckoning in the far east will be complete if Japan is left out. That country is fast becoming a great power, and undoubtedly intends to have a hand in any partition of China. In addition to that she has never forgiven Russia for her part in the Chinese-Japanese war, and is waiting for a chance to even up matters.

"In the event of a universal war, the only countries that would derive any great benefit would be Great Britain and the United States. Come what will, their interests are the same, and they will stand together. The action of the British and American warships at Samoa, when opposing the German consul, was the opening of a new era in the world's history, when England and America will stand together. If these two countries wish to do so, they can dictate to the world. They are all-powerful, and no combination could hope to successfully withstand them."

WARS

A writer in The Philadelphia Inquirer, who evidently has the "habit of statistics," has collected the following interesting information concerning the great wars of the world and the armies and navies of the great powers:

During the first four years of the rebellion the war department disbursed \$2,714,000,000.

During the four years the Union navy cost, \$310,000,000.

The number of men enlisted on the Union side was 2,772,030.

The number of southernmen withdrawn from industry estimates at 600,000.

During the last few months of the war the expenses of the Union army and navy aggregated each day more than \$3,000,000.

During the war the number of men killed in battle was 98,089.

Number of men dying of disease while serving in the war 184,331.

Total number of men who were killed, died of wounds, or who succumbed to disease during the civil war was 303,000.

It is estimated that during the civil war in the United States property destroyed north and south amounted to \$100,000,000.

During the late war the number of rifles served out to Union soldiers numbered 4,022,000.

During the late war the Union furnished to the soldiers cartridges numbering 1,022,000,000.

During the American Revolution the number of soldiers enlisted for the colonies was 288,122.

The revolution cost America \$135,193,003.

The war of 1812 cost America \$107,159,003.

During the revolution Great Britain sent to America hired warriors to the number of 29,166.

The number of soldiers put in the field by the Union in the Mexican war was 90,100.

It is estimated that since the birth of Christ the number of men killed in war is about 4,000,000,000.

During the most peaceful year the standing army of the world is about 3,700,000.

In times of war the united armies of Europe would contain men numbering about 9,336,000.

In times of peace the armies of the world cost daily \$8,000,000.

The wars of Napoleon and Louis Bonaparte cost \$3,385,000,000.

In 1881 there were brought to England skeletons of Turkish and Russian soldiers who perished in the Crimean war. These bones were made into fertilizers and the skeletons numbered 30,000.

In the Franco-Prussian war the number of rifle cartridges fired by the Germans was 30,000,000.

In the Franco-Prussian war the number of Frenchmen who perished was 77,000.

At Cannæ, where the Romans sustained the worst defeat, they had 147,000 men on the field and of them the killed numbered 52,000.

Battles in the world's history worthy of record numbered 1,521.

Russia has a standing army of more than 800,000.

Germany has a standing army of 592,000.

France has a standing army of 555,000.

Austria has a standing army of 323,000.

Italy has a standing army of 255,000.

England has a standing army of 210,000.

The warships of the world number 2,291.

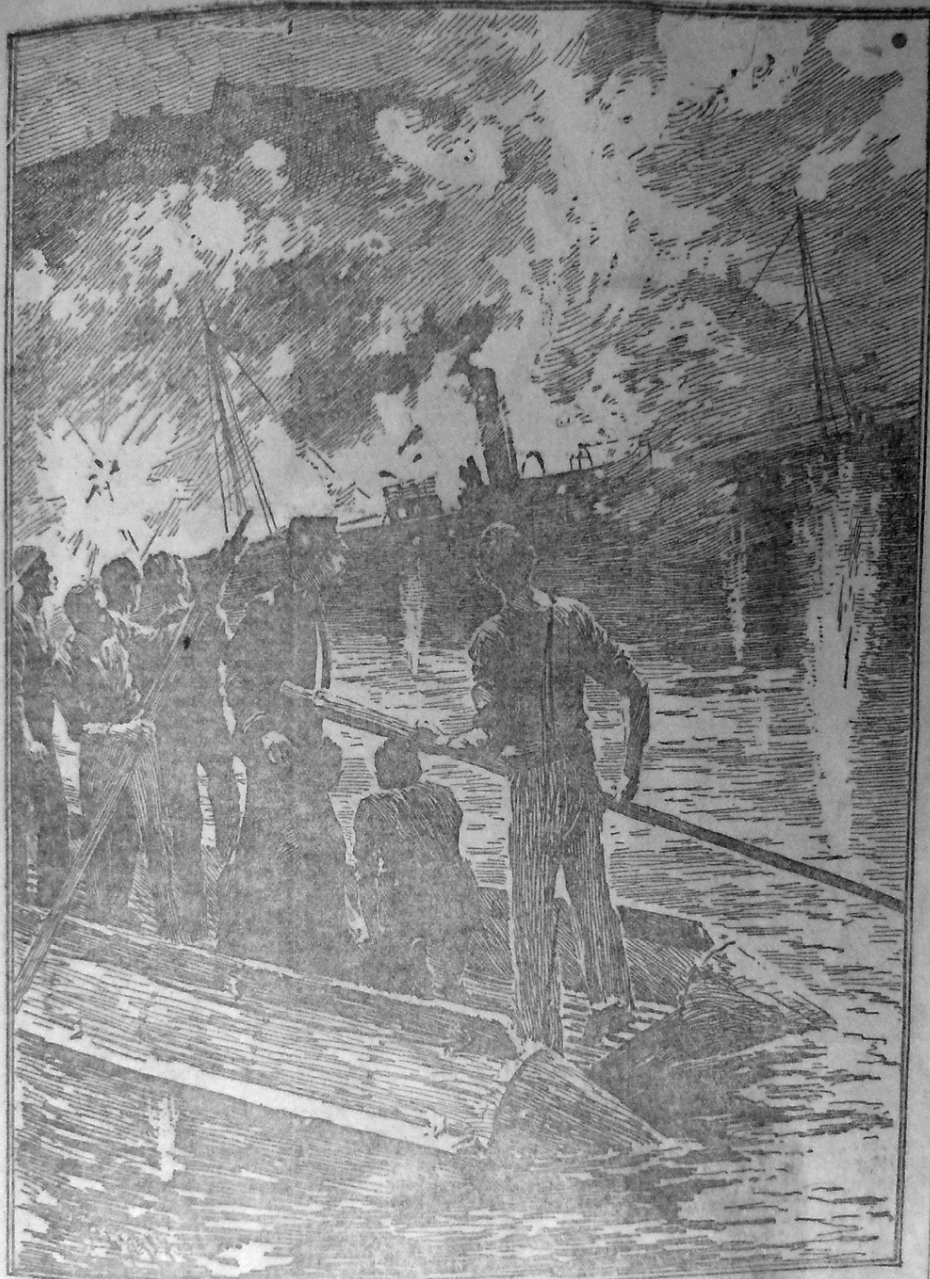
The burning of Moscow cost Russia \$120,000,000.

In battles of the century the average number of shots fired to hit one man has been 400.

At Borodino, where the French and Russians fought, there were 250,000 men on the field and the dead numbered 78,000.

In less than three hundred years Great Britain has in war the sum of \$4,795,000,000.

SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC.



"CORKING THE BOTTLE"—HOBSON BLOWING UP THE "MERRIMAC," SANTIAGO, JUNE 3d.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY. AFTER A DRAWING BY T. DE THULSTROP.
Reproduced from *Harper's Weekly*. By Permission. Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers

Hobson's memorable feat in Santiago harbor has been heralded the world over as an act of cool and desperate bravery to be always distinguished in the chronicles of gallantry. It was an admirable triumph of thoughtful calculation, reckless audacity, and complete success, and adds another name to the illustrious list of American naval heroes.

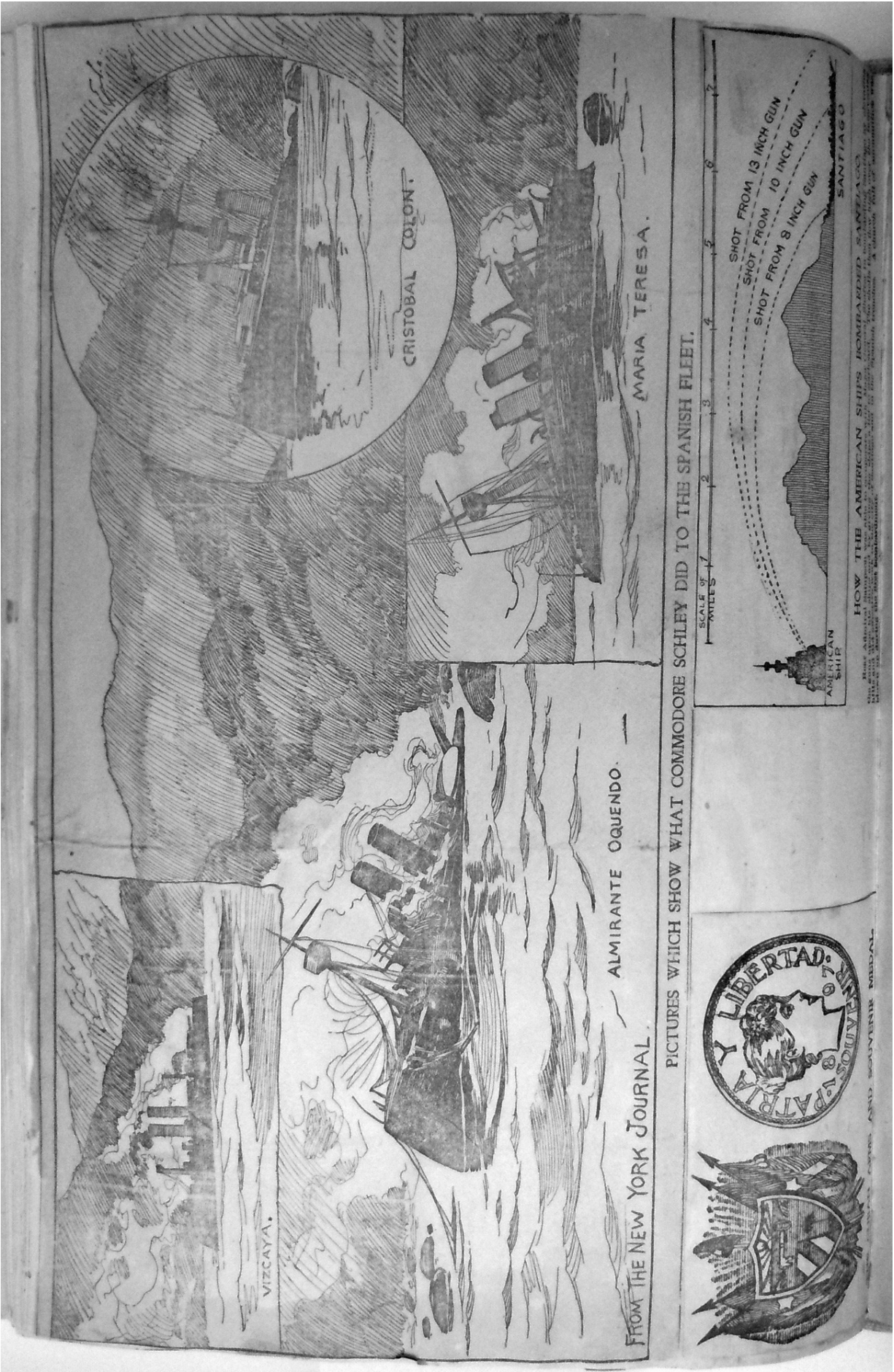
The details of the plan and of its execution are now well known. To navigate the Merrimac over the enemy's Spanish batteries, to anchor her at the exact point in the narrow channel where her bulk would be an effective obstruction, and to sink her by an instant explosion—these were the peril-

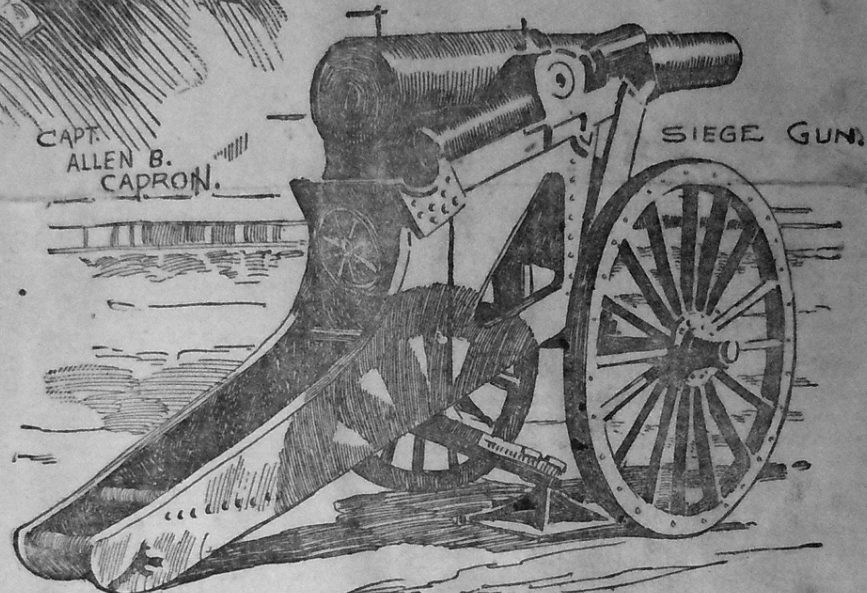
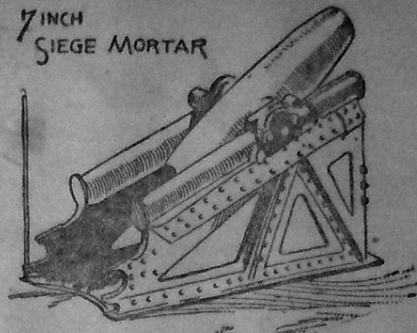
ous problems which presented themselves to the young officer. Their solution seemed impossible without certain death, but hundreds of eager volunteers from all the ships of the fleet stood ready to make the fearful trial. The glorious achievement of the chosen few is now history.

We reproduce today from the pages of *Harper's Weekly* a picture by Thulstrup of the sinking of the collier. After mooring the Merrimac in mid-channel, Hobson and his men shoved off on a raft, dragging after them the contact wires connected with the torpedoes inside the ship. The Spaniards on the shore, thinking an attempt was under way to force an entrance into the harbor, turned every gun of their powerful shore batteries upon the

Americans, and the resulting storm of shot and shell was so terrific that Hobson abandoned all idea of paddling his raft back to our fleet, but made for the Spanish flagship instead, and gave himself up. His escape from death was nothing short of miraculous, and, although his exploit effectually crippled further offensive operations of the Spanish fleet, he was greeted with honors by the Spanish sailors and personally congratulated by Admiral Cervera on his splendid bravery.

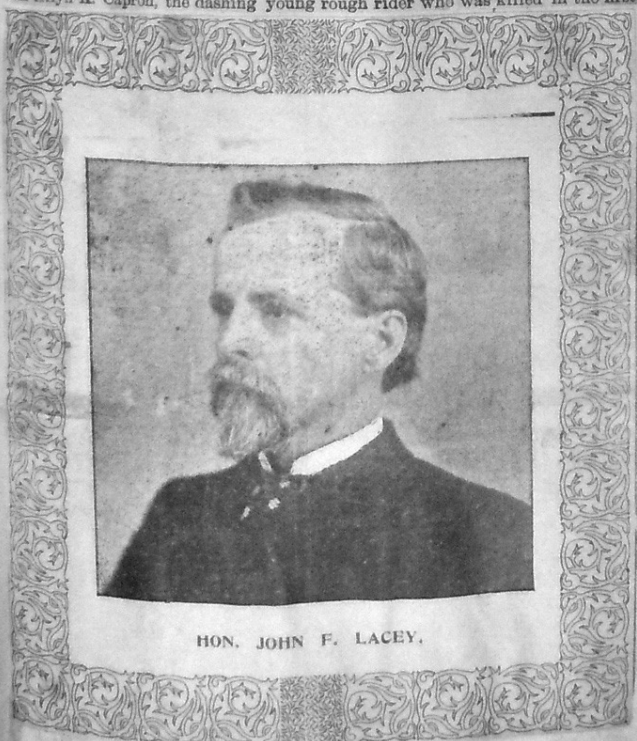
The combination of a delicate, reverent mind and dashing, bull-dog courage is a hard one to beat, and the whole world today unites in applauding Hobson's exhibition of what American brains can do when backed by true American grit.





THE BOMBARDMENT OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The 5 inch siege guns which General Shafter used in bombarding Santiago are 12 feet long, weigh 3,000 pounds and throw a 45 pound projectile. The 7 inch howitzers are 8½ feet long, weigh 3,750 pounds and throw a 105 pound projectile at a range of two miles. These guns will pierce 2½ inches of steel. The 7 inch mortars are five feet long. Captain Allen B. Capron, whose battery fired the first shot when the attack upon Santiago began, is the father of Captain Allyn K. Capron, the dashing young rough rider who was killed in the first skirmish.



HON. JOHN F. LACEY.

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Scrapbook provided Courtesy of Dean Norman

Compiled by James B. McVicker

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