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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE.

IV.—SANTIAGO.

THE LAND FIGHT.

THE American navy was ready, as ships of war must always be, and when the President signed the Cuban resolutions, the fleet started for Cuba without a moment's delay. With the army, the case was widely different. Congress had taken care of the army in a spasmodic and insufficient manner, consistently doing nothing for it except to multiply civilian clerks and officials of all kinds, who justified their existence by a diligent weaving of red-tape and by magnifying details of work, until all the realities of the service were thoroughly obscured. Thus we had a cumbrous, top-heavy system of administration, rusted and slow-moving, and accustomed to care only for an army of 25,000 men. The note of war rang out. An army of 200,000 volunteers and 60,000 regulars was suddenly demanded, and the poor old system of military administration, with its coils of red-tape and its vast clerical force devoted to details, began to groan and creak, to break down here and to stop there, and to produce a vast crop of delays, blunders, and what was far worse, of needless suffering, disease, and death, to the brave men in the field. Thereupon came great outcry from newspapers, rising even to hysterical shrieking in some cases, great and natural wrath among the American people, and much anger and fault-finding from Senators and Representatives. Then came, too, the very human and general desire to find one or more scapegoats and administer to them condign punishment, which would have been eminently soothing and satisfactory to many persons—just in some cases, perhaps, unjust in most, but in any

event of little practical value. There was undoubtedly a certain not very large percentage of shortcomings due to individual incapacity, which should have been rooted up without regard to personal sensibilities. But the fundamental fact was that the chief predominant cause of all the failures, blunders, and needless suffering was a thoroughly bad system of military administration. An inferior man can do well with a good system, better than a superior man with a bad system, for a good administrative organization will go on for generations sometimes, carrying poor administrators with it. But a really bad system is well-nigh hopeless, and the men of genius, the Pitts, the Carnots, and the Stantons, who, bringing order out of chaos and strength out of weakness, organize victory, are very rare, and are produced only by the long-continued stress of a great struggle, and after bitter experience has taught its harshest lessons. At the outset of our war we had a bad system, and men laid the blame here and there for faults of system and organization which were really due to the narrowness and indifference of Congress, of the newspaper press, and of the people, running back over many years. To-day the system stands guilty of the blunders, delays, and needless sufferings and deaths of the war, and war being over, reforms are resisted by patriots who have so little faith in the republic that they think an army of 100,000 men puts it in danger, and by bureau chiefs and their friends in Congress who want no change, for reasons obvious if not public-spirited.

Thus much by way of preface, essential to the comprehension of even the barest

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SOLDIERS OF THE CUBAN ARMY.

From a photograph taken at the time of the landing of the American army.

outline of our military operations in the war of 1898, and to make clear not merely why there were shortcomings, which any account must notice, but also the fact that the wonder of it all lies not in the blunders and failures of organization, but that the indomitable energy and force of the American people made the rusty, clumsy machine work in some fashion, and that the ability and bravery of American officers and soldiers brought unbroke victory out of such conditions.

On April 23, 125,000 volunteers were called for, and a month later, on May 25, 75,000 more. It was soon found that it was one thing to call out volunteers, and quite another to make them into an army, which, strangely enough, appeared to surprise the country. Even the mobilization of the regulars was not rapid, and the middle of May had passed before they were assembled at Tampa. By the beginning of June, however, the regulars were gathered; but of all the volunteers, slowly mustering in different camps and in various stages of unreadiness, only three regiments were sufficiently prepared to join the forces at Tampa. These three were the Seventy-first New York, the

Second Massachusetts, and the First United States Volunteer Cavalry. It was to this army of regulars and volunteers that the government turned when it became evident that troops were needed at Santiago, and the command of the expedition was given to General Shafter, a brave Michigan soldier of the war of the rebellion and an officer of the regular army.

On the night of June 7 orders came from Washington that the army should leave the next morning, and then came a scene of vast confusion. The railroad tracks were blocked for miles with cars filled with supplies tightly shut by red-tape, at which men unused to responsibil-

ity and to the need of quick action gazed helplessly. The cars not only kept the supplies from the army, but they stopped movement on the line, and hours were consumed where minutes should have sufficed in transporting troops from Tampa to the Port. Once arrived, more confusion and a widening of the area of chaos. No proper arrangement of transports—no allotment at all in some cases, and in others the same ship given to two or three regiments. Thereupon much scrambling, disorder, and complication, surmounted at last in some rough-and-ready fashion, and the troops were finally embarked. Then came orders to delay departure. There was a false report brought of a Spanish cruiser and torpedo-boats seen by the *Eagle* and *Nashville*. Admiral Sampson put no faith in the report, guessed accurately that the *Eagle* had been misled in the darkness by certain ships of our own; but unfortunately he was at the other end of the line, and in the United States the false but definite report of hostile ships was accepted, and the army waited, sweltering on board the crowded transports, many of them lying in the canal or channel near the wharves,

which was festering with town sewage. A very heavy price this to pay for a mistaken vision of the night, and for hasty acceptance of its truth. But the long hot days, laden with suffering and discomfort to the troops, finally wore by, and at last the transports, on June 14, made their way down the bay, pushed on the next day, were joined near Key West by some dozen ships of war as convoy, and then on the 16th were fairly on their way to Santiago. Far pleasanter this than broiling in Tampa Harbor, and the spirits of the troops improved. Yet the movement, so infinitely better than the hot, still waiting, was deliberate enough. Some of the transports were very old and very slow, and as they set the speed, the fleet crept along at about eight knots an hour over a sapphire sea, with beautiful star-lit nights, and glimpses by day of the picturesque shores and distant mountains of Cuba. On Sunday, June 19, they were off Cape Maisi, and at daybreak the next morning they came in sight of the waiting war-ships and of Santiago Harbor. Then came consultations between General Shafter and Admiral Sampson and the Cuban generals Garcia and Castillo. The plan of capturing the Morro and the other entrance batteries, as the admiral desired, so that the mine-field could be cleared and the fleet go in, destroy the Spanish cruisers, and compel the surrender of Santiago, was abandoned. General Shafter decided to move directly upon the city, and orders were given to make the landing at Daiquiri. The army had neither lighters nor launches. They had been omitted, forgotten, or lost, like an umbrella, no one knew exactly where; so the work of disembarking the troops fell upon the navy. Under cover of a heavy fire from the ships, the landing began, and was effected without any resistance from the enemy. On an open coast, without any



GENERAL GARCIA AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL LUDLOW.

Taken during their conference at the time of the landing of the American army.

harbor or shelter, with nothing but an iron pier so high as to be useless, smoothly, rapidly, efficiently, through a heavy surf, on the beach and at an unfloored wooden wharf, the boats and launches of the navy landed 15,000 officers and soldiers, with a loss of only two men. It was a very excellent piece of work, thoroughly and punctually performed, exciting admiration among foreign onlookers, who had just beheld with amazement the performances connected with the embarkation at Tampa.

The next morning General Wheeler, commanding the division of dismounted cavalry, under direct orders from General Shafter, rode forward, followed by two squadrons of the First volunteer cavalry, and one each of the First and Tenth regular cavalry. When General Wheeler reached Juraguacito, or Siboney, he found that the Spaniards had abandoned the block-house at that point, retreated some three miles toward Sevilla, and there taken up a strong position, their rear having been engaged by some 200 Cubans with little effect. By eight o'clock that night the cavalry division had reached Siboney, and General Wheeler, after consultation with General Castillo, determined to advance and dislodge the en-

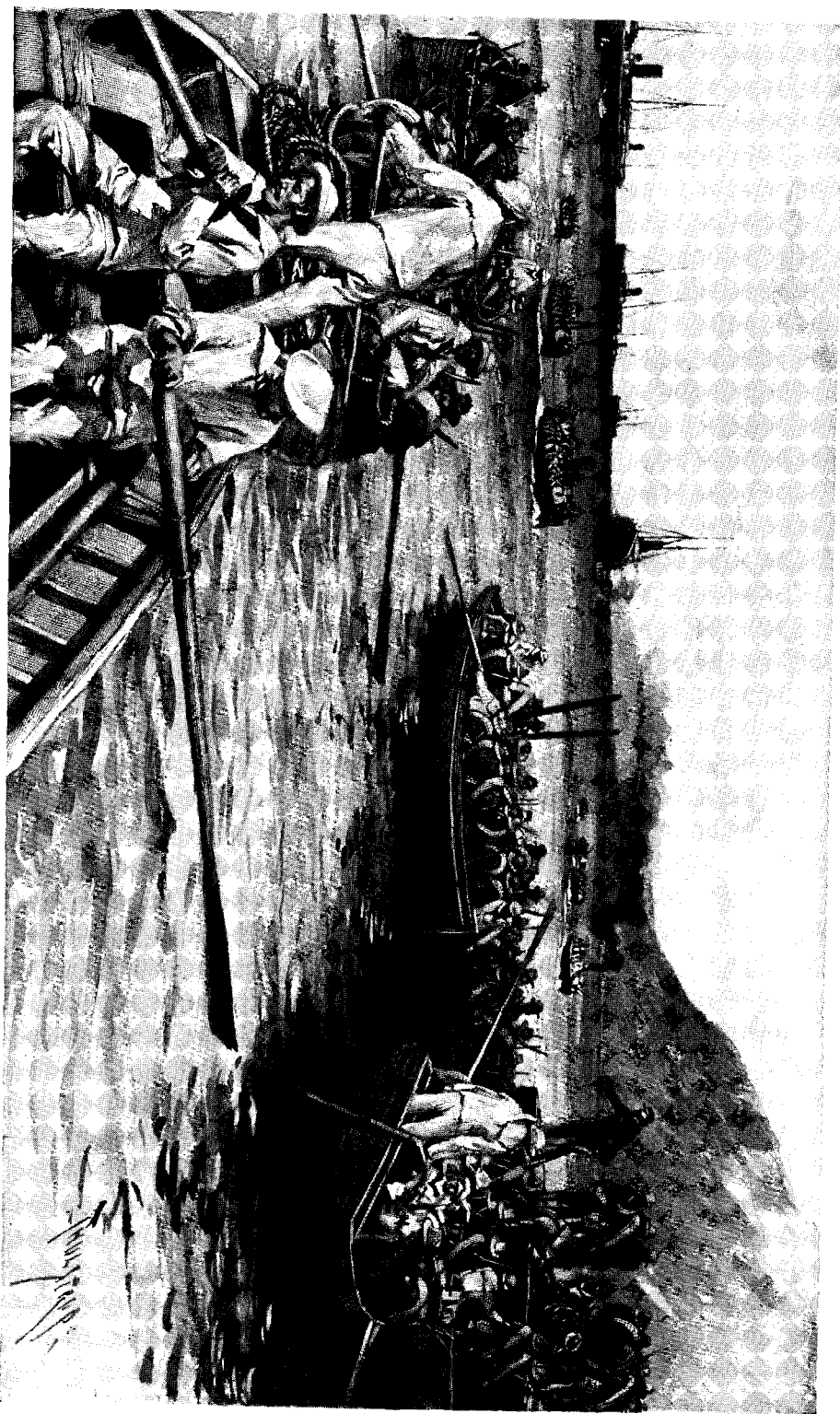
emy lying between the Americans and Santiago. The next morning before daylight the movement began. The troops marched along two roads, which were really nothing more than mountain trails. The First and Tenth regular cavalry, under the immediate command of General Wheeler, and General Young with Hotchkiss guns, marched by the main or easterly road to Sevilla. Along the westerly road went the First volunteer cavalry, nearly five hundred strong. This regiment, enlisted, officered, disciplined, and equipped in fifty days, may well be considered for a moment as it moves forward to action only two days after its landing. It is a very typical American regiment. Most of the men come from Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, where the troops were chiefly raised. There are many cowboys, many men of the plains, hunters and pioneers and ranchmen, to whom the perils and exposure of frontier life are a twice-told tale. Among them can be found more than twoscore civilized but full-blooded Indians—Americans by an older lineage than any of those who were fighting for the domination of the New World. Then there are boys from the farms and towns of the far-western Territories. Then, again, strangest mingling of all, there are a hundred or more troopers from the East—graduates of Yale and Harvard, members of the New York and Boston clubs, men of wealth and leisure and large opportunities. They are men who have loved the chase of big game, fox-hunting and football, and all the sports which require courage and strength and are spiced with danger. Some have been idlers, many more are workers, all have the spirit of adventure strong within them, and they are there in the Cuban chaparral because they seek perils, because they are patriotic, because, as some think, every gentleman owes a debt to his country, and this is the time to pay it. And all these men, drawn from so many sources, all so American, all so nearly soldiers in their life and habits, have been roughly, quickly, and effectively moulded and formed into a fighting regiment by the skilful discipline of Leonard Wood, their colonel, a surgeon of the line, who wears a medal of honor won in campaigns against the Apaches; and by the inspiration of Theodore Roosevelt, their lieutenant-colonel, who has laid

down a high place in the administration at Washington and come hither to Cuba because thus only can he live up to his ideal of conduct by offering his life to his country when war comes.

These Rough Riders, as they have been popularly called, marched along the westerly trail, so shut in by the dense undergrowth that it was almost impossible to throw out flankers or deploy the line, and quite impossible to see. And then suddenly there were hostile volleys pouring through the brush, and a sound like the ringing of wires overhead. No enemy was to be seen. The smokeless powder gave no sign. The dense chaparral screened everything. Under the intense heat men had already given way. Now they began to drop, some wounded, some dead. The Rough Riders fire and advance steadily, led onward by Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. A very trying place it was for perfectly new troops, with the burning tropical heat, the unseen enemy, the air filled with the thin noise of the Mauser bullet. But there was no flinching, and the march forward went on.

Along the eastern road the regulars advanced with equal steadiness and perfect coolness. They do not draw the public attention as do the volunteers, for they act just as every one expected, and they are not new, but highly trained troops. But their work is done with great perfection, to be noted in history later, and at the time by all who admire men who perform their allotted task in the simple line of daily duty bravely and efficiently. Thus the two lines moved forward constantly, along the trails and through the undergrowth, converging to the point at which they aimed, and Colonel Wood's right flank finds the anticipated support from the advancing regulars. The fire began to sweep the ridges and the strong rock forts on the ridge. Spaniards were seen at last, apparently without much desire to remain in view; the two columns pressed forward, the ridge was carried, the cross-road reached, and the fight of Las Guasimas had been won.

There was no ambush or surprise about it, as was said by some people in the first confusion, and by others later without any excuse for the misstatement. The whole movement was arranged and carried out just as it was planned by the commanding general of the division. It had been



THE LANDING OF THE AMERICAN ARMY AT DAQUINI.



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JOSEPH WHEELER.

a hot skirmish, and victory had come to the steady American advance, unchecked by the burning heat, the dense, stifling undergrowth, and the volleys of an unseen enemy. That night the Spanish soldiers said in Santiago: "Instead of retreating when we fired, the Americans came on. The more we fired the more they advanced. They tried to catch us with their hands." The Spanish official report stated that they had repulsed the Americans and won, but as they had only 4000 men, and the Americans 10,000, they had retreated, which was, perhaps, to the Spanish mind, dwelling these many centuries among mendacities, and thereby much confused, a satisfying explanation. The plain truth was that the entire American force amounted to 964 officers and men. The Rough Riders suffered most severely, having 8 killed and 34 wounded. The regulars lost 8 killed and 18 wounded. The Spanish accounts give their own force in various figures from 4000 down to 1400, the last statement being made long after the battle, when the

number of Americans who had defeated them could no longer be concealed. A comparison of their varying statements and all the best evidence make the Spanish troops engaged not less than 2800.* Forty-two Spaniards were found dead on the field; 77 were reported in the Santiago newspapers the next day to have been killed, and after the surrender General Toral admitted to General Wheeler a loss of killed and wounded of 265 at Las Guasimas and in the brushes with the Cubans of the two preceding days.

This action, in which, in less than an hour, American regulars and volunteers had driven a Spanish force nearly three times their number from a strongly intrenched position on high ground, put the army in high spirits. It also encouraged the mistaken idea which Admiral Sampson had expressed at first, and which General Shafter apparently held to firmly, that the soldiers of the United States

had nothing to do but to press forward, drive the Spaniards from them, and take the town in forty-eight hours. If the Americans had gone on at once, there is every reason to believe that they might have gone through successfully to the city itself. But to take the town in forty-eight hours in the first advance was one thing, and to attempt to take it after a week's delay on the forty-eight-hours' plan was another and widely different business. In a short time it was to be proved that a strong line of defences, constructed for the most part while the advance began at Las Guasimas was checked, lay between the Americans and Santiago, and that the Spaniards, after their fashion, would fight hard and stubbornly under cover of intrenchments and block-houses. Nevertheless, it was with such views prevailing that the army finally moved forward. Lawton's and Chaffee's

* General Wood, who later as Governor of Santiago had ample time and opportunity to make careful inquiries, states that the Spanish force at Las Guasimas amounted to 2850 men.

brigades came up to the front the day of the fight at Las Guasimas, and the other troops advanced during the following days to the high ground around Sevilla, which the victory of the cavalry division had brought within American control. During three days there seems to have been great confusion in the movement of troops, and still more in the transportation of supplies. The narrow trails, bad at the best, were soon torn up by wagons, and were choked by the advancing regiments, which moved with difficulty. The army stretched back for three miles from El Pozo, where an outpost was stationed, and whence could be seen the Spaniards hard at work, the line of intrenchments and rifle-pits lengthening continually along the hills of San Juan, and the defences of El Caney constantly growing stronger. Yet during these days of waiting no battery was brought to El Pozo to open on the Spanish works, no effort was made to interfere with the enemy in strengthening his position, which meant the sacrifice of just so many more lives by every hour that it went on unimpeded. There was no attempt during these comparatively unoccupied days to make new roads through the forest and undergrowth, so that the troops could emerge all along the line of woods instead of in dense narrow masses from the two existing trails. There were officers who saw, knew, and suggested all these things, but they were not done. So, too, the valley or basin which lay between the heights we held and the heights of San Juan remained silent, unpenetrated, unexplored. There does not appear to have been any reconnoitring done at all,

except by General Chaffee, who, with the skill and coolness of an experienced Indian-fighter, explored the ground in front of his command thoroughly, even to the Spanish lines at El Caney, a village lying toward the northeast of Santiago, and very strongly defended by block-houses and a fort.

It was at this point, finally, that it was determined to make an attack, and this was, so far as can be judged, the only operation that was planned beforehand. All the rest of the fighting which ensued came about largely by chance. The movement against El Caney was intrusted to Generals Lawton, Chaffee, and Ludlow, brave, skilful, and gallant soldiers, in command of the Second Division, with the addition of an independent brigade under General Bates, in all a trifle over



WILLIAM R. SHAFTER.

six thousand men. The plan was that they should capture El Caney, which it was calculated would consume about half an hour to an hour, and then, swinging to the left, cut off and take in the flank the Spaniards on San Juan hill, against which the main army was then to move in direct assault. So, on the afternoon of June 30, the order came at three o'clock that the whole army was to move at four, and then began a slow advance as the troops crushed and crowded into the narrow trail. Part of Lawton's division got off first, then the rest, and they all marched on silently during the night, making their way over the ground General Chaffee had reconnoitred through woods and underbrush. By dawn they were in position, and it was arranged that Chaffee's brigade was to attack from the north and east, and Ludlow's from the south and west, and so carry the position. But to



THE HOTCHKISS BATTERY IN ACTION AT LAS GUASIMAS.

take a strongly fortified town with infantry quickly and without needless loss it is absolutely essential to clear the way by a powerful and destructive artillery fire. For this all-important object the division had only Capron's battery of four guns, so absurdly inadequate to its task that the fact need only be stated. This meagre battery opened on the fort at El Caney with a deliberate fire at half past six, producing little more effect than to very slowly crumble the walls. Moreover, the battery was not only grossly inadequate, but it used black powder, and immediately established a flaring target to an enemy entirely concealed and perfectly familiar with the ranges. Why were there no more guns? Why were they left at Tampa or in the transports? The fact requires no committee of investigation to prove it, and somebody was responsible for the scores of men shot at El Caney because there were only four guns there to open the way. Why was the powder black, so that a target of smoke hung over the American position after every discharge? Any smokeless powder was better than none. Even poor, broken-down Spain had smokeless powder for artillery. Why did we not have it? While the War Department had been passing years in trying to find a patent powder just to its liking, our artillery was provided with black powder and went to war with it, and men died needlessly because of it. No need of a committee to establish this fact, either. Who was responsible? One thing is certain—a system of administration which is capable of such protracted inefficiency is little short of criminal, and the Congress and the people who permit such a system to exist, now that it has been found out, will share in the neglect



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

for which men's lives have dearly paid if they do not promptly remedy it.

But these reflections did not help matters at El Caney that July morning, and the feeble battery and the slow fire and the target-smoke soon disposed of the pleasant headquarters plan of taking the village in the course of an hour. There was nine hours' savage work ahead before the desired consummation could be reached. The Spaniards, although without artillery or siege-guns, numbered about eight hundred men; were entirely protected and under cover in a stone fort, rifle-pits, and strong block-houses; knew perfectly and accurately all the ranges; could not retreat without rushing on destruction after our troops surrounded them—a sharp incentive to desperate resistance. So, while the slow artillery fire went on, the infantry began to suffer se-

riously from the deadly Spanish fire. They worked their way forward, creeping from point to point, but it was very slow, and equally costly. At half past one the situation looked badly. The Americans were holding their own, but losing far more heavily than the Spaniards. An order from General Shafter at this moment to neglect El Caney and move to the assistance of the troops at San Juan must have seemed like a grim satire, and was disregarded. But the evil hour had really passed. The artillery fire was quickened, and the fort began at last to go rapidly to pieces under the steady pounding. Colonel Miles's brigade joined General Ludlow in pressing the attack on the south; and then at last General Chaffee, whose men had been enduring the brunt of the fight, gave the order to storm, and the Twelfth Regiment sprang forward at the word, eager for the charge. Up the ravine they went to the east side, then swung to the right, broke through the wire fences, rushed upward to the top of the hill, and the fort was theirs. The enemy who had fought so stubbornly at rifle range could not stand the American rush; they had no desire to be taken "by the bare hands." The price paid had been heavy, but the dearly bought fort, in the words of an eye-witness, was "floored with dead Spaniards," a grewsome sight. Yet, even as the wild cheers went up, it was seen that they were still exposed, and a heavy fire came from the block-houses. Lining up in the fort, the Americans poured volley after volley into these other strongholds; and the other brigades pressing home their charge, the Spanish gave way, even retreat seeming less hopeless now than resistance, and fled from the village, dropping fast as they went under the shots of Ludlow's men. By four o'clock the firing had died away, and El Caney, at a cost which proper artillery would have greatly reduced, had been won by the unyielding, patient gallantry of the American regular infantry.

The Spaniards had less than a thousand men at El Caney, but they were under cover, strongly fortified, and knew the ranges. Shut in, desperate, and almost surrounded as they were, they appeared at their best, and fought with a stubborn courage and an indifference to danger which recall the defence of Saragossa and Gerona. Worthless as the

Spanish soldiers have too often shown themselves to be, behind defences and penned in by enemies, they have displayed a fortitude worthy of the days, three centuries ago, when the infantry of Spain was thought the finest in Europe. Of this esteem El Caney offered a fresh and brilliant illustration. The Spaniards lost nearly five hundred men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, much more than half their number, and among the killed was the commander, General Vara del Rey, his brother, and two of his sons. On the American side the killed numbered 4 officers and 84 men; the wounded, 24 officers and 332 men—the loss falling chiefly on Ludlow's and Chaffee's brigades, comprising the 4000 men who were actively engaged throughout the day. The force was composed entirely of regulars, with the exception of the Second Massachusetts Regiment, in Ludlow's brigade. These volunteers, never in action before, behaved extremely well, coming up steadily under fire, and taking their place in the firing-line. But the moment they opened with their archaic Springfields and black powder, which they owed to the narrow parsimony of Congress, and to the lack of energy and efficiency in the system of the War Department, they became not only an easy mark for the Spanish Mausers, but made the position of more peril to all the other troops. In consequence of this they had to be withdrawn from the firing-line, but not until they had suffered severely and displayed an excellent courage. The lack of artillery and the black powder made the assault on El Caney a work to which infantry should not have been forced. Yet they were forced to it, and supported by only four guns, but splendidly led by Lawton, Chaffee, and Ludlow, they carried the position at heavy cost by sheer courage, discipline, and good fighting, manifesting these great qualities in a high degree, and one worthy of very lasting honor and remembrance.

Lawton and Chaffee and Ludlow had gone to El Caney with a well-defined purpose. It is difficult, even after the most careful study and repeated reading of the official reports, to detect any plan in the movements of the rest of the army. The troops had been moved up the narrow trail the night before, and at seven in the morning Captain Grimes's battery opened



THE CAPTURE OF EL CANEY.

The Seventh regular infantry, charging through the fields at the north of El Caney, are cutting their way through the wire fence. Major Collins, who is prominent in the foreground of the picture, was at this time pierced through the shoulder by a Mauser bullet.

from El Pozo hill. Black powder again, and a magnificent target, so that the Cubans in the farm-house, Rough Riders in the yard, and the First and Tenth cavalry, all thoughtfully massed by some one in the immediate neighborhood of the battery, where they could be most easily hit, began to suffer severely. Then the two brigades of the cavalry division, the First, commanded by Colonel (now General) Wood, leading, moved down the road to Santiago. When the Rough Riders reached the ford of the San Juan, they crossed and deployed in good order. Then a captive observation-balloon was brought along and anchored at the ford where the troops were crossing and massed in the road. As one reads the official statement of this fact, comment and criticism alike fail. That such a thing should be done seems incredible. The balloon simply served to give the Spaniards a perfect mark and draw all the rifle and artillery fire to the precise point where our men were densely crowded in a narrow road. Fortunately the balloon was quickly destroyed by the enemy's fire, but it had given the place and the range, and there the troops remained for nearly an hour, exposed to heavy fire from the forts and block-house, and from guerillas in trees, who here and elsewhere devoted themselves especially to picking off surgeons, wounded men, and Red Cross nurses. There the men remained, dropping under the shots of the Spaniards, able to do nothing, waiting orders. No orders from headquarters came; the situation was intolerable; retreat meant not only defeat, but useless and continual exposure to a slaughtering fire. No other resource remained, except to take rifle in hand and, with infantry alone, carry strong intrenchments and block-houses, defended by well-covered regulars supported by artillery. Still no orders, and at last the division, brigade, and regimental commanders acted and ordered for themselves. Colonel Roosevelt led his Rough Riders forward from the woods, and asking the men of the Ninth to let him pass through, the regiment of regulars rose and followed him, and then the whole cavalry division went out and on up the first hill, where there was a red-roofed farm-house, whence they drove the enemy. A pause here, a taking breath, exposed all the time to a heavy fire from the strong

main intrenchments now in plain view. Again Colonel Roosevelt calls on his men, starts, comes back because they had not heard, and off they go again over the long space, more than half a mile, which separates them from the Spanish post. The line of blue figures looks very thin and very sparse to those who are watching it. It seems to move very slowly. But it is moving all the time. Men stagger and drop, but the line goes on and up. It nears the top, the Spaniards break and run, and the cavalry division—six regiments—all mingled now, finds itself with the heights carried, and the intrenchments on the right in its firm but tired grasp. With it has gone the Gatling battery under Captain Parker, who has kept his guns right at the front, a powerful ally and support in these trying moments. Colonel Roosevelt, who rode at first, has left his horse at a wire fence, and now finds himself the senior officer present and in command of all that is left of the six gallant regiments, having led dauntlessly and unhurt one of the most brilliant charges in our history.

Meantime over on the left the regular infantry are repeating against the fort of San Juan—the strongest of all the Spanish positions, and on a larger scale—the splendid work of the dismounted cavalry. This division, consisting of eight regiments of regulars and one of volunteers, was admirably commanded and led by General Kent. They moved up the road on the afternoon of June 30, and started again early on the next morning as soon as Captain Grimes's battery opened at El Pozo, with the First Brigade, under General Hawkins, in the lead. Their orders were to keep their right on the main road to Santiago. They too were held back by the crowd in the narrow trail, and still further delayed by waiting for the passage of the cavalry division, who were given the right of way. As they began at last to advance slowly they too came under the Spanish fire, they too received the punishment brought upon the army by the luckless balloon, and thus crowded together, at a halt almost, suffered severely. The enemy's fire steadily increased, the shrapnel poured in where the balloon had marked the position, and the sharpshooters in the trees busied themselves, as they were doing already with the cavalry division. General Kent



THE CAPTURE OF THE BLOCK-HOUSE, SAN JUAN.

attempted to send the Seventy-first New York through a by-path, so as to bring them out in their proper position with the First Brigade, but when they came under the heavy fire of the enemy the first battalion broke, and were only held from a panic by the exertions of General Kent's staff-officers. The other two battalions remained steady, for the regiment was of first-rate material, and the trouble arose from their being badly officered. In the end they rallied, and many went forward in the final charge with the regulars, notably the company under the gallant lead of Captain Rafferty. But at the moment the confusion in the New York regiment still further checked the already impeded advance. The First Brigade had gone on without the volunteers, and the Third Brigade was hurried forward by General Kent into the blocked road, and finally pushed through the New York regiment. As they came out and crossed the lower ford Colonel Wikoff was killed, and two lieutenant-colonels who succeeded him in command of the brigade were quickly shot down, all in the course of ten minutes. Yet nothing could shake the nerve or break the discipline of this splendid brigade. Following orders, making all the formations, operating in companies, battalions, and regiments, on they went through the heavy undergrowth, waist-deep through the streams, and across barbed-wire defences. Nothing could break them as they went steadily and fiercely onward. The Second Brigade, finely led by Colonel Pearson, was pushed through in the same way beneath a galling fire, out of the narrow trail and across the ford. Two regiments of Pearson's men went to the support of the Third Brigade, one to that of the First. Meantime the Third Brigade, connecting with the First on the right and sweeping round through a heavy fire, turned the enemy's right, and shared with the First in the assault. On they went up a steep hill 125 feet above the level, tangled with barbed wires, and crowned with deep trenches and the strong brick fort of San Juan. No artillery to help them. Regular infantry, rifle in hand, were going to take this high and heavily fortified position. Steadily and quickly they went at it, General Hawkins, a noble figure, white-haired, and with all the fire of youth in his gallant heart, leading the

charge at the head of his two regiments. To those who watched, it seemed to take a long time. But it was twenty minutes past twelve when the Third Brigade followed the First out of the death-trap in the woods, and at half past one the steady, strong-moving mass of infantry had cleared an outlying knoll, crossed the valley, scaled the rough steep hill, and with Hawkins at their head, and the men of the Third Brigade sweeping up on the left, stood triumphant on the crest, where they fell to intrenching themselves, and sent the Thirteenth Infantry off to support the cavalry division, while the Twenty-first Regiment pushed on 800 yards farther and took an advanced position. Altogether a very splendid feat of arms, very perfectly performed.

At only one point did the forward movement of July 1 fail. General Duffield, in command of a brigade consisting of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan and the Ninth Massachusetts, was to move along the coast and take the Spanish position at Aguadores. He advanced under cover of a heavy fire from the ships, which shelled the forts and signalled again and again that they were entirely cleared. But General Duffield, reaching a stream about one hundred feet wide, and finding the railroad bridge destroyed, stopped, considered the situation, and decided to go no farther. The regiments, so far as is known, were of most excellent material, brave, and quite ready to fight, but although supported by the ships, General Duffield stopped at the stream, and that seems to be all that can be said, except that he had two men killed and fifteen wounded.

The battle of San Juan, as it is called, consisted really of two detached attacks on the hill of that name and the separate action of El Caney. There were 6464 officers and men at El Caney, and 7919 engaged at San Juan, apart from the small brigade (323 all told) of light artillery. There were among them three regiments of volunteers, but the Second Massachusetts, after suffering severely, had to be withdrawn from the firing-line on account of its black powder, and the Seventy-first New York was only partially engaged. Deducting these two regiments, there were 12,507 officers and men engaged, including, of volunteers, only the Rough Riders, who, like the regulars, were armed with modern magazine rifles, and



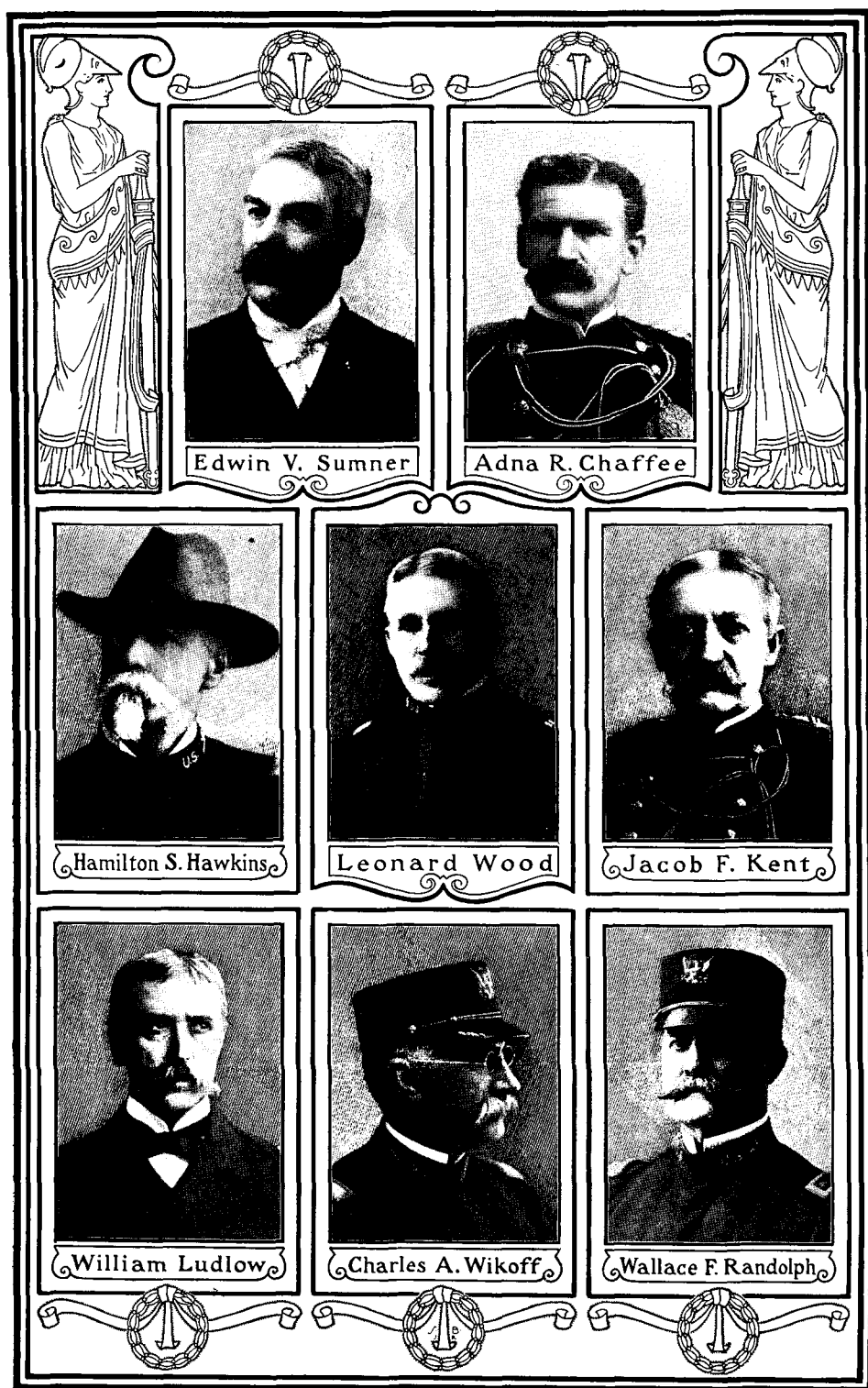
GENERAL H. S. HAWKINS AT SAN JUAN.

who showed themselves on that day the equal of any regulars in desperate fighting; but they numbered only 583 of the more than 12,000 men brought into action. The battle of San Juan, therefore, was pre-eminently the battle of the American regulars, of the flower of the American standing army. With scarcely any artillery support, armed only with rifles, they were set to take heights and a village strongly held by regular soldiers and defended by forts, intrenchments, batteries, and a tangle of barbed-wire fences. This is something which the best military critics would declare well-nigh impossible and not to be attempted. The American army did it. That is enough to say. They lost heavily, largely through the awkward manner in which they were crowded and delayed at the start. There were 21 officers and 220 men killed, and 93 officers and 1280 men wounded, the percentage of officers being remarkably high, except at Aguadores, where none were injured. On the Spanish side it is almost impossible to get any figures of the slightest value, even their official reports being filled with obvious falsehoods and contradictions. General Wheeler gives the number at El Caney as 460; the official Spanish report puts it at 520, of whom only 80 returned unwounded. Captain Arthur Lee, of the British army, who has written by far the best account of El Caney, says there were somewhat less than 1000 Spaniards in the works, and that at least half were killed and wounded. As his estimate of the losses agrees with the Spanish report, I have accepted it. The Spanish statement of the force at El Caney is so absurd, on their own statement of losses, that Captain Lee's dispassionate estimate of the total force must also be accepted. The case at San Juan is much more difficult. According to Lieutenant Muller y Tejeiro, quoting what professes to be official reports, there were only 3000 men defending Santiago, including the sailors, and only 250 men at San Juan heights. This is so grotesquely false that it is easy to throw it aside, but it is not easy to reach the truth. Muller gives 520 men at El Caney and 250 at San Juan, and in one place gives the total killed and wounded as 593, and in another as 469, both manifestly absurd losses for 770 men. The Spaniards said that they had 4000 men at Las Guasimas, and really had 2800, which

hardly coincides with the statement that there were only 3000 men in the city. Deducting Escario's force, which came in on July 2, there were 13,000 rifles, Mausers and Remingtons, surrendered in Santiago city when it capitulated, which indicates a total force of that number, unless we assume that each of Lieutenant Muller's 3000 soldiers carried four rifles. As a matter of fact, the Spaniards had 12,000 to 13,000 men in Santiago; they had over 9000 along the line of defences on the east side confronting the Americans*; and the works at San Juan were strongly held by at least 4000 men, as stated by Mr. Ramsden, the British consul, a thoroughly trustworthy witness. Their actual losses it is not easy to detect through the clouds of falsehood in the official reports; but as we know that they were heavier than the American at El Caney, and much heavier at Las Guasimas, we may safely assume that the case was nearly the same at San Juan, although they had all the advantage of cover and position. It is certain that when the city surrendered they had more men in hospital than the Americans. The Spaniards stood their ground bravely, fired heavily in volleys, and bore their punishment unflinchingly, but nowhere did they face the American rush and onset when they came close upon them. It was a hard-fought battle, and both sides suffered severely, but the steady and irresistible American advance won.

There was no rest for the men who had climbed the steep sides of San Juan. Worn and weary as they were, they went to work to make intrenchments, and with scant food—Colonel Roosevelt's men feeding on what the Spaniards had left behind—they all toiled on through the night. At daylight the Spaniards attacked, opening a fire which continued all day. Yet, despite the fire and the drenching rain, the men worked on, and the new intrenchments, now frowning down toward the city, grew and lengthened. At nine o'clock in the evening another attack was made by the Spaniards, and repulsed. The losses on the American side during this fighting on the 2d were not severe, as they were protected by breastworks, and the Spaniards were utterly unable to take the hill they could not hold, from the men who had driven

* General Wood puts the number of men on the whole eastern line of defences at 9600.



them from it when they had every advantage of position. Nevertheless, the situation was undoubtedly grave. With 3000 men only on the extreme ridge at first, we were confronted by 9000 Spaniards. Our men were exhausted by battle, marching, and digging. They were badly fed, transportation was slow, and supplies scarce, and they were at first unsheltered. Under these conditions some officers thought and urged withdrawal, while General Wheeler, backed strongly by many of the younger officers, opposed any such movement. The spirit which carried the heights of San Juan held them, but to General Shafter, away from the front and the firing-line, the voices of doubt and alarm came with effective force. During the day he fluctuated from doubt to confidence. He wanted Sampson to try at once and at all hazards to break in, and he proposed to General Wheeler to move against the entrance forts of the harbor, thus giving a tardy adhesion to the wise plan of Sampson and Miles, which he had abandoned. Early on the morning of July 3 there came a despatch from him, written under the first depressing influences, to the War Department, saying that he had Santiago well invested, but that our line was thin, the city strongly defended, and not to be taken without heavy loss; that he needed re-enforcements, and was considering withdrawal to a position which an examination of the map showed to mean a retreat to the coast. This news—the first received in twenty-four hours—came upon those in authority at Washington with a depressing shock. General Shafter was urged to hold the San Juan heights, and in a confused hurry every effort was made to get together more transports—none having been brought back from Santiago—and drive forward the departure of troops. It was the one really dark day of the war, and the long hot hours of that memorable Sunday were heavy with doubt, apprehension, and anxiety.

THE SEA FIGHT.

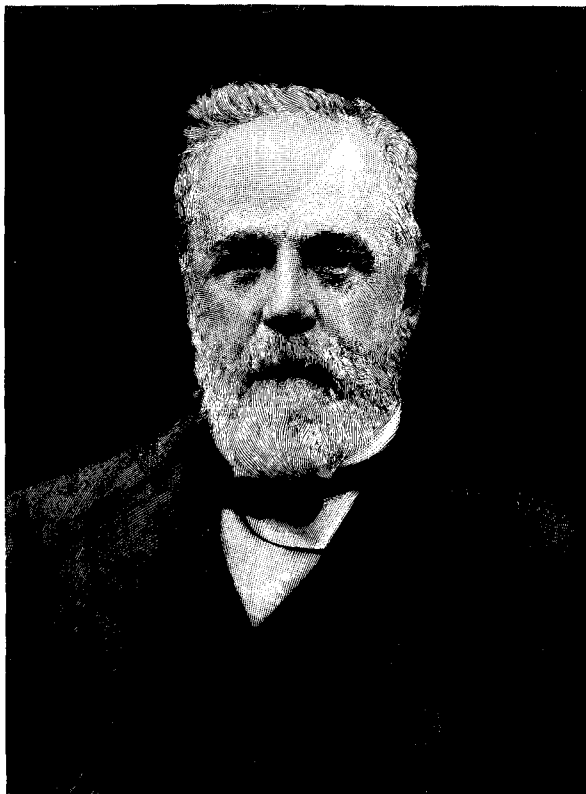
Yet by one of the dramatic contrasts which fate delights to create in human history, at the very time when the Shafter despatch was filling Washington with gloom, the sea-power of Spain was being shot to death by American guns, and her ancient empire in the West Indies had

passed away forever. It matters little now why Cervera pushed open the door of Santiago Harbor and rushed out to ruin and defeat. The admiral himself would have the world understand that he was forced out by ill-advised orders from Havana and Madrid. Very likely this is true, but if it is, Havana and Madrid must be admitted to have had good grounds for their decision. It did not occur to the Spaniards, either in Santiago or elsewhere, that the entire American army had been flung upon El Caney and San Juan, and that there were no reserves. Their own reports, moreover, from the coast were wild and exaggerated, so that, deceived by these as well as by the daring movements and confident attitude of the American army, they concluded that the city was menaced by not less than 50,000 men. Under these conditions Santiago would soon be surrounded, cut off, starved, and taken. It is true that Admiral Cervera had announced that if the Americans entered Santiago he would shell and destroy the city, and he would probably have done so, with complete Spanish indifference to the wanton brutality of such an act. But it is difficult to see how this performance would have helped the army or saved the fleet. With the American army on the heights of San Juan, and extending its lines, the ultimate destruction or capture of the entire squadron was a mere question of time. The process might be made more or less bloody, but the final outcome could not be avoided, and was certain to be complete. On the other hand, a wild rush out of the harbor might result possibly in the escape of one or more ships, and such an escape, properly treated in official despatches, could very well be made to pass in Spain for a victory. In remaining, there could be nothing but utter ruin, however long postponed. In going out, there was at least a chance, however slight, of saving something. So Cervera was ordered to leave the harbor of Santiago. He would have liked to go by night, but the narrow entrance glared out of the darkness brilliant with the white blaze of the search-lights, and beyond lay the enemy, veiled in darkness, waiting and watching. The night was clearly impossible. It must be daylight, if at all. So on Sunday morning at half past nine the Spanish fleet with bottled steam came out of the harbor

with a rush, the flag-ship *Maria Teresa* leading; then the other three cruisers, about 800 yards apart; then, at 1200 yards distance, the two crack Clyde-built torpedo-boat destroyers *Furor* and *Pluton*. As Admiral Sampson was to meet General Shafter that morning at Siboney, the *New York* had started to the eastward, and was four miles away from her station when, at the sound of the guns, she swung round and rushed after the running battle-ships, which she could never quite overtake. It was a cruel piece of ill fortune that the admiral, who had made every arrangement for the fight, should, by mere chance of war, have been deprived of his personal share in it. Equally cruel was the fortune which had taken Captain Higginson and the *Masachusetts* on that day to Guantanamo to coal. These temporary absences left (beginning at the westward) the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, *Iowa*, *Oregon*, *Indiana*, and the two converted yachts *Gloucester* and *Vixen* lying near inshore, to meet the escaping enemy. Quick eyes on the *Iowa* detected first the trailing line of smoke in the narrow channel. Then the *Brooklyn* saw them, then all the fleet, and there was no need of the signal "enemy escaping," which went up on the *Iowa* and *Brooklyn*. Admiral Sampson's order had long since been given: "If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore." Every ship was always stripped for action, each captain on the station knew this order, his crew needed no other, and the perfect execution of it was the naval battle at Santiago.

The Spanish ships came out at eight to ten knots' speed, cleared the Diamond Shoal, and then turned sharply to the westward. As they issued forth they opened a fierce, rapid, but ill-directed fire with all guns, which shrouded them in smoke.

The missiles fell most thickly perhaps about the *Indiana* and *Brooklyn*, the two ships at the opposite ends of the crescent line, but seemed also to come in a dense flight over the *Oregon* and the rest. Around the *Indiana* the projectiles tore the water into foam, and the *Brooklyn*, which the Spaniards had some vague plan



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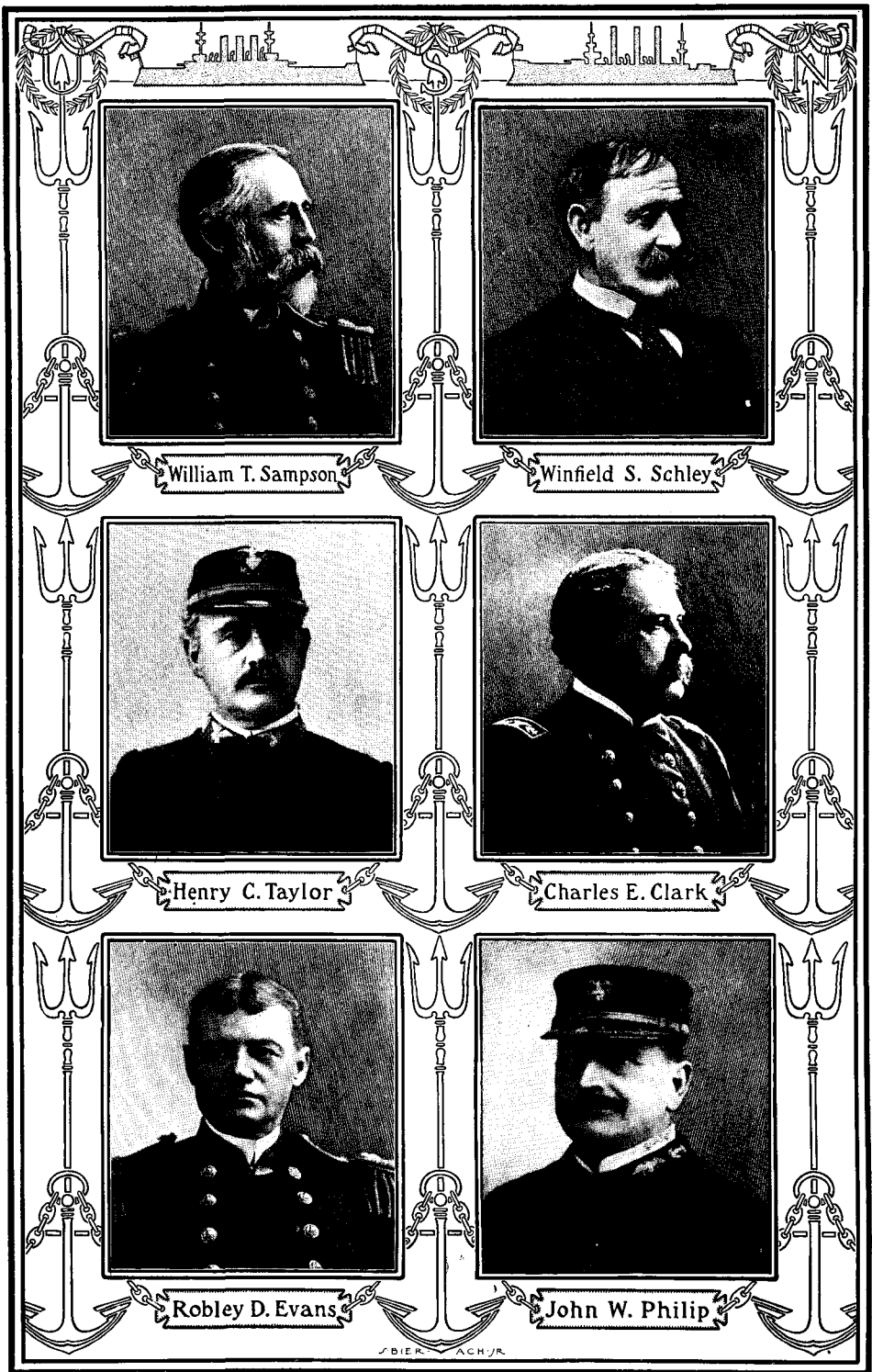
PASQUALE DE CERVERA.

of disabling, because they believed her to be the one fast ship, was struck twenty-five times, but not seriously injured. The Spanish attack, with its sudden burst of fire, was chiefly in the first rush, for it was soon drowned in the fierce reply. The American crews were being mustered for Sunday inspection when the enemy was seen. They were always prepared for action, and as the signal went up the men were already at quarters. There was no need for Admiral Sampson's distant signal to close in and attack, for that was what they did. The only disadvan-

tage at the outset was that they were under low steam, and it took time to gather way, so that the Spaniards, with a full head of steam, gained in the first rush. But this did not check the closing in, nor the heavy broadsides which were poured upon the Spanish ships as they came by and turned to the westward. Then it was that the *Maria Teresa* and the *Oquendo* received their death-wounds. Then it was that a 13-inch shell from the *Indiana* struck the *Teresa*, exploding under the quarter-deck; and that the broadsides of the *Iowa*, flung on each cruiser as it headed her in turn, and of the *Oregon* and *Texas*, tore the sides of the *Oquendo*, the *Vizcaya*, and the flag-ship. The Spanish fire sank under that of the American gunners, shooting coolly as if at target practice, and sweeping the Spanish decks with a fire which drove the men from the guns. On went the Spanish ships in their desperate flight, the American ships firing rapidly and steadily upon them, always closing in, and beginning now to gather speed. The race was a short one to two of the Spanish ships, fatally wounded in the first savage encounter. In little more than half an hour the flag-ship *Maria Teresa* was headed to the shore, and at quarter past ten she was a sunken, burning wreck upon the beach at Nima Nima, six miles from Santiago. Fifteen minutes later, and half a mile farther on, the *Oquendo* was beached near Juan Gonzales, a mass of flames, shot to pieces, and a hopeless wreck. For these two, flight and fight were alike over.

At the start, the *Brooklyn*, putting her helm to port, had gone round, bearing away from the land, and then steamed to the westward, so that, as she was the fastest in our squadron, she might be sure to head off the swiftest Spanish ship. In the lead with the *Brooklyn* was the *Texas*, holding the next position in the line. But the *Oregon* was about to add to the laurels she had already won in her great voyage from ocean to ocean. With a burst of speed which astonished all who saw her, and which seemed almost incredible in a battle-ship, she forged ahead to the second place in the chase, for such it had now become. The *Teresa* and *Oquendo* had gone to wreck, torn by the fire of all the ships. The *Vizcaya* had also suffered severely, but struggled on, pursued by the leading ships, and under

their fire, especially that of the *Oregon*, until, at quarter past eleven, she too was turned to the shore and beached, at Asseraderos, fifteen miles from Santiago, a shattered, blazing hulk. Meantime the two torpedo-boats, coming out last from the harbor, about ten o'clock, had made a rush to get by the American ships; but their high speed availed them nothing. The secondary batteries of the battle-ships were turned upon them with disastrous effect, and they also met an enemy especially reserved for them. The *Gloucester*, a converted yacht, with no armor, but with a battery of small rapid-fire guns, was lying inshore when the Spaniards made their break for liberty. Undauntedly firing her light shells at the great cruisers as they passed, the *Gloucester* waited, gathering steam, for the destroyers. The moment these boats appeared, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, unheeding the fire of the Socapa battery, drove the *Gloucester* straight upon them at top speed, giving them no time to use their torpedoes, even if they had so desired. The fierce, rapid, well-directed fire of the *Gloucester* swept the decks of the torpedo-boats, and tore their upper works and sides. Shattered by the shells from the battle-ships, and overwhelmed by the close and savage attack of the *Gloucester*, which fought in absolute disregard of the fire from either ships or shore, the race of the torpedo-boat destroyers was soon run. Within twenty minutes of their rush from the harbor's mouth the *Furor* was beached and sunk, and the *Pluton* had gone down in deep water. At the risk of their lives the officers and men of the *Gloucester* boarded their sinking enemies, whose decks looked like shambles, and saved all those who could be saved. There were but few to rescue. Nineteen were taken from the *Furor*, 26 from the *Pluton*; all the rest of the 64 men on each boat were killed or drowned. It is worth while to make a little comparison here. The *Furor* and *Pluton* were 370 tons each, with a complement together of 134 men. They had together four 11-pounders, four 6-pounders, and four Maxim guns, in addition to their torpedoes. The *Gloucester* was of 800 tons, with 93 men, four 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, and two Colt automatic guns. The Spanish ships were fatally wounded probably by the secondary batteries of the battle-ships, but they

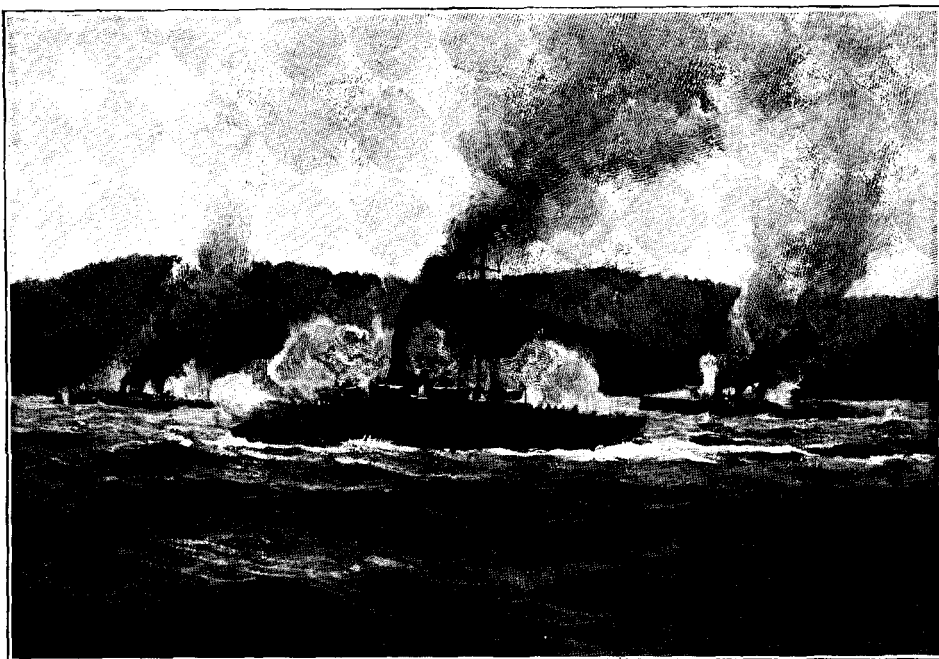


were hunted down and destroyed by the *Gloucester*, which, regardless of the fire of the Socapa battery, closed with them and overwhelmed them. There is a very interesting exhibition here of the superior quality of the American sailor. The fierce, rapid, gallant attack of the *Gloucester* carried all before it, and showed that spirit of daring sea-fighting without which the best ships and the finest guns are of little avail, and which has made the English-speaking man the victor on the ocean from the days of the Armada.

When the *Vizcaya* went ashore at quarter past eleven, only one Spanish ship remained, the *Cristóbal Colon*. She was the newest, the fastest, and the best of the squadron. With their bottled steam, all the Spanish cruisers gained at first, while the American ships were gathering and increasing their pressure, but the *Colon* gained most of all. She did, apparently, comparatively little firing, kept inside of her consorts, hugging the shore, and then raced ahead, gaining on all the American ships except the *Brooklyn*, which kept on outside to head her off. When the *Vizcaya* went ashore, the *Colon* had a lead of about six miles over the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, which had forged to the front, with the *Texas* and *Vixen* following at their best speed. As the *New York* came tearing along the coast, striving with might and main to get into the fight, now so nearly done, Admiral Sampson saw, after he passed the wreck of the *Vizcaya*, that the American ships were overhauling the Spaniard. The *Colon* had a contract speed five knots faster than the contract speed of the *Oregon*. But the Spaniard's best was seven knots below her contract speed, while the *Oregon*, fresh from her 14,000 miles of travel, was going a little faster than her contract speed, a very splendid thing, worthy of much thought and consideration as to the value of perfect and honest workmanship done quite obscurely in the builder's yard, and of the skill, energy, and exact training which could then get more than any one had a right to expect from both ship and engines. On they went, the Americans coming ever nearer, until at last, at ten minutes before one, the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* opened fire. A thirteen-inch shell from the great battle-ship, crushing her way at top speed through the water, fell in the sea beyond the *Colon*; the eight-

inch shells of the *Brooklyn* began to drop about her; more big shells from the *Oregon* turret followed; and then, without firing another shot, the Spaniard hauled down her flag and ran at full speed ashore upon the beach at Rio Tarquino, forty-five miles from Santiago. Captain Cook of the *Brooklyn* boarded her, received the surrender, and reported it to Admiral Sampson, who had come up finally just in time to share in the last act of the drama. The *Colon* was only slightly hurt by shells, but it was soon found that the Spaniards, to whom the point of honor is very dear, had opened and broken her sea-valve after surrendering her, and that she was filling fast. The *New York* pushed her in nearer the shore, and she sank, comparatively uninjured, in shoal water.

So the fight ended. Every Spanish ship which had dashed out of the harbor in the morning was a half-sunken wreck on the Cuban coast at half past one. The officers and men of the *Iowa*, assisted by the *Ericsson* and *Hist*, took off the Spanish crews from the red-hot decks and amid the exploding batteries and ammunition of the *Vizcaya*. The same work was done by the *Gloucester* and *Harvard* for the *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa*. From the water and the surf, from the beaches, and from the burning wrecks, at greater peril than they had endured all day, American officers and crews rescued their beaten foes. A very noble conclusion to a very perfect victory. The Spanish lost, according to their own accounts and the best estimates, 350 killed or drowned, 160 wounded, and 99 officers and 1675 men prisoners, including, of course, those on the *Furor* and *Pluton*, as already given. The American loss was one man killed and one wounded, both on the *Brooklyn*. Such completeness of result and such perfection of execution are as striking here as at Manila, and Europe, which had been disposed at first to belittle Manila, saw at Santiago that these things were not accidental, and considered the performances of the American navy in a surprised and flattering, but by no means happy, silence. At Santiago the Spaniards had the best types of modern cruisers, three built by British workmen in Spanish yards, and one, the *Colon*, in Italy, while the torpedo-boat destroyers were fresh from the Clyde, and the very last expression of



The Pluton.

The Furor.

THE "GLOUCESTER" AND THE SPANISH TORPEDO-BOATS.

The Furor is in a sinking condition, and the Pluton is heading for shore.

English skill. The American ships were heavier in armament and armor, but much slower. The Americans could throw a heavier weight of metal, but the Spaniards had more quick-fire guns, and ought to have been able to fire at the rate of seventy-seven more shots in five minutes than their opponents.* According to the contract speed, the Spanish cruisers had a great advantage over all their American opponents, with the exception of the *Brooklyn*, and of the *New York*, which was absent. If they had lived up to their qualities as set down in every naval register, they ought to have made a most brilliant fight, and some of them ought to have escaped. They also had the advantage of coming out under a full head of steam, which their opponents lacked, and yet in less than two hours all but one were shattered wrecks along the shore, and in less than two hours more that one survivor had been run down and had met the same fate. It is no ex-

planation to say, what we know now to be true, that the *Colon* did not have her ten-inch guns, that the *Vizcaya* was fouled-bottomed, that much of the ammunition was bad, and the other ships more or less out of order. One of the conditions of naval success, just as important as any other, is that the ships should be kept in every respect in the highest possible efficiency, and that the best work of which the machine and the organization are capable should be got out of them. The Americans fulfilled these conditions, the Spaniards did not; the *Oregon* surpassed all that the most exacting had a right to demand; the *Colon* and *Vizcaya* did far less; hence one reason for American victory. It is also said with truth that the Spanish gunnery was bad, but this is merely stating again that they fell short in a point essential to success. They fired with great rapidity as they issued from the harbor, and although most of the shots went wide, many were anything but wild, for the *Brooklyn* was hit twenty-five times, the *Iowa* repeatedly, and the other ships more or less. When the American fire fell upon them, their fire,

* See the admirable article in *Harper's Magazine* for January (p. 291) upon the "Naval Lessons of the War," by H. W. Wilson, author of "Ironclads in Action."



The Oregon. The Brooklyn.

THE LAST OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

The Cristóbal Colon.

as at Manila, slackened, became ineffective, and died away. Again it was shown that the volume and accuracy of the American fire were so great that the fire of the opponents was smothered, and that the crews were swept away from the guns. The overwhelming American victory was due not to the shortcomings of the Spaniards, but to the efficiency of the navy of the United States and to the quality of the crews. The officers and seamen, the gunners and engineers, surpassed the Spaniards in their organization and in their handling of the machinery they used. They were thoroughly prepared; no surprise was possible to them; they knew just what they meant to do when the hour of battle came, and they did it coolly, effectively, and with perfect discipline. They were proficient and accurate marksmen, and got the utmost from their guns as from their ships. Last, and most important of all, they had that greatest quality of a strong, living, virile race, the power of daring, incessant dashing attack, with no thought of the punishment they might themselves be obliged to take. The whole war showed, and the defeat of Cervera most conspicuously, that the Spaniards had utterly lost the power of attack, a sure sign of a broken race, and for which no amount of fortitude in facing death can compensate.

No generous man can fail to admire and to praise the despairing courage which held El Caney and carried Cervera's fleet out of the narrow channel of Santiago; but it is not the kind of courage which leads to victory, such as that was which sent American soldiers up the hills of San Juan and into the blood-stained village streets of El Caney, or which made the American ships swoop down, carrying utter destruction, upon the flying Spanish cruisers.

Thus the long chase of the Spanish fleet ended in its wreck and ruin beneath American guns. As one tells the story, the utter inadequacy of the narrative to the great fact seems painfully apparent. One wanders among the absorbing details which cross and recross the reader's path, full of interest and infinite in their complexity. The more details one gathers, puzzling what to keep and what to reject, the denser seems the complexity, and the dimmer and more confused the picture. The historian writing calmly in the dis-

tant future will weave them into a full and dispassionate narrative; the antiquarian will write monographs on all incidents, small or large, with unwearying patience; the naval critic and expert will even now draw many technical and scientific lessons from everything that happened, and will debate and dispute about it, to the great advantage of himself and his profession. And yet these are not the things which appeal now, or will appeal in the days to come, to the hearts of men. The details, the number of shots, the ranges, the part taken by each ship, the positions of the fleet—all alike have begun to fade from recollection even now, and will grow still dimmer as the years recede. But out of the mist of events and the gathering darkness of passing time the great fact and the great deed stand forth for the American people and their children's children, as white and shining as the Santiago channel glaring under the search-lights through the Cuban night.

They remember, and will always remember, that hot summer morning, and the anxiety, only half whispered, which overspread the land. They see, and will always see, the American ships rolling lazily on the long seas, and the sailors just going to Sunday inspection. Then comes the long thin trail of smoke drawing nearer the harbor's mouth. The ships see it, and we can hear the cheers ring out, for the enemy is coming, and the American sailor rejoices mightily to know that the battle is set. There is no need of signals, no need of orders. The patient, long-watching admiral has given direction for every chance that may befall. Every ship is in place; every ship rushes forward, closing in upon the advancing enemy, fiercely pouring shells from broadside and turret. There is the *Gloucester* firing her little shots at the great cruisers, and then driving down to grapple with the torpedo-boats. There are the Spanish ships, already mortally hurt, running along the shore, shattered and breaking under the fire of the *Indiana*, the *Iowa*, and the *Texas*; there is the *Brooklyn* racing by to head the fugitives, and the *Oregon* dealing death-strokes as she rushes forward, forging to the front, and leaving her mark everywhere as she goes. It is a captains' fight, and they all fight as if they were one man with one ship. On they go, driving

through the water, firing steadily and ever getting closer, and presently the Spanish cruisers, helpless, burning, twisted wrecks of iron, are piled along the shore, and we see the younger officers and the men of the victorious ships perilling their lives to save their beaten enemies. We see Wainwright on the *Gloucester*, as eager in rescue as he was swift in fight to avenge the *Maine*. We hear Philip cry out: "Don't cheer. The poor devils are dying." We watch Evans as he hands back the sword to the wounded Eulate, and then writes in his report: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women." They all stand out to us, these gallant figures, from admiral to seaman, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory.

And far away along the hot ridges of the San Juan heights lie the American soldiers, who have been fighting, and winning, and digging intrenchments for forty-eight hours, sleeping little and eating less. There they are under the tropic sun that Sunday morning, and presently the heavy sound of guns comes rolling up the bay, and is flung back with many echoes from the surrounding hills. It goes on and on, so fast, so deep and loud, that it is like continuous thunder filling all the air. A battle is on; they know that. Wild rumors begin to fly about, drifting up from the coast. They hear that the American fleet is coming into the harbor; then for an hour that it has been

defeated; and then the truth begins to come, and before nightfall they know that the Spanish fleet is no more, and the American soldier cheers the American sailor, and is filled anew with the glow of victory, and the assurance that he and his comrades have not fought and suffered and died in vain.

The thought of the moment is of the present victory, but there are men there who recognize the deeper and more distant meanings of that Sunday's work, now sinking into the past. They are stirred by the knowledge that the sea power of Spain has perished, and that the Spanish West Indies, which Columbus gave to Leon and Castile, shall know Spain no more. They lift the veil of the historic past, and see that on that July morning a great empire had met its end, and passed finally out of the New World, because it was unfit to rule and govern men. And they and all men see now, and ever more clearly will see, that in the fight off Santiago another great fact had reasserted itself for the consideration of the world. For that fight had displayed once more the victorious sea spirit of a conquering race. It is the spirit of the Jomsberg Viking who, alone and wounded, springs into the sea from his sinking boat with defiance on his lips. It comes down through Grenville and Drake and Howard and Blake, on to Perry and Macdonough and Hull and Decatur. Here on this summer Sunday it has been shown again to be as vital and as clear as ever, even as it was with Nelson dying at Trafalgar, and with Farragut and his men in the fights of bay and river more than thirty years before.

THE CIVIL SERVICE AND COLONIZATION.

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE.

WHEN the completed Constitution was before the Federal Convention and many hesitated to sign, Dr. Franklin remarked, "There is no form of government that may not be a blessing to the people if it is well administered." This was said at a time when the safety of the state was believed to depend upon the form of its government. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness must be measured

out according to a formula. The old form, the monarchical, had failed; the new one, the democratic, promised better things. To-day, the common test in America of the honesty of an administration, whether town, county, State, or national, is whether the funds which have passed through the hands of public officials during their term have been accounted for. If a dollar has been collected and a dollar spent, and