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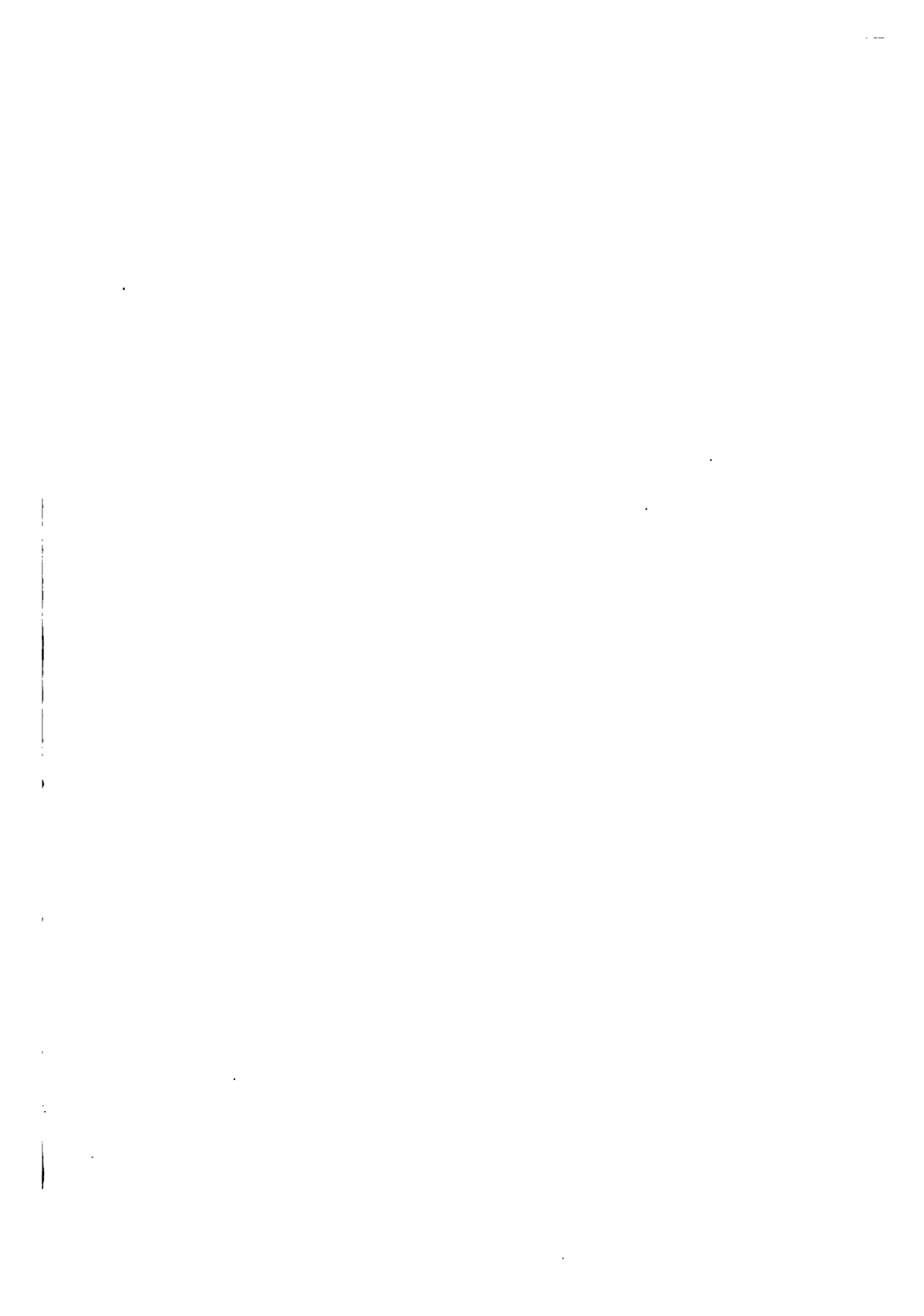
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N. G. GONZALES

IN DARKEST CUBA

TWO MONTHS' SERVICE UNDER GOMIZ
ALONG THE TROCHA
FROM THE CARIBBEAN TO THE
BAHAMA CHANNEL

BY

N. G. CONZALES

COLUMBIA S. C.
THE STATE COMPANY
1922



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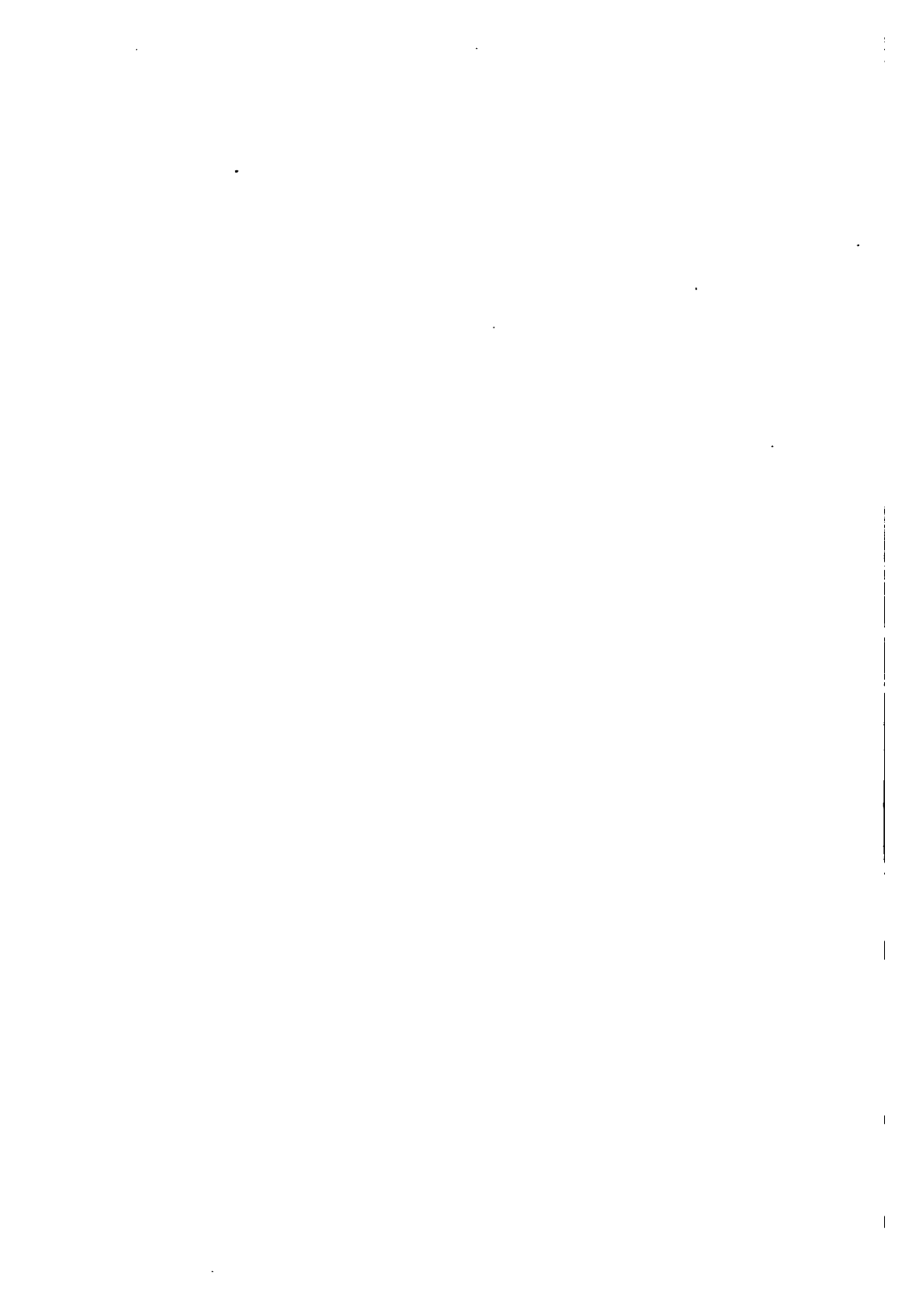
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IN MEMORY OF
NARCISO GENER GONZALES
1858-1903



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FOREWORD

Then we came South. A few months later we were tense with the imminence of war, for, young as we were, public matters were freely discussed before us and we were encouraged to ask questions and keep up with current events.

Our maternal grandfather, William Elliott, a strong Union man, opposed secession, but, once his State seceded, he supported the Confederacy ardently with voice and pen and fortune.

When the boom of cannon bombarding Sumter reached the plantation at dawn on that memorable April morning, my father, an exile from his beloved Cuba—the first of her sons to shed blood in her fight for freedom—too impatient to wait for the train, rode on horseback thirty miles to Charleston to offer his sword to the State of his adoption.

Thenceforward his young sons lived in close touch with war, for the railway ran at the foot of the great liveoak avenue, and over its rails trains passed daily transporting troops to and from Charleston, Savannah and intermediate points, and as the long trains of box-cars clanked slowly by, gray-clad Confederates packed within, and gray-clad Confederates sprawled upon their slanting roofs, the soldiers cheered at the sight of the lordly oaks and the tall white columns of the colonial house at the far end of the vaulted gray-green aisle, and the little boys waved their caps and raised their shrill and feeble voices in response.

Three miles away from the plantation was the pine-land village where the family spent all the summers of the war, with one or two exceptions, when they risked wartime railway and stagecoach transportation and adventured to Flat Rock in the North Carolina mountains. This village was, throughout the war, an

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important military post, and with the soldiers the little boys were in almost constant touch, for the servants took them often to the headquarters or the hospitals with flowers, or fruit, or delicacies for the officers or sick soldiers.

We boys were friends with the soldiers of all branches of the service. We liked the cavalry for their dashing ways and their beautiful horses; the infantry because certain kindly old fellows sometimes let us "pop" huge caps on the nipples of their long muzzle-loading muskets—the soldier holding the piece, while one of us tugged strenuously with both hands at the stubborn and unresponsive trigger; but most of all we loved the artillery, for the parental colonel was chief of artillery for the department, and on his occasional brief furloughs at home, almost breathed in terms of big guns. So we hovered about the artillery park in the pineland, were set astride the bronze or brass or black-iron field pieces and, with the assurance of youth, discussed with the smiling artillerymen the relative efficiency of the long, slim Napoleons and the short, thick-lipped howitzers. While on our visits to Charleston we learned something about Parrotts and the heavy columbiads in their emplacements on the Battery.

Whatever backwardness or self-consciousness the small boys may have displayed while being "shown off" before civilian grown-ups, there was none where Confederates were concerned, for they were on most cordial terms with officers and men, and asked or answered questions with the utmost freedom.

At different times, General Beverley Robertson (a Virginian), General "Shanks" Evans, and General Johnson Hagood, commanded the troops encamped

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around the village, and whenever a General called upon the family, at summer settlement or plantation, the small boys managed to be on hand, and, as soon as the General entered the house, the General's horse was commandeered and, decorated with three little chaps mounted in a row, was led around among the pines or under the liveoaks, by a patient and complaisant orderly.

And nothing was too good for the soldier. The treasures of a cellar full of Old Madeira, Port, and Sherry—wines that had been ripening for a generation and would have been worth a fortune after the war—were levied upon for the use of the hospitals or to flavor jellies for the sick or wounded soldiers.

Everywhere there was breathed the spirit of service, of sacrifice, of renunciation for the cause to whose success the energies and the thoughts of old and young were directed. The only men held to be worth while were those who wore the gray, or, if too old for service, had put their fortunes in Confederate bonds. In this fine atmosphere, it is not surprising that the spirit of patriotism was early aflame in my young brother's breast!

At four years of age he had learned to read, and thereafter throughout the war we were made to read aloud from the Charleston "Mercury" or the "Courier" the headlines and news-stories of the battles and skirmishes as they were published day by day—and how we rejoiced at the success of our troops and how our spirits fell at their defeats! Always we were little barometers registering the spiritual exaltation or depression of our elders, and as they read the lists of Confederate casualties and the editorial comments on the progress of the war, we listened with eager ears

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and smiled or saddened in sympathy with the grown-ups who loved us.

As the war drew to a close, our hopes wore to a tenuous thread and, by the time we reached Darlington, S. C., whither we had "refugeed" from the low-country in the late winter of 1865, the apparent certainty of the Confederacy's fall bore heavily upon us. The little boys shared poignantly the anxiety of the family, and the almost pathetic distress of the house servants at the imminence of the Freedom that hung over them as a cloud whose portent none could penetrate. But youth is resilient, and though the little boys often went off in the woods by themselves to sing patriotic songs or sadden their hearts with Father Ryan's touching poetry of the war, they usually came up smiling at the end of the day.

When it was all over we returned to the ruined low-country and to Reconstruction! Far worse than the poverty and privation was the constant realization in the minds of the boys of the physical and mental strain upon the grown-ups they loved. And the hopelessness of it all! We felt, young and old, like rats caught in a trap. We couldn't think our way out and could see no light ahead.

After ten years of gloom, came Hampton and '76; but meantime, under varied boyish hardships and experiences, my brother's character strengthened and developed.

Upon the birth of Alfonso XII, father of the present King of Spain, Queen Isabela pardoned all the political exiles, and our father who had been exiled from Cuba for twenty years as a leader in the first Revolution was free to return to his native land, and with his family reached Habana in January, 1869.

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The "Ten-Years War" was then in progress, and our father, although he had pledged himself not to take up arms against Spain, was under constant surveillance by Spanish spies during the three months we remained in Habana; and often, as we boys stood at the long iron-barred windows looking at the passing throng crowding the narrow streets, we caught furtive glances on dark, sinister faces watching even the children within doors for a sign. A look of disloyalty to the power of Spain, even a ribbon or a combination of ribbons of the forbidden "tricolor," would have caused an arrest.

So we were again in touch with war! Again to feel the sense of outrage at the weak being crushed by the strong, again to feel the sinking of the heart at the impotence of right against might! Spain at that time had not yet worn herself out in the repression of Cuba, and was still full of strength. Twenty-five thousand Spanish troops were then quartered in Habana, and a brave show they made as they paraded through the streets with their showy uniforms and magnificent bands, offering very striking contrasts in the men from different parts of Spain. Here, as we watched them through the iron bars, passed a regiment from the northern provinces—tall, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired soldiers, as blond as Norsemen. There, a battalion of swart, stocky Viscayans swinging along in a loose, rapid step, in brilliant zouave uniforms, looking like pirates with their fierce, black-avised faces, their tasseled caps set awry, and their big gold earrings—heavy cutlasses swinging at their heels as they marched. Then, in plain brown linen uniforms, came the dreaded *Voluntarios*—young men born in Cuba of Spanish parents, who had volunteered for

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service as a home-guard against their Cuban brothers. These were hated as well as feared, for their former intimacy with Cuban families gave them accurate information as to those who were patriotically helping the Revolutionists, and through the treachery of these Tories many a brave man faced a firing squad with his back against the blood-bespattered stone wall of grim Cabanas fortress.

As these *Voluntarios* passed there was applause, for it seemed to be expected, and the dark eyes of the marching men roved restlessly from one side to the other of the narrow street. Now and then a sibilant hiss cut the air, which questing eyes sought to locate, but the scornful sound came always from the shuttered window of an upper story, and the sullen marchers moved on.

Then, my father moved his family to Matanzas, where, with a college professorship and private lessons, he came upon easy times. Here the three eldest sons attended the Spanish public schools, where my brother, although studying in a foreign language, led his classes, while indulging in tussles with the high-strung Cuban boys during the recess hour every day.

In the autumn, our mother's death of yellow fever, brought the first great tragedy into our lives. My father then took his younger children and his eldest son home to our mother's people in South Carolina, while the second and third sons remained a year longer in Cuba with devoted friends of my father's.

With these friends, living near Matanzas on a beautiful sugar and coffee plantation, my young brothers were very happy, but, though living in comfort and luxury, such as could never come again to the desolate South, the little boys patriotically yearned for the

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home of their childhood, and for the loving sympathy and understanding of their kindred.

From the great Cuban estate, my brother N. G. wrote frequent letters, giving, for a child, vivid descriptions of trees and flowers and all the life that moved around him. Loving flowers always, he enclosed in every beautifully written letter pressed blooms of the opulent tropical flora that was everywhere about him. He often mentioned the strange *hutia*, which the boys hunted with terriers—the same *hutia* which nearly thirty years later was to be the staff of life to the starving “outfit” with which he marched “In Darkest Cuba.”

In December 1870 the little boys joined their brothers and sisters at the old home in lower South Carolina, and we began to patch together again the fragments of a shattered civilization.

Back at the old plantation, the boys took up the new life under changed conditions. The sturdy English brick walls of the old house still stood, but they were now green with ivy and wreathed with climbing roses. The only stick left standing on the place was the “wash-kitchen,” a servants’ house, which the pleadings of an old care-taker induced the Federal colonel to leave for the Negro’s occupancy. Before the family returned, the weather-boarding had been stripped away and stolen, but the framework and the chimneys remained, and about these a crude habitation was constructed that sheltered the family for years.

Servants, there were none. The two or three fine old men, who served their master’s family with such loyalty and devotion during and after the war, were now dead, and the other house servants were far-scattered, living in homes of their own, or serving in the

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cities those who had money to pay for service. So the boys undertook such tasks—each according to his strength—as came to hand, and, as each of us was doing something for the common good, all of us were happy. We were seldom idle, for there was always something to do—water to be brought from the “Big Spring” three hundred yards away, wood to be cut, and the vegetable-and flower-gardens to be worked. And the flower-gardens were at once a great delight and a heavy responsibility. In the old days they had been cared for by a French gardener and his half dozen trained Negro assistants, all of them under the constant supervision of one of our aunts; but now the task was upon the former task-mistress, an occasional hireling, and such labor of love as the boys would contribute. And chivalry or affection often prompted them to forego an afternoon’s fishing at “the Cypress,” or a tramp in the woods, in order to relieve one of the ladies of the family, so often engaged in raking up the fallen leaves in the avenue or in the holly walks that threaded the shrubbery, now but a tangle of sweet myrtles, spice plants, and other fragrant things. Some of the dwarf box hedges and “standards” were still intact, but the cedar and wild-orange hedges, once so trim, so beautifully clipped, were now young trees, still in alignment, but rearing their tousled and uneven heads like the awkward squad of a village militia company. Climbing roses—LaMarque, multi-flora, and seven sisters—clambered boldly to the tops of tall magnolias and flung wide their variegated banners forty or fifty feet aloft. And there were beautiful Lady Banksias—white and yellow—some on trellises, while others followed their sturdier sisters and ran riotously up the magnolias, scattering the mintage

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of their gold and silver blooms far up among the dark, glossy leaves.

And all about this lovely war-made *chaparral*, were blooming, singly and in clumps, the delicious old-time sweet roses, whose French names the boys mastered only after a fashion, but whose fragrance they understood and reveled in. In a sequestered corner of the garden, among the "tea" and the "musk" roses, was an old bush, watched over and tended reverently, for 'twas our "great-grandmother's Tea rose," and had been in the family for more than a hundred years! Blooming in Charleston ten years before the Revolution, it was first transplanted to Cheeha and brought, fifty years later, to Oak Lawn. Though gnarled and scraggy now, the boys approached the old bush as tho' it were a shrine, for its delicate loose-petaled blossoms had blessed with exquisite fragrance four generations of our people. So we dug around the old rose bush and put fresh clay about its roots; but only the ladies gathered the sparse blooms, whose poignant sweetness gripped the heart of even a boy—of sensibilities.

Of all the gracious hospitality of the old times, there was nothing, save flowers, left to give, but flowers we had, and flowers we gave to all in the neighborhood that cared for them, while on Memorial Day cartloads of beautifully made crosses and wreaths were sent to Charleston for the Confederate graves at Magnolia cemetery.

There were no schools, of course, but the boys were obliged to study daily such antiquated text books as we could command, and were encouraged to dip into Plutarch's Lives for what would now be called parallel reading. Our grandfather's splendid library had gone up in smoke with the old house, but we had

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taken to the up-country, when we refuged, fine editions of Shakespeare, and other English poets, Burns, and Scott's Waverley novels, and these were now a priceless blessing, for one of the ladies would read Shakespeare aloud on winter evenings while the boys listened with rapt attention.

My brother N. G., while willing to do his share, had less liking for outdoor work than his brothers, and less proficiency, but he had more love for reading, and, as he had more time to read, he reveled in the old books, sprawled in some sunny spot in winter or curled up in the shade in summer, and stored information and laid the foundations of that self-education upon which he reared so fine a structure in later years.

All through this period of our lives there was the constant hope in the hearts of the grown-ups that out of the French spoliation claims, or out of the refund of the Direct Tax on confiscated lands, would come the means of giving the boys an education, but the ships of our hopes never came to port. After the two older boys had spent a few months at school in Beaufort, the former home of our maternal grandfather, the elder was sent to a private school in the valley of Virginia, and during the year he was absent, N. G. took his place and performed manfully the unaccustomed tasks of wood-cutting, and other heavy outdoor work.

A year passed, and upon my return, N. G. too, had his turn, and went for a year to a private school in Fairfax County, Virginia, while the elder, now sixteen, went to Grahamville, a station on the Charleston & Savannah railway, to learn telegraphy.

At the Virginia school N. G., always a model stu-

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dent, led his classes, and upon his return home at the end of the term, left behind him a high record for scholarship and for conduct. Soon after reaching South Carolina, N. G. joined his brother, now become railway agent and telegrapher at Grahamville, there to study telegraphy and learn something about the railroad and express business. Grahamville, in Beaufort County, was far within the black belt, and the preponderance of Negro population was tremendous. The nomadic hands brought from North Carolina to work the great turpentine farms in the vicinity constituted a turbulent element among the blacks, and the brothers, living in a rough railroad shanty with no sash in the windows, and no lock on the door, had to be constantly on their guard to protect the money packages committed to their care. The Express Company furnished no safes in those days, and when the agent locked his office at night to go to his cornshuck couch in the shanty, or walked three miles to visit in the village, the precious envelopes were pinned or roughly sewn to the inner pocket of his jacket, which, when he pulled it off at night, was carefully folded and put under the mattress. There was always a revolver, a box of matches, and a handful of light-wood splinters at the sleeper's hand, for the shriek of vagabond and irresponsible freight trains running without schedule, often sounded close to his ear, rousing him, in the lonely hours of the "dog watch" before the dawn, to put on his jacket with its precious lining, and adventure through the dark to the warehouse some distance away and lock up such freight as might be wished upon him.

In those days, under the constant strain of a man's responsibilities, boys soon developed into men, and

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long before we were out of our teens, we took an active part in the work of the Democratic Clubs into which the handful of white men in the vicinity had organized themselves in the fight for the redemption of the State from the horde of blacks and the vicious whites who controlled them.

The telegraph office at Grahamville was, at that time, the only one between Yemassee and Savannah, and, serving twenty-five hundred square miles of territory, was, at election time, a gathering point for those in search of news from the outside world. In 1876, during the momentous Hampton campaign, and the equally exciting contest for the presidency between Tilden and Hayes, parties of men rode on horseback twenty five miles or more from points in Barnwell County along the Savannah River, and from Lawtonville and Brighton far up in old Beaufort district, in quest of news, and picketing their horses in the pineland, accepted such primitive hospitality as we were able to extend, while, by day and by night, we tapped the through wires for such news as might be gleaned.

In 1876, too, the brothers took the Grahamville Democratic Club to Beaufort, to the Hampton rally, where we sported the first two "red shirts" ever seen in that historic town.

About this time, the "Combahee Riots" occurred. The Negroes in that section went on strike and, abandoning their work in the ricefields, became riotous and turbulent. The Combahee Mounted Rifles, a crack "red shirt" company organized for the protection of that district, was beleaguered at Ballouville by thousands of half-crazed Negro men and women, armed with hoes, rice hooks and axes, besides firearms

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of every description. For several days the situation was tense, and only the courage and coolness of Captain Henry D. Elliott, commanding the Rifle Company, averted disaster. Captain Elliott, however, restrained his men, gradually got the situation in hand, and restored quiet.

A few months earlier, the Charleston Journal of Commerce, a daily newspaper, had been established in opposition to The News & Courier, and my brother N. G., as local correspondent at Grahamville, had sent occasional items of news to the new journal. At the time of the riot neither newspaper had correspondents on the ground but, talking over the wire with the operator at Green Pond, we secured accurate information of the progress of the riot, which N. G. telegraphed from Grahamville to Charleston, enabling The Journal of Commerce to print the first news of an important event. This incident, perhaps, influenced N. G.'s newspaper career, for the editors of The News & Courier immediately made inquiry as to the correspondent who had beaten them, and Messrs. Riordan and Dawson told my brother years later that from the time of that incident they had kept him in mind for future service on The News & Courier.

The spirit of the press stirred early within the brothers while they worked together at Grahamville, for here for some time we issued at weekly intervals "The Palmetto," a pretentious little journal—with editorials, general and local news, and cotton, rice, and naval stores markets. The paper was literally the work of our hands, for our hands constituted its entire mechanical equipment. Lacking both press and type, we divided long sheets of foolscap into columns which we carefully filled with pen and ink, making usually

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two copies, which, circulating from house to house through the village, created much amusement, for the issues usually contained quips and jokes of local interest. We had a literary department too, and a poet's corner, and to these some of the ladies contributed both prose and verse. At the top of the first page between the two words of the title a palmetto tree was drawn with pen and ink, and when the heading of *THE STATE* was designed in Columbia, nearly sixteen years later, the palmetto tree stood forth again!

As soon as N. G. had attained some proficiency in telegraphy, he was offered, and accepted, a position as operator at Varnville, now a respectable town, but in the middle seventies a raw and uncombed community. He slept in his wretched office on a cot fitted with a mattress stuffed with pine straw, and his food was cooked by a Negro woman in the pineland nearby. His pay was twenty-five dollars a month in Port Royal Railway scrip—worth fifty cents on the dollar when he got it, but he didn't always get it.

While N. G. was stationed at Varnville there came to the neighborhood a gunman named Hutto, a sort of desperado who, having shot up another community and killed a man or two, was regarded by the Varnville people as an undesirable person to have around. He was hiding out in a swamp nearby, and while making no offensive demonstration against the community where he had taken sanctuary, his proximity kept the citizens in a state of jumpiness, and plans were furtively laid for his capture, but before they were matured, the outlaw left a note at the postoffice late one night asking that a representative of the incorporation meet him at a designated spot far in the

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woods on the following night, for a parley. There was no moon and the swamp was dark, so with one accord the leading men began to make excuses and none would lead, whereupon N. G., alone and unarmed, went to meet the gunman at the "Council Rock" and brought back to the intendant the conditions upon which he agreed to give himself up or quit the community. What became of Hutto cannot now be recalled, but he troubled the leading men no more, and when a few days later a United States deputy marshal—an Ohio man named Wright—came down from Augusta to examine into the outlaw's activities, he reported to the Government that the only man in Varnville was a seventeen year old boy!

Some time later N. G. went to Savannah and for more than a year worked twelve hours a night as telegrapher for the old Atlantic & Gulf Railroad. From Savannah he was promoted to Valdosta, Georgia, where he served the same company as railroad operator, and the Western Union Telegraph Company as Manager for two years, when, quitting the telegrapher's key for the pen, he entered journalism, to be, thereafter, his life work, to which his mind had been definitely committed since his sixteenth year.

During the campaigns of 1876 and 1878, we attended great Democratic rallies at Oak Lawn, our old home in lower Colleton County. Campaigners were present with bands of music, and we put forth earnest efforts, verbal and gastronomic, to make the blacks safe for Democracy. As usual, they were profuse with promises. Before and after the barbecues a thousand Negroes swore by all the Gargantuan gods that they'd vote the Democratic ticket. Half a dozen did!

Attending one of these meetings was A. B. Wil-

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liams, a tall, handsome young Virginian of about N. G.'s age. They had met earlier while Williams was a "cub" on the *Journal of Commerce*. The youths, mutually attracted to each other, discussed journalism, and laughingly spoke of starting a newspaper together some day. Thus began a friendship of long standing, and in later years Williams' brilliant editorials in the *Greenville News* and my brother's in *THE STATE*, were known throughout South Carolina.

When in June 1880, A. B. Williams became one of the proprietors of the *Greenville Daily News* he offered N. G. a position as reporter which, although the salary was only half that he earned at Valdosta, my brother eagerly accepted.

After two months service on the *News* he resigned to become the Columbia correspondent of *The News & Courier*, and fourteen months later was sent to Washington where, as a special correspondent during the exciting year following the death of President Garfield, he reported for his newspaper the Guiteau trial and execution and the long session of the Forty-seventh Congress. Upon his return from Washington where he had gained distinction by the brilliance and clarity of his comments on public men and affairs, he went to Charleston as a member of *The News & Courier's* editorial staff, but preferring the independence of his former position at Columbia, he returned to the capital city, organized "*The News & Courier Bureau*," and for eight or nine years his column was an outstanding feature of the newspaper. His able discussion of the measures under Legislative consideration, his shrewd analysis of the motives actuating the politicians who supported or opposed them, the fairness of his criticisms and the

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courage with which he set forth his convictions, gave this editorial correspondence distinction and authenticity. Having stipulated that nothing that he wrote should be subject to revision by the home office, he was entirely independent and, however the readers of *The News & Courier* may have differed with the editorial policy of that newspaper, the daily column signed "N. G. G."—recognized as the clearly expressed opinions of an honest and high-thinking journalist—was never questioned.

Through his column N. G. pushed and secured many reforms—among them being the abolition of the practice of farming out convicts by the State penitentiary, long an abuse.

Nor was he unmindful of the interests of his adopted city. Columbia's daily newspaper during that period was but a feeble flame to light the city's way along the paths of progress, but N. G.'s unfaltering faith in the future of the capital city was reflected in his column day by day, where he unremittingly set forth her material advantages and strove ardently, too, for clean municipal government.

He was devoted to the cause of education—that of the public schools, as of the higher institutions of learning. The University of South Carolina had no firmer friend, no abler defender against the then frequent attacks made upon that institution by selfish and narrow interests.

And when the embryo of the now great Winthrop College was being watched over and nurtured by its present President in Columbia, N. G. backed him with the enthusiasm which he could always command in any worthy cause.

The first brick crossings on "Main" street—then a

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wretched country road—replacing the old granite stepping stones, were laid by city council only after two years of hammering in the Columbia column, where, as later in *THE STATE*, no deserving interest was ever too small, no deserving man too lowly to find a champion; nor was any interest, or any man too powerful to be above dissection or criticism.

During his connection with *The News & Courier* my brother reported all the State campaigns and many famous trials in different parts of South Carolina.

In 1890 B. R. Tillman was elected Governor, and my brother, indisposed to establish such relations with the new executive as the policy of *The News & Courier* required, resigned his position to take effect at the close of Governor Richardson's administration.

In our seventh and eighth years, at the close of the Confederate War, we became fascinated by tales of the South Seas, and promised ourselves that some day we would cruise among these far Pacific islands in our own pearl-fishing schooner, or lateen-sailed canoe. Blown upon by adverse winds, the soap bubbles of our boyish dreams had long since burst, but N. G., having saved a thousand dollars during his sixteen years of hard work, made plans for a year's vacation in the South Seas, the cost of the trip to be met by letters to a syndicate of newspapers, when—out of the political cloud that lowered over South Carolina—the spirit of *THE STATE* flashed forth!

We had been ardent supporters of Judge Haskell in his campaign of protest against the unseating of certain legally elected "straightout" delegates by the "regular" Democratic Convention of 1890. Judge

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Haskell, an "irregular" candidate, was swamped, but his following, numerically small, comprised many of the highest and ablest men in the State, and in their spirits rankled the injustice and the brutality of the bludgeoning they had received.

When, therefore, our purpose to leave South Carolina became known, for my former work awaited me in New York, political friends in Sumter, Marion, Darlington and other counties, as well as in Columbia, urged us to remain in our native State and found here, at its capital, a Democratic daily newspaper to which they pledged their support.

A small company was formed—no hundred men of equal standing ever subscribed twenty thousand dollars to any other enterprise in this or any other state. Judge A. C. Haskell was chosen president, and my brother, N. G. Gonzales, editor; and, on the 18th of February, 1891, the first issue of *THE STATE* came from the press.

The first number contained the following editorials:

The State

In the dawn of this new day, with the lifting of the shadows and the coming of the eastern tints of promise, certain men, loving their State, reverencing the nobleness of her past and watchful of her future, send out to their brethren, far and near, this messenger, which, with loyal pride in the land of their birth, they name *THE STATE*.

A frail and modest bark, it may be, to bear so proud a name, but it is freighted with good intent and high resolve, and bears at the fore as symbols of inspiration and hope, the noble emblems and brave mottoes of South Carolina.

Out into an illimitable sea of human thought, and energy, and passion, toward a far horizon concealing mysteries of the days to come which no eye of man can pierce; out to

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the angry buffetings of storms and the stagnant solitudes of calms, the ship of **THE STATE** fares forth.

No black flag is at her peak and no stain of piracy is upon the argonauts who man her decks. They sail with clean hands and honest hearts, intent on good, and the fair wind which sends them out of harbor bears with it, and to their ears, the "God speed" of thousands who are accounted good and true.

Theirs is a venturesome voyage, no doubt, and one upon which timid spirits would not embark; but it is a mission of duty, and honor, and right, and there is no coward in the crew.

So the anchor is up, and the charts are scanned, and with fair white sails filled and fearless colors floating, **THE STATE**, prow-pointed by the needle of Truth, clears the haven of Faith, and is in the wide ocean of Endeavor.

May her helm prove steady and her timbers stout!

Principles and Promises

For the publication of **THE STATE** nearly one hundred citizens of South Carolina are associated. They represent many shades of opinion, but are united in the basic belief that there is room and work at the capital of the State for a newspaper which shall be fearless and consistent, true to its party faiths, but resolute in its opposition to "bosses" and cabals, fair to opponents as well as to friends, pledged to principle rather than to policy—a journal devoted to the upbuilding of the State in every line of honest industry, and alert in every field of enterprise—a paper honest, clean and reliable.

To this belief, the citizens of Columbia who contribute so largely to the establishment of the paper, have added the conviction that the new life which thrills in the veins of their city needs a capable exponent in a journal with broad aims, intelligent ambition and liberal public spirit.

These have been the considerations underlying the enterprise which is this day committed to the public.

To the people of South Carolina, **THE STATE** promises these things:

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That it will be a Democratic newspaper—Democratic in its adhesion to the principles formulated by Jefferson, but wearing no livery of service to sham Democracy.

That it will be an independent paper—independent in its judgment and its utterances, holding no man exempt from just criticism, and none beneath just praise.

That it will be a fair paper—giving to its opponents entry to its columns whenever they have a grievance and are willing to express it decently and tersely.

That it will be a State paper—measuring only by its means the aid it can give to every worthy cause in every quarter of South Carolina.

That it will be a progressive paper—having the warmest appreciation of enterprise, and the will to encourage it and to keep step with it.

To the citizens of Columbia, THE STATE pledges a friendship which must belong to those who have taken such large part in its creation. It is of Columbia, by Columbia and for Columbia, as it is of, by and for South Carolina. It promises these nearer friends that it will unstintingly and unceasingly work for their city, that no narrowness of spirit shall mark its dealings with them, that it will regard only the good of the community, and that it will respond most freely to the support which it hopes to deserve, by liberating them from dependence upon other communities for vehicles of thought and information.

THE STATE is no man's organ, and is untrammelled by dictation. It is established in no spirit of *diablerie*, as some of its contemporaries seem to have anticipated. It is a business enterprise, yet not such an enterprise as holds a dollar above a principle. It will not palter, or stultify itself for the sake of being on the winning side. It will not "ride fences" so as to be out of danger. It lacks the approval of the present State administration, as that administration most certainly lacks its fealty. But it does not desire to thresh anew the old straw of last summer. It begins with the *status quo*, not the *status quo ante*.

From this time forward it will speak, when occasion arises, on State politics, and when it sees a wrong-doer, will strike him hard. But it does not propose to invent cases

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of wrong-doing. If, perchance, the administration shall prove itself an ideal administration, that will be the judgment of THE STATE. To promise more than this would be truckling. To do less would be unfair.

As a newspaper, THE STATE trusts that it approximates the expectations of its friends. It has been designed to be the best newspaper ever published in Columbia, but its readers must be the judges of its success in that regard.

The plant required for its publication has been selected with the utmost care. From one end of its establishment to the other, not an article can be found which has ever been used before. Everything is new, and from the best makers. It has the finest and the fastest press in the city, operated by the first gas engine ever brought to Columbia. The most skilful engravers have wrought its heading, and its type has been chosen with strict regard to freshness and beauty.

The work to be done with this equipment has been planned with equal care.

THE STATE receives the full Southern service of the United Press, a telegraphic news association which is known throughout the Union as the equal or superior of any organization of the kind in the country, and these dispatches come to it until 3 o'clock on the morning of publication, giving the news of the world in compact and readable form. A staff of correspondents covering every county in South Carolina will report by telegraph and by mail the news of the State. The news of Columbia will be given with satisfactory amplitude.

It will be the effort of THE STATE to commend itself as a complete newspaper to South Carolinians everywhere, depending for its acceptability, not upon one overweighting feature, but upon that variety of features which marks the symmetrical journal.

Should the paper attain that success which it is encouraged to expect, every improvement which enterprise shall dictate and experience approve will be made upon it, and the approbation it receives will be but the incentive to increasing worthiness.

"THE STATE rests its case."

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The story of *THE STATE*'s struggles and services may not be set down here. No other daily newspaper ever endured such hardships or survived such vicissitudes. Its entire capital stock was exhausted before the end of its first year, and it was never to have any more until new capital was created out of its earnings ten years later. But through it all it has lived the lives of the men who made it, and has held true to the course laid upon its chart nearly 32 years ago!

THE STATE, under my brother's editorship, was the first Southern newspaper to cry out against the cowardice and the barbarity of lynching—the first to denounce lynchers as murderers and to denounce them here at home, where enemies are always to be made.

THE STATE was the first newspaper to advocate a Child Labor Law for South Carolina, and its fight for the little children of the cotton mill villages won for it, not only the bitter enmity of its former friends, the mill owners, but also that of the children's parents, who insisted upon the God-given right to sell the labor of their own flesh and blood.

And *THE STATE*'s long fight for compulsory education added to the list of its critics in the cotton mills those farmers who wished to work their children in the fields!

Throughout the last Cuban revolution, whose success American participation made sure in 1898, my brother's heart was in the Cuban cause, which he supported so vigorously, so understandingly, that his editorials were widely quoted as expositions of Cuban wrongs and aspirations.

When the United States declared war on Spain in 1898, he urged the young men of South Carolina to

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volunteer, and, seeing no immediate prospect of rendering effective service with the American forces, as he was entirely without military experience, he joined the Cubans gathering under Nunez at Tampa, Florida, early in May, and went actively into training, hoping to strike a blow for his father's country.

The story of his enlistment, his voyage, his landing, and his "two months' service under Gomez along the *Trocha* from the Caribbean to the Bahama Channel" is a simple record of hardships borne with philosophical cheerfulness and fortitude. There were few exciting incidents; little to stir the blood, but—under constant privations—much to try the spirit, to test the moral and physical fibre of the man.

And there is told, too, a story of the quiet heroism and the dogged courage of the Cubans in their long fight for independence that should shame those who have held them lightly as a volatile and emotional people. Men of all classes, from the cultured millionaire *Habanero* to the barefoot *guajiro* of Camaguey—naked, starving, often isolated from their fellow men of the outside world for months or years—yet kept up their almost hopeless struggle for freedom with all the inherited tenacity of their Spanish blood!

It's easy to fight in the open, while all the world looks on, for there's always recognition for brave deeds, and the approbation of mankind is sweet, but his soul must be strong indeed who "carries on" without faltering, through the jungle of spiritual and physical loneliness! That, as my brother has set down, his ragged, starving Cuban companions did.

"The child is father of the man," and to the end of his life my brother's distinguishing characteristics

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were those he showed as a boy, and all of these he exhibited during his service in Cuba.

First, courage—physical and moral—strong enough to master fear, if physical fear be present; strong enough to stand for the right, as one sees the right, against, if need be, kindred, friends and all the world.

Second, truth—and truth walks hand in hand with courage, for the truthful boy or man need know no fear. And truth holds justice within her arms; therefore, seeing the truth and loving the truth, he could not be unjust to any man.

Third, loyalty—and loyalty to family, friends, home, State and country also embraces patriotism, and his loyalty and his patriotism were intense.

Fourth, magnanimity—without which none can be truly great. This trait developed and strengthened year by year after reaching manhood. Quick and passionate as a child, tenacious of his opinions and unyielding as to what he conceived to be his rights, 'twas hard for him to give up or modify either rights or opinions, even in the face of facts, but the germ of magnanimity was always within his heart, and, once convinced of his error, his *amende* was invariably prompt and generous. But, as he came in contact with the rough edges of life, as, with the passing of each year he experienced ingratitude, disloyalty and the spiritual loneliness of the idealistic and sensitive nature in a world of materialists, his spirit softened, he became more tolerant of the views of others; his mind so broadened that if he could not find "good in everything," he could at least recognize the good points of his enemies—whenever they were made manifest—for gold was gold to him whether it glistened in the quartz of rugged natures or shone in the loose

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sands of the weak. After reaching manhood, his high temper was brought under complete control, and my brother became indeed the captain of his soul.

As a child, N. G. was brave to intrepidity. He would often ask the servants to put him to bed in the dark, not that he cared for the dark, but only to show his independence of the light. His pluck was indomitable and he was ready to fight if fighting was forward, whatever the odds against him. Never proficient in running, jumping, throwing or climbing, he was always willing to take a chance, always ready, if he tripped and fell, to jump up and try again. So, in the night attack on Moron, he lost his companions, stumbled through the darkness of the Cuban jungle toward the sound of the firing, blundered almost into the Spanish trenches, and, under the cross-fire of bullets from friend and foe, fell by chance into the lines of his own command in time to fire a few shots for liberty. Here, too, he stumbled—but he carried on!

In his story of the Cuban campaign, N. G. refers frequently to Buttari, a Cuban poet, an officer like himself, who accompanied the expedition from Tampa, and my brother writes that he could not have got along without Buttari to tease, which is easy to understand for, from early childhood, love of teasing was almost a passion with him, and he seldom knew when to stop. But although he made a butt of Buttari and rallied him on his love of luxury and his insatiable appetite (N. G., too, loved the comforts and the refinements of life, but was man enough to do without them) yet his loyalty and generosity to the selfish companion who had been thrown upon him, prompted him to stuff the poet while starving himself, to carry Buttari's baggage on his shoulders while staggering in agony

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through the jungle mud under the heavy load of his own, and to refuse an invitation to join his commander's mess where he would have had sufficient food, because he wouldn't desert the butt who was battenning upon him.

Although the fortunes of the Confederate war had deprived my brother N. G. of the benefits of education for which he yearned so passionately, altho' condemned as man and boy to a lifetime of unrequited toil, tho' his early life had been saddened by the hardships imposed upon the gentlewomen of his family, yet he felt no bitterness toward the North. While despising the malevolent politicians who had put Reconstruction upon the South, his mind was singularly open and no Northern man worthy of friendship ever came to Columbia without finding a friend in N. G.

Although by nature reserved, and never a "mixer," his interest in men was so deep, his enthusiasm for any worthy cause, any new enterprise, so great, that its advocates or promoters could always command his support, and, once enlisted, his interest never flagged until the cause succeeded or the project was put through.

He suffered fools patiently tho' not gladly. Singularly democratic, he would talk to anybody on the street about politics, business or anything, for he was interested in many things, and in his fellow man in every walk of life. With never a home of his own, no Columbian, white or black, ever planned a house and told him of it, but his interest was engaged and he was ready to help with suggestions or advice.

And he was singularly tolerant and sympathetic toward Negroes, as only members of former slaveholding families can afford to be. Knowing their

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limitations, he did not expect too much of them, and his generous recognition of their many good qualities, and his encouragement and advice were a constant inspiration to those among them who sought to raise the moral standards and increase the efficiency of their race, while his persistent efforts to secure for this dependent race equality under the law—efforts which ceased only with his death—won their lasting respect and gratitude.

This natural democracy and these inherent traits of N. G.'s character were amply illustrated in his relations to political affairs in city, State, and nation.

In the year 1890 began the degradation of the Democratic party in South Carolina. For the first time in our history, candidates for public office resorted to blasphemy and vituperation.

Then, for the first time, politicians, playing upon the ignorance of the masses, commenced to attack such newspapers as were courageous enough to expose unworthy men and unsound policies, and in every recurrent campaign our people have witnessed the spectacle of candidates asking support, not upon their own merits or those of the measures they advocate, but only because they are opposed by certain newspapers.

He who seeks public office, by that act submits his character and his qualifications for public scrutiny, and in reviewing and criticizing the public records of these men, the press not only exercises a manifest right, but is performing a high public duty. Yet, for almost a generation, a few devoted journalists, asking no office, serving no private ends, concerned only with the election of decent men and the pro-

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motion of wholesome policies, have been targets for the abuse of every questionable fellow who aspired to high office, and the candidates who profited by their service have stood dumbly by while the newspapers suffered for a cause in which their only interest was the welfare and the good name of their State.

THE STATE newspaper, under the brilliant and militant editorship of my brother, N. G. Gonzales, was always at the forefront of every fight for decent government.

In 1902 a candidate offered for the governorship, whose success, my brother believed, would have dishonored South Carolina. His character and his record were known to the public men whose duty it was to have exposed him, but they lacked the moral courage for the unpleasant task, which the patriotic editor undertook. Thenceforth, from every stump my brother was bitterly assailed. Friends, knowing the murder that often lurks in a coward's heart, warned him of his danger, but, having put his hand to the plow, he followed the furrow through to the end, and the State he loved was, for the time, saved from dishonor!

Nearly five months after the close of the campaign, unarmed and unsuspecting, and with a smile upon his face, he fell by an assassin's hand, a martyr to the freedom of the press and the cause of good government.

AMBROSE E. GONZALES

Columbia
November 1922.

NARCISO GENER GONZALES

Died January 19, 1903

The knightly soul of the brave man, loyal friend and devoted brother, whose name has graced these columns since the birth of **THE STATE** twelve years ago, has crossed the river, and the paths his willing feet have trod shall know him no more. But along their ways, from seed he sowed, flowers are blooming and the air he loved to breathe, the air of his native State, is sweet with the incense of his noble words and deeds.

To die for his State, even by the loathly hand that struck him down, was sweet to him. During the four days of mortal agony that followed his cruel wounding no words save those of love and sympathy for his bereaved kindred passed his lips. He died with his face to God, a gentleman unafraid.

With heavy hearts, his work is taken up by those who loved him well, and in his name **THE STATE** is pledged anew to the principles for which he gave his life.

AMBROSE E. GONZALES.

From **THE STATE**, January 20, 1903



OFF TO THE FRONT

THE EDITOR OF THE STATE LEFT FOR TAMPA, FLA.,
THIS MORNING.

(The State, May 10, 1898.)

At 1:47 o'clock this morning Mr. N. G. Gonzales, editor of THE STATE, bade goodbye to the members of the staff and force and left for Tampa, Fla., via the Florida Central and Peninsular road. Mr. Gonzales expects, upon his arrival at Tampa, either to get into the regular army or else join the Cuban forces now being collected there to accompany or precede the American soldiers to Cuba. Hundreds of friends will wish him godspeed on his mission and a safe return to the editorial room he has for the time abandoned.

TO THE FRONT

(The State, May 13, 1898.)

On Monday night Mr. N. G. Gonzales left for Tampa, from which place comes the welcome intelligence that he has been appointed to a position on the staff of General Nunez, one of the bravest and most distinguished officers in the Cuban army, who is now leading the first expedition into Cuba.

Ever since its foundation, Mr. Gonzales has been the guiding spirit of THE STATE. Its columns reflected his views on public matters and he has made its editorial page one of the most brilliant and instructive in the country. In equipment and in mental power he will rank with the first editors of America.

The readers of THE STATE will share our regret that he is even temporarily absent and that the pungent and striking editorial page will lack his genius. But he has long been imbued with the desire to free Cuba from Spanish bonds and now goes to prove his faith by his works.

The present writer, who has known him intimately for nearly 15 years, in all weathers, and who has retained through all the sincerest admiration for his high qualities of mind and heart, now wishes him god-speed on his mission, a brilliant career and a happy return.

JAMES HENRY RICE, JR.

MOBILIZED IN FLORIDA.

IMPRESSIONS OF TAMPA ON A TIRED VOLUNTEER. SAND, CEMENT, SOLDIERS AND BEER. CUBAN AND AMERICAN FIGHTERS HOBNOBBING WHILE WAITING FOR ORDERS TO THE FRONT—CUBAN LEADERS.

TAMPA, May 12.—The first thing that impressed me on reaching Tampa, after a train-tramp of 212 miles from Jacksonville, through a melancholy domain of slim and thinly scattered pines growing in the sands of six months' drought, was of a town that had burst its raiment by reason of too great an access of population. It was evening, and the chief business street, ankle deep in sand, with sand and planks and cement alternating exasperatingly by way of sidewalk, was jammed with people as if it had been a Broadway. The next thought was that never in my life before had I seen so many blue flannel shirts. These shirts were an outward and visible sign of war, for their wearers who thus congested the thoroughfares were the thousands in Uncle Sam's service uniform and the thousand in the extemporized and somewhat motley uniform of Cuba Libre.

Tampa, they say, has 25,000 people including its suburbs, and more reliable figures give 10,000 as the number of American soldiers encamped on the "Heights" near the city, with a liberal allowance of time for "seeing the town." They are seeing it, apparently, quite innocently. In three evenings I have not observed a single soldier in blue who was perceptibly under the influence of liquor nor noted one act of roughness or discourtesy by them. Yet they

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are in all the saloons and do quite a deal of drinking. But by common consent their chosen drink is beer, and beer they take in leisurely fashion without excess.

My first evening I spent in analyzing these soldiers of Uncle Sam, with incidental study of the Cuban recruits. The saloon—"the poor man's club house"—was the place to see them as they were, and there I observed them. It was obvious in these places of resort that the entente between the representatives of the two armies, close at the top, was equally close at the bottom. The privates and non-commissioned officers hobnobbed with great cordiality and many a toast was drunk in innocuous malt liquor to Cuba Libre. Practically all the Cubans spoke English and there was no difficulty in keeping up the conversation. At one billiard saloon there was quite a meeting, resulting in a mutual exhibition of wounds. Veterans of the Indian campaigns in the West showed their scars, but the Cubans made the larger exhibit, one showing where four Spanish balls had passed through him. "You fellows see more service in one year than we do in ten," was the half-envious comment of one of the boys in blue.

Then they got to singing and playing a very tolerable piano. Mutual applause. A surprisingly large percentage of those present could thump the piano. After a series of Anglo-Saxon soldier songs the Cubans sang their battle-song, the Himno de Bayamo, and a Cuban recruit from Texas wound up the entertainment with a self-accompanied song in honor of Cuba's references to the Alamo.

The Cubans are limited, as to transportation, to some 700 men and have had to suspend their recruiting.

MOBILIZED IN FLORIDA

Their place of assembly is in West Tampa, where the force of General Lacret is quartered in Cespedes Hall, the general headquarters of the cigar-makers who constitute that suburb, while General Nunez has his men in one of the cigar factories. General Castillo and General Sanguilly will accompany them until a junction is effected with General Gomez, when they also will be assigned commands. Very few of the privates in these commands are colored, and all of the officers are white. The staffs are composed of men of social standing and education. Both commands are of infantry, and are being drilled hard, an unusual thing for Cuban soldiers. Both barracks are under the strictest military rules.

A few words about the leaders suggest themselves. Gen. Emilio Nunez has been the organizer of most of the supply expeditions from this country to Cuba, but has seen much service in the field. He is tall and distinguished looking, resembling closely President Atkinson, the founder of the College for Women in Columbia. His headquarters are most business-like, and organizing capacity shows itself in all details. General Lacret, who is a Cuban of French extraction and is the officer who with a handful of men baffled the Spanish for years in Matanzas province, looks every inch a soldier. In physiognomy he resembles Beauregard somewhat, Sheridan still more. General Castillo, who has shared with General Nunez the honors of the organization and the dispatch of expeditions, does not look 30 years, although he is doubtless a soldier. He is classically handsome. He has made most of the arrangements for the present movement in conjunction with the United States forces. A man of culture and refinement, he would

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shine in any society, and is in fact a society man. General Sanguilly—he of the long imprisonment in Cabanas fortress—looks like nobody so much as Judge Wallace of South Carolina. It is not necessary to say he appears every inch a soldier and gentleman.

Not one of these generals would shame an American army. It is easy to see that merit and ability have controlled the choice of commanders for the forces of Free Cuba.

A very beautiful girl visited the headquarters of General Lacret yesterday. She is the fiancée of Senor Fonsy Sterling, one of the Cuban cabinet. This cabinet, by the way, contrary to the prevalent impression that it is merely nominal, directs every military movement of importance and keeps in close touch with all the leaders.

William Astor Chanler, African explorer, millionaire, ex-brother-in-law of Amelie Rives, and partisan of Cuba Libre, is camping in a tobacconist's cottage with ten men, famously equipped, eager for the fight. He and his men are to form the *escolta* or escort of General Lacret. Chanler is a fine looking young fellow, chock-full of energy and enthusiasm, and reminds me somewhat of A. B. Williams, formerly of the Greenville News. He is in for an interesting time.

So are we all, for that matter. The Cuban forces are going to be in the van and every man is eager for the start.

N. G. G.

NEVER MIND UNIFORMS!

RIFLES, CARTRIDGES AND BREAD THE ONLY NECESSITIES.
HORSES ARE SCARCE AT TAMPA—THE MARKET
VERY BULLISH AND PRICES STILL RISING—THE
CUBAN RECRUIT QUICK IN LEARNING TACTICS.

TAMPA, May 13.—A great deal of Spanish pride has filtered into the Cubans with their Spanish blood—quite too much of it, in the opinion of a Cuban major, who had but lately returned from the island and knew the condition of affairs there.

“Our *junta* are fools,” he said. “The United States government offered to supply us with uniforms for our men as well as arms and ammunition and rations, but up in New York they considered the matter and finally determined that we could not afford to accept more than the barest necessities. Rifles to shoot and cartridges to shoot in them we had to have to fight at all, and rations we had to have because the western part of the island is unable to sustain an army, everything being swept bare. These things we have not the money to provide, and we must have them. But clothes! well, we can make out somehow without them, so the *junta* won't accept them: they think Cubans ought not to hesitate at any possible sacrifice in their own cause, ought not to go in debt to the United States for more than enough to enable them to live themselves and kill Spaniards. But if you could see those soldiers of Gomez, naked to the waist, and with only a few rags below”—and an expressive shrug concluded the sentence eloquently.

So this is the reason why the Cuban privates now

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organizing and drilling here for the invasion are garbed in motley clothes. All have clothes, of course, but only such as they can afford, and that is not much, and certainly not uniform. The most common wear is a home-made campaign blouse of white homespun, with plenty of pockets and belted at the waist. Other costumes range from woolen coats to shooting jackets of duck. The effect is not impressive. Broad-brimmed hats of all materials from straw to wool are worn, but there is uniformity in this at least—each one has a miniature flag of Cuba Libre on the front.

I saw today the drilling of the three companies and an escort company which will constitute the detachment to be led to junction with Gomez by General Nunez, and I must say that I was surprised at the progress made in one week by men who had had no former experience in drill or discipline. They did remarkably well, these uncouth cigar-makers. The recruits in Columbia could not touch them. The escort company was being drilled entirely by whistle and showed much proficiency. All this is the more unexpected because of the fact that the Cubans in the field have never drilled according to our tactics and that both Cubans and Spaniards are considered most averse to such training. But these fellows evidently had their hearts in the work as well as their bodies.

Another thing that surprised was the strict military discipline maintained at the barracks and the really exceptional organization there. The feeding of the men was managed with great precision and the affairs of the camp moved like clockwork.

A curious fact was told me by General Nunez. There are three former Spanish soldiers in his command, and one of them, a sergeant in Spain's army,

NEVER MIND UNIFORMS!

a lieutenant in the Cuban army, was drillmaster of Company A. These men went over to the insurgents a long time ago and have fought hard against Spain since.

Recurring to the subject of uniforms, there will be actual uniformity in the attire of the general officers and their staffs at least. The outer wear cannot be considered either showy or expensive—a blouse-coat and trousers of brown duck with white braided borders. Yet Gen. Sanguilly looked very military indeed in this simple rig. A campaign hat of the regulation United States style but broader of brim is prescribed.

But there are more expensive requisites for summer campaigning in Cuba. First of all, there is the hammock—not the ordinary cheap, meshed, hempen affair, but a special creation of stout canvas, long and wide, with an elaborate arrangement of ropes. Those who have tried it say there is no sleeping in the common hammock out in the open during the wet season. The mosquitoes drill between the meshes and the moisture—torrential rains or soaking rains—must be barred out. So the hammock must be of canvas and when one is hanging at the bottom of it he must be protected from above by a rubber cover to be buttoned upon and over the hammock. These precautions taken, it is presumed that the interior must be nearly airtight and the occupant “as snug as a bug in a rug.”

Then there must be expensive waterproofs, and a special make of waterproof yellow shoes with immensely thick soles of unusual breadth—shoes to be oiled, to stand the roughest work and to have room for the inevitable shrinkage in water. Then army leggings and army blue flannel shirts, and so forth.

But the horse question is the question of the cam-

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paign, and it is distressing everybody but thick-walleted Uncle Sam. The local price of horses has gone up kiting. From St. Louis to Tampa every horse-dealer has raised his limit, and a decent animal costs just twice as much as it did a couple of months ago. Horse equipage too—everything in the line is double price now and the supply is hardly equal to the demand. Imagine 150 newspaper correspondents, including “yellow journal” pace-makers, bulling the market. So far the government has been stingy of horses and has only furnished a few to the Cubans, and the staff officers will have to furnish their own mounts.

Uncle Sam has plenty of horses, though. Those belonging to two regiments of cavalry that arrived this morning have been creating more enthusiasm on the streets than the soldiers. Companies of grays, companies of browns, and companies of blacks, all of them big and fine. Plenty more where they came from, but they come high, and only your Uncle Samuel has a patent.

N. G. G.

CHARACTER STUDIES.

THE NEWS FROM GENERAL NUNEZ'S HEADQUARTERS AT TAMPA. AMERICANS WILL BE GAINERS—AND CUBANS WILL SATISFY THEIR PATRIOTIC DESIRE—LAND FULL OF PROMISE. NEWS COMES FROM CUBA QUICKLY.

TAMPA, May 26.—Characters? Lots of them, and of all varieties. They turn up at Cuban headquarters every day. This morning, for instance, there sailed in a new type of war correspondent, the Anglo-Canadian woman, fair, florid and free, with war experience gained in editing the woman's department of the Toronto Mail and Empire. A Mrs.—something hyphenated—she was, and she said she was going to Cuba with the American army even if the Spaniards killed her. Whereon Capt. Frank Agramonte, who is the special society member of the staff, paid a compliment to the Anglo-Saxon spirit, dropped a regret that the Latin race was playing out, and made an appointment at the Tampa Bay hotel with the enterprising Canadian to translate into English the titles of the Staff officers, a list of whom she had called to secure. I suspect that Agramonte, who is a member of a very distinguished Cuban family, very prominent in the last war, is a flirt: but he will make the cause of Cuba Libre "solid" in Canada.

I wish that the kind friends who styled me quixotic in undertaking this adventure would analyze the case of one of my associates. He turned up here recently with a formidable armory, baggage stamped with Swiss and English railway labels, and a pro-

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nounced British accent, and got a place on the staff of General Nunez. A tall and blond young man, with a plenty of cash and a disposition to engage a valet for the trip—with a moral certainty also of having to employ his own train of pack mules if he intended to convey his impedimenta. His great grandfather was a Swiss, who had taken part in our Revolutionary war and attained high position afterward. "Queer thing," he said; "my people have served 14 governments in war, from Louis XVI to the Pope, and although I have lived in Switzerland for a number of years, I used to be a lieutenant in the Twelfth regiment of New York and consider myself an American, so I came over to offer my services; I found I couldn't get into the United States army, you know, so here I am. I left a wife and two children to come." As he swung his hammock in the barrack room and stripped for a siesta, he displayed raiment embroidered with coronets. The Cubans were too polite to ask him any questions but the coronets puzzled them. Who was the young man's great grandfather? Why, Albert Gallatin.

In contrast with young Gallatin is Baldomero Acosta, *el guajiro*, or "the cracker." Starting as a private, he is now a colonel and will be a brigadier when he lands. Acosta, in a suit of store clothes and a Panama hat pulled down over his eyes, is the most unmilitary of men in appearance, but he is a famous guerrilla and knows every trail in Western Cuba. He goes and comes through the Spanish lines as if it were a matter of commonplace. In fact he has made two returns from Habana province since I have been in Tampa, bringing news of conditions there. I asked him about the status of the north coast.

CHARACTER STUDIES

"Mucho Pancho" was his laconic and hardly grammatical answer. "Pancho" is the Cuban rebel term for Spaniard. There were plenty of Spaniards, but not enough to keep the redoubtable *guajiro* from passing their lines and ranging their territory. He will doubtless be in charge of the guides when we go over.

The ease and celerity with which information from Cuba is obtained here is surprising. I had the pleasure a day or two ago of reading the Spanish version of the war news in a copy of *La Lucha*, a Habana paper, only a few days old. Almost every day some new arrival from Cuba finds his way to the *cuartel* of General Nunez to give news and receive it: the Cuban agent at Cardenas, with his tale of starvation; a poor old gentleman from Oriente, with both hands maimed and distorted, the result of a patriotic experiment with dynamite; a merchant from Sagua, with his fund of information. Nearly all are sufferers, those who meet at the headquarters, nearly all destitute, but all buoyant of spirit, making no outward show, at least, of regret for sacrifices in the cause. Some of the men who are going over in our expedition do not intend to remain in Cuba; others are doubtful whether they will stay or return to the United States. Their property has been swallowed up in the wreck, their families and friends are dead or scattered; they will feel, they say, like strangers in their own land, not knowing where to look for a familiar face, with only the ruins about them of the land for which they have striven. But they want to see it redeemed and to help redeem it. That done, they will be privileged to think of their own future.

But the greater number of inhabitants, settled and

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transient, of this place of exile will go back to Cuba and it is quite possible to believe that Ybor City and West Tampa, distinctively Cuban settlements, will become mere memories. Tampa is having its boom now, but the reaction will be great. The freedom of Cuba and the freedom of trade between the United States and Cuba, will hit Florida harder than the great freeze. Transportation and certain other industries will prosper under the new relations, but the raising of tropical fruits, the cultivation of Habana tobacco, and the bulk of the winter tourist business will go to Cuba. There are acres upon acres near here shaded with awnings, where through the mosquito netting on the sides you can see shadowy teams plowing Cuban tobacco; but with the *Vuelta Abajo* open to labor and capital, how can hot-house cultivation here compete with it?

Cuba is going to offer the last great industrial opportunity of this century, and so soon as the Spanish flag ceases to float there tens of millions of money and tens of millions of men will rush to its exploitation. In my judgment Americans, and not the Cubans, will be the greater gainers. The Cubans will satisfy their sentiment—they will have liberty, but the Americans will make the money.

N. G. G.

WEARY OF WAITING.

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE FROM NUNEZ'S HEADQUARTERS.
FALSE STORIES ABOUT GENERAL GOMEZ. THE
CUBAN EXPEDITION ABOUT READY TO DEPART.
THE PRESS NEWS AND THE FACTS AT THE FRONT.

TAMPA, June 15.—Five weeks ago today I came here expecting to leave almost immediately for Cuba. During the first ten days there was much to learn and to do in preparation, but for the last few weeks there has been the weariest drag imaginable. Every day General Nunez would go to the army headquarters to renew his appeals to be sent over, and every morning his staff would report to the *cuartel* and ask for the result of his endeavors. Every other day we would have assurances that we would soon be dispatched, and every intervening day we would be reduced again to miserable uncertainty. In all this time of sickening delay and doubt it would have taken something of a stoic to write cheerfully. I am not stoical, and it is only because the end of it now seems to be at hand that I feel myself fit for the temporary renewal of a correspondence sure to be soon broken by our campaign in Cuba far from mails and exterior communication.

I may not say when and where we may land nor what we design to do. The success of the expedition will depend upon the secrecy with which it is disembarked upon the coast of Cuba. It is sufficient to state that we hope to do what the "Gussie" in two attempts has failed to do—with much beside; and that after marching through Cuba we expect to be in at the

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death of the Spanish power at Habana. The expedition will be Cuban in composition, but the United States will furnish arms, ammunition and rations, not only for the party itself but for the far larger body of combatants now waiting in Cuba the means whereby to aid in the redemption of the island.

FALSE STORIES ABOUT GOMEZ.

This is a fit place to say that there is much ignorant or malicious prattling about the inactivity of General Gomez in Central Cuba. The sufficient answer to it all is that, in a territory wherein "reconcentration" was carried out by the Spaniards, our own wartime saying, of evil origin, that the crow flying over the land would have to take his rations, has been literally fulfilled. There is scant subsistence in the woods and the deserted fields for small bodies of men, widely scattered; but not provisions enough along any one route for a brigade or even a regiment and no means of accumulating a store of supplies. Concentration is impossible without outside supplies of food. This is a fact that ought to be rubbed into the public understanding of the United States.

THE REASON OF THEM.

There seems to be in process of development a systematic scheme to depreciate and misrepresent the Cubans in arms, with a view to the preparation of public sentiment for an evasion of the terms of the congressional resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba. It looks to me as if the foundation were being laid—in lies—for the indefinite control of the island by the United States, on the ground that the Cubans favoring independence are in a small and weak minority, and have failed to contribute to the

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redemption of the island. There may be big money for the trusts and syndicates in the government of the island by the Republican party until 1901, and some very fat jobs for Republican politicians, but the way the Associated Press in its inspired Washington dispatches works in gratuitous and really unjust sneers at the Cuban revolutionists on every possible occasion is exceedingly suggestive of an underlying motive.

In this connection I may say that in the course of a week or ten days the readers of *THE STATE* will have the unpleasant conviction forced upon them that they have been deliberately deceived by that great news agency in a matter of profound public interest, which I refrain just now from particularizing. I recognize the advisability of exercising great discretion in the announcement of military and naval movements, but I must express my repugnance at the lapse of so great an agency as the Associated Press, which the papers pay for *news* and to which the people look for *facts*, into an agency of mere deception. If it be necessary, in the fear of Admiral Cervera's phantom fleet to fool the Spaniards as to the dispatch of forces to Cuba, there are surely to be some ways of doing it without having lies broadcasted to the people in the United States through the unconscious agency of newspapers which they trust. It suggests, however, unpleasant thoughts as to what may be done in a political campaign when the honor of a nation is at stake. Better no news than false news!

CARRANZA LETTER INCIDENT.

My reading here has not been extensive; but I have failed to see any of the criticisms given to the United

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States government for stealing and publishing the Carranza letter. Yet I have a lively recollection of the horror with which our pious anti-Cuban journalists reprehended a publication by the Cuban delegation of the De Lome letter, stolen by a Cuban sympathizer from the Habana postoffice. It was a dastard and shameful act, they said; but so far as I have observed they have had no criticism for a like performance at the express direction of the United States government and by its agents. If pressed they will probably say that the filching of Carranza's letter by our secret service officers was justifiable because our government was at war with Spain. But so was the Cuban revolutionary government at war with Spain. The conflicting and unreliable reports of the war between Spain and Cuba used to provoke much pharisaic reprehension by these same papers. I wonder what they will say about the conflict between American and Spanish reports of the present war, and especially about the deceptions practiced on the public by the Associated Press?

MORE ABOUT FAKES.

Speaking of fakes, Mr. Charles Hands, the war correspondent of the London Daily Mail, accomplished a neat bit of work on that line in his description of the Cuban officers and their uniforms, which the Associated Press was considerate enough to cable from London and *THE STATE* printed last Monday. Nothing farther from the facts could well be imagined. I fail to recall one Cuban officer who answers to that description. They are the reverse of dandified, and the canvas blouses do not lend themselves to decorative purposes or pretentiousness. The vets are hale and bluff

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old fellows with the air of the camp upon them, and the novices a quiet, unaffected, well-mannered set. This may be an offense to the British war correspondents, who usually dress in bags and have no manners to speak of. Yet I had a talk with a British baronet the other day who actually spoke and conducted himself like a South Carolina gentleman.

The cheerful idiots who a few weeks ago were boasting that one American could whip ten Spaniards, that the United States could wrest Cuba from the Spanish in a fortnight with 10,000 or 15,000 men, and who sneered at the long and patient operations of the insurgents, are beginning to be shocked, I observe, at the reported loss of four American marines at Guantanamo and at the fact that the Spanish made a 13-hour guerrilla fight against the landing party. THE STATE has said all along that the Spanish character was not widely understood in this country, especially in its tenacity of purpose and its disregard of what are styled "practical" considerations. It is a historic fact that the Spaniard will fight better in a desperate or hopeless cause than in any other. He will try to fight in Cuba as he did in Zaragoza and Manila, and from the same motive, indomitable national pride. It is more to the Spaniard that he refrain from giving up that which he wins. The foolish folk who will not take this fact into their noodles have some surprises before them.

THE INDIAN STYLE.

As for the American military administration, it seems to be proceeding on the theory of the legendary red Indian in dealing with a helpless foe in his power. According to the most veracious romances, it was a

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favorite savage custom to bind the prisoner to a tree and fling tomahawks at him, slashing and cutting him in all except vital parts; in the hope always that he would succumb to his torture and plead for mercy. Thus, Washington sends an army to Manila and an army to Santiago, and will send an army to Puerto Rico, in the expectation that Spain, dismembered by inches, will sue for quarter or quick dispatch. But the Spaniard is as stoical as the Indian in such a case and his pride will sustain him until he receives a vital blow. The heart of Spain's colonial possessions in America is the city of Habana; and nowhere else can *coup de grace* be administered. Santiago may fall, every Spanish garrison in Cuba may be captured, but so long as the red and yellow flag floats on Morro castle, so long will Spain be herself animated to resist. Habana is *Spain's Heart in Cuba*, and it were good sense and real kindness, and the saving of life and property and money on both sides, to strike at it quickly. The Santiago and Puerto Rico expeditions, if directed to Habana, could capture that city in a month, and Spain would give up Cuba; but the work they are now appointed to do must be done all over again at Habana, doubling the cost in life, time, property and treasure.

LETTING RECONCENTRADOS DIE.

It looks to me, as it did months ago, as if the McKinley administration did not wish to end the war before the November election. Therefore, all this circumlocution and evasion of the true objective, Habana. The war need not last six weeks after a landing in force near Habana, but that seems the last thing on the program. It would cost lives, but they would be

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lost at Santiago under the present plan and as many must be lost in Habana in any case, whether the attack be early or late. We have powerful influences enlisted for a long war instead of a short one—the Republican party, the contractors, the bulls generally, the host of new army officers, the mobilization points, the favored railroads: the thousand beneficiaries and prospective beneficiaries of expenditures and war sentiment. But meanwhile the reconcentrados, in whose behalf the war was professedly begun by President McKinley, are dying under his blockade and dying even faster than under Weyler's reconcentration. Poor humanity!

N. G. G.

GOES TO JOIN GOMEZ.

THE STORY OF THE MOST COMPLETE CUBAN EXPEDITION. DELAYS ON THE WAY. THE SAILING OF THE FLORIDA AND THE FANITA—PERSONNEL OF THE PARTY—THE EQUIPMENT AND STORES.

ABOARD THE STEAMER FLORIDA, NEARING KEY WEST, June 23, 10 A. M. (delayed in transmission.)—Two and a half days aboard, two days in actual transit. A slow record, but at any rate a record of progress, and an expedition which has been in formation for two months and delayed for six weeks is ready to accept any rate of travel which advances it toward its goal.

It is the biggest and most complete expedition which has ever left the United States for the reinforcement and supply of the Cubans and its successful landing will wholly change the war situation in central Cuba. It is a great big armful of American help for General Gomez and most liberal aid, according to their means, from the Cubans in and around Tampa for the destitute women and children of the revolution. As to the last I have no exact data, but there are over 100 boxes and bales of clothing, estimated to contain 11,000 pieces. The Tampa Cubans have besides shod and hatted the privates of the expedition and contributed freely to their other needs. What the American government sends over is detailed in the list annexed. It will be easily seen that the help takes many forms and will be of far-reaching value.

THE PERSONNEL.

The personnel of the expedition is equally varied. There are 310 men in the Cuban party, staff and line

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officers and men. Of these several are Americans, several have been exiles in Central America since the Ten Years' war, one is an escaped prisoner of war from Ceuta, Spain's African abode for belligerent Cubans, another is fresh from a captaincy in the Spanish army, which he resigned in Puerto Rico to join his own people, another is the young scion of a wealthy Habana family who has brought his manicure set and "tubbing" propensities straight from London to the *maniguas* and *cienagas* of Cuba. There is a French lieutenant of chasseurs and a United States cavalry lieutenant. Among the Cubans the personnel ranges from poets and dandies to the toughest cigar-makers. But outside of them there are contrasts as strong.

To begin with, there is Winthrop Chanler, the younger brother of that William Astor Chanler, who organized his squad for Cuba and then left it to take a captaincy on Joe Wheeler's staff. This scion of the Astors succeeds to the command of a dozen rough riders, globe-trotters, cosmopolites—ranging from a Danish doctor with his face horribly scarred in German university duels, to one of Buffalo Bill's men. There are two Cubans in this party, and it also includes Grover Flint, the first and most prominent war correspondent to accompany the Cubans in the field and the author of a book, "Marching with Gomez," which is the best on the Cuban war. Flint broke a small bone in his ankle a fortnight ago and is convalescing luxuriously with his bed in a big yawl which rests on the forward starboard deck.

But there is another ingredient to this *olla-podrida* of humanity—a picked detachment of some 50 negro troopers from the Tenth cavalry under command of

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Lieut. C. E. Johnson, a Virginian and V. M. I. graduate. He is in command of the expedition until it lands, and then he will be, with his big negroes, under the direction of General Gomez.

FINAL DASH OF FLAVOR.

A final dash of flavor is given to the expedition by the presence of a squad of 20 packers from the West, including cowboys and Mexicans. There are aboard 30 horses for the Cubans, 60 pack-mules and 60 horses for the troopers. Show me anything more variegated and peculiar than this cargo of the Florida.

Not altogether of the Florida, however. At the last hour it was found at Tampa that the Florida could not accommodate the many and divers freights assigned to her, and the little 15-year-old Fanita was added as an auxiliary.

DEPARTURE FROM TAMPA.

In the confusion of this crowded cabin I can write only in a cursory way of the trip. We left the *cuartel* in West Tampa Monday evening at 6 o'clock in the reconstructed box cars, and in an hour or two made the trip of nine miles to Port Tampa. I never saw men in better spirits than the Cubans at the prospect of going to the front. They had chafed terribly at the long delay enforced at Tampa and were as happy as schoolboys when they escaped. There was continuous cheering within and without as the train rolled through the American camps along the line. The Florida was boarded after a vexatious delay, and the night was spent at the dock while the work of loading the supplies proceeded uninterruptedly, the Fanita taking up the surplus when the Florida had reached her 18 feet.

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The tide did not admit of our leaving until noon next day, and the *Fanita* had to be left behind to complete the loading. We stuck for an hour in the mud of the dock, but at one o'clock pulled out with the aid of a tug and set off for the long trip down Tampa bay, an estuary as big as it is shallow.

At sunset we anchored just inside the bar near the light house, and waited for the *Fanita*, which came down at one o'clock in the morning. But the tide did not suit to cross the bar until long after sunrise. When at last we got out into the Gulf and had passed half a dozen transports waiting at anchor, the *Fanita*, which had come out by a shallow channel, made a dead stop. Owing to confusion of signals, it took hours to discover that she had broken a part of her machinery, and it was 24 hours after leaving Tampa that we lost sight of the entrance to Tampa bay and started south with the *Fanita* in tow.

The *Florida* is a good deal of a tub herself, only capable of 10 or 11 knots an hour, but with the *Fanita* to pull she only managed to cover seven or eight knots. That is why we are making a 48 hour trip of it between the two *Florida* ports.

The heat at Port Tampa and during the trip has been fearful. The Gulf has been a big blue pond, with not a ripple of foam save that which streamed from the prow of the ship, and hardly a swell to lift her from the level. The frigate birds soared lazily in the heights of air and the flying fish shot along the surface in their fan-like flights, but barely a hatful of air wrinkled the waters. Four hundred men cooped in areas barely sufficient for two-score, sweltered and suffered. Sixty-five officers and *agregados* could not occupy cabin quarters sufficient only for 24—but

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they did not want to occupy them, for the cabins of the lower deck were like ovens. The privates occupied almost every foot of space of the decks reserved to them, while the hammocks of the officers hung from every stanchion and across every passage. I found two nights on the top of the pilot house with my hammock spread on the roof and a rolled mackintosh for a pillow a very agreeable change from my stateroom berth, and when daylight woke me I found myself *vis-a-vis* with the scion of the Astor family, who had found the same asylum. By the way, Chanler enjoys an honorary title of lieutenant-colonel in the Cuban army—subject to the approval of General Gomez. He and his brother have been good friends of the Cubans, who are quite willing to show their appreciation by the bestowal of rank. It is better thus to become a lieutenant-colonel than to buy a marquisate in Europe. Chanler and his dozen men live roughly, look tough, and are in fine kelter for a campaign after six weeks' hammock life in the Florida pine desert. They will be attached to and under the orders of General Nunez, unless General Gomez disposes otherwise of them.

General Nunez is doing his hardest thinking these days and nights, but as for the rest of the Cuban outfit you would never think they were going to war. Except for the linen uniforms, the scenes in the "social hall" of the steamer would suggest a returning fishing party.

The piano is being worked as it has never been before, and the buoyancy of the Cuban character is markedly illustrated. There are lots of educated and refined men among the officers, and even among the privates there are to be found chaps, with uniforms

GOES TO JOIN GOMEZ

smuttet by sleep on bare barrack boards and ship's deck, who will go to the piano and play you Verdi and Schubert to your admiration.

We have two poets aboard, one of them General Nunez's secretary, Buttari. He is a fine declaimer as well, and one hears him recite with increasing respect for the grandeur of the Castilian tongue. The Cubans slur their Spanish very much in conversation, but in recitation they render it with accuracy, and there is no better vehicle for the interpretation of fire and passion or thoughts grave and majestic. It rolls like the billows that we can't find now. Each night we have had entertainments, musical and elocutionary, in the "social hall" of the steamer, including martial music, patriotic poems, Cuban country songs, and parodies of Spanish peculiarities amusingly set to native music. I send as a souvenir one of the programs. Men never went more gaily to war, but there is a full appreciation of the dangers of the adventure and of the fact that many of these buoyant argonauts will never reach their goal. They are happy that the time for waiting is past and the time for doing has come.

N. G. G.

FIGHTING IN CUBA.

DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED IN LANDING THE NUNEZ EXPEDITION. HEATED ENGAGEMENTS WITH SPANIARDS ALONG SHORE. THE FLORIDA AGROUND. TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE GUNBOAT HELENA. KILLING OF GENERAL NUNEZ'S BROTHER—THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF CHANLER.

ABOARD S. S. FLORIDA, CARIBBEAN SEA, Saturday, June 25.—We have been two days anchored in the harbor of Key West, waiting for a war vessel to convoy us. Uncle Sam has been procrastinating like any Spaniard. Despite a week's notice of our coming, there is no provision for an escort. The head men have been ashore time and again trying to make arrangements, and have just succeeded. Those who remained aboard the Florida—about 98 per cent. of the whole—have been entertained by the visits of enthusiastic Cubans in all sorts of craft. None were allowed to come aboard, but their boats danced about the ship and a great racket was kept up. Packages of presents for friends on board were tossed in and frantic enthusiasm was shown. Pretty Cuban girls clung to the deck houses of naphtha launches and waved handkerchiefs and kissed fingers with supreme abandon. There was a brisk breeze, too, so our stay in Key West waters was quite endurable.

At 10 o'clock this morning the U. S. S. Peoria, a converted ocean tug, shaped like a yacht and armed with four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns and a Gatling or two, weighed anchor and steamed seaward, and we soon followed, the Fanita bringing up the rear. At

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the last moment a Cuban photographer had come aboard to take views, not knowing that we were to sail so soon. He was taken away, and perhaps would have been retained had he possessed a sufficient supply of plates. As he did not, the vanity of the outfit was not subjected to a strain and as we passed near the five-masted schooner Governor Ames we sent him aboard.

Our news from General Gomez at Key West was that he and his forces in Central Cuba were in desperate straits for food, unable to concentrate for lack of provisions or a base of supplies. It is our purpose and hope to change all this.

The Fanita is a horribly slow old tub, seven or eight knots at best, which she makes now under both steam and sail. The Florida is capable of 12 knots and the Peoria of 16, but the speed of a fleet is the speed of the slowest vessel in it.

We head South through the pale green waters until we pass the bar and strike the blue of the Gulf Stream coursing through the Florida straits. Then we turn to the southwestward and keep that course, through the exquisite ultramarine of the stream, tossing to one side and the other bunches of the "gulf weed" apostrophised by the poets of the "Mexic Sea." Some distant sails. No sea life visible. Not a bird or a fish.

As we are on a "sneak" trip and supposed to be dodging the Spaniards we already hold penned up in Cuban harbors, all lights are doused aboard the three vessels and they float no flags. Four hundred men trying in darkness to find sleeping accommodations, of which there are enough for thirty or forty. The situation is provocative of eloquent expletives in two tongues. For two nights I had slept in my hammock

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swung above the pilot house from shroud to shroud of the foremast. This night I was crowded out of this resort and had to sleep in my stateroom, and in consequence caught a horrible cold. So much for "exposure in the tropics."

The nightly concerts play out. All the airs have been strummed on the piano and all the songs sung, and in the dampness it is pleasanter to be on deck.

TAKING THE WESTERN ROUTE.

Sunday, June 26.—All day steaming west-south-west, the *Fanita*, under full schooner sail, keeps up to an 8-knot gait. At 9 a. m. we sight, 20 miles away through the curtains of the clouds, some of the mountain tops in Pinar del Rio. Estimated that we are 45 miles from Cape San Antonio, the westernmost point of Cuba. By noon the mountains are again under the clouds that seem to hang over Cuba all along the horizon. The breeze dies out and it is suffocatingly hot. The ice has given out and tepid, ill-tasting water, just from the condensing apparatus, is the best we can get. During the night three of the horses have died from the heat and many others are now on the verge of collapse. Those nearest the boilers have had to be shifted to less heated places and vigorous efforts are made to cool below hatches.

At 3 p. m. we had sailed four or five hours due west. No coast in sight. Not making more than 6 knots in the absence of wind. Men dispirited. About 3 o'clock a breeze from the land began to be felt. The Gulf stagnant as a pond. No sails. We look out for Cape San Antonio as yearningly as Columbus for land, but find it not. Hot and thirsty men hang over the sides straining their eyes until darkness comes. Sup-

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per at 5 p. m. to anticipate the darkness of the cabin. I found another place in the rigging for my hammock, and relieved my cold by sleeping in the breeze, with merely nominal raiment.

NEARLY TO YUCATAN.

Monday, June 27.—I awoke at 4 a. m., in time to see the Peoria lead us in a sharp turn to the south, from the westward course we had kept all night, indicating that we were passing Cape San Antonio. No coast visible. At 8 o'clock turn to the southeast. Breeze freshens. We ought to be in the Caribbean sea—but we are not. The young navigator of the Peoria has blundered and led us a hundred miles out of our course. We had been steaming all night out into the Gulf, almost to the coast of Yucatan, for our southeast course brings us at 1 p. m. directly to the keys of the Bajos Colorados, just north of Cape San Antonio. Had we made this fine manoeuver at night we would have landed on these banks a very interesting wreck. The young navigator of the Peoria ought to be sent to school. A brigantine shows up ahead, right off the lighthouse on the cape. The Peoria steams in advance, overhauls her, inspects her papers and finally lets her proceed. She is British and not trying to run the blockade. The chase and bringing to made quite a pretty marine picture. At 2:30 we are opposite the lighthouse looking out in the Yucatan channel. The coast here looks at three or four miles like that of South Carolina, only there are no sand hills. The shining surf breaking on a broad white beach tempts the hot and unwashed on the ship. The first thing some of us will have on landing is a dip in the water.

IN DARKEST CUBA

TERRIFIC HEAT.

A dead calm. Horses falling. One dies. Terribly hot. The concentrated discomforts of a crowded troop ship in the tropics force themselves upon the eye, nose, and skin. But we push along and presently we encounter the blessed trade-wind blowing from the east, its course marked by a clear-cut line of white caps on the waves. It is a head wind for us and reduces our speed to between 4 and 5 knots an hour—the Fanita compelling that fearful record of slowness—but it saves the horses and relieves us of intense suffering. We leave the hook of Cape San Antonio behind us. During the evening and night we steam in the teeth of the trade-wind over high, foam-capped swells. A majority of the men are prostrated by seasickness, but I haven't a touch of it.

Tuesday, June 28.—Still sailing eastward, with Cuba to the north. Far out from land—fully 60 miles in mid-Caribbean. Rain squalls off and on through the day, which is generally cloudy. Head wind continues, and so does the *mal de mer*. The sea an exquisite deep turquoise blue. "Gulf weed" drifts all along our route. It is this same seaweed rising from the bottom of these tropic waters that forms the great Sargasso sea which Columbus encountered, so one who has sailed along its edges tells me. Hundreds of square miles of it, in the eddy of great ocean currents. The east wind blows us back and our speed—the Fanita fixing the pace—does not exceed five miles an hour. It is getting very wearisome, for this is our eighth day on board, our seventh at sea, and the presence of 400 men and 150 horses and mules on a converted freighter like the Florida involves unpleas-

FIGHTING IN CUBA

antnesses that do not bear detailing. There is hardly room for the men to lie on the decks and others to sling their hammocks over them. There is no more singing and mighty little piano playing. People are too eager for a landing. The effervescence is over.

At night we are believed to be about 60 miles south of the eastern end of the Isle of Pines and are still going eastward.

Wednesday, June 29.—Still sailing east. This is a region of thunder-storms. We headed into one at daylight and into others time and again during the day. Seasickness becomes still more general, but I haven't a qualm and find a perch in the rigging pleasant despite the pitching of the Florida. Thanks to her heavy cargo, she doesn't roll as her consorts do.

We now head northward and about 10 a. m. the dim outlines of considerable mountains show momentarily through the mists that hold Cuba in their embrace. The island seems to be at this season the base of a Himalayan range of cloud mountains. Its trend can be traced by the giant masses of vapor that lie piled upon it. We are about 30 miles from the coast and between Cienfuegos and Trinidad. The mountains we see are the famous Sigüanea "hills"—several thousand feet high, very wild and unfrequented. General Gomez is supposed to be operating in this region. I am forbidden to say where we will land, but the exact point does not matter much. We advance slowly toward the peaks that loom up like the Tryon range from the hill country of the South Carolina borderland. Two or three miles an hour will bring us to the landing place by nightfall.

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THE TROUBLE BEGINS.

Thursday, June 30.—Still in the Caribbean, and on a new tack. Since my last lines were written we have had an interesting time of it. No harm now to say that we headed for the little river San Juan, a mere creek in width, but 20 feet deep, running in a deep cleft of the Sigüanea hills. These so-called hills are higher than the Tryon range and the most fantastic mountains I ever saw. Peaks, knobs, all manner of distorted formations in a jumble. Wild and wooded. We steamed straight up as if about to run the blockade of Cienfuegos harbor, and soon out of the dim distance three trails of smoke appeared as Uncle Sam's naval watch dogs rushed for their imagined quarry. They beat our slow coaches, and before we got within two miles of the coast we were under the many bristling guns of the Dixie, a big Mallory liner, manned by the Maryland naval reserve, and a converted yacht had coursed up from below the horizon. This was about 4 p. m. yesterday, in a thunder-storm. Flutters of signal flags explained our legitimacy, and the five ships headed in to the cleft where the San Juan flowed. All anchored about a mile out.

There was a Spanish blockhouse or *fortaleza* perched on a height on the east of the entrance. With a view to provoking hostilities and ensuring a bombardment, some of us took to the rigging, within easy Mauser range; but the Spaniards were dumb—so dumb indeed that it was doubted whether the blockhouse with its American cyclone-proof cellar was really garrisoned.

Two boats were soon making their way to the mouth of the river, one with six Cuban scouts, the

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other with seamen to sound the bar. The Cubans had got within a couple of boats' length of the east bank of the river when we heard the "p-r-r-p" of Mausers as the blockhouse opened fire at short range. The boats scurried back. No one was hit. Then essay No. 2 was made. The same Cuban scouts went in one boat and a dozen of Uncle Sam's big black bucks in another. They went a mile farther to the east, the troopers under charge of Winthrop Chanler. In due time from the dusk came another "p-r-r-p" of Mausers and Krag-Jorgensens from the expeditionary boats. After an hour or so they returned with the same story of ambushed Spaniards. The enemy had been "felt" and was there—in what force it was impossible to determine.

FIRST EXPERIENCE UNDER FIRE.

About 10:30 reconnoissance No. 3 was begun. One boat held a dozen of General Nunez's escort, the other the Chanler ten. I had vainly tried to go on the first expedition, but only scouts who knew the country were sent out. General Nunez let me go on the third and I had the post of greatest danger in the bow of the boat, standing as we moved over the moonlit sea to the frowning mountain-shadowed shore. It was delightfully picturesque. The Southern Cross sparkled low in the sky, great jewels of phosphorescence rippled out from the shadows of the thwarts as the oars rose and fell. There was a great swell in the Caribbean, and as it dashed against the coral reefs that guarded the shore, the foam shot up in geyser-like spumes from the grottoes of the rock.

Our boat led and we coasted toward the west, in the direction of Cienfuegos. We finally got within

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50 or 100 yards of the reef, back of which were dark thickets. If there had been Spaniards there—that is to say, Spaniards that could shoot—how delightfully they could have potted us. We on the white moonlit sea, silhouetted there, they in the dark security of the chaparral. But they were not there. Big shadowy coral rocks that strewed the reef bore a suggestive resemblance to them, and some of the Cubans saw them walk and all that—but I didn't see them and they didn't fire. So we went for miles.

We wanted to land, but the pilot said the boat couldn't stand the surf. It was leaking badly, and at 12:30 a. m. we got back, with the news that one part of the shore at least was free of the Spaniards.

On returning we found expedition No. 4 about to start—three boats full of Chanler's rough riders and negro cavalrymen and two pontoons full of Cubans. Our boat was condemned and denied starting privileges. That was a source of great chagrin at first, but afterward I wasn't sorry. The outfit was designed to take the beach where the second party was attacked and hold it for a landing. It left about 1. At 4:30 it pulled wearily back out of the dawn dusk, with a tale of hours of ineffectual rowing against a malignant current issuing out of the little estuary it attempted.

THIS STRAIGHT FROM CAMP.

CAMP IN CUBA LIBRE, four miles west of Jucaro, foot of eastern *trocha*, Province Camaguey, or Puerto Principe, Monday, July 4, 1898, 11:30 a. m.—I have just concluded a sumptuous repast of canned beef and canned corn, served *au naturel*—cold—and washed down by green, brackish water. But as it is my first

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food since day before yesterday, with the exception of a half dozen hard-tack yesterday, I feel better, and under the shade of my hammock cover take up the thread of my last letter, broken by our arrival at Tunas de Zaza on Thursday last, June 30, and followed by events so stirring that I could not write of them immediately upon their occurrence.

We left the Boca San Juan early on Thursday morning because it was clear that a landing would be very difficult, and that it could not be adequately protected and we had no sign of the proximity of any Cuban force and it was impossible to guard or transport the big cargo across the mountains without assistance. So we steamed for Tunas de Zaza, which is quite another place from Victoria de Las Tunas of Santiago province, last year captured and destroyed by the Cubans. The three ships skirted magnificent mountain ranges, purpling amid the clouds, as they sailed through blue seas and then through green to Tunas. Tunas is the port of the inland city of Santo Espiritu, with which it is connected by a railway some 30 miles long. It is located on the right bank of the River Zaza, debouching into a very broad but shallow harbor, maximum depth 18 feet.

Our objective was a Spanish blockhouse, supposed now to be abandoned, located on an estuary five or six miles from the town. On arriving in the afternoon, therefore, we left the town to the right and steamed toward the blockhouse, the Peoria in advance, the Fanita following, the Florida, being of greatest draught, bringing up the rear.

No time was lost. The signal from the Peoria was to follow her, and we did, but at a distance of two and a half miles from the blockhouse the Florida ran on

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a bank of sand and mud and stuck fast. The Peoria steamed up to within a mile of the blockhouse and anchored, the Fanita a short distance behind her. An exploring party in two boats started from the Florida for the blockhouse, via the Peoria. I had been volunteering for everything in sight, but this essay was arranged without my knowledge. I was on the port side of the ship, listening patiently to some thrice-told tales of my young friend, Dicky Thorne of New York—Richard Van Wyck Thorne, to be precise—and when he finished I sauntered idly over to starboard. There I saw one boat, manned by Cubans, already pulling away, and another, filled by the Chanler party, just pulling off. I ran down the ladder and begged Chanler to take me along. "Very sorry, Mr. Gonzales, but I can't," and away the boat went.

He told me afterward that the reason for refusing was that the boat already had 12 men in it and he did not want to make the number 13. But, as the sequel showed, this 13 superstition was a lucky one for me.

We saw the boats go to the Peoria, saw and heard the Peoria fire a few shots at the blockhouse. There was no response. Encouraged in the belief that the post had been deserted, the boats left the Peoria and advanced. Then orders came from General Nunez, who had gone on the Peoria, to send the Fanita forward with a Cuban force to occupy the blockhouse. The staff officers were ordered to remain on the Florida, but I got a dispensation from the chief of staff and tumbled aboard. Up to the time the Fanita approached the Peoria everything on shore was as still as if man and nature were in *siesta*. The boats seemed to have reached the beach. Then suddenly

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hell broke loose ashore. The blockhouse sent forth hundreds of shots, in volleys and scattering, and there were many replies from a grove of coconut trees to the right of it. I was in the pilot house of the *Fanita* at the time and through the captain's glasses could see a semi-circular skirmish line in the grove, the men lying on their stomachs and firing at the blockhouse. As each side used Mausers there was no smoke. The *Peoria* immediately opened on the blockhouse and 6-pound shot and shells fell all around it, but made no impression. The building was about 60 feet square and behind its massive squared logs is said to have had a sheathing of railroad iron. Our artillery was far too light for it. I don't know how long the fight lasted, but at last it ended. The *Peoria* dropped down to where we lay and General Nunez hailed us and ordered that 60 Cubans land in pontoons to support Chanler.

THE REAL BUSINESS OF WAR.

Unfortunately the Cuban officer in command was young and inexperienced and he became thoroughly rattled. In the midst of his bewilderment and hesitation a boat was sighted from the shore below the blockhouse, and this was made a reason for further waiting. The boat approached slowly and laboriously in the dusk and it was long before we could get an answer to our hailing. One tall man was sculling with a stern oar; another was pulling. At last a voice from the gloom gave the gloomy tidings: "I've got here five wounded. Chanler and three others are in the water up to their necks to escape the bullets. All are wounded and will be killed if not rescued soon."

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The young officer wanted to consult General Nunez again, but Thorne and I took him in hand and made him give orders for the dispatch of the boats to the rescue. Meanwhile the Chanler boat came alongside and we proceeded to get the wounded men out. The Cubans were so ill-led, so excited and demoralized, that they were helpless. Thorne ran down the ladder, I heaved him a rope, and with our handkerchiefs he slung them and I, with one rational assistant, hauled them up over the side. Then a lot of volunteers tumbled into the pontoon to go after Chanler, and I went with them, leaving Thorne to care for the wounded. The three hours that followed were among the hardest of my life to endure. Wounded comrades were to be rescued from foes who would slaughter them on capture and yet, under the incompetent direction of a boy second lieutenant who assumed command, the crew of 20 spent hours in anarchy and imbecility and finally drifted down with the tide toward the Florida. I had appealed, admonished, done everything I could, but I had no power to compel or I would have shot one or two *pour encourager les autres*. It was not cowardice, but utter lack of discipline and crazy excitement. At last the Florida put her searchlight on us and by persuading the crew that we were thereby discovered to the Spaniards I got them to pull a few strokes in the direction and take the boat to where the work of rescue could be resumed by competent hands. It was 9 o'clock when we reached the Florida. I don't know anything that would induce me to go through such another experience. It was a great lesson in order and discipline.

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THE RESCUE OF CHANLER.

When the Florida sent out the first rescue boat afterward, I tried to go on it, but the offer was declined for lack of room. This boat brought in several of the Cubans and the Chanler party, but Chanler himself and Dr. Abbott of his outfit were not found and rescued until 1 a. m. An American and a Cuban were found the next morning. Of the expedition of 24 men one was killed and seven wounded. If the Spaniards had not been such bad shots not one would have returned.

Their story was dramatic and well worthy of more extended reproduction, but I can only give an outline of it. Probably 200 Spaniards were in the blockhouse and huge rifle pits. As the Chanler party were about to disembark they sped a storm of Mauser bullets at them. Chanler, brave and reckless, responded by jumping into shallow water and wading ashore, and was followed by his men. The Cuban boat was a little behind them and its men likewise made a rush for the shore. Capt. Indalecia Nunez, the General's brother, and one of his four personal aides, fell dead in the water, shot through the head. The gallant 23 entered the coconut grove and forming a skirmish line engaged the blockhouse and trenches at a distance of about 150 yards. The men fought coolly and well, but it was soon apparent to them that they were caught like rats in a trap. They were cut off from the interior by a chaparral of impassable thorns. The Spanish bullets flew like hail. Dusk came and one boat had drifted away while the other lay off shore nearly waterlogged with 14 holes in her. Chanler asked for volunteers to bring her in and two men

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dashed out. One was Thomason, a Tennessean, whose family now live in Alabama, a fine six-footer, who had long been a sergeant in the United States army and had been the captain of the squad of regulars with Buffalo Bill's show. The other was a young man giving his name as Lee Hervey, who had got into the expedition on the pretense that he was a lieutenant of United States regulars, but whose claims had been disproved. Nobody knows who he is, but he certainly has pluck. These two men brought in the boat under a storm of shots from the Spanish. Hervey was badly wounded in the leg. The larger holes were stopped up with strips of clothing and two men bailed while two others propelled the boat and its five wounded. Chanler and the rest would not leave but they soon had to take to the water, two of them wounded. By keeping their heads only above the surface they managed to escape death. The Spaniards could have killed them all by coming out of their blockhouse and trenches, but with a characteristic of their nation they contented themselves with fighting from cover. They didn't mind the 6-pound shots of the Peoria—in the blockhouse at least—and cheered each of the frequent misses.

The rest has been told. Leaving the water after dark, Chanler and the remnant with him scattered in the marsh and bushes and there remained until they were picked up. Winthrop Chanler, with a Mauser hole through the elbow, hasn't missed a meal at mess since. His outfit is just as nervy as it can be. The Cubans, too, behaved with great bravery. Captain Nunez was the only man killed. He served as a boy through the former war with Spain. His wife died several months ago and he has grieved for her so

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that he wished to be killed. He had his wish as his foot touched the Cuban shore. Of the wounded none are in serious danger except a stevedore who accompanied the party. As he was stooping over the boat a Mauser ball passed through his shoulder, perforated his lung and passed through his head at the jaws. But the Mauser is a most humane weapon. Hit by Springfield or revolver bullets, several of the expeditionaries would have lost limbs. As it is, most of them will be ready for fighting again in a fortnight.

A GLOOMY NIGHT.

That night was a gloomy one. The general's brother killed, the Chanler squad reduced in available men one half, the Florida aground, resisting all efforts by herself, the Fanita and the Peoria to pull her off the mud bank, and the almost certainty that the Spaniards would bring down heavy cannon from the Santo Espiritu forts to knock her to pieces.

Late at night Captain Johnson, U. S. A., took matters into his own hands and, after assistance by her consorts and unloading a large part of her cargo into the Fanita had proven unavailing, he set his buffalo blacks to work and threw overboard a large part of the ammunition and it is said quantities of bacon. I do not know how much, for the captain does not take kindly to questioning and nobody else is aware of the quantity. Anyhow, I regard it as a foolish act and I am told that he was so informed by the commander of a United States vessel, of which more anon.

The ships, to guard against a night attack, played their searchlights all through the dark hours. At 11 o'clock there was a flutter of excitement in the squadron. The Peoria's searchlight flashed across a sail.

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A boat was swooping down on us from the direction of the town. Nearer and nearer it came, the electric light making it shine out of the darkness like a white butterfly fluttering from the distance. A hail was unanswered and it required a blank shot across her bow to make the boat—a dugout, by the way, hollowed out of a ceiba tree—drop her sail. Presently the venturesome crew was brought aboard—one man, a sharp-featured, weather-beaten fellow, a Cuban pilot who had been with Gomez, and while on a visit to Tunas in the guise of a *pacífico* had seen our coming and, suspecting its purpose, had secured a boat and slipped down to guide us. There was a good deal of suspicion at first, but I never doubted his genuineness. No Spaniard nor Spanish sympathiser would have put himself in the power of the enemy with intent to betray. Man's patriotism doesn't extend to a certainty of hanging for treachery, and this would have been a certainty.

THE CASE LOOKED DESPERATE.

The next morning, Friday, July 1, the case looked desperate. The Spaniards held blockhouse and town and we could not greatly injure either. Moreover it was certain that they were concentrating thereabout the 3,000 volunteers and 500 regulars they had on the the line of the railroad to Santo Espiritu, with cannon. We could not disembark and we could not get away. It was in contemplation to kill the horses and dump them to lighten the ship—and so get away, crippled, to somewhere else.

But, far out on the southern horizon, there was seen a little point of smoke. Slowly it grew in height and volume and we all watched it with a dawning hope.

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Then the glasses showed a solid black point beneath the smoke, and every minute it jutted up higher, aiming for us. Then at last was seen what looked like two smokestacks accompanied by no mast. "That looks like the Wilmington," said the captain of the Fanita. "I steered her on her trial trip. That second smokestack is a fighting mast. She and the Helena are the only gunboats in the navy that have it. They are little battleships."

And so it proved. Our *petite* Peoria hoisted signals. At many miles' distance they were returned. Then she ran out and the stranger waited far across the bar for her. Then they both came in, feeling their way among the shallows, and the U. S. S. Helena cast anchor within a cable's length of us. She had seen our searchlights reflected on the clouds 30 miles at sea the night before, and, suspecting something was wrong, laid off the coast until morning, when she came in to investigate.

In THE STATE I have always advocated the creation of a strong navy, for the honor and safety of the country. Nothing was farther from my thought than that my own life might depend upon a sufficiency of ships of the right sort in the United States navy. But I will admit right here that in the proceedings of Friday, July 1, I held myself amply repaid personally for all the work I had ever done in behalf of Uncle Sam's navy. "The Star-Spangled Banner?" Well, the Helena's was rusty, but Old Glory never looked more beautiful. We didn't want to be potted by the Spaniards at their leisure; we didn't want to give up the ship; we didn't want the great expedition, with so much of relief and hope for the destitute Cubans, to fail; and we wanted revenge for the repulse of the

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day before. I am frank about it—we greatly desired hell to be knocked out of the Spaniards.

BOMBARDING A BLOCKHOUSE.

What did the United States ship *Helena* do when she anchored? She didn't lose five minutes time. At a range of 4,500 yards—two and a half miles—she opened on that Spanish blockhouse with her 6-inch shells and 5-inch shells and maybe some 4-inch shells—you'll have to look at the *World Almanac* to find out. Not at the blockhouse precisely. At the rifle pits on the sides, filled with Spaniards. For they had concentrated additional hundreds there and their heliographs were working for more with the town. The shells dropped beautifully. There's a great difference between an extemporised tugboat cruiser and a man-of-war. The *Helena* had strong glasses as well as guns and in about five minutes she saw the Spaniards flying for the woods. Then at 2½ miles range she followed them up, shelling the woods. When she had driven them out of sight and range she quit. Then she turned her attention to the *Florida*, and by kedging her anchor succeeded in pulling her out of some three feet of mud which had formed in a rift across the channel. A good day's work, but more was to follow.

The next morning (Saturday) we stood on top the pilot house of the *Florida*, now taken for security down the bay to a distance of five miles, and watched the *Helena*, guided tortuously by the Cuban pilot, bombard *Tunas de Zaza*. The town is a mere Spanish depot. Of its 500 population most live in a wretched suburb, *Cubana*. The rest is Spanish—government wharves, warehouses, railroad terminal, cable station, stores owned by Spaniards. It was chock full of

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Spanish soldiers and had a sand battery of 5-inch Napoleons, while a big gun was on a railroad truck on the wharf, brought from Santo Espiritu to be used against us.

ANOTHER BOMBARDMENT.

The bombardment was directed to the fort especially and was the consequence of a disregard by the Spaniards of a signal flag hoisted by the *Helena* the afternoon before, demanding a surrender on peril of bombardment within 12 hours. But a more immediate reason was that the Spanish battery opened fire first. Of course with a fort in the centre of the town damage to private property could not be avoided, and I seemed to see the hand of the Cuban pilot in the buildings destroyed—but this was incidental and possibly accidental. If I can find time I will send you a list, as made telescopically at a distance of five miles by a former resident. It may have some interest as the only list which will go to the American press.

We had the full sound of the big guns the day before, but not now, the distance being so great. But the spectacle, seen through a telescope, came up to the standard.

The Spaniards had planted gauge flags at 2,000 yards, the distance their guns would have been effective, and trained them for that range. Thanks to the Cuban pilot, however, the *Helena* and *Peoria* were able to steam in to a range of 1,200 yards, and the natural consequence was that the Spaniards overshot both ships. With their usual ineptitude they omitted to lower their sights when our vessels had passed range, and shots that would have knocked big holes in the *Peoria*—at which they especially aimed—passed over

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her and splashed the water half a mile at least beyond her.

The ships were heading southward, from which direction the breeze came, and by degrees drifted away the great clouds of smoke that issued from their guns and were continually renewed. We could see with the naked eye the clouds of red dust that rose when shells struck the tiled roofs, and a column of fire shot up when the magazine of the fort exploded. Within five minutes there was a big fire raging near the battery.

PLUCKY PEORIA!

In the midst of the engagement the Peoria left her place and steamed between the Helena and the battery, raking the bottom for the cable, which, however, she was unable to find. Nothing but the absurd shooting of the Spaniards saved her, and it was at the least an exceedingly plucky feat.

In 25 minutes all that the Americans cared to destroy of Tunas was in ruins, the battery was wiped out. When the ships returned the officers reported that the Spaniards had fought like tigers, sticking to their guns until they were knocked out, and that when the battery was abandoned a troop of Spanish cavalry rode out on the beach to the right and attacked the ships with Remington carbines. Some shells dropped among these sent them scattering, but they scored the only Spanish hit of the day. A bullet from one of their carbines passed between the legs of an officer of the Helena, fracturing his trousers.

It is certain that there were many casualties on shore. The Americans aimed well and time after time their shells fell in the midst of the enemy.

The ships on their return were heartily cheered by

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the Cubans on the Florida, and the American and Cuban flags were carried up the rigging and held there by enthusiasts.

AFTER THE BLOCKHOUSE.

That evening the two American vessels again proceeded against the blockhouse. Taking a position close inshore—say about a mile from the water's edge—they advanced with the blockhouse ahead on their left, the Helena in advance. Before they had got within the desired range of the blockhouse the Spaniards opened fire on them from the woods. The Peoria accordingly swept the woods on the left with her small guns while the Helena fired ahead toward the blockhouse, where the Spaniards had assembled to the number of 500 or more, occupying new entrenchments as well as the old ones. The enemy were soon put to flight, but did not go far and did not stay licked. They kept up their firing, both from infantry and cavalry, and a battery of light artillery opened on the ships from low wooded hills near the blockhouse. At last the Spaniards were cleared out, but the blockhouse still stood. The Helena was probably too much occupied with shelling the retreating Spaniards to give much attention to it. But it is remarkable that the structure should have endured three bombardments without serious injury, and it is a good thing to have out of the way.

Saturday closed with Spanish fireworks. The events of the day had filled them with alarm. Probably in the four bombardments over a hundred of them had been killed and several hundred wounded. They saw in the timely arrival of the Helena evidence of a pre-arranged concentration of forces at Tunas

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and a landing *en masse*. Accordingly they signaled by day and night heliograph for reinforcements, sending—as we have learned here—as far as Jucaro for help, sending the women and children not only out of Tunas but out of Santo Espiritu as well. They worked five lanterns with huge reflectors at Tunas, giving signals that shone very bright even at our distance of five miles. Then they set the wharves on fire, fearful that they would be used for our landing, and they burned fiercely long into the night.

But we fooled them. At 10 o'clock Saturday night the Florida, Fanita and Peoria, with all lights out, slipped quietly out of the harbor, leaving the Helena to make further demonstration and attacks next day in order to keep the Spaniards too busy to look after us. And then we sailed east once more.

N. G. G.

GONZALES JOINS GOMEZ.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS SUCH AS TO WRING HEARTS OF AMERICANS. NOTED CUBAN CHIEFTAIN. HOW THE LANDING OF GENERAL NUNEZ'S RELIEF FORCES AND STORES WAS EFFECTED. A TALE OF HARDSHIP AND SUFFERING IN CENTRAL CUBA.

HEADQUARTERS CUBAN ARMY, camp near Palo Alto, Camaguey, Wednesday, July 6, 5:10 a. m.—Within forty yards of me, sitting in his hammock, writing, is an old man called Maximo Gomez. Camped around in the thickets and palm groves are 2,000 Cuban soldiers. Our expedition has succeeded. We have found and relieved Gomez. And no one who is not here to see and hear for himself can realize how potential are those words, "found and relieved."

I am one of a guard of honor set around the Cuban flag, raised a few minutes ago to very sweet music from three trumpeters, but have secured a dispensation enabling me to finish up my letters today, as the Florida may start home tomorrow.

When the Florida dropped anchor in the gray dawn of Sunday, it was some three miles from a coast very different from that we had skirted from Cienfuegos to Tunas de Zaza. It was low and swampy, and its banks were densely enveloped in mangrove thickets. But one open spot could be seen, a mud bank from which projected the ruins of a long and fine wharf, built by the Yznaga family at a cost of \$60,000 for the export of the produce of their estates, but burned early in the present war by the insurgents to prevent the exportation of sugar.

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perched in a tree, directed me to an outpost. There I lay for an hour before I had strength to walk to headquarters, two hundred yards away. By evening, however, I was all right again.

THE HEADQUARTERS.

Headquarters were set in a thicket of tropical trees and vines flanked by groves of fan palms and palmetoes. The ground was low and soggy and little air penetrated the nook. I was too exhausted to eat and there was nothing but more—and far worse—brackish green water to drink. The Cubans are horribly abstemious in the matter of liquor. Give me a comrade with a flask at a time like that!

My hammock was swung between two fan palms, and now, three days after, I am sitting on my saddle in the same place, ready for eventualities, as the Spaniards are expected to attack us today.

I had had for a week the presentiment that something big was going to happen on the Fourth of July. And it did.

RECEIVING THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

We had heard from the Cuban pilot at Tunas that General Jose Miguel Gomez was located about twenty miles from that port, but we did not have an idea where Maximo Gomez was, although at last advices he was somewhere in this region. On the evening of our arrival here the pickets brought in a wild man of the woods, shaggy and wrinkled, mounted on a diminutive mule. He reported that he and two other Cubans were in charge of a *potrero* or cattle ranch maintained by the insurgents about twelve miles north, and gave some hint of the location of the Cuban forces.

GONZALES JOINS GOMEZ

Messengers were instantly dispatched to apprise them of our presence and summon them to protect the landing.

Next morning I had been on duty inspecting outposts, and had just returned from a tramp of several miles through the mud, when at a little after six o'clock the trumpet sounded and the several divisions of the little landing force of Cubans were assembled to "receive General Gomez," who had reached an outpost. Which General Gomez? The general of division, or the general-in-chief? Few of us expected the latter.

Both General Nunez and General Rodriguez were absent at the *playa* (beach, by courtesy) directing the landing of supplies, which was conducted by Uncle Sam's buffalo soldiers, the Cubans acting as packers across the swamp to the camp. It therefore devolved on General Nunez's staff to receive the visitor.

FIRST SIGHT OF GENERAL GOMEZ.

The sweet but small notes of a silver cornet sounded up the road by the side of which we were assembled, and a troop of horsemen advanced toward us at a brisk trot. A dozen officers in brown linen uniforms rode first, and then came a figure in black, tall—for a Cuban—erect, spare and sinewy, head proudly up, the whole attitude being one of authority and command. The almost oblique eyes, the long, beaked nose, the lean, brown jaw, the white mustache and goatee, the general Tartar-like aspect that had given him among his soldiers the nickname of *El Chino*, bespoke the presence, not of Gomez the lesser, but of Gomez the greater—the veritable Maximo himself!

What a thrill went through the assembly! Here

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was success at last. Here was the man we came to meet, and the man whose presence was worth thousands of men and meant the full fruition of our hopes.

Responding to our salute, General Gomez passed on to the shore, there to meet the generals. He had come, with his escort, forty miles that night, riding without stops to meet the expedition. The honor of finding him and bringing him to us belongs to a Southerner, a big young fellow named Fred O. Somerford, a Floridian who had lived seven years in Cuba and had, as a newspaper correspondent and as a fighter as well, operated for two years in the western part of Cuba, sharing the privations of the patriots. Somerford, not now a newspaper man, set out with a guide soon after our camp was located here, volunteering to find Gomez. His guide, who had the provisions, deserted him before he had gone far. Somerford plodded afoot through the heavy mud to the Cuban *potrero*, got a poor horse there and went on. It was nine o'clock at night when he found Maximo Gomez, in a neighborhood known as La Majagua. His men had been without solid food for three days, but he made them saddle up instantly and set out, riding all night and arriving here at 6:20 next morning.

Messengers dispatched by General Gomez to his widely scattered forces soon produced returns.

LOOKING FOR A BATTLE.

By evening the 200 of the General's personal escort had been increased by several hundred more. Yesterday afternoon there were 1,500 in camp, and by this evening we expect to have 3,000. The Spaniards have large forces on the *trocha* to one side of us and on the Santo Espiritu-Tunas railway to the other. Many

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must surely know of our arrival, and their failure to attack us as yet may mean that they are gathering a heavy force to crush us. I had it from the General's lips yesterday that he looked for a battle today.

I shall now set some things down which will justify THE STATE in its constant contentions as to Cuban conditions and will perhaps influence some who have been unbelieving and indifferent to join with THE STATE in urging the continuance, without cessation or loss of time, of relief expeditions like our own. I have studied the Cuban question very hard and have tried to sift truth from untruth. Theoretically I have been well informed, and nothing that I see here is surprising to me. But it requires the *seeing* to realize as one should the greatness of the needs, the enormity of the privations of these people, who, if any men and women have ever earned liberty by suffering, have earned theirs.

A PICTURE SAD TO GAZE UPON.

I have written of General Gomez's *escorta* or escort, numbering about 150, and referred to the first half dozen who rode by as being uniformed. But the others! The tears came into my eyes and I felt a strange thrill down my spine when there passed these, the picked body-guard of the Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban army, who ought to be the best equipped in the service. Here a great *guajiro* or "cracker" with a beard like a thicket, barefooted and riding a straw saddle. Next, a little boy of 12 or 13, naked to the waist, but with a big rifle on his pommel and a proud look in his eyes. Then, a huge negro, stark naked except for a breech-clout of rags. Great God! What a force with which to have baffled Spain so long! Not

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one man in a hundred with a whole suit of clothes—all torn and worn, with stomachs swollen from long subsistence on green fruit; yet men and boys who could ride forty miles after three days without solid food, and go on picket duty immediately after with the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness!

And when the outlying brigades and regiments began to come in! Colonels, lieutenant-colonels and majors with the remnants of uniforms torn and patched; young men with fine, open faces, men of education and society, doctors, lawyers, engineers, former residents of cities, who with a smile spoke of their privations—how they had lived on green mangoes—which are worse than green peaches and taste like turpentine—palm-nuts, horses, mules, donkeys, snakes! No complaints. They joked about it, felt in their pockets for a little *picadura*, rolled it into cigarettes with the inner leaf of the palm for paper, shrugged their shoulders, and smiled. Many of their horses had gone down the throats of these starving men before the green fruit came, and they had left from one to seven cartridges in their belts.

REMNANT OF MACEO'S TROOPS.

But there came the worst spectacle of all, the remnant of a negro regiment of infantry commanded once by Jose Maceo, eighteen months dead. These men were without hats or shoes, and many of them had only a rag about their loins. They had made a forced march of 60 miles in obedience to the summons, over fearful roads, but with wonderful hardihood took up their camp duties immediately, without rest or food. Naked, but with rifles and cartridge boxes. I noted one whose rifle had worn a great sore

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on his shoulder, and his cartridge box another on his hip. Another, a mulatto, who had returned from New York to fight at the beginning of the war, had been two years without hat or shoes. He had come all the way from Habana province, 400 miles, to go on with the fighting.

Remember that these were all men to whom Spain had offered terms—amnesty, food, positions in her army—if they would content themselves with autonomy, and give up their struggle for independence. We at home speak with pride of Marion and his men; let us not withhold the meed of justice to the Cubans of all classes who have undergone, in the same cause of liberty, sufferings ten-fold as great, and continued in two wars, for thirteen years.

Oh, it was a pleasant thing to see them get a square meal out of Uncle Sam's tins of corn and beef, and it was as pleasant to see them this morning putting over their burned backs the brown canvas blouses which came from the same kind hand!

THE WOMEN.

And the women! We have seen two families here, of the *guajiro* or small farmer type. The first came in the evening of our arrival, out of their hiding in the swamps, and were cared for. Next day old Maximo Gomez looked after them at his own tent awning. They would have been good looking in health, but were anemic from disease and starvation, spotted with the marks of boils. With some brother officers, I took coffee yesterday with some of the better class, who for years had been living in the woods to avoid the Spaniards. One of the girls was very pretty, with fine blue eyes, and Irish type of face.

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Blue eyes are plentiful in Camaguey, where the original settlers were mainly from the north of Spain. The ladies sat in the shade of a palm "shack" on the bundles of clothing and bedding which were all their belongings. Smoked and dried *lutias*—an animal peculiar to Cuba and closely resembling a big muskrat—hung over the coals and revealed their previous means of subsistence. Coffee was served to the guests one by one in the single cup of the family after it had been boiled in an old can. We sat about and smoked and listened to a young surgeon of the army—who had ridden his 50 miles with a case of paludal (malarial) fever on him to our camp—tell his devices to cure the sick and wounded without the aid of "store" drugs. He was a *Habanero*, this doctor Duque, and he was speculating as to what he could have when he got back to "civilization." "I think I will take a long drink of cool *cerveza*," he said, "of cold, foaming lager-beer."

THE CROPS.

The insurgents have planted large crops of sweet potatoes and cassava in the uplands, and in two months more, if the Spaniards can be checked, there will be enough to eat in the country regions of Central Cuba; but meanwhile the suffering is extreme, and the supplies now landed will be sufficient only to subsist the large force concentrating here, and destitute non-combatants who will be encountered, for less than a month. It is the purpose of the War Department to send another supply of food here soon, and it should be the pleasure of the press to push the work of relief so that not a day shall be lost. The ability of the Cubans in the central and western

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provinces to cooperate with the United States forces depends wholly upon the effectiveness with which our Government keeps them in food and war munitions. Supplied from point to point along the lines, Gomez can take from 10,000 to 20,000 Cubans to assist in the reduction of Habana. The War Department will assign a steamer—probably the Florida—to the service of supply; but it should secure in addition a fast tug to be used for communications between Key West and points on the North coast of Cuba, in order that there may be maintained a perfect understanding between the American and Cuban armies, and that there may be no failures of supply expeditions. It is hard, very hard, to land safely on a hostile coast 2,000 tons of supplies, but it is very easy for a tug to steam close in shore and exchange dispatches with Cuban messengers. We can be kept within three or four days' hearing of Washington by means of this tug service.

COMMUNICATION KEPT UP.

General Gomez maintains communication with forces stationed near all Spanish posts, and his advices are that the Cuban non-combatants in the cities held by the Spanish in this region are dying of starvation, while the Spanish themselves have provisions for but 15 days more. The knowledge of supplies landed here will do more to stimulate the Spanish to attack us than anything else could do.

It is but just that I should say how much humane Americans, as well as Cuban sufferers, owe to General Nunez for the initiation and success of this expedition. For two months he labored to induce the United States Government to dispatch it. The delays and

IN DARKEST CUBA

discouragements he met at Tampa made a martyrdom for him. At last he prevailed, through General Miles rather than the War department—in justice be it said—although Captain Dorst, U. S. A., who had visited Gomez's camp, and got promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy for the relatively slight risk of the adventure, offered to bet his head that nothing more than a tug-load of supplies could be safely landed in Cuba outside of Santiago province. But Santiago is safe, with only six Spanish posts, and has plenty of food such as nature yields; and General Nunez, knowing Gomez's plight, would aim only for him. For weeks he visited army headquarters daily and presented with all the energy of a full soul the greatness of the need and the imperativeness of succor. There is general belief here that his return to the States is necessary to the prompt dispatch of another expedition. In case he is detailed for such service, some disposition will have to be made of his staff. I, of course, intend to stay.

RECONCENTRADOS PAST HELP.

Our people at home should be made to know that while the *reconcentrados* are probably now past help, owing to the postponement of the American attack on Habana, there are still tens of thousands of patriotic Cubans in the interior who are destitute of food and clothing; and, knowing this, they should urge that the money appropriated by Congress for the relief of the suffering in Cuba should be, in part at least, applied to these people. A big expedition a week would not exhaust that fund in months, and, depend upon it, if these expeditions land in unfortified places, and the Cubans have notice of them, there

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won't be enough Spaniards within fifty miles to prevent the receipt of supplies.

Our South Carolina people are poor, but they can supplement Government aid most effectively by doing what the people of West Tampa did—sending their old clothes—such as are suitable to a warm climate—to the half naked Cubans of the interior. West Tampa alone has sent 11,000 pieces on the Florida, and it is affecting to see soldiers about camp, ragged and shoeless themselves, begging for clothes to cover the nakedness of their wives and children.

Let THE STATE get up a collection of such clothing, especially for women and children, secure free transportation for it, and send it to Colonel F. Figueredo, Tampa, Florida, marked and addressed, and it will be sent over on the first expedition possible. I tell you, you must see this destitution before you can rightly conceive of it. But to know of it should surely be enough to prompt measures for its relief.

N. G. G.

PEN PICTURES OF GOMEZ.

CUBAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AS SEEN IN HIS OWN CAMP. APPEARANCE AND ATTIRE. HOW THE OLD GENERAL PRESERVES DISCIPLINE.

HEADQUARTERS CUBAN ARMY, Camp near Palo Alto, Camaguey, Wednesday, July 6, 1898.—When on Monday General Maximo Gomez and his escort returned from the beach after a very brief stay, we were drawn up to receive him. As the veteran Commander dismounted and advanced between the lines of General Nunez's staff and *escorta*, the commanding officer proposed "Viva Maximo Gomez," and the force, after the Cuban fashion, echoed *Viva*. Then *Cuba libre* was saluted in like fashion, and the United States as well. Then the old General cried *Viva el Ejercito!* (Long live the Army) and the response was ample. But none of the cries were as effective as the "rebel yell." The Latins don't know how to "holler."

A little later the introductions followed. As each officer was presented the General took his hand, held it for a few seconds, and searched his face with his keen old eyes. After a few words of greeting he took his position well at the front of the camp, sitting in a hammock swung under a broad and rusty canvas canopy. Quite devoid of style is the famous Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban forces. One camp stool and a couple of broken cracker boxes, whose contents had already gone to his starving troops, constituted the furniture of his fragmentary tent. A few palm leaves were spread on the miry ground by it.

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A lieutenant in the United States army is far better equipped.

PEN PICTURE OF GOMEZ.

How does *Maximo Gomez* look? Not like the broken, bent old man of the newspaper fables. He is upwards of seventy-three years old, but he lifts himself to every inch of his height, which is about five feet ten inches, and his leanness adds to the effect of his erectness. His hair is iron-gray and abundant, except where a furrow of baldness runs backward from his forehead. His skin is bronzed. He has a long, aquiline nose and a strong, sinewy jaw. His eyes are set like a Tartar's, and he has a full and droopy white mustache and short white goatee. He is of a type I have seen in South Carolina among the old planters, but at this moment Gen. *Mart Gary's* is the only face I can recall that suggests his. *Gomez* is stern enough, but his face is less harsh than was that of the *Bald Eagle* of *Edgefield*.

How is he attired? To begin at the top, in a tall black slouch hat, slightly pinched in at the pointed crest, and bearing a Cuban flag badge at the side. A black alpaca coat, buttoned closely. A brown linen shirt. A torn white handkerchief, loosely rolled, tied in a single twist at the neck. Black trousers with a shiny streak in the cloth suggestive of "store clothes"—"hand-me-downs." High boots, originally black and now very rusty and brown. Big spurs.

The *Generalissimo* sits in his hammock to receive his officers and other visitors, who sit on a log at the edge of his awning, or on the camp stool, or on cracker boxes. On his lap are conspicuous two suggestive articles, a wicker half-gallon big-bellied bottle,

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containing rum, and a two-gallon demijohn, curiously and rudely covered, containing pure water. He has a flask or two in reserve, as I was to find out yesterday.

MESSAGE FROM GENERAL MILES.

Lieutenant—Acting Captain—Johnson, U. S. A., came to Camp to deliver to General Gomez the messages of General Miles conveying his compliments, with supplies sent, and his purposes for the future. General Gomez has an interpreter, but the interpreter couldn't altogether understand Captain Johnson, so I was asked to assist in interpreting. In the palm-studded glade the scene was like the reception of an embassy by some tropical potentate. The General sat in his hammock, Johnson on the camp stool of honor, the interpreter and I on the two boxes. It would not be proper for me to relate here the details of the conference, but I may say that the old man had the dignity and proud reserve of a king and that his questions and answers showed him to be a diplomatist as well as a general. I am glad I heard the talk, because it straightened out some things I had not understood, especially the dispatch of negro troops to Cuba. The arrangement made is very satisfactory. Captain Johnson, as I said in a previous letter, is a Virginian, and he mentioned that, before he entered the United States army, he had started during the Ten Years' war for Cuba to join an American officer then in the Cuban army, but was stopped at Jacksonville by the news of his death. It was a strange thing, and a great pleasure to him, he remarked, that he should now be detailed to assist in completing the work he had thought to undertake.

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Captain Johnson and his troopers will be attached to General Gomez's escort, and will be directly under his orders. They have had many years' experience fighting Indians on the plains, and their horses, as well, are seasoned to rough work.

Before the powwow began, the General did the honors by handing out his precious flask of rum and a silver cup, of and from which we partook. At the close of it he treated Captain Johnson to a mango and me to a lime, and then he suggested to me the advisability of putting the lime to its best use. So he rummaged out another flask with a very fine aromatic decoction of cane syrup, and out of this, the juice of the lime and some more of the rum, he brewed me a punch which surpassed even the best efforts of the lamented William Hayne, the majordomo of the Columbia club in its palmy days. From the expression on my face, Johnson saw that I had got hold of a good thing, so he dropped his unripe mango and put up a look of inquiry. Thereupon the General brewed him one also. If I had had that punch two days before after my swamp trip, I would have been willing to canonize Maximo Gomez. But it was very nice even two days after.

FAITH IN GOMEZ.

Everybody here has faith in General Gomez as a soldier, and I share it fully. He is never caught napping. As soon as he arrived he put out his escort on picket duty, the lines running miles out. He has his agents near all Spanish posts. If the Spaniards strike his pickets anywhere they are kept busy by these veteran woodsmen until the main bodies can assemble and pick their ground. This camp, being in

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the swamp, is defensively very strong. We have supplies and can stand a seige, while the Spaniards will starve if they come upon us in large numbers and are stubbornly resisted. These long, empty-bellied *mambis* will fight their best about the commissary, you may depend upon it.

In the absence of its commanding officer at the beach, this camp was for its first day rather loosely run. When Gomez discovered on Tuesday morning that the *diana*, or reveille, was not instantly responded to by the taking down of hammocks and the packing of equipments, he raised a storm—a characteristic Gomez hurricane. The awful word was passed about the camp that “the old man” was mad clean down to his boots, and many a fledging quivered. He punished us this morning by having the *diana* sounded at 2:30, Washington time, and we all had to rise and pack up by moonlight. But it’s all right; that’s the sort of commander we need. After my experience with the Tampa cigar-makers on the first Chanler relief expedition, I want a military boss who will hold the lines taut and allow no slack talk or slack action. I can’t write in my hammock any more, but at least I can sit on my saddle on the ground, pending the arrival of my horse (number 2) who is out at the *potrero* recovering from his sea trip.

IF THE SPANIARDS COME.

I am going to stick right here until that horse gets well or I get another. I would rather be shot than bog afoot through these Cuban sloughs called roads.

By tomorrow, it is hoped, the unloading of the steamers will be completed. Then the pack train, the *mambis* and the buffaloes will bring the goods here.

PEN PICTURES OF GOMEZ

There will be a distribution among the several thousand of Cubans expected by then, and in a week we may be in the high and breezy and well watered rolling lands of Central Camaguey. These swamps with their brackish water and deep black mud are certainly a trial.

If the Spaniards attack us now it will certainly be in large force. Whether they can concentrate effectively we do not know. They must have found out by this time that the bombardment of Tunas was a feint. It was Captain Johnson's device, he tells me; he begged the captain of the *Helena* to do it in order to distract attention from our further operations. It would be a good thing if each relief expedition were thus aided by the Navy in bombarding the posts nearby.

Should we be enabled to get out of this *cienaga* with all our equipment, we will go in for some Spanish towns and make things interesting.

The Spanish official report of the Tunas bombardment, according to a *Santo Espiritu* paper General Gomez has received, admits a loss of one killed and twelve wounded, but claims the repulse of three warships by the patriotic forces of the vicinage. Which you may flavor to suit your taste.

The searchlights of our ships were seen by General Jose Miguel Gomez 14 miles from Tunas, he reports. A column of Spanish troops from Jucaro hastened on the day of the bombardment, in response to heliograph signals, by forced marches to Tunas. We are about 40 miles from Tunas by land.

I send you the *Santo Espiritu* "extra." Have not time to translate it, but enough of it can be understood to amuse and instruct our public in Spanish methods.

N. G. G.

LIFE IN CAMP IN CENTRAL CUBA.

BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL PLANTS AND FLOWERS TO BE ADMIRER. THE MULTI-USEFUL MACHETE. DIFFICULTIES OF SLEEPING AND EATING. CAMP SCENES BY NIGHT—CANTEEN CLUBS—THE VALUE OF QUININE.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS CUBAN ARMY, Camp near Palo Alto, Camaguey, Wednesday, July 6.—I have now worked off my stock of essentials, and can turn to matters not strictly of a news character, but which may yet serve to give a mental coloring of these strange scenes to the thousands of readers of THE STATE who are unfamiliar with Cuba and the tropics and the life of campaigners in the *manigua*.

These marsh and swamp lands, which border the province of Camaguey or Puerto Principe both on the north and south, are quite unlike any part of Cuba I have heretofore seen. The soil is sour, and not even the torrential rains of this season can sweeten it. Behind the fringe of mangrove and the tall sedges of the marsh rise great multitudes of tall palmettoes and fan palms, bushy of top and white and smooth of trunk, and behind them thickets of much the same general character as are found in the coast swamps of South Carolina, except that they are full of strange vines and flowers. Vines that are natural ropes and can hardly be twisted into breaking, while they are of great tensile strength; other vines fanged with great thorns. Flowers gorgeous in coloring. One, a glorious one of the night-blooming cereus family, was brought me last evening. It was

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almost twice as large as those THE STATE has often exploited in Columbia, and equally delicate. While without perfume, it had about it a fringe of exquisitely colored leaves, shading from a rich brown, through deep orange and yellow, to the palest lemon. Certainly a gorgeous flower. It grows on an edible cactus called *pitahaya*.

This place is, besides, a veritable nursery for orchids. As illustrating the abundance and variety, I quote myself, addressing a Chanler squad man who had less than my own superficial knowledge of this tribe. "Don't know anything about orchids and want to see one, do you? Well, look at the tuft, like grass, sticking out of that palm trunk—that's an orchid. Now look at the top of the palm and see those broad, flat leaves—that's another orchid. Now, that huge mass of leaves and bulbs that surrounds that palmetto trunk, near the top of it—that's an orchid, too. By the way, this limb over your head is literally covered with them—they look like little pineapple plants. And here, at your back, is still another variety." The Chanler man rose from his slanting tree trunk. He was an Indian-fighter, and the orchids were not in bloom. As he rose he revealed a tulip-seeming orchid that he had been sitting on. I would be willing to come into this country again and drink brackish water for a day or two just to see these orchids bloom.

THE UNIVERSAL MACHETE.

One has to come here to comprehend how essential and multi-useful a tool the *machete* is. The ordinary uses—to kill Spaniards and snakes and cut brush-wood—are already understood, but it is not realized

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how fully it takes the place of knife, hatchet and axe, as well as sword. You want a shelter from sun or rain—your *asistente* goes out and quietly hacks down a big fan palm tree, with a rind harder than any tree in the States. With *machete* he then cuts off the fans. With it he slashes down posts, which he jabs into the ground, after loosening it with his *machete*, until they can stand a gale. Then with the *machete* he slices off a few yards of rope vine for fastening, and then he proceeds to thatch your hut and carpet it. In an hour you have a house fit for a—Cuban peasant or American soldier. Great is the *machete*! It opens cans, cuts bread, it slices bacon, holds the same to your fire, it cleans the mud from your boots—it is a tool of all work.

Our camp for the first day was quiet, sweet and sylvan. Its population near headquarters was small and select. But the incoming of Gomez's rough-riders and tough riders has changed all that. The multitude is in possession. The underbrush has been swept with *machete* strokes in the quest of posts for palm shacks, lots of the prettiest fan palms have fallen, a sacrifice to the utility of their plumes. There is much beaten mud, much smoke and a never ceasing smell of singed *hutia* in the air. I have not tried to eat *hutia* yet, and I hope I will not be obliged to do so later. The perfume is enough for me—it is distinctively greasy and coon-like. Yet it is the staff of the country life in these famine times. "Oh, muchee food in Santiago province," says one informer, who prefers to speak in English; "plenty *hutia*." In justice to the *hutia*, however, I must say that epicures pronounce him very tolerable when roasted, but decidedly poor when

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boiled. I should like to get the opinion of Col. R. C. Barkley's 'possum club on the *hutia*.

AT NIGHT IN CAMP.

At night the scenes about the camp are wild and strange. Out among the palms low fires are burning, white men with bushy beards and unkempt hair sit about their little palm shacks and extemporise cigarettes or clean their arms, negroes who look as if they were just from Africa, so naked are they, bend over the fires and stir strange simmering compounds of old and new food—*hutia* with Boston beans or plantains with Chicago canned beef, while the dry and distressing *galleta*, or hardtack, is ameliorated in quality by being fried in bacon fat. The Cuban equivalent for taps sounds very soon after dark, and dark comes very soon after six o'clock in this latitude; but old Maximo Gomez sits in his hammock with a woods-made wax candle, composing diplomatic letters to McKinley and Miles, or lying, with spurred boots crossed, thinking of plans for baffling the Spanish and bringing his great windfall to safety.

But those of us who can are glad to turn in early, for the *diana* sounds by moonlight, and sleep is good. The first night we spent here it was hot and the mosquitoes were very bad; and as my hammock cover had not been put up I was soaking wet with dew by morning. But Tuesday afternoon there was one of the frequent Cuban cloudbursts, and while the ground was flooded with water the mosquitoes disappeared. They have not returned. The last two nights have been equally cool and, although the humidity has been extreme, I have slept better than for months in the strange combination costume of bare feet and

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chest, corduroy trousers, *machete* and revolver. It is the first article of Cuban guerrilla etiquette never to cast aside arms-belt. In a hammock, to have a *machete* and Colt as bedfellows is not painful, but I have a confounded Bowie knife that every now and then slips out of its belt sheath and sticks me.

We have had our share of discomforts. Not only is the water nauseous, but that particularly Cuban substitute for it, coffee, has not been within reach. The supply brought over was packed at the bottom of the cargo, and will be the last to be unloaded. When the Cuban can't get coffee in the morning, he drinks hot water sweetened with sugar, but our sugar has not come to hand, and so only a spoonful or two can be begged here and there. I rather despised this sugar-and-hot-water custom, but the fearsomeness of this brackish water and the chilling dawn drove me to it, and I have already been glad enough to break-fast on boiled green water, hot, *sans* sugar, and hard tack. The commissariat is demoralized and the supply of food very variable.

CANTEEN CLUBS FORMED.

Yesterday and today, however, canteen clubs have been arranged, by which messengers go for a number of officers to a river a few miles away and bring supplies of water, which, if not cold, is at least fresh. A few wild lemons, or "limes" in our phrase, have found their way into camp and are greatly appreciated.

There are many cases of malarial fever. Most Cubans, like many South Carolinians, can't be persuaded to take quinine as a prophylactic, and so they suffer greatly in these swampy parts from *paludismo*.

LIFE IN CAMP IN CENTRAL CUBA

I have been taking my quinine as a preventive, and feel no touch of malaria.

COLOR-GUARD DUTY.

I have just taken part in one of the ceremonies of the color-guard of honor. The Cuban flag, which had been hoisted at sunrise in an open space in front of General Gomez's headquarters, and guarded throughout the day by officers, in turns of an hour each, was lowered in the presence of the entire guard, who presented *machetes*, while the cornets sounded the Cuban national air, the Hymn of Bayamo. Rather queer position for an American, I thought during the ceremony, but as one of my blood aided Narciso Lopez in designing the flag and starting the effort by arms to secure independence for Cuba, now, after 50 years, nearing fruition, the sequence seems logical.

Immediately after the flag ceremony there were presented to General Gomez three Spanish soldiers, one a corporal, who had come over to join him, having deserted their lines on the Jucaro-Moron *trocha*. Cause assigned, starvation. A little rice only to eat, and a bite of meat once in eight days. The corporal, as he left the General for the camp, tore off his stripes and threw them to the ground. Here is one of them which you may exhibit at THE STATE office. Deserters like these are kept under strict watch for a month or so, and then the surveillance is relaxed. If they have sought to act as spies their usefulness will have passed with time. Individuals of today's receipt are shabbily dressed in light blue cotton blouses, cheap and thin in texture.

There have been a number of deserters from Tunas to the Cubans since the bombardment. It is prob-

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able that the number will increase with the spread of the news that the Cubans now have food.

After rushing my writing today in order to get off my mail on the Florida tomorrow, I learned that she will not finish unloading for three days. It is 16 days since the expedition started, a long time to wait for a mail. You are probably already advised through Governmental sources, American and Spanish, of what did or did not take place at Boca San Juan and Tunas de Zaza—perhaps also of our landing there.

N. G. G.

REAL CONDITION OF CUBAN COUNTRY.

GOMEZ'S SCATTERATION POLICY. MORE TROOPS COMING INTO THE CAMP AT PALO ALTO—SURVEY OF A CUBAN FARM—THE INSURGENTS.

CAMP AT PALO ALTO LANDING, CAMAGUEY, CUBA, Friday, July 8, 1898, a. m.—I am writing as I sit on the ground in the shade of a palm shack on the *playa*, having slept last night on the top of the pilot house of the Florida and filled my canteen with the lately distasteful warm water condensed from the sea. It is very palatable now, after five days' experience of the horrible stuff at the camp across the marsh.

Yesterday morning at six there was a cornet call at the camp and in a few minutes General Nunez's escort and the *agregados* attached to his staff were in their saddles. My horse, the General and his chief of staff had told me the day before, had been sent on to the *potrero* to recuperate, and would be fit to ride in about three days. The rumor ran around that the Spaniards were marching against us and these men were going to meet them. I tried desperately for another horse, but could get none. General Nunez and his staff, with the exception of myself, were at the beach or on the ships, supervising the unloading of the munitions, else I could have had relief. I was advised to wait for the General's coming, and there was nothing else to do, as I could not undertake a foot-march of indefinite length after my late experience. But by ten o'clock I found that the party had stopped at the *potrero* or grass farm several miles in the interior as an outpost, so I loaded up my *asistente* and myself and

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marched there afoot, over a road beyond the power of American imagination to conceive.

REAL CONDITION OF COUNTRY.

The *potrero* gave the first hint of the real character of Camaguey province, the land of stock farms, fine horses and blonds. There was no house—it had been burned in the war—but barbed wire fences divided it into sections, their barbs hardly as cruel as the thorns of the mimosas which made hedgerows and afforded the only shade. There was a big well of water almost fresh, and a huge iron tank to water the stock. It was here that since its desertion by the owners the insurgents had maintained a corral for their horses. Certainly a great place for stock, the guinea grass as high as a man's head, hundreds of acres of it. I had forgotten to say that nearly all the grass consumed at the swamp camp by the 1,500 horses was cut here with the ever-useful *machete* and brought to the camp on the ponies of the Cubans, covering them almost out of sight. The breeze trickled but little through the tall grass, there was hardly any shade, and the camp was infernally hot. My horse was not there, and the officers in charge could give no information of it. Nor was any other to be had. I told them frankly that if the Spanish were to make an attack, and I couldn't get a horse, I would stick right there, though all the rest rode away, and fight it out single-handed, as I would rather die than try to go over these Cuban roads afoot. Then they loaned me a horse, and I started down here to see General Nunez and to secure restitution, the Spanish advance having proved a fake.

It was the first chance I had had to visit the shore

REAL CONDITION OF CUBAN COUNTRY

since I left it Sunday, and it was a sight to see the pack-mules and the horses trying to cross the marsh over which I had made my fearful foot-journey on Sunday. The torrential rains since and the chopping up of the mud by the passage of thousands of horses and men, conveying supplies from the beach, had made it next to impassable, and half of the 65 pack-mules were lying in it almost smothered. The packers, full of Western experience, had scorned the advice of the Cubans, and the Cubans had to pull their mules out of the slough. Hardly a horse with a rider passed without tumbling down—one fell five times in the passage. I escaped with only one collapse, my borrowed horse, a big, hard-mouthed and ugly-tempered American, after paroxysmal efforts to get out of the bog up to his belly, falling flat on his flank and lying for five minutes as gentle as a sheep, until his heart came back to him.

THE WAY THE CUBANS DO.

On getting here I found that there were still several days of unloading, and very few supplies on the beach. The packers and the Cubans—the latter on heads and horseback—had removed the boxes almost as soon as landed to the different places of deposit. For Maximo Gomez, faithful to his "scatteration" policy, had wisely distributed the supplies among a number of widely separated camps. If the Spaniards should attack, one deposit might be lost, but time would be afforded for the removal of the others. At the General's headquarters were hardly 300 men—his escort and a few more. All the rest of the troops were miles away in different locations. It is this policy which has made it impossible for the Spaniards to

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surprise Gomez or defeat him seriously at any point. Nearly all his men are on outpost duty. If an outpost is driven in the enemy do not find a main body or a main camp. The General and his escort, with over an hour's notice, will have moved leisurely away. These tactics, of course, do not serve for offensive warfare, but for defensive purposes they are baffling in the extreme.

General Nunez has been directed by General Gomez to return to the United States and bear a commission to General Miles, and also to push along the next expedition, which he hopes to get over in three weeks or so. General Nunez stands very high with the army officials and the Commander-in-Chief rightly appreciates his influence and his practical experience in the organization and the landing of expeditions. Nearly all his personal staff will return with him to the States, and some of the *agregados*. Those who wish to remain he has had placed, with the same rank, on the staff of General Rodriguez, who takes charge of his forces. I shall surely stay if I can recover my horse or get another which is good, but I shall miss my friends with whom I started, for I shall be thrown into a non-English-speaking circle, most of whose members I know very slightly.

What a delightful "altogether" salt water bath I had on the Florida last night! After five dirty days, with brackish water enough only to drink and cook with, I am prepared to endorse the view of the Cuban brigadier in the field to whom I spoke of the cold beer wish of a medical comrade in the *manigua*, mentioned in a former letter. The brigadier is a *Habanero* and a lawyer. He wears a blue cloth uniform, as it will not show the dirt, but he feels it just the same.

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"Ah, no," he said, "the first thing I will take when I reach civilization is a nice, long Turkish bath."

IMPRESSED BY CUBANS.

Americans abroad are impressed by the fine appearance and manner of most of the Cuban commissioned officers. They are mostly young men, generally blond, have slim, sinewy figures, ride superbly, and have a fine, frank look out of their gray or blue eyes. These *Camagueyanos* are a strikingly manly race. The free and open life of the stock ranges has developed them into a higher type than can be found in equal proportions elsewhere.

The unloading of the Florida and Fanita has been proceeding actively ever since Sunday. At first the buffalo troopers did most of it, but after Gomez's arrival his veterans were put at it and made great dispatch. The Florida is far out. At night the Fanita ties up alongside her and the work of loading her from the larger vessel goes on all night. Then at daylight the Fanita comes far in, near the end of the ruined pier, and boat after boat is loaded from her and guided by a rope connecting, as in a ferry, to the stump end of the pier, where scores of willing workers complete the transfer to land. Naked negroes and white men in rags carry the goods to their special piles on the *playa*, and at each an officer opens the cases and distributes the contents by order. The seaside distribution of clothing, etc., saves much packing across the marsh. Naked or half-naked men retire a few yards, drop their rags and don the light brown canvas uniforms provided by Uncle Sam and put stout broad-soled shoes on feet calloused by years of marching *au naturel*. Some get the light gray blankets which

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are so necessary as a protection against the heavy dews, others get rubber ponchos or hammock covers to keep off the daytime rains, and a fortunate minority secure saddles, bridles and saddle cloths, all of excellent quality, supplied by Uncle Sam's kindness. It is like the opening of a great big Christmas box. We may be sure that these people will never forget the aid. Yet it is a good investment for the United States. The equipment of each Cuban for fighting reduces by one the number of American soldiers who need be sent to the island; it saves pay and pensions, and it tends to shorten the war.

The Spaniards didn't show up anywhere yesterday and will hardly come except in great force. General Carrillo arrived today and General Gonzales will be in tonight. We will have over three thousand men by tomorrow, but we can't get away for several days yet.

Saturday, July 9.—General Rodriguez has promised to find my horse this morning if it is in the camp. The Florida will leave at daylight tomorrow (Sunday) morning. If I can get the horse I will go on, although plainly warned that if I lose it by any means I cannot get another. If I can't get it, all agree that it will be folly to take the field, and I will return to accompany General Nunez on the next expedition, when I can get a horse.

I write this standing on the Fanita, waiting to be taken ashore to make the final effort for the horse. Spent the night as before, over the pilot house of the Florida, in a dew as heavy as rain.

N. G. G.

"MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!"

**HORSELESS AND WITH POOR PROSPECT OF A REMOUNT—
PUT OFF WITH "BIMEBY; MANANA"—RETURNS
AFOOT TO BEACH BUT FINDS SHIPS DEPARTED—
BACK AGAIN TO HEADQUARTERS—PROMISED THE
LOAN OF A HORSE.**

The last lines of my last letter to The State were written on the deck of the *Fanita*, Saturday, July 9, as that lubberly old tub was moving lazily from the side of the Florida, far out at anchor, to the neighborhood of the wharf at Palo Alto, there to disembark the last cargo of supplies, including the dynamite cannon and their munitions. I wrote: "General Rodriguez has promised to find my horse this morning if it is in the camp. The Florida will leave at daylight tomorrow morning (Sunday). If I can get the horse I will go on, although plainly warned that if I lose it by any means I cannot get another. If I can't get it, all agree that it will be folly to take the field, and I will return to accompany General Nunez on the next expedition, when I can get a horse."

So much to splice the broken ends of the narrative. But I may as well add further illuminating details. On the day before (Friday, July 8) I had told General Nunez that General Rodriguez, to whose staff I had been transferred, had failed to fulfill his promise of having my lost horse recovered, and that I was in great uncertainty what to do. We had then just landed on the little beach which was choked with men and supplies. The scene was chaotic. Boats and pontoons were coming in from the *Fanita*, loaded

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to the gunwales with goods and hauled like ferry flats along ropes stretched from the steamer to the wharf. Gangs of half-naked soldiers and *rancheros* were bringing these goods along the line of warped and scorched planks that alone remained of the superstructure of the wharf, and piling them in great heaps on the shore. General Rodriguez was in charge of the distribution of them to the several commands of Gomez's army and with his assistants was swallowed up in a crowd of importunate applicants. To the north were the packers, Americans and Cubans, preparing for the crossing of the marsh, and beyond them was the marsh itself with its straggling and bogging lines of men and animals.

General Nunez took me aside out of the mob and said:

"Mr. Gonzales, I am going to be very frank with you. A general is a big man in Cuba, and while I am here I can and will look after the members of the staff. But if I leave I have no assurance that they will be considered after I get out of sight. In three hours after the Florida sails, any influence I now have will be gone and I will be blamed for everything that may go wrong. The other members of my staff are going to return with me. It is for you to say what you will do."

I answered by asking a question: "If I should now recover my horse, and later lose him in a fight or from any cause, would they give me another?"

He replied: "To be perfectly plain with you, if you lose your horse you will not get another. If you were with me and lost it, I would make it my business to get a substitute, both because of my friendship for

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you and because, as a staff officer, you are entitled to one. But none of the others will.

"Now," he added, "what will you do, return with me or stay?"

"General," I said, "I've spent two months trying to get to Cuba, and now that I'm here nothing but physical disability will make me turn back. I don't believe I can make these marches, even without having to carry my baggage, and for that reason I won't stay unless I can find my horse. But if I can find him I'll take the chances of his living, and stick it out."

The General had nothing more to say. He went with me to General Rodriguez, who promised to have the horse found that (Friday) evening.

But he didn't. When I went to him again in the evening I found that he had done nothing. But he made more promises with the same suavity.

"Bimeby—*manana*," he said, and then I told him that if I couldn't get my horse *manana* pretty early I would have to give up the idea of staying.

Well, *manana* came—the morning of my last letter. On my way over to shore, Fred Somerford, the adopted Cuban who had made the fine trip to notify Gomez of our landing and who was experienced in campaigning, took me aside and advised me strongly against remaining, now that General Nunez was ordered back. So did others. But my mind was made up to stay if I could get a mount.

I took pains that Saturday morning to ascertain when the ships would leave. Lieutenant Ahern, U. S. A., who was in charge of the expedition after Captain Johnson landed with his "buffalo" troopers, told me that he did not think he could get off before the next morning, Sunday, but that it was absolutely cer-

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tain that he could not leave before 3 o'clock that evening. Others confirmed the statement that the unloading could not be completed that day. So I went on shore, thinking my line of retreat secure.

Saturday, July 9.—Here my diary ought to begin, but so exhausting were the hardships of the first few days after my final landing that during them I did not make a memorandum in my notebook, and when I did feel able to write I only jotted down a few notes to jog my memory, which now does not respond as well to the jogging as I could wish. The outlines are there, but not the filling in of impressions and the local color which would make the picture lifelike. After the march to La Majagua was over I had time and energy enough to set down most things which interested me.

When I landed this morning, the 9th of July, I went at once to General Rodriguez, who was still supervising the distribution of the stores. In response to my inquiry he stated that he had sent early to the *potrero* (stock farm) to inquire if my horse was there and had been assured by Lieutenant Gomez of his *escorta* (escort), who was in charge of that post, that he knew nothing of it. This was precisely the inquiry I had made myself at the *potrero* three days before, and it made a shabby fulfilment of his promise to me and to General Nunez. But I couldn't tell the officer on whose staff I was to serve what I thought of his conduct. I knew he had horses of his own on the spot and idle horses of others, so I asked him to loan me one, that I might go to the *potrero* and bring back my baggage, as I could not make the campaign on foot. He showed reluctance and said that perhaps "bimeby" he would be able to loan me one.

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I knew by that time what his "bimeby" meant and told him that as the ships might leave that evening I could not afford to delay matters and if I couldn't get a horse from him I would have to go on foot. He would give me no satisfaction, so off I started across the marsh.

How my first trip on my first day, loaded as I was with luggage, nearly killed me I have told in one of my letters from Palo Alto. This trip was a great deal easier. The marsh was somewhat drier, I was not burdened by weight, and I took the precaution to keep to the left of the bogs made by the travel. By taking time and stepping from one tuft to another of the marsh grass, I managed to cross without once tapping my canteen—an achievement of which I was quite proud.

On reaching General Gomez's camp I set myself again to borrow a horse to bring my effects to the beach, and at last General Freyre de Andrade, a Habana lawyer and judge advocate-general of Camaguey, whom I had met pleasantly several days before, loaned me a very rickety pony belonging to one of his *asistentes*. It was arranged that this servant should go to the *playa* to receive the horse after I had made use of it.

Off I went on this Rosinante steed, equipped with a rotten straw saddle and a rope bridle. On reaching the *potrero*, I found Antonio, my *asistente*, and the luggage all right. I loaded the things on the horse, made Antonio lead him, and walked back. No sooner did some of my former comrades discover that I was going to return to the States than they made a raid on me with the object, some of begging and some of buying my outfit. But I was wroth and made up my

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mind that nobody should profit by the spiriting away of my horse. So I refused (luckily for myself, as it turned out) either to give or sell; and trudged on toward the beach.

I had passed Gomez's camp on my way back—it was about 1 o'clock—when a Dr. Silva, a small-eyed, small-souled fellow, the only mean *medico* I knew in Cuba, passed me, noted my impedimenta and with a malicious grin told me that my ship had gone.

"I can't believe it," I said, and trudged on into the marsh. Stragglers were still coming from the beach. By the time I had got half way over the bog I had met and questioned a sufficient number to satisfy me that the news was true—that the ships whose officers had told me that they could not possibly leave before 3 o'clock had actually left at 11 o'clock and were now out of sight.

What my feelings were at this discovery may be surmised. Here was I, in a strange country, in time of war, with the certainty of great hardships under even the most favorable conditions, without a friend or adviser, a staff officer without a horse or the prospect of one, 30 pounds overweight, unable to carry on foot across those terrible roads even my hammock and hammock cover, absolute necessities, and a change of clothes. The rickety horse stood precariously among the grass tufts. Antonio, with his mouth open, put on his choicest expression of idiocy. The English language could not do justice to my feelings. I stopped in the sweltering swamp and swore in Spanish very deeply and strongly.

This calmed me, I think. After the lapse of a long time, *Vamos, Antonio*, I said, and we plodded our weary way back to Gomez's camp.

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There each man was busy with his own concerns and most indifferent to the troubles of others. I stated my case to several of my lately-formed acquaintances. They lifted their hands and their eyebrows and exclaimed *Que lastima!* (What a misfortune) but none offered help. I proposed to bring the matter before General Gomez, inasmuch as I was not responsible for the loss of my horse and it was almost surely in the possession of one of his men; but General Andrade advised strongly against this as his chief "did not like to have such things told him" and Prevelles, the old man's interpreter, declared that if I did it Gomez would only say it was none of his business. It was a wretched afternoon.

I realized too well how little I could expect in kindly aid from the officers I had met. Under the gloss of their fine phrases was a stony selfishness, natural perhaps to the survivors in a struggle where only the strongest and hardest could survive.

I went to my old camping spot, where my luggage was dumped. It was very different from what it had been early in the week. My companions were gone. Only one young fellow that I knew remained. His name was Zayas, he belonged to a good family, and had come over as an *agregado* with clean motives of patriotism. Just now he was burning with fever and very miserable in his isolation. The best way, I thought, to forget my own troubles was to try and help somebody else; so I encouraged him, gave him some things he needed and told him to rely on me for anything I could do for him.

It was known about the camp that we were to march at daylight next morning. Without a horse I had to face the prospect of abandoning my outfit,

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which had cost me roundly in Tampa, and struggling on afoot. But I made up my mind to make the best of it, utter no complaint and compel friendship if I could.

Late in the afternoon I met again a certain Lieutenant-Colonel Mola of Gomez's force, a fine looking young Camagueyan to whom I had been introduced on the Florida, where, ragged and destitute, he had been stationed to supervise the unloading of the supplies. I had joined in making it pleasant for him on board. When he heard that I had lost my horse, and how I had lost it, he said it was a shame and went off muttering, *Un extranjero tambien*; (A stranger, too!) After awhile he returned and told me that if there was a possibility of getting me a horse in that camp he would get it. When I thanked him, he answered that he was only doing for me what we Americans had done for him. The Cubans on the Florida, he said, had ignored him completely, but the Americans had supplied him with clothing, arms and horse equipment, and one of them had paid out of his own pocket his board while he was engaged on the vessel.

I suppose it must have been 10 o'clock that night when I saw him again. I had swung my hammock in General Nunez's deserted tent—the only one in camp—when he roused me out of it and with real delight told me that he had succeeded; a friend of his had in his charge a horse belonging to Colonel Cruz and had consented to lend it to me until I could get a better; he would try to get me a better if opportunity offered; he would have the horse sent round to me before daylight in the morning.

There is gratitude and gratitude. The sort of gratitude I felt for that young fellow was about 115 proof.

REMOUNTED—AFTER A FASHION.

ACQUIRES A VERY ROSINANTE—SETS OUT WITH NUNEZ
AGREGADOS FOR INTERIOR—GENERAL RODRIGUEZ
A "SHABBY OLD ADVENTURER ON THE MAKE"—
COLONEL WITH DRAWN MACHETE DRIVES HIS MEN
FROM RAID ON MANGO PLANTATION.

Sunday, July 10.—*Diana* (reveille) at 3 a. m. The moon was obscured but camp fires flickered over acres of woodland where Gomez's army was encamped. As the notes of the cornet ceased the fires were replenished and, blazing up, showed a medley of features. Officers in hammocks, *asistentes* and privates rolled on the ground in blankets or ponchos, and horses munching the remains of last night's bunches of grass, were jumbled together in grotesque confusion from which it seemed to be a day's job to extricate them. But in half an hour every hammock had been unslung and packed, every horse saddled and loaded, and the little army was ready for the road.

I had supplied myself fully before leaving Tampa, except with blankets, which no one had told me were necessary but which my brief experience in camp had shown to be one of the first essentials for the tropic nights with their cold and drenching dews. I had also had to send my bridle back from Port Tampa to Tampa with my first horse when it was excluded from the steamer. While at the *playa* I had accordingly made my first and only requisition on the supplies brought over—a pair of light army blankets, one for my *asistente* and one for me, a bridle and a suit of brown linen and a pair of shoes for Antonio,

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who was destitute. These things I had bundled up and left at the beach in the care of General Rodriguez's *asistente*, and as I had not returned there I did not now have them.

The promised horse was sent me soon after reveille. I could only see that he was brown and big—for a Cuban horse—and very thin. While I was trying to devise means of riding him without a bridle, a young fellow came up and with a veteran's skill extemporised out of palm fibre cord one that answered the purpose. He was a lieutenant of Gomez's escort and was himself shabby and ill-equipped. He intimated that I had too much baggage. I took the hint and told him that I had, but that I would lighten my load somewhat at the next stopping place by giving him something. He responded with profuse assurances of devotion. We would be friends, he said: I would give him clothing and he would furnish me with tobacco and a straw saddle pad and other things I needed. I may as well say here that I gave him a flannel shirt later on, but that he didn't keep his promises and only came near me to get other things; also that he victimized others, that he had ample supplies which he kept out of sight, and that he proved to be a little worse than a dead-beat. But the relief the palm bridle gave me was ample compensation for the shirt and I never regretted it.

I fell into line with the *agregados* of the Nunez expedition and at 8:30 we set out in single file along the now familiar road to the *potrero*. A road it was so far as the absence of trees could make it such, but otherwise a mere trail. The passage to and fro of thousands of horses had beaten paths in the tenacious clay—paths that were in places trenches a foot or

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eighteen inches deep, the clay ridged up along the sides, and at the bottom as slippery as grease could have made them.

I had noticed all along that something was wrong with my horse. He had staggered and almost fallen when I tried to mount him, and on the march he had stumbled and shown himself very rickety. When we reached the *potrero* it was broad daylight and, as we had a long wait, I took advantage of it to inspect my new acquisition. On removing the saddlecloth I found that he had an ulcer on his back some three inches in diameter, and that both of his forelegs had been horribly torn by barbed wire fencing and so neglected that the wounds had sloughed out inches deep and were full of maggots. Now I understood for the first time why Colonel Cruz, in that horse-hungry region, had not retained this mount of his.

All about me there were horses with sore backs, some of them terribly lacerated; in fact, I never saw in the whole army more than a half dozen horses that were not in this condition—and most of them besides were pitifully small and weak and fairly staggered under the heavy loads put upon them. But I was not veteran enough to be callous, and made up my mind that as long as I could walk I would spare my horse. So I dismounted and, after doctoring the poor devil's legs as well as I could with the advice of more experienced horsemen, I resumed the journey on foot, carrying about 20 pounds weight in arms, cartridges, canteen and shoulder bag.

By slow degrees as we got into the interior, marching northwestward, the character of the forests changed, but still we went through an unwatered

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country, almost level and the most unlovely of any I have seen in Cuba.

The forests were intensely dense, the trees loaded down with orchids, and the soil, where it was not a bog, was of dark chocolate clay, sometimes so soft and tenacious that one's feet became elephantine pads, and sometimes so hard and glossed that the shoes slipped as on a waxed floor. Flocks of green parrots flew screaming across our paths or made mighty commotion in the tops of favored trees, and in each open field the dead, ringed trees held congregations of red-headed vultures, stretching their wings grotesquely to the morning sun to evaporate the dews of the night.

From the first *potrero* we passed along a trail to a second, and from the second to a third, "Laguna Miguel", where at about 9 or 10 o'clock we halted for the day in a little grove of young mango trees. The distance marched must have been eight or ten miles. The sun was very hot and the humidity great. The cigar-makers who formed the bulk of the *Division Maine* (as the Nunez expeditionaries were called) had been used to a sedentary life, most of them were physically weak, and they suffered a good deal; but I stood it very well.

We swung our hammocks under the trees and soon were comfortable enough. One of my companions was Lieutenant-Colonel Martinez, who had served for a long time in Habana province, and after a furlough in Florida had come over with us to rejoin the army. He was a man of about my age and as a veteran was expert in looking after No. 1. Before we left Palo Alto, he had grabbed several days' supply of rations and we had agreed to march *junto*—that is say, mess together, clubbing our rations and also our

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asistentes. His *asistente* was a brown fellow, Jose Castaneda by name and a cook by business, and, with my boy Antonio to do the waiting and to care for the horses, we were fairly well fixed.

Hardly had we got settled when the soldiers of our party began to raid the mango trees and knock down the green fruit. Lieutenant-Colonel Trista, who had come from Honduras with General Rodriguez and had been appointed by General Gomez to the command of our force—Colonel Mendez, the original commander, having returned on the Florida with much disgust—ordered the raiders away. The cigar-makers were a tough and rebellious lot, however, and paid no attention to him. I then enjoyed the novel spectacle of our Colonel with drawn *machete* chasing the privates away from the trees.

This grass farm, like all others in that country, was rank with verdure but retained no residents, no cattle, no house or hut. All had been laid waste. Water was furnished by a huge well as wide as a room and some 100 feet deep. By a primitive application of horsepower, great buckets were drawn up and emptied into a massive iron tank. These and a few fruit trees were the only reminders of past occupation.

In the afternoon I recovered my bridle, blankets, etc., which had passed into the possession of Dicky Thorne, my chum of the Florida and Tunas. They had been brought up with General Rodriguez's effects as the property of *un Americano* and turned over to Dicky as the nearest *Americano* at hand.

While I was strolling about Gomez's quarters, a young chap wearing the crimson sash of *jefe de dia* (officer of the day) rode by and, recognizing me, told me that General Gomez wished to see me;

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that he had heard of the loss of my horse and wanted to talk with me and do what he could for my relief, and had that morning given a message to General Rodriguez to that effect. He advised me not to see Gomez then, but to get General Rodriguez to go with me to the old man later. This boy officer I knew to be a sort of adopted son of Gomez's. He had saved the General's life in battle by mounting him on his own horse when, in an ugly crisis, the General's mount was killed under him. I took encouragement, therefore, from what he said, knowing him to be deep in *El Viejo's* confidence.

When I brought the matter up to General Rodriguez—who had not previously said a word to me about it—he made an appointment to go with me in half an hour to headquarters—and in half an hour had absented himself and was not to be found for the rest of the evening. It was quite plain that my chief didn't want to become my champion. I found out later that the reason the steamers left Palo Alto so suddenly and unexpectedly was that it had been decided to land the dynamite guns and some of the supplies at the mouth of "Rio Jatibonico del Sud," (South Jatibonico river) a few miles to the westward, in contemplation of an attack on the town of Jibaro, some little distance up the river; that General Rodriguez knew that and had ample time to send me there to rejoin General Nunez. But he didn't care a snap what became of me. This was not discrimination on his part—he showed throughout that the welfare of his staff never entered into his thought. He turned out to be a shabby and selfish old adventurer, wholly on "the make." He had been in the Ten Years' war and was a chum of General Gomez then, but he

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stayed in Honduras until the United States declared war against Spain, and then came over to see what he could pick up by service at the last hour. He had smooth and charming manners, but the truth wasn't in him.

HARDSHIPS OF THE MARCH.

TWELVE MILES IN TROPICAL HEAT WITHOUT WATER OR
A HALT—RATIONS SCARCE, NO COMMISSARY SER-
VICE—INTERPRETER'S DUPLICITY DEFEATS APPEAL
TO GOMEZ FOR HELP TOWARD RECOVERING HORSE—
"CURSES NOT LOUD BUT DEEP."

Monday, July 11.—We rose by moonlight at 3:30 a. m. and, after a hurried breakfast, made ready to march. But, as frequently happened afterward, we were compelled to wait for hours, our horses saddled and loaded, for some reason not divulged to us. It was 9 o'clock this morning before we got off. Previous to that time, however, we had a distribution of rations, memorable ever after as the last which was made to us. There was no order, no system; indeed, no commissary department—Gomez never had one before and couldn't be induced to organize one now—and there was a general scramble in which the officers, especially those with "pulls," got much the best of it. With what we had brought from Palo Alto, the supply now obtained was sufficient to last several days. It consisted of bacon, beans, canned beef and canned corn—all of the Florida's importations. Colonel Martinez had nabbed at Palo Alto a large can of ground coffee, so we were supplied longer with this luxury than most others in our command.

We marched 12 miles that day to La Gloria *potrero*, reaching there about 1 o'clock. A short march and an easy one, according to American notions; but we weren't in the United States. It was fearful. The trails led all the way across great fields of guinea

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grass or along old roads grown up with the same omnipresent herbage. The paths over the chocolate clay were relatively dry, but so glossed by the feet of the horses and men in front that their surface shone greasily and we were continually slipping. Indeed, we on foot only got along by cutting stakes with sharp points and using them as alpenstocks to get a hold on the ground. We couldn't march outside of the paths because the grass was as high as our shoulders and as stiff as cane.

There was no shade along the route and, for a wonder, no breeze that day. The sun shone fiercely on us and the humidity was extreme. To add to our sufferings, there wasn't a drop of drinking water along the route. A river flowed from north to south a few miles to the west of us, paralleling our course, but it might as well have been in Africa, so far as we were concerned. No tributary ran into it from the baked clay country we were traversing. Some of us had provided ourselves with canteens and had filled them in the morning, but the majority, with an improvidence which marks the Cubans generally, had taken no thought of thirst and now suffered pitifully. Poor Zayas would have collapsed if I had not given him the privileges of my canteen.

Before the march was over the constant slipping in the paths had raised great blisters on my heels and lacerated my feet otherwise, although I wore roomy, broad-soled shoes. I was dead lame when at La Gloria I fell down exhausted in my camping quarters, a real forest of guinea grass as high as a man's head on horseback. I must have lost 15 pounds in four hours, and was so weak that I couldn't get about until late in the evening. The sort of experience

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we had gone through was equivalent to four hours of a Turkish bath with weights on and at hard labor.

I had seen General Rodriguez several times but he had made no reference to his broken appointment of the day before. Not knowing how long it would be before my horse would be fit to ride, and with that day's sufferings still upon me, I made up my mind to wait no longer on my chief but appeal to Caesar in person. It was quite dark when I painfully drew the shoes on my bruised and swollen feet and started for Gomez's quarters, having to feel my way through the high grass about the edge of a deep *arroyo* or ravine of a periodical torrent, now nearly dry. When I got about half way I saw a flickering light approaching me from the direction in which I was going, and presently met a little man stumbling through the grass and holding before him a primitive Cuban backwoods candle—a string which had been dipped in beeswax and twisted into a coil. When the little man looked up at me he revealed the features of General Rodriguez. He was returning from a visit to Gomez.

“Where are you going, Mr. Gonzales? To see General Gomez about your horse?”

“Yes, General, I am suffering too much to wait any longer. If I am to have relief, I want it now.”

“Well,” shrugging his shoulders, “if you are determined to go I'll go with you.”

Gomez was sitting in his hammock, occupied with some letters which he was reading by candlelight. When he looked up, my chief introduced me in the following terms:

“Here is an American who has lost his horse. He insists on talking to you about it. I do not speak very

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well the English, so you had better call your interpreter." And off he went. Not a word of my being on his staff, not a word of the horse having been lost by his men, not by me—nothing to aid me, nor even to give the commander the truth.

"I already know him," Gomez said, as Rodriguez was departing. The interpreter came up, the same Prevelles who had told me at Palo Alto that Gomez would do nothing for me. I could have made my case out in broken Spanish, but I didn't want to try the old man's patience. So I told Prevelles the circumstances, showing who I was and that my horse had never been delivered to me by Gomez's men who received it.

Prevelles proceeded to force a verification of his predictions by telling Gomez but little more than Rodriguez had done, carefully omitting to say that I was an officer or anything else giving me a claim on his consideration.

What was I to do? I couldn't tell Gomez that his interpreter was not interpreting me fairly—that would have brought on a row. I had to stand up there and hear my case reduced to this; that I was an American, that I had lost my horse, and that I wanted Gomez to provide me with another.

Gomez replied as might have been expected: "I have no horses to give to anybody. Each officer is entitled to a horse, and I myself have only two. We are short of horses, and I don't see what I can do for you."

Prevelles then took his inning. How did I know that my horse had been stolen? If it had been stolen, why didn't I produce the thief? I answered him

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that if I could produce the thief I wouldn't be there then seeking redress.

Resuming, Gomez said that if, as I said, I couldn't march on foot, he could send me to a *rancheria*—one of the huts in the woods where sick soldiers are sent in default of hospitals. I replied that I had come to fight, not to stay with *pacifcos*, and I begged to decline his offer. He turned to his letters.

Prevelles then bowed me out with the assurance that General Gomez would be only too glad to do anything to help me; if I needed anything he begged that I would call upon him. This was excellent irony. Gomez had said nothing of the sort. Prevelles made the mistake of thinking that because I didn't try to talk in broken Spanish, I couldn't understand the language. As a matter of fact, I understood everything. But I was too full of wrath to trust myself to speak. *Buenos noches, General*, I said, merely, and went away. General Rodriguez joined me with his little candle and politely lighted me back. And *Buenos noches, General*, I said to him when we got back to our quarters—no more.

On reaching my hammock, I found Colonel Trista sitting in it talking to Lieutenant-Colonel Martinez, whose hammock was slung a few feet away. Trista spoke English very well; Martinez not a word. Martinez was telling Trista that Gomez had promised him *un buen caballo* (a good horse). On the heels of Gomez's statement to me that he had no horses to furnish to anybody, this was not an announcement of a character to abate my wrath, and when Colonel Trista inquired politely how I felt I told him plainly just how. I made a regular stump speech to the Colonel. The sense of injustice which had rankled in

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me for days forced me to remarks of the plainest sort regarding Gomez, Rodriguez, Prevelles, and the officers generally, who, with surplus horses—Rodriguez had an extra one, led by his servant—did not have the decency to extend even temporary aid to an American who had come to offer his life in the service of Cuba. I drew a contrast or two intended to be biting, I was “mad all through,” and my oration must have lasted half an hour. Colonel Trista declared that Gomez had treated me very badly, but begged me not to extend the blame to the Cubans generally. I pointed to the fact that only one Cuban had shown the least interest in my case. After Colonel Trista had retired, silenced, I tried to rest, but I was so wrought up that I could only sleep about three hours preparatory to the hardest day’s marching I was to have on the island.

EIGHTEEN MILES—NO BREAKFAST.

THIRST AS WELL AS HUNGER AFFLICTS COLUMN
TRAVERSING MUDDY FOREST TRAIL—RESTS NOT
ALLOWED—PALM PITH GIVES SOME RELIEF—CAMP
AT LAST!—SLEEPING IN RAIN ON SODDEN GROUND.

Tuesday, July 12.—The cornets sounded at 4 a. m., and we tumbled out in a hurry for marching, but for some unaccountable reason were kept waiting, expecting to leave every minute, until 6 o'clock, when we did set out. The result was that we had no breakfast, and as we were unprovided with the "travel rations" known to United States troops, we fasted during our 18 or 20 miles march, which lasted from 6 a. m. until 3 p. m.

It had rained during the night, and the paths showed it. Fortunately the sun was obscured, but, as a great deal of our marching was through the forests, this advantage over yesterday amounted to little, while on the other hand we had the added agony of struggling through the bottomless black mud of the woodland trails.

I started out very lame and in great pain, a condition which continued for days afterward. Three of my four pairs of socks having been stolen at different times, I discarded the remaining one, to my subsequent advantage, greased my feet and hobbled out to take my place among the "impedimenta"—*asistentes*, a few pack-horses, and unmounted *agregados*—on foot.

Possibly it was to encourage the men to make marches they would otherwise have refused to attempt, and possibly it was because the *practicos*

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(guides) and other country people have no accurate knowledge of distances in a country without mile posts, but on this day, as on almost all others thereafter, we were at the start deceived as to the ordeal before us. *Tres leguas* (three leagues—they don't recognize miles in the Cuban interior) was what we started out to cover, but the nine miles were doubled.

With teeth set and mouth shut—my explosion of last night was the last of the campaign, and thenceforth I was to be a philosopher—I plodded along in the column, now passing through great fields of guinea grass, now plunging into forests where the rays of the sun could not touch the earth, and the dim green light reflected from the leaves gave an aspect of unreality to the scene. What wonderful and beautiful woods these were! Here and there rose the trunks of great trees sprinkled with orchids and enmeshed in vines, their crests hidden from the sight of those who toiled below by a mass of foliage of lesser height. The stems of these secondary trees were so numerous that there was nowhere a vista of as much as fifty yards; they were so close together that no horseman might pass between them. In these grand dim forests there was a silence unbroken, a cathedral calm and majesty and chill.

But the trail beneath! Imagine the bed of a disused rice field ditch, half full of oozy black mud; give it snaky twists to right and left through a thicket of young trees; lace it with roots and knobs, obstruct it with logs and stumps, furrow it across with holes where the feet of horses have sunk, and ridge it with hillocks of mud cast up like choppy waves by their hoofs—do this and you will have a Cuban forest path. Boggling, heaving, stumbling, lurching from side to

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side, slipping and falling on their sides and hams, the horses made their way along this hideous trail, more than one poor weak and overloaded brute falling only to die. And the men on foot followed them, sinking to their knees in the mire, catching at the wayside trees and limbs for support, staggering, falling, often fainting. The column must move on in forced march—why, none but Gomez knew—and those who fell by the wayside ill and exhausted were fortunate if they later found escort to the camp ahead, or were led to some hut buried in the woods, there to live or die as fate might decree.

I had my share of this with the others and endured it better than the most of them, but it was always with a long breath of relief that I emerged into the open and found again the chocolate clay under foot; it might be sticky, it might be slippery, but it was at least terra firma.

We suffered terribly from thirst. No sun was needed to cause that. My linen uniform coat had been discarded soon after leaving Palo Alto, and I wore a light woolen "sweater," maroon in color. The raiment was well named; I do not exaggerate when I say that streams trickled from the loose sleeves. Handkerchiefs were purely ironical on an occasion of this sort; I slung a big crash towel over my shoulder and had to wring it out every mile or so. The crimson of the "sweater" dyed it in gory tints.

Although in agony, I retained this day much of my strength, and when Buttari, a young fellow who wrote impassioned poetry and had come over as General Nunez's secretary, told me despairingly that he would have to drop his hammock pack and bag or collapse, I assumed his load in addition to my own, and

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made him very grateful. He and Zayas shared with me my little supply of water.

Once we entered a great field which had in it a sprinkling of *corojo* palms, an ugly, scant-leaved tree with a big bulge in the middle of the trunk. The *corojo* is as homely as a cabbage, but it has been a good friend of Cuban independence and is much beloved by the insurgents. It yields a little nut with an oily kernel, and the pairs of flat stones encountered everywhere, lying in heaps of broken shells, attest the fact that it has saved many an *insurrecto* from starvation—I say “starvation,” because none but a starving man would eat the insipid, greasy kernels. But I was to have a new revelation of the *corojo's* powers. A few whacks of a *machete* brought down a tree and a few more whacks showed the bulge in the centre of the trunk to be full of pith. What was vital to us was that this pith was juicy with a sweetish juice. We cut out chunks of it, and went on our way chewing. It assuaged the thirst while it lasted.

With a disregard of the sufferings of men on foot, which was at first astonishing to me, but which I afterwards found to be quite customary among high officials, there was not one stop for rest authorized for the column all these 18 miles of terrible marching. Nature, however, could not endure the strain, and three times our expeditionary infantry collapsed almost en masse. The last time we halted I will never forget. There was a cry of *agua!* from the front, and as the line moved forward the men stumbled and rolled down a little wooded slope to the bottom of an *arroyo*, where there lay in the leaves and over the mud a stagnant pool of rain water. We bogged out toward its centre, filled our vessels and drank, and

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drank, and drank. Quarts of it! It tasted of dead leaves and mosquitoes, but oh! how delicious it was.

My weights pulled me down and I fairly collapsed. For half an hour a few of us lay there and rested, entirely without shame that we were stragglers. I, for one, felt as if I couldn't walk another mile. But an officer came back along the trail and with voice and drawn *machete* began to drive the men forward, so I didn't wait to be personally addressed, and staggered up and on. Buttari's load on my shoulders and my wounded feet made a bad combination.

"Only a mile more," was the cry. It was four or five miles. But there was encouragement in "the lay of the land." The path began to rise, and after awhile, we were climbing a wooded hill. "God's country at last!" I cried: "we're going to strike a stream." And we did. A short distance beyond we came upon a beautiful little creek, twirling and eddying over a rocky bottom—the first running water we had seen in three days' marching. Canteens were filled, and with new inspiration we went on. In a pouring rain we reached a great grass farm, and on the edge of one of its fields I found my headquarters camp.

We had our breakfast that evening, and no other meal. The rain fell with a driving wind. My fool *asistente* hung my hammock to stakes instead of between trees, and, hammer the stakes down as hard as we might, the flooding rain soaked the earth and caused them three times to collapse. The last collapse occurred after dark. I was too weary to do more and lay in my hammock on the ground with the rain soaking in above and below. It rained all night.

After this manner we made ourselves at home at

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the famous *potrero* La Majagua, Gomez's favorite camping ground, after 40 miles marching. I had lost a pound for every mile.

AT REST—BUT STILL HUNGRY.

“JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS!”—AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS,
UNDER MENOCAI, JOIN GOMEZ AFTER SIX HUN-
DRED MILE MARCH—NEPHEW OF GOMEZ MORTALLY
WOUNDED IN CROSSING TROCHA—GOMEZ COMPELS
COLONEL TO MAKE THREE HUNDRED MILE JOURNEY
AFOOT.

Wednesday, July 13.—Two incidents of yesterday's march I forgot to set down in their proper places. When I was toiling along on foot, at my worst in pain and weariness, Colonel Trista, commanding our expeditionaries, rode back along the column, dismounted and offered me his horse. He had been stung, I suppose, by what I said to him the night before. The Colonel was a man of about 60 years, but if he had been half that age, I would have done what I now did—declined with thanks. He pressed me, but I wanted justice, not favors, and persisted in my declination.

The other incident was that General Menocal, from Camaguey province, with about 180 men, joined us on the march. They had crossed the *trocha* at night under a very heavy fire, but only one man had been wounded. He was a nephew of General Gomez and died soon after of his wounds. My first knowledge of this addition to our force came when I was passed by some horsemen going to the front, their big mounts and wild Western rig confirming the evidence of their faces that they were Americans. Among the party were Karl Decker, Duncan Elliot and Seeley. I saw nothing more of any of them on the island, but came back on the Dellie schooner with Duncan Elliot. They

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had gone over with General Lacret's expedition from Tampa in May, had landed at the extreme eastern end of the island, and had marched probably 600 miles, joining Gomez with the idea, I believe, of going with him to the attack on Habana, which we all expected.

This morning was drenching. It had rained all night with the sweeping, permeating rain of a cyclonic storm, and old Major Betancourt's pocket barometer indicated that we were being switched by the tail of one. Everything was soaked. For a while in the forenoon the rain ceased and we took advantage of the respite to seek to dry our effects by scanty fires, but had very poor success in doing so. I rigged up my hammock in a new place between two trees. In the afternoon the rain began again and lasted all night.

A copy of *El Orden* of Caibarien, a port on the north coast of Santa Clara province, was received during the forenoon and I had a look at it. It was of the date of the 6th and contained Habana advices that Admiral Cervera's fleet had been destroyed at Santiago and 1,500 sailors captured—just a dispatch of three or four lines, with no details. We had left Tampa on the 21st of June and had had no news since that time, and were still under the belief that Hobson had bottled up the fleet in Santiago harbor. Hence we concluded that this news meant that Santiago had been taken and that Cervera had destroyed his vessels in the harbor. I did not know better until five weeks afterward, when I found a copy of the August Review of Reviews on the Wanderer off Caibarien.

The officers about me complained of many losses by

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theft. The negro *veteranos* proved to be adept "lifters" of personal property and most vigilant watching over one's effects was necessary.

Today for the first time I realized our condition as regarded food. Colonel Martinez and I—thanks to his grabbing ability—had a couple of days' supply left, but most of the other officers and practically all the privates had exhausted the rations they had received on the 11th and hunger prevailed in the camp. I shared my meals with such of my companions as told me of their plight, but one man's aid could not go far in relieving such general distress. We of the expeditionary force were the only ones in these straits. The veteran commands had a plenty, as I found out afterward; and in due time I was to discover the reason for the difference.

The contingent of General Menocal, which joined us yesterday, is going on to Habana province and I understand that some of our party will accompany it, though what they hope to do in advance of an American attack on that city is difficult to conjecture.

The rain is a great affliction to the Cubans. Old *Comandante* (Major) Betancourt, a veteran of the Ten Years' war, who had come from his home in New York to take part in this final campaign of the present war, has his hammock slung next to mine, and I am much entertained by his mournful ejaculations. As the rain slides in under his hammock cover he exclaims dolefully, *Cuba Libre! Carrajo!*—the latter being a popular "blankety blank" ejaculation in Spanish—and anon—*Ave Maria! Carrajo!*—the last expression signifying "Hail Mary! G—D—!" These odd combinations of piety and profanity are quite com-

GLAD TO EAT PALM PITH.

EXPEDITIONARIES FROM STATES FAMISHING—SOME, IN DESPERATION, TRANSFER AS AUXILIARIES TO DETACHMENT OF AMERICAN REGULARS, CHEERFULLY PLODDING BEHIND NEGRO CAVALRYMEN FOR SAKE OF REGULAR RATIONS.

Friday, July 15.—There was a hot quarrel this morning between Dr. Laine, our expeditionary surgeon, and Major Cainas, a veteran now without a command who accompanied us from the States. They drew *machetes* but were separated before they could use them. Nothing was done about the breach of order.

Young Belo tells me that General Rodriguez has given permission to any starving Americans or Cuban-Americans in his command to join the auxiliary force now being organized by Lieutenant Johnson, U. S. A. Buttari, the poet, is suffering for food and is most anxious to go where he can get rations, so I take him with me to Johnson's camp to see if I can get him and Belo into the fold. We find the lieutenant at the door of a big tent and quite comfortable. Buttari declares his American citizenship and intimates that he is a Cuban only by accident of birth, his people being French, of Italian descent. I joke him about his impassioned odes aboard ship, with their "Coo-ba! Coo-ba!" but Buttari is too hungry to mind sarcasm. I asked Lieutenant Johnson to take Buttari and Belo and he consented, but said they would have to join him at once, as he had resolved not to accept more than 24 men for his auxiliary force and already had

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18. Dr. Maximilian Lund, a Danish-German who had come over with the Chanler party, but had attached himself to Johnson's troopers as contract surgeon, tried to get me to join also, but I told Johnson that I had a good deal of pride and having come with the Cubans, I would stick to them until actually incapacitated by hunger. He answered that he thought I took the right view of it.

Lieutenant Johnson says he has on his 40 pack-mules enough food to last his troop of 60 and a dozen packers four or five months, and that with 25 auxiliaries he can make out for three months. These auxiliaries are Americans and Cuban-Americans, driven by starvation to get transfers to the American command. They are to be armed with Springfield rifles and will march on foot. It's rather a reversal of things to see the darkeys on horseback and the white men afoot, but the latter find rations a compensation for this, and their command is a separate one. I had a long talk with Johnson. On this occasion he was quite sober.

When I got back to our camp at 11 o'clock I found my last ration breakfast awaiting me—bacon and boiled Boston beans—none too much for a man with my appetite. I had been too tired to eat much on the march and was only now beginning to feel hungry again. But Buttari looked so yearning that I divided this meal equally with him and stayed hungry.

I found myself quite lame today, the tendon of my right heel contracted; in fact, I remained more or less lame all the time I was in Cuba.

Early in the afternoon we received orders to prepare to march to a new camp. My horse's legs were considerably improved by the rest and carbohc salve

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and the wounds were healing, so I mounted him for the first time since the 10th and started out with my command in one of the heaviest rains I have ever known—a real cloudburst. It seems that sickness had increased so much in our camp in the woods and mud that it was found necessary to make a change and General Gomez wished us to move nearer to him.

We were in the saddle for considerably over an hour, there being much uncertainty as to where we were to camp. Finally, however, the companies were halted in a big grass field on the crest of a slight hill and we, the staff, took lower ground two or three hundred yards from General Gomez's encampment. Gomez had his camp in a grove of magnificent royal palms, some 125 in number, the first I had seen massed together on our route. High above the palms, which jutted into the field from a dense forest, towered a young *ceiba*, the grandest and most majestic of Cuba's trees, with its straight and smooth white stem supporting an enormous umbrella of leaves. Although only about 25 years old, its trunk was fully eight feet in diameter.

Buttari and I stopped out in the guinea grass, as high as our heads. I had forgotten to say that as he had no servant I had turned over Antonio to him when I received Jose from Colonel Martinez, and that this morning, commiserating him, I had invited him to mess with me on what the future might provide. I had much more confidence in Jose's foraging ability than in Antonio's, and so did Buttari; he accepted the offer with alacrity. Indeed, it was only this offer and my advice to brace up that kept him from joining Johnson's auxiliaries forthwith. At that time we had not lost hope of getting some of our own rations.

GLAD TO EAT PALM PITH

It was a fine camp for horses, this new one of ours, and a wholesome one for men, as we were to find out in a stay of 10 days, but it was a hard place to start a residence in, for there was nothing to swing a hammock to. We decided to build a palm hut, or *bohio*, and Jose and Antonio went out to the woods to cut saplings for the framework and collect palm fronds for thatching. This and the putting up of the hut took three or four hours, during much of which time the rain fell in torrents, soaking through my mackintosh and drenching me. I got so chilled before the hut was built that, seeing a fire started by the soldiers on the hill in an interval between rains, I walked there to warm and dry myself.

It was a big fire they had, fed on old fence rails, but big as it was I could only partially dry my clothes. I found the expeditionaries famishing, but they made surprisingly little complaint, even though they knew that the veterans around them were well supplied with rations. Others besides the privates were starving too. Major Cainas came up, and seeing a chunk of dirty *corojo* palm pith lying on the ground he picked it up and began to chew it ravenously. He was a man of education and wide information, a botanist and lover of nature, from whose abundant store of knowledge of the fields and woods it was a delight to me to draw. A lawyer by profession, he had entered the revolution and fought under Maceo in Pinar del Rio province; had had some quarrel with Maceo and had become a *presentado*—i. e., presented himself to the Spanish, taking advantage of the amnesty offered—had subsequently gone to the United States, had assisted in drilling the Nunez expeditionaries, and was now here with us, accompanied by his son and

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nephew, patiently trudging on foot in the column, making no complaint, asking no favors, conducting himself with quiet dignity and the fortitude of a Spartan—all with the object, apparently, of showing that in “presenting” himself to the Spaniards he was not disloyal to Cuba’s cause. His was a case that interested me very much. Said he: “It is the business of a *mambi!*”—Cuban slang name for insurgent; taken from a little bird that lives in the deepest woods—“the business of a *mambi* to eat everything that comes to hand.” Presently some of the men brought a supply of *corojo* pith that was clean, and we all had a chew. But I must say it gave me very little satisfaction.

As we were standing around the fire a very black negro came up, a lieutenant in some veteran regiment. He was, like all the other negroes I saw in the army, very polite and respectful. As he was giving some information to our men, I noticed a curious antique sword that hung at his side in lieu of a *machete*. The hilt was square and heavily mounted in silver. My curiosity was excited and I got a look at it. Engraved on the blade in half-effaced letters were these words:

“*No me saque sin razon; ni me envaine sin honor*”—which, Major Cainas said, was the ancient inscription of the *espaderos* (swordmakers) of Toledo. Turned into English the motto is: “Do not draw me without reason, nor sheathe me without honor.” The owner said he had captured it in Maceo’s invasion of Pinar del Rio. It was a hundred years old at least. What a queer fate it was—so my thought ran—that had brought this olden weapon of Spanish chivalry into the possession of a ragged guerrilla as black as my hat.

GLAD TO EAT PALM PITH

On my return, half-dry, I helped to complete our hut and when we had spread our oilcloths over the worse parts of the thatch we had a tolerable shelter. Then we spread the wet grass thickly on the ground and our hammocks on top of this, and covering with our blankets, we made a decent night of it, the rain having ceased.

I dined and supped on about an ounce of cracker crumbs I found in the bottom of my handbag. Buttari went to General Rodriguez to beg for food, but could get none. Somebody gave him a hot sweet potato, with which he was forced to content himself.

ALL HANDS GO FORAGING.

SIESTAS AND SMOKES, ALTERNATED, ALLEVIATE HUNGER PANGS—FIRST REAL MEAL IN THREE DAYS: MANGOES, ROAST CORN, UNRIPE SUGAR-CANE!—VETERANS LOOK ASKANCE AT NEW VOLUNTEERS—REGARD THEM ALMOST AS ENEMIES.

Sunday, July 17.—The day dawned with a clear sky and a northeasterly breeze—the cooling trade-wind which has been steady from that quarter ever since I reached the island, a fortnight ago.

To my great distress, I missed my horse, which had been tethered for the night near our hut. Jose, Antonio and I went out in three directions to hunt him, going far over the grassy slopes and getting drenched with dew. Antonio and I could find no trace of him and I was trying to resign myself to the idea that he had been stolen, but after hours of absence Jose returned with him. He had been badly tethered by Antonio and had strayed far to the east. His wounded legs are now nearly healed, thanks to rest and care.

Jose's "find" of the night before consists of two small ears of corn and a small piece of *calabaza* (a sort of native pumpkin). Old Major Betancourt prowls around, sees them and offers to divide some *tasajo* (jerked beef) with us if we will share these with him. Agreed. Buttari, Betancourt and I cook the joint supplies a la hobo in three tin cans, reminders of our ration days, Jose having gone on my horse with his friend to find *viandas*, and Antonio having been dispatched in another direction with a party of *asistentes* for the same purpose. The *tasajo* is but

ALL HANDS GO FORAGING

a fragment and is undeniably salt horse, and the entire breakfast is only enough for one hungry man, but it is a great thing for us, and we pick the last grain of corn from the cobs. *Magnifico, carrajo!* exclaims Buttari. Then we have a little coffee—like all our coffee in Cuba, without sugar—and I light a pipe. Buttari gets some of my leaf tobacco, rolls himself a cigar, and renews his allegiance to *Cuba Libre*.

We have our *siesta*, and when Buttari wakes with another recurrence of appetite—this poet has more appetite to the square inch than any man I ever knew—I set myself to entertain him by describing all the nice dishes composed by plantation artists on the coast of South Carolina. Buttari listens with avidity to the details of the preparation of shrimp pie, fig pudding and the like. With mouth open he drinks in the minutiae as one entranced while I proceed, but at last it proves too much for him and he goes off to meditate. I don't know what would have become of me if I hadn't had Buttari to tease.

Left alone in the hut, I have nothing to do for hours but lie on my back under the palm thatch and lazily watch the great white and dun clouds troop by, the breeze toss the shining green plumes of the royal palms, and the *pitirres* (king-birds) nesting in the giant *ceiba* make forays on the vultures that swoop in troops of irregular aerial cavalry over the camp. It is hot, but the breeze is brisk and there is no suffering in the shade.

I have come to understand that the reason we expeditionaries are neglected by Gomez and preyed upon by the veterans is that we are regarded as having come at the last moment for the purpose of gathering the spoils, the fruits of the labors of those who have

IN DARKEST CUBA

been through all the sufferings and perils of the war. This is a true bill as to certain individuals, but many of these *Division Maine* men have given up work paying them from \$3 to \$6 a day in the cigar factories to come over here and fight, and it is pitiful to see them treated almost as enemies.

At about 5 p. m. I have my first opportunity of making an advantageous swap for food. One of Gomez's veterans comes to my hut with a 3-pound tin of Chicago roast beef—of "our own importation"—which he wishes to exchange for a pair of leggings. I had an extra pair which I had worn in Tampa but had found to stretch too much when washed, and I promptly made the trade. The *veterano* went on his way rejoicing, while I put the can in hiding to use in case of further emergency.

At dusk Jose appeared with a bag of ears of corn and *calabaza* and my hand bag full of mangoes, also a few joints of sugar-cane. He had ridden two leagues for them and had begged them of a family of women, hidden out in the woods, whom he had found nearly naked. He had promised to take them some clothing day after tomorrow and they had agreed to let him have plenty of *viandas* when he should do so.

We were happy in the present and the prospect and enjoyed our first real meal in three days. I feasted on five mangoes, three roasted ears of corn, and a joint of unripe sugar-cane. Some of our neighbors "drop in" (as army neighbors have a way of doing when one has made a haul) and we give them some of our supplies. Buttari sends some of his mangoes to General Rodriguez to sweeten his disposition toward his staff, but I must say that I grudged them—to him.

ALL HANDS GO FORAGING

The *veterano* friend of Jose, his escort on the hunt after food, a mulatto lieutenant, comes up to receive our thanks for his service, and they are extended. Later in the night his equally veteran pony returned to our hut and came near robbing us of what his master had aided us to secure. This intelligent beast had observed the bag of corn where it had been placed by Jose in a corner of the hut, and, after prowling around for some time trying to get at it, he made a dash at 10 o'clock and grabbed the bag in his teeth. Fortunately I had been kept awake by his movements, and caught him as he was pulling the bag out from under cover. I tethered him to a bush out in the grass, and put the bag under my feet for security. Every-thing veteran in this country is an expert forager.

Monday, July 18.—A clear day. I shared my breakfast with Garcia y Ramies, a nice fellow, formerly one of the editors of *El Pais* of Habana. He speaks English very well, is intelligent and quiet. At present he is an *agregado* indefinitely attached to General Rodriguez's staff. We each had two pieces of corn (each piece a third of an ear) and two small pieces of pumpkin. When we had finished, General Rodriguez's cornet came up, crouched down at the edge of the hut and, taking the bare corncobs from an empty plate, proceeded to eat them. It was a pitiful sight, and it increased my disgust for General Rodriguez who, himself taking his meals with General Gomez, allowed even the men nearest to him to starve. I gave the boy some ears of corn to roast. He had been without food for days.

Heard that Lieutenant Johnson, U. S. A., was about to go to Santiago with his troopers, so mounted my horse and rode over to his camp, a mile away, at noon.

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Here I found that he had returned to the beach with some of his men to get supplies that had been left there, and that he had no idea of going to Santiago.

For dinner I had a bit of my canned beef and some boiled corn and pumpkin. For the first time since Thursday I had enough, but Buttari ate all day and was still hungry.

In the afternoon Antonio came in after two days' absence with a bushel of corn in the shuck and a few mangoes. The expedition with which he went has relieved the camp to some extent.

The sunset was most exquisite, the color effects novel, delicate and beautiful.

I find myself unusually lazy and indisposed to get about, but I have some excuse. I am very weak from loss of flesh and scanty food, and my shoulders are raw and very painful.

There is a report out that we are going to move against a Spanish town soon.

TRYING A GENERAL FOR HIS LIFE.

BERMUDEZ BEFORE COURT-MARTIAL—RICH GRAZING COUNTRY, FORMERLY ABOUNDING IN CATTLE, SO RAVAGED BY BOTH ARMIES THAT SOLDIERS RELISH HORSE-FLESH, THOUGH PREFERRING MULE-MEAT—MAJOR BETANCOURT RUSTLES CORN AND A HUTIA.

Tuesday, July 19.—A fine morning. No rain of consequence since Friday and the heat of the sun has baked and cracked the chocolate clay where it is exposed.

Pasturage is getting scarce near the camp, there are so many horses tethered around—probably 200 at this spot, the majority belonging to Gomez's escort.

Breakfast, boiled corn and pumpkin; dinner, boiled corn, pumpkin and one cracker—a gift.

I took a *siesta* through the forenoon. When I'm hungry sleep is necessary, and when I've eaten it is a luxury. This is the land of the *siesta*, and it is always in order and always easy.

At 11:30 I went with Buttari to Gomez's headquarters in the palm grove to witness the court-martial of Brigadier-General Robert Bermudez for sundry crimes committed in the province of Habana. The officers and escort occupied three lines of *bohios* or huts stretching out from east to west, Gomez's *tienda de campana*, or hammock tent, being placed at the east end, on the edge of the tangled forest. Into one of these huts Buttari took me and introduced me to two acquaintances of his, young majors. One was named Arrendondo; the other, Pastor. They were manly, pleasant fellows and were very proud of the com-

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missions they displayed, showing that both had been continuously in service since the beginning of the war and had risen from the ranks to their present grade. While we waited for the trial to begin they did the honors to their guests, producing country-made cigars and the best coffee I had tasted on the island. They also gave me some leaf tobacco and a couple of crackers.

These young men were evidently enjoying the American rations but discoursed quite learnedly on rebel foods not down on the hotel menus of civilization. They said that horse-flesh was good, but was rather too oily. Mule-meat was much better, being actually superior to beef. But the best of all eating was *burro*—donkey. In addition to these three articles of insurgent diet, I have heard of alligators, snakes, lizards, owls, and dogs. Some have eaten of one or two, others of two or three of these kinds of flesh. Old Major Betancourt tells me with an air of pride that in the Ten Years' war he was reduced to the necessity of eating *aura*—that is to say the red-headed vulture so numerous in these parts. "I will eat anything," he says with unctiousness, and, from what I have observed of his appetite, I believe him.

All this country used to be teeming with cattle. At the beginning of the war there were tens of thousands on these big *potreros*, and hundreds of thousands on the still greater and richer ranges of Camaguey on the other side of the *trocha*. Horses used to be so plentiful and cheap in central Cuba that it was once a saying that even the beggars rode on their rounds. But eight or nine months ago the last of the cattle on this side the *trocha* were eaten and now, as I have seen, there is a terrible scarcity of horses,

TRYING A GENERAL FOR HIS LIFE

the infernal work the poor creatures have had to do having killed them off by the thousands.

In an hour or so Buttari and I went to the Bermudez trial. It was conducted in a palm hut according to court-martial forms. Three generals, among them General Rodriguez, were judges. Carlos Manuel Cespedes, the son of the originator of the revolution of 1868 and the first president of the militant Cuban Republic, was the prosecutor. Dr. A. Silva, of Habana, who came over on the Florida, and is attached to the medical department of Gomez's staff, defended the prisoner. General Bermudez sat at one end of the hut with three guards behind him. He was a man of some 35 or 40 years, well built and rather good looking, his face of a type somewhat common in the south and not at all evil in expression. A furrow across his forehead, however, betrayed a strong temper. He smoked cigarettes, and had himself well in hand, although at times he showed a little excitement.

The secretary of the court read the formal charges. The first was that he made one of his men kill a *pacifco* with a *machete*; the second, that he had taken a horse and a quantity of *tasajo* from an infantry officer. The third charge was that he had given passes to Cubans to go into Spanish towns.

General Bermudez testified in his own defense, admitting the facts, but endeavoring to explain them away. He had reason to believe, he said, that the man he ordered killed was engaged in a plot to assassinate him. He had taken the horse and *tasajo* for the service, the officer having an extra horse while other officers went without, and a private stock of jerked beef while his companions were starving. He had allowed Cubans to go into Spanish towns in order

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that they might secure for him information as to conditions there.

Cespedes demanded his punishment. He was a rotten limb of the glorious army of liberation, Cespedes said, which, if not cut off, would extend its rottenness to the whole. Dr. Silva made a perfunctory and lame defense, alleging insanity; the prisoner nodding his head at the several points he made, and looking eagerly at the faces of the judges to note their effect.

The proceedings were rather informal and quite brief, only a dozen or two spectators were present, and the whole affair was more suggestive of a case before a South Carolina magistrate for petty larceny than the struggle of a general for his life. The decision of the court was reserved. It is currently charged and believed that behind these accusations are others still more grave—that in one case, at least, Bermudez, in pursuing an amour, had men of the woman's family assassinated because they stood in his way. The case heard was selected presumably because the evidence was unchallengeable.

I heard this evening of the purchase by one of our officers of six mangoes for a pair of trousers.

It is still clear and warm, but breezy.

At 10:30 p. m. old man Betancourt comes in from an all-day hunt for food, on which he took my horse as a pack-animal. Proceeds, several small bags of corn and a *hutia* killed by Betancourt with a Springfield rifle. We get a share on account of the loan of the horse's services, and the division is made by starlight. For the present we won't starve.

NEWS FRESH FROM HABANA.

INSURGENT AGENT AT CAPITAL PENETRATES TO GOMEZ THROUGH SPANISH CORDON—JIBARO IS TAKEN WITH VALUABLE STORES, INCLUDING MUCH-NEEDED PROVISIONS—SHOOTING DUCK WITH A COLT'S—A PROMISE OF CAPTURED BEEF.

Wednesday, July 20.—We hear this morning of the capture of Jibaro by the forces of General Jose Miguel Gomez, and that Thorne and Agramonte with one dynamite gun and Estrampes of New Orleans with the other assisted. No details have reached camp yet.

I make the acquaintance of Dr. Antonio Durio y Garcia of Habana, who left that city June 26—after we had sailed from Key West. Dr. Durio was one of the agents of insurgents in Habana. This fact was discovered by the Spanish, and an order issued for his arrest; but a fellow-Mason warned him and he escaped in time by openly taking the train for Santa Clara city. Telegrams were sent there to intercept him but, suspecting that this would be the case, he quitted the train at a water tank a short distance from the city, and escaped to the woods. He encountered a Cuban outpost, borrowed a horse, and reached Gomez three weeks ago. He says that the Spanish can hold Habana for a long time because they have, since the blockade, been planting largely of sweet potatoes and other vegetables near the city, and he doubts whether they can be starved out. When he left Habana there was little meat, but plenty of vegetable food to be had.

Dr. Durio, like many other Cubans in the army,

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is a man of fine education. He has traveled much in both hemispheres and is a master of five languages and the cooking of *hutias*. He is instructing Major Betancourt as to the best methods of preparing his prize of yesterday. In the Ten Years' war he was a colonel and chummed with Betancourt.

Some details of the capture of Jibaro are beginning to come in. The 2½ inch dynamite cannon fired four shots, the last of which struck the principal block-house and wrecked it, mortally wounding the lieutenant in charge and killing and wounding a number of men. The garrison then surrendered. There were captured 80 persons, 90 rifles, 40,000 rounds of ammunition and 10,000 rations. The Spanish prisoners were released on parole.

It is quite hot today, but the breeze is fresh and constant. The sky is partly overcast, as it has been every day we have spent here at La Majagua.

I brought over a pack of engraved visiting cards with me—a rather queer sort of baggage for the Cuban woods, but not bulky, and useful in encounters with so many strangers. The most valuable feature of this outfit, however, is the fine tissue paper placed by the engravers between the cards. There is a great and constant demand for cigarette papers, and the *yagua*, or inner skin of the leaf-sheaths of the royal-palm, was the only substitute. So I find that the gift of some of the engravers' tissue paper rejoices chosen friends.

For breakfast we had boiled corn and *yuca* and a piece of boiled *hutia*. I gave my share of the latter to Buttari, as he was ferociously meat-hungry, but tasted a bit of it and found it somewhat like squirrel. There was no unpleasant odor or taste, which is ap-

NEWS FRESH FROM HABANA

propriate, as the animal lives mainly on the young leaf-shoots of certain trees.

Old Betancourt, invited to mess with Colonel Trista, picks up his grass hut and moves away to the Colonel's quarters. Buttari and Jose both greatly scandalized at his selfishness in carrying his house around with him instead of leaving it to his neighbor; but I maintain that in the campaign a soldier, like a cooter, is entitled to "tote" his house on his back.

Before leaving, Betancourt tries to seduce my *asistente*, Jose, to go with him, but Jose declines, for the reason, he says, that Betancourt is too stingy and too voracious and starves the *asistente* he already has. Presently Betancourt brings me a message from Colonel Trista inviting me to join his mess. Personally I wouldn't mind this, but it would involve the abandonment of Buttari, and Jose shakes his head so vigorously behind Betancourt's back that I am moved to decline the invitation. They want Jose because he can cook—that is the secret of the invitation. I am independent and boss of my own ranch—and am well content to remain so.

Such lazy days! I sleep, and sleep, and sleep. It is too hot in the sun to prospect, and there is nowhere I care to visit. I am blanked tired of this everlasting talk of *come, come, come* (eat, eat, eat.)

At 2 o'clock I go to the river with Buttari to bathe and wash clothes; taking, of course, my side-arms. On the way Buttari, much excited, appeals to me to kill an *arriero*, which I do with the first shot from my army Colt's revolver. (The *arriero* is a brown bird larger than a thrush, with an abnormally long tail marked somewhat like a turkey's. It derives the name *arriero*, or muleteer, from its extraordinary

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clucking and shouting, which suggest very strongly the vocal performances of its human namesake.)

We go on, reach the stream, have our bath and our clothes-washing, dress, and are just climbing the bank on our return to camp when a *pato de agua* (diver duck) shows itself in a pool below the cascade. I take four long shots at him with my revolver; and the last one kills him. He floats down stream and Buttari appeals to me so yearningly not to let him drift away that, clearing my pockets and dropping my arms, except the *machete*—which I hold in my hand thinking to wade out far enough to draw the duck to me with the tip of the blade—I plunge in. But the pool proves to be too deep, and the first thing I know I find myself swimming with one hand and the *machete* embarrassing the other. I thus cross the stream and, by wading along the opposite edge, get my game. On returning to camp I find that my reputation as a shot, spread by Buttari, extends rapidly and I am invited by Major Pastor to join him on a *hutia* hunt day after tomorrow. I accept, and invite Pastor to breakfast next morning.

For dinner we have corn, *yuca*, *calabaza* and wild sweet potatoes—small quantities of each, but enough in the aggregate. It lacks meat, this meal, but it also lacks Burgundy. Sufficient to say that it suffices!

Buttari and Jose are in high spirits over the prospect of meat. About 100 head of cattle were captured at Jibaro, and it is reported that 60 or 70 are to be brought here tomorrow for the troops.

(Alas! we never saw them nor heard of them after! The hungry hosts of Jose Miguel must have eaten them at Jibaro, horns, hoofs and all.)

This evening we have another almost supernal sun-

NEWS FRESH FROM HABANA

set. Yesterday there was one as exquisite. Delicacy and loveliness of the morning and evening skies is beyond all description.

A serene night. There are no flies, bugs or anything obnoxious at any time out here in the guinea grass. It is dreamy, warm, breezy, peaceful—a lotus land, indeed.

GOSSIP OF GOMEZ'S CAMP.

GONZALES ARRESTED FOR SHOOTING WATER-HENS—
MEAGER STOCK OF PROVISIONS ARRIVES—SHORT
SHRIFT FOR CUBANS CAUGHT SERVING IN SPANISH
RANKS—AMERICAN OFFICER IN ARREST FOR SECOND
TIME—GENERAL BERMUDEZ CONVICTED.

Thursday, July 21.—Camp at La Majagua. A wonderful sunrise. The sky is suffused with a vapor indistinguishable until a rising sun dyes it a delicious rose tint. Across this great expanse of seashell pink a columnar cloud on the eastern horizon, intercepting the sunlight, throws a broad belt of shadow across the western horizon—and this shadow makes a track of melting blue through the field of rose color. Such glories as these risings and settings of the Cuban sun afford are worth a little starvation.

At 7 o'clock we get orders to prepare to march. Owing to this, Major Pastor does not come to breakfast with us, and we are glad of it—I, because my duck turns out to be unbearably fishy, and Buttari, because it leaves him to eat the whole of it, for I resign all my rights, title and interest in the bird to him. Between 9 and 10 o'clock our orders to march are countermanded—why, we don't know. It is rumored that we will proceed to Jibaro or back to Palo Alto, we don't know which. Nobody does know anything about projected movements, except old man Gomez, and he takes nobody into his confidence except Generals Carrillo and Jose Miguel Gomez. If the march is to be to Palo Alto, it must mean that another

GOSSIP OF GOMEZ'S CAMP

expedition is expected, but it is too early for a second trip of the Florida.

I go out to the river in the forenoon, accompanied by Buttari and Conil, primarily to bathe but also to shoot some birds. We skirt along the stream and using Conil's Winchester I shoot two *gallinetas* or water-hens. The first we recover, but while we are preparing to cross the stream and get the other from under some bushes a mounted guard rides up and puts the three of us under arrest. We learn for the first time that it is against orders to shoot within two or three miles of headquarters—we had heard plenty of firing much nearer than that. The men say that as three shots in quick succession is the Cuban signal for the approach of the Spaniards, shooting at the camp makes Gomez nervous and spoils his *siestas*.

We are politely escorted to the officer of the day. The colonel commanding gives ear to Buttari and Conil, who dwell on the *Americano's* ignorance of the rules; also on the hunger of the expeditionaries. The *gallineta* is exhibited as evidence that I shot for business, not wantonly, and we are courteously excused.

On our return, at 2 o'clock, we hear that Chanler's outfit has brought 28 boxes of *galletas* (biscuits) from the *playa*.

Later: This is a mistake; the boxes were brought by Gomez's men. I learned from the Chanler party that they went to the beach for supplies, and found that all the meats had been taken by the *guajiros* (country crackers) and that a number of cans were found along the road, where they had been dropped by countrymen overloaded with food. Some 250 cases of biscuits are still at the *playa*. The Chanler

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men brought seven cases and a bag of beans. On the way they were ordered to deliver them to Gomez's men, but said they would fight first, and were allowed to retain them. Certainly, having travelled two and a half days to bring them, they were entitled to the supplies. They described the 40 miles of road as being in terrible condition. The horses were in mud up to their knees and are now badly used up, with their backs sore, etc. This was the trail over which we marched here.

In the evening I received an invitation to go over to the Chanler camp, and when I did so they presented me with a handkerchief full of biscuit, a quart of ground coffee and about three quarts of white beans. They were very pleasant and cordial about it, and I learned that they had been feeling remorse at having denied me that bit of bacon fat the other day. Our messenger, sent out for *viandas*, returns with a small supply of corn. We are so drained by the starving people about us that the Chanler contribution is a godsend.

Reported in camp that at the capture of Jibaro 14 Cuban *guerrilleros*, serving with the Spanish and taken with the garrison, were summarily shot. No one seemed to think this anything but natural, but I expressed myself rather strongly on the subject. It appears that last spring Gomez issued an address to these *guerrilleros* of Cuban birth, inviting them to join their countrymen and be forgiven, and promising that otherwise they would be executed whenever they might be captured. The feeling among these insurgents against these men is implacable. They say that many of them are deserters from the Cuban ranks and that

GOSSIP OF GOMEZ'S CAMP

they have committed the most fearful outrages on the families of the men in the insurgent army.

I hear also, from sources that seem reliable, that Lieutenant Johnson and Dr. Lund got on a big drunk after the capture of Jibaro, and that the former was so obstreperous that he was arrested by orders of General Jose Miguel Gomez.

Later: It is said that Johnson tried to kill his first sergeant for permitting him (Johnson) to be arrested, and was thereupon put under arrest for the second time. He and Lund are still there, according to accounts. I feared this from Johnson's conduct at the beginning of the Florida's voyage, and told General Nunez that if he got access to liquor on the campaign he would raise hades.

It is announced that the court-martial has found General Bermudez guilty and sentenced him to death, but that he has appealed for a new trial. The president of the Cuban republic has not the pardoning power.

There is a rumor out that we will march tomorrow to capture Arroyo Blanco, a fortified town in Santa Clara province. Other rumors make our destination Palo Alto or Jibaro.

No dinner nor supper. I ate some stray mangoes by way of substitute. We have run out of food, I discovered tonight. When we had enough for three days it lasted only half that time; Jose is evidently feeding his friends at our expense. I give him a lecture. Have had to call him down several times in the last two or three days. He is getting too big for his breeches—thinks, because I treat him kindly and considerately, that he has a free hand to do as he pleases.

Fine evening and night.

JOHNSON'S ESCAPEDE.

AMERICAN OFFICER, WITH GERMAN PHYSICIAN, GOES ON WILD "SPREE," DESECRATES CUBAN FLAG, REFUSES TO OBEY ORDERS AND DEFIES CUBAN SUPERIORS—IS ARRESTED AND LATER CONFINED—NOTES ON NATIVE BIRDS.

Friday, July 22.—Camp at La Majagua. A fine morning, but very hot.

I had mentioned to Captain Ramirez of the Chanler party that I had been short of tobacco ever since reaching the island, and he had promised to let me know when any should be brought by country people to Gomez's camp for sale. This morning he kindly brought over to my *bohio* a *manajo* (twisted bundle) of Manicaragua leaf, a very good quality although lacking the delicate flavor of the *Vuelta Abajo* leaf. I paid a dollar for it, about a third of its value in the States. This was my first expenditure of cash on the island. I gave Buttari some, and told him that hereafter he must forage for himself on the tobacco question, as I couldn't afford to supply him longer with the material for his big cigars—they required too much leaf. Buttari is as improvident as a child, and never thinks of tomorrow's needs.

We breakfasted on some boiled corn and the water-hen I killed yesterday. Contrary to anticipation, it was very good. This was the first time in a week I had done more than taste meat.

Maximiliano Lianos of the Chanler party reaches camp, his horse broken down. The animal had col-

JOHNSON'S ESCAPE

lapsed on the road, and he had been left by the party to wait on its recovery.

I saw this morning a Cuban eagle or hawk, called *gabilan*. It had a white head and white tips on its wings. Several partridges have been about our camp. They closely resemble ours in the States and their call is suggestive of the "Bob White's." I hear now and then the notes of mourning-doves, and other doves resembling those common on the continent fly over the fields occasionally. But of these home-like birds there are few. Parrots—*cotorras* they are called here—are very numerous, flying in flocks with incessant screechings. There is a very beautiful bird, the *tocoloro* (abbreviation for *todos colores*—all colors) which justifies its name by the hues of its feathers. It lives in the woods, is very tame, and has a soft and sad note like the mourning-dove.

The bird most in evidence, however, to both sight and hearing, is the *cao*. Before daylight in the morning and after dusk in the evening its extraordinary vocal performances command attention. It shrieks, shouts, chatters and scolds so much like a human being that the effect is startling. I seem to trace in its utterances a whole string of Spanish oaths, and somehow the intensity of its emphasis always makes me laugh. The *cao* is a black bird somewhat smaller than a crow, and with a tail so long that it seems to overload it. The Cubans say that it can be taught to talk and that it has all a magpie's thievishness.

There are several kinds of woodpeckers, some very large, and the trunks of the palm trees bear testimony to their industry.

I have written of the king-bird or *pitirre*. The

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name, like that of many other Cuban birds, is derived from its note. *Pitir-r-e!* it cries as it dashes from its home in the big *ceiba* at the vultures swooping near, and its great enemy always flaps away in haste. The Cubans are fond of likening the *pitirre* to the insurgent fighter for *Cuba Libre*. The sparrow (*gorrion*) is the national bird of Spain, and was long ago introduced into the island, where it made its home in the towns, as the English sparrow does. It tried to extend its dominion to the country also, the Cubans say, but the *pitirre* chased it back to the posts held by Spain, and there it remains beleaguered. A pretty conceit, even if not quite borne out by the habits of sparrows.

Free Cuba—free and unutterably desolate! This *potrero* belongs to a Spaniard and used to sustain thousands of cattle. Now there is not one left. The last *ganado* was eaten last winter. The Cubans feasted on the stock while they could, and the Spaniards in their raids killed all they were unable to carry away. So with all the *potreros* in this country. Over in Camaguey, on the other side of the *trocha*, there are still a good many head of cattle and horses left. But the *trocha* is effective—that is a fact I have come to know. It has accomplished more for Spain than anything yet devised.

Last night General Rodriguez sent over a handful of biscuit to Buttari and me. He himself dines with General Gomez and others, but his staff suffers. I have not been near him, although his hammock tent is only about 40 yards away. I am ready to obey orders, if any shall be given, but I don't care for his society, after my experience of him.

From American sources I get further particulars

JOHNSON'S ESCAPE

of Lieutenant Johnson's conduct at Jibaro. After the capture of the town, General Jose Miguel Gomez feared that a Spanish force from *Santo Espiritu* (only 40 or 50 miles away) would come over and retake it if he should go away without leaving a garrison there, so he decided to destroy the half dozen blockhouses and evacuate the place. Johnson and Lund found three hogsheads of rum and some wine in one of the blockhouses, and "loaded up." When the Cubans came to raze the blockhouse, Johnson said that he wouldn't give it up and would stand by the liquor. There was a dispute, and Johnson proceeded to haul down the Cuban flag from the house and hoist his own coat as a flag. Some say that he cut up the Cuban flag with his *machete*; others that he only trampled on it. He summoned his negro troopers into the fort to resist the Cubans. They came in and, seeing his drunken condition, went out again. Then he and Lund were put under arrest. Later he was released, but after his release he tried to kill his colored sergeant for not obeying him when ordered to fight the Cubans, so he was again arrested. Today he was brought here and put under guard in a *bohio* at Gomez's headquarters.

There were several rows among the Americans at Jibaro, most of those there resenting Johnson's insult to the Cuban flag. It is said that Dr. Lund sent two challenges. Thomason, formerly of the Chanler party and now of Johnson's auxiliary force, tells me that Lund caught a tartar the other day before he left here for Jibaro. There was a correspondent of Harper's at Johnson's camp, who had come over across the *trocha* with Elliot, Seeley and Decker. Lund picked a quarrel with him, and told the others he was going to have some fun, so he sent him a challenge to mortal

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combat. (Lund was a great college duelist in Germany and his face is literally harrowed with scars from sword wounds.) The Harper's man, much to the doctor's surprise, accepted the challenge and named "bowie knives, toe to toe." It was an old device but very effective. The doctor claimed that he, the challenging party, had the choice of weapons. When he found that this theory wouldn't "go," he flunked. The duel didn't occur.

The Johnson troop is at present under the command of the colored first sergeant, Johnson having no commissioned officer under him. The sergeant is governed in his course by the advice of a sort of impromptu council of white men belonging to the auxiliary force, Thomason and others. Thomason is a Tennesseean and a good fellow. He was in the fight at Tallabacoa fort, near Tunas, with Chanler, but escaped injury.

There was a very heavy thunderstorm this evening. Floods of rain fell and drenched our hut. We had to extemporize new sleeping arrangements. Gave Buttari my oil cloth to lie on, and I used a saddle-bag, saddle, etc., to keep me off the wet ground.

At night Gomez's cornetists gave a concert, playing not only the inevitable *Himno de Bayamo*, the national air, but some waltz tunes. The effect was pleasant, but I had to smile at the use of the drums which General Miles sent over. The colored musicians were quite unaccustomed to any other drums than the hollow log sort used among the negroes in the country—as on the coast of South Carolina—to beat time to their peculiar chants of African origin. So all through the waltz tunes, the American drums gave out precisely the same monotonous accompaniment that

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I had so often heard from afar at the "stick-beating" festivals of colored Colleton.

(On the voyage of the Florida a few Cuban negro soldiers got together and for hours chanted and "beat sticks." The barbaric music was identical with that so loved by negroes on the Southern seaboard. A South Carolina low-countryman could have shut his eyes and sworn that he was off Edisto island or Wadmalaw. The survival unaltered of the African music after a century's exile from the Dark Continent, and its presentation without other notes than those of memory by men of different languages, seemed to me one of the strongest evidences of the conservatism of the negro race.)

Passed a very uncomfortable night on account of constrained posture, doubled up on my baggage.

JOHNSON IS DISCIPLINED.

AMERICAN OFFICER REPRIMANDED BY GOMEZ—HAS SANTIAGO FALLEN?—GRASS FIRE IMPERILS GONZALES' PALM HUT—QUININE THE UNIVERSAL SPECIFIC WITH CHIEF SURGEON ALVAREZ—RUMORS OF NEGOTIATIONS BY SPAIN FOR PEACE.

Saturday, July 23.—Camp at La Majagua. The night was clear and the dew very heavy.

In the morning the Americans and Cubans were invited to General Gomez's headquarters and drawn up in line. The prisoners, Lieutenant Johnson and Dr. Lund, were placed before them. General Gomez delivered an address in Spanish which, after translation on paper, was read in English by an interpreter. In this address the Commander-in-Chief told of the conduct of Johnson and Lund at Jibaro. Johnson listened with his hat slouched over his eyes and made no challenge of the facts. The General went on to say that the Cubans and Americans were engaged in a common cause, and the American commander, General Miles, had sent Lieutenant Johnson and his troop of cavalry to assist in the Cuban campaign, but Johnson had broken all bounds of propriety and had insulted the Cuban flag. Such conduct deserved punishment. He would like to pass it over, but if he did so the Cubans would lose the respect of the American government. For this reason he would report it to the commanding officer of the United States army, that he might take such action as he saw fit.

At headquarters I heard the Cuban version of the

JOHNSON IS DISCIPLINED

Johnson affair. After the capture of Jibaro, Lieutenant Johnson asked permission of General Jose Miguel Gomez to occupy a Spanish blockhouse in which there was much liquor stored. Leave was granted him. He proceeded to get drunk, and when the Cubans, under instructions of General Gomez, the next day went to destroy the blockhouse, preliminary to abandoning the town lest it should be reoccupied later by the enemy, Johnson refused to leave, drew his pistol, threatened to kill anyone who interfered with him, tore down the Cuban flag, and played hades generally. He called on his men and ordered them to shoot the Cubans who had approached to raze the fort. When they realized that he was drunk, they refused to obey his orders and retired. This story is substantially the same as that given me by Americans. It is thought that Johnson and Lund will be sent to General Shafter at Santiago. A third man is under arrest, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, an American holding a commission in the Cuban army. He was drunk, also, and abetted Johnson in his actions. General Gomez made no reference to him in his address. I suppose the Cubans will attend to his case themselves.

A Santo Espiritu paper of July 12 received in camp today says that *La Lucha* of Habana admits that the Spaniards have evacuated Santa Cruz, Holguin and Manzanillo in Santiago and Puerto Principe provinces, and that the Spanish prisoners will be transported back to Spain in American vessels. What prisoners? Has Santiago fallen? *La Lucha* is also reported as saying that negotiations for peace are going on under the auspices of the French government. The Cubans in camp are delighted with the

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news, which they credit. They are looking eagerly for peace and are already making plans to go to their families. This seems to knock out our plans for an aggressive campaign.

I find that Gomez's chief surgeon, Dr. Alvarez, believes in quinine as a prophylactic. Quinine is the standard medicine with him, as I found in a rather long stay in his hammock tent today. Man after man came up for prescription and dosing. Fever? Quinine. Cold? Quinine. Neuralgia? Quinine. He is right, of course, but his supply won't last long at the rate of today's demands. Alvarez is a gentleman through and through, and a most genial man. I have seen but one Cuban doctor who was not a first-rate fellow. Silva is the exception.

Notwithstanding yesterday's heavy rain, a lot of cut grass lying on the ground took fire about 10 o'clock today and came near burning up our palm hut. Buttari loaded up with Conil's Winchester and went hunting *hutias*, some leagues away. A *consejo de guerra* (council of war) was held today to consider Lieutenant Johnson's case and it was decided that he should be sent to the American commander in Cuba for trial.

General Rodriguez's other staff officers are without food, so I bring in Conil to breakfast with me on boiled beans and parched corn. Conil's daddy is a Standard Oil millionaire of Habana, but the boy says my breakfast is a Delmonico treat. Afterward his *asistente* comes in with some *viandas*, and Conil reciprocates with some mangoes and four ears of corn.

I go over to headquarters again in the evening, and hear from Captain Ramirez that the Santo Espiritu paper—which he had had the privilege of reading—

JOHNSON IS DISCIPLINED

was of date July 20 instead of July 12, as I heard this morning. It also stated on *La Lucha's* information that Spain had appointed commissioners to negotiate through France for peace.

I saw just now the most pitiable spectacle of my Cuban experience. A man made the rounds of the officers' quarters and, on reaching our hut, advanced smiling and shook hands. He was hatless, his long hair was shaggy and matted, like his beard, his shoulders were bare and he had but a few rags over the lower part of his body; his skin, where it had been exposed to the sun, was burned as dark as a negro's, and he was wretchedly emaciated. Buttari had some difficulty in recognizing in him a young Key-West cigar-maker. He had been two and a half years in the insurgent army and was just from a hut out in the woods where he had been confined in illness. Wreck as he was, he was jaunty and cheerful, making light of his hardships and still full of enthusiasm in the cause. He is a type of many Cubans who have sacrificed everything for love of country, and do not whimper about it.

There was rain in the evening, steady but not violent or driving. Buttari didn't return, although he promised to be back tonight. He had my horse. I slept in our reconstructed hut very well.

RUMOR OF IMMINENT BATTLE.

EXPEDITIONARIES HIKE TWELVE MILES THROUGH ORCHID-FILLED FOREST OVER UNSPEAKABLY BAD ROAD—BREAKFAST IN THE SADDLE: TWO EARS OF CORN—BEANS AND HUTIA FOR ONLY OTHER MEAL. IDEAL CAMP SITE.

Sunday, July 24.—Camp at La Majagua. At about six o'clock in the morning General Carrillo and Jose Miguel Gomez went out with the four hundred horses, heading west. They are evidently on some important expedition, which may be the rumored movement against the Spanish garrison town of Arroyo Blanco, but no information is given us. We have notice to prepare to march, but as yet no orders to pack and saddle. Buttari has not returned with my horse and I'm in a pickle, for if we should have to break camp before he returns I would have to march for an indefinite time on foot, abandoning my effects. Buttari promised faithfully to be back last night. Otherwise I wouldn't have let my horse go, in the uncertainty as to marching orders.

General Carrillo soon returned to camp with a few officers. It seems that we are not going to move today, for which I am very thankful.

Here's the Cuban campaign way of grinding coffee: the berries are placed in a tin can, the can on a flat stone, and the pulverizing is done with a hilt of a *machete*. In this way the coffee is kept from scattering and the bottom of the can is kept from being knocked out by the pounding.

A Spanish soldier, deserted from Ciego de Avila,

RUMOR OF IMMINENT BATTLE

an important garrison town in the middle of the *trocha*, reports the bombardment of Jucaro, the town at the southern terminus of the *trocha*, by four American vessels. He says that non-combatants are being sent up from Jucaro to Ciego de Avila in trains on the *trocha* railway.

I now hear that Buttari spent the night at a ranch several leagues from here, not returning because the intervening streams have risen very high on account of the heavy rainfall.

I also hear that Brigadier-General Gonzales, with his column of a thousand infantry and the two dynamite guns, is lying in wait for a Spanish column, that Gomez has gone to assist him in besieging Arroyo Blanco, and that we are to follow.

Three women rode into camp today and excited a ripple of interest. They came out of the woods somewhere and were not well-favored *guajiras*, which being interpreted means "crackeresses."

A report published in *La Lucha* of Habana, and brought to our camp in some paper of Santa Clara province, says that General Miles has landed in Santiago with an army and that he is going to be made governor-general of Cuba. The last statement of course is bosh, although he may be, in a present military sense only, governor-general.

At five o'clock this morning Buttari arrives triumphant with three *hutias*. Says he killed five, one for each shot fired, ate one and gave away one. He brought very little corn and only a few mangoes. We gave one *hutia* to Conil and the other two Jose smoked tonight to preserve. Expecting to march tomorrow, Jose cooked all the corn tonight and Buttari, for once, was sufficiently loaded. I supped on

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corn, *solo*. We believe we are going to take the trail tomorrow for some aggressive operations.

The sunset was very beautiful, and the night calm and not as chilly as usual.

Monday, July 25.—Before day we had orders to prepare for marching. Packed up and started before sunrise. We had been twelve days in the two camps at this place. I breakfasted (on horseback) on two ears of hard corn. My horse did well, the wounds on his legs being entirely healed, and the abscess on his back much reduced.

We marched northward. The promise was of a three-league march, but it was fully twelve miles, and took us four hours. Our course lay across guinea grass slopes and through dense woods full of orchids—altogether along the most primitive footpaths. But this was a blessing. The so-called roads are by far the most dreadful.

At nine o'clock we reached a deserted *potrero* called Trilladeras, and camped in a grove of trees in the tall grass. Slung our hammocks, although we didn't know how long we were going to stay.

I found after we arrived that my lazy negro Jose had left behind every tin can we had to cook in, on the ground that they were too heavy! After rigging up my *tienda de campana*, we borrowed an old corn can and put on *judias y hutias* (Boston beans and *hutia*) for our only meal of the day.

I saw here a copy of an "extra" of *El Noticiero* of Ciego de Avila, dated the 22nd July, and brought to camp by Gomez's scouts. It says that the day before—the 21st—four American ships appeared off Jucaro, at the south end of the *trocha*, and a special train took to Ciego de Avila the high officials who

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had been stationed at Jucaro, together with the greater part of the families residing in that town. At the hour of issuing the "extra" the American ships had disappeared. There was no bombardment. *El Noticiero* prints also from *El Orden* of Caibarien of the 18th, dispatches which had reached Habana on the 16th, announcing the declaration of martial law in Spain and the opening of negotiations for peace. But a dispatch from Habana of the 18th announced the capitulation of Santiago and of the Spanish fleet.

Part of the *hutia* served for dinner had been insufficiently smoked and was spoiled. I was forced by hunger to eat the beans boiled with it, but I couldn't go the *hutia*. Buttari could. The *hutia*, let me remark in passing, has the hair of a woodchuck, the tail of a rat, the feet of a raccoon, the head of a squirrel, and the muzzle of a dog. Altogether a composite animal. It grows to the size of a coon.

This is a beautiful camp, almost ideal in its trees. A little stream runs near. Old Maximo Gomez has his hammock under a huge tree looking something like a banyan.

It is reported and denied that we are going to Arroyo Blanco tomorrow. It is said to be six miles away on this trail.

Had no second meal. The scalding of my shoulders by the sun and the chafing afterward has developed on them just 17 boils. They are extremely painful and I find it impossible to lie in my hammock without pressing on them. Most Americans suffer from boils, it is said, when they try Cuban campaign life. I suppose it is poverty of the blood caused by bad food. I could not sleep tonight until about one o'clock, my shoulders pained me so.

THIRD MEAL IN THREE DAYS.

"EL VIEJO" SECRETIVE ABOUT HIS PLANS—NOBODY KNOWS NEXT MOVEMENT—AN INTERESTING PATRIOT TYPE—JOHNSON'S AUXILIARIES IN HARD LUCK—FOOD CONTINUES SCARCE—SEVENTEEN BOILS—AND SLEEPING IN A HAMMOCK.

Tuesday, July 26.—Camp at Trilladeras. Reveille at 4:30 (eastern time). Quite dark at that hour.

Uncertain what we will do, or, indeed, whether we will stay here today or not. I have only beans and *hutia* to eat, and they take long to cook, so fear that if we put on the pot (or can) we will have to leave it under sudden orders to march. All this mystery about our movements is hard on the men. There is no chance for the communication of our orders to the Spaniards. Why can't *el viejo Gomez* at least let us know if we will have time to cook? He has never done so yet.

Ate some crushed remnants of the crackers the Chanler people gave me, and drank a third drawing of coffee—warm water only.

The American negro troopers leave—destination not stated. So do Carrillo's men and others. Our expeditionaries and Gomez's escort remain in camp. (I found out afterward that we were kept at Trilladeras to hold the road against the Spaniards in case they should move from the *trocha* to the relief of Arroyo Blanco, then about to be attacked. They didn't move, otherwise we would have had a battle that day.)

Report reached camp that the forces of Jose Miguel

THIRD MEAL IN THREE DAYS

Gomez on preparing yesterday to attack a Spanish fort—location not stated—found it deserted; that the garrison of one hundred men had gone to La Majagua, our recent camp, to surrender to General Maximo Gomez; that a Cuban scout found them there, and that they would reach here today. This may account for Gomez's remaining here. (The accuracy of this report was never verified. We did discover later that the Spanish post at Marroquin, against which an attack had been planned, had been evacuated; but the garrison retreated to the *trocha*.)

I took today my third meal in three days. Beans and *hutia*. The latter was sound and, while somewhat "cooney" in flavor, was endurable. I found that the juice of wild lemons squeezed on the beans made them more palatable. Jose had skilfully manoeuvred Buttari away from camp on some wild goose chase, so we had plenty—but that abundance almost overtaxes my digestion, which is now unaccustomed to serious duty.

I had a long talk with Lieutenant Gomez, in command of General Rodriguez's escort, who had come over with us on the Florida, and found that his views as to Cuban affairs agreed closely with mine. Gomez is a thorough gentleman, brave as a lion, and was said by the Americans of the Chanler party to be the coolest man of the whole outfit in the attack on the blockhouse at Tallabacoa near Tunas, where General Nunez's brother was killed and so many others wounded. He is a native of Matanzas, but has been a merchant in Habana, and is worth half a million dollars. He still draws about \$4,000 a year from rents in Habana, although his country estates bring him no revenue. He had served a couple of years in

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Matanzas province and attained the rank of major, but because the character of some of the officers was obnoxious he remained in the States, where his family reside, when sent there on a mission. He told the Cuban delegation that when he got a chance to fight with gentlemen he would return, and so, giving up his rank as major, he came over here as lieutenant under General Nunez. Gomez thinks that fully half a million Cubans have died in the war, as many in the woods as in the "reconcentration," and that there are not over a million left. He is a dark, quiet little man with a Vandyke beard, and, with a red cloak slung over his shoulder, looks as if he had stepped out of a Spanish portrait gallery of the XVIth century.

I hear this afternoon that Jose Miguel Gomez has gone to attack Arroyo Blanco—in fact, hear everything in explanation of our staying here today. We are on the lookout for the Spaniards.

In the forenoon Jose went to the branch and washed my *chamarretas* (linen uniform blouses) and for the first time since leaving the steamer I feel clean—outside!

Last night Thomason, formerly of the Chanler force, now of the Johnson auxiliaries, gave me a full account of the doings at Jibaro, heretofore only fragmentarily received. Lieutenant Johnson accompanies us under arrest; Lund also. Both are confined to the limits of the camp but have their tent. White, a volunteer aide to Johnson, who resigned a commission as lieutenant in an Illinois or Ohio volunteer regiment to accompany him, says that since the deposition of Johnson the discipline of the negro troopers has gone to the devil. Thomason says it isn't so; that the negro sergeant is receiving his orders direct from

THIRD MEAL IN THREE DAYS

General Gomez. The auxiliaries are headless, and still afoot. Glad I didn't join them.

Some of the trees in this grove are *ciruelas* or damson plums. The men are beating them and eating the green fruit. Other trees are of a peculiar wild plum called *jobo* (pronounced "hobo" and worthy of the pronunciation). The parrots dearly love the fruit and literally swarm in the trees, of which there are many here, screaming and chattering. I studied them for quite a while in the afternoon. The Cuban parrot is green, with trimmings of red, yellow, brown and gray. I tried one or two ripe *jobos* and found them of a strong and palate-paralyzing flavor, worse than a combination of green persimmons and—well, any other old thing, for nothing that I ever tasted before was quite so excruciating or suggested the peculiar quality of the flavor. Just the things for parrots, maybe—perhaps for Buttari? I picked up a handful and bet a companion that Buttari would relish them. Did he? Why, he gobbled them with avidity and wanted more. I have yet to find anything that this epicurean poet's stomach won't stand.

Food is very scarce at this camp—none to be found here. Some corn came in from a long distance for headquarters and Conil gave us three ears, to be divided between Buttari and me.

The orders this afternoon are that no one is to leave the camp tomorrow morning, even to bring water from the arroyo, a few hundred feet away. We are likely to suffer, as we have no vessel except my canteen to store away water in. It is believed that we are between the *trocha* and the town of Arroyo Blanco, six miles away, and in the path of the Spaniards should they go to the relief of the garrison

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there, supposed to be besieged by Jose Miguel Gomez and Carrillo. But positive information is very hard to get, although I inquire freely.

The camp is starving, but late tonight some foragers come in with a supply of corn for a favored few and the popping of the hard yellow ears as they are roasted before the little camp fires resounds far into the night, even after *retreta* or taps; the men were too hungry to regard rules and *silencio* is not enforced.

I am in great pain from my shoulders. The companionship of seventeen boils in a close-fitting hammock is not pleasant, and I can only take cat-naps all night.

WHERE THE RATIONS WENT.

GOMEZ ALLOWED COUNTRY FOLK TO TAKE PROVISIONS,
RATHER THAN SEE ENEMY CAPTURE THEM—
ANOTHER MARCH—BACK-TRACKING TOWARD LA
MAJAGUA—TEN EARS OF CORN OBTAINED—BUT-
TARI ONCE MORE MOUNTED.

Wednesday, July 27.—Camp at Trilladeras. At daylight orders are given for the infantry (our expeditionaries) and General Rodriguez's staff to prepare to march. This we supposed to be intended to put us nearer food ranges. We had long since given up hope of recovering any of the American rations left at Palo Alto or deposited elsewhere.

(I may say here, what I did not discover until long afterward, that on the day I went to the first *potrero* near Palo Alto, July 7, without my horse, and expecting a fight, a Spanish force of two thousand men was actually marching to attack us. It seems that fishermen saw the arrival of our three steamers off the Palo Alto beach and the debarkation of men and supplies, and reported the news to the Spanish garrison at Jucaro, the port at the south end of the *trocha*, some fifteen miles from our landing place. A column of two thousand Spaniards from the *trocha* set out to attack us and came, as stated, within six miles of the *potrero*; but, receiving information that we had a heavy body of American troops with us, they determined not to risk a fight and fell back to the *trocha*. The demonstration, however, was sufficient to alarm General Gomez for the safety of the supplies, and being unable to take away the bulk of

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them he told the countrymen, who had come in from great distances, to help themselves. They did so—liberally—and to them went most of the provisions intended for us. A thousand boxes of crackers and large quantities of bacon were not landed at all. They were taken to the landing below Jibaro with the dynamite guns, but the small Cuban force there either could not or would not unload them, and they accordingly had to be taken back to the States. The cavalrymen of course were able to carry away large quantities of provisions on their horses, but our expeditionaries, being infantry, could not take more than two days' supplies—so two days' supplies was all we had after leaving Palo Alto. We would have had a fine fight among the tall grass and wire fences of that *potrero* if the Spaniards hadn't been deluded with the idea that an army could come in three steamers).

We started soon after sunrise, Lieutenant-Colonel Trista in command, General Rodriguez and his escort of twenty-six horsemen remaining behind with General Gomez. Rodriguez rode out of the camp to see us off. "Good morning, Mr. Gonzales;" "*buenos dias, General.*" This was our first exchange of words since he "threw me over" with Gomez sixteen days before—and it was destined to be our last. I must say I felt better to be away from him, although I didn't like to be shunted off to one side and miss a chance of a fight. But all the rest of his staff were in the same fix. He kept Conil, his orderly, and Garcia y Ramies with him in addition to his *escolta*. (He afterward told others that he did so because he expected to do some long distance riding and these two were the only ones who had good horses. But his chief

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of staff, Perico Torres, had a fine horse and he had to go with us.)

I took all my belongings on horseback, even to a handbag. As my weight was forty pounds less than at the beginning of our journeyings this gave my horse not more than a two-hundred-pound load—but this was enough for him, and would have been too much for a less sturdy animal. Now that he was rested and recovered, the horse proved to be admirably adapted to my needs.

We marched south, on the back track toward La Majagua. Then, at a deserted *potrero* where I saw a few plantain trees, the first I had encountered on the island, we turned off to the northeast and took a trail through the woods. If I thought the Cuban roads hellish before—which I did—what can I say for this one! The old phrase, “it baffles description,” is the only one I can use. The infantrymen were plastered “crotch-deep” with the black mud, and we on horseback were in momentary peril of collapsing. Several horses did fall, and had to be left, too. My horse was strong and exceedingly careful, and felt for a footing step by step—he never fell once in all our subsequent marching. But it required unceasing vigilance to make our way through this narrow ditch of a trail, even at a snail’s pace, and it was with deep thankfulness and a blessed relaxation of nerves that, after miles of this bogging and plunging, we got out into the open and began to climb grassy slopes.

Soon after we came upon an outpost of guerrillas belonging to Major Agramonte’s command, operating hereabout, and after a few minutes’ waiting at the camp of “shacks” we went on, and at 9:45 we stopped

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for the day in a grove of trees on the edge of a dense wood, the open plain in front. This was a *potrero* called "Ruso."

Many men set out to hunt water and returned unsuccessful and desperate, but, scouting through the woods, I was fortunate enough to find a pool of rain-water in a thicket quite near our camp. It was of a tadpole-mosquito flavor but a great luxury nevertheless, and when one of the American privates in our force returned despairing from a search for water, I found it very delightful to show him the way to the pool and see him absorb several cans of it.

Jose went off and got lost in the woods and I had to make camp myself. When the hammocks had been slung, Buttari and I were both too exhausted to go out and hunt mangoes, which were said to be procurable some miles away. Buttari slept and we waited for something to turn up. The wood was so wet, and Jose was so long away, that it was 3 p. m. before we broke our fast. At that hour we had our fourth meal in four days. It consisted of Boston beans without salt or "grease" and some parched corn. I had a surplus of two ears of the latter which I was saving for supper, but a member of the sanitary corps came up and started to eat the mouthful of scraps left in my tin plate, so I had to give them to him. It is very pitiful, the condition of these once well-fed expeditionaries. There was some *lutia* left, but it was spoiled and smelt to heaven, so I couldn't eat it. Buttari ate for us both.

After dinner Buttari went out for mangoes. I set myself to repair my hammock, made for me by an old sailor in Tampa, but not suited to this rough work. The brass grommets—so I believe they call

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them—tore out, and I had to splice the cords to the canvas, *a la Cubano*.

Amused myself today watching my horse. Tethered in grass as tall as his back, he ate steadily from 10 to 4, until he was distended like a barrel and had cleared everything within reach. These Cuban horses, like the Cuban soldiers, eat all possible things at all possible hours. After gorging themselves through the night, they reach in the morning for grass all along the line of march just as fast as they can munch it. They are foragers, too, these veteran horses, and will steal anything eatable out of your hammock or hut the minute your back's turned. I have been kept awake two nights by loose horses trying to get at ears of corn reserved for personal use, and had to take my *machete* to one of them before he would leave.

Buttari fails to get mangoes. He finds a little watercress, called *berro*, tasting somewhat like radish, and we enjoy the touch of variety it gives.

It is rumored that we are to march tomorrow to a neighborhood called "Jicotea" (Snapping Turtle) near the *trocha*, where food is said to be abundant. We are not informed as to the intentions of General Rodriguez, whom we left with General Gomez. I suppose that by this time the town of Arroyo Blanco has been taken—or whatever town it was that Carrillo and J. M. Gomez went to attack.

At dusk the foragers detailed from the companies return with plenty of corn. We have none, but our hammocks are by a path leading to the soldiers' camp and Jose, my servant, posted himself and levied toll on all who passed. These negroes can always get food even when a white man fails. They have a sort of freemasonry among themselves, and are very liberal

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to each other. Jose always takes pleasure in bringing me a share of anything he gets in this way; but he despises Buttari and doesn't want me to divide with him. Buttari doesn't keep him in his place as I do, and Jose tells me that he isn't a gentleman. "Familiarity breeds contempt" in Cuba as elsewhere.

After dark Buttari comes in from some foraging among the returned foragers and produces 10 ears of corn, enough for a breakfast for the four of us.

I forgot to say that Antonio, first my *asistente* and then Buttari's, had pretended to be too lame to work or march, and before we left La Majagua had been under the doctor's orders to go to a ranch in the woods; whereupon we left him behind. But he now turned up, having marched all the way and had two days' experience with other masters. Quite penitent, he now asked to be taken back, and we took him. He is worthless except to look after horses and pack up.

Did I say that General Rodriguez had given Buttari a horse? He secured one for him at La Majagua—a little rat of a pony, but a standing wonder to the camp because his back wasn't sore.

This evening I got Dr. Laine to paint my shoulders with iodine for the third time in three days, and my suffering was much relieved. I was able to sleep well in consequence.

SNAPPING TURTLE CAMP.

STARVING MEN MARCH SLOWLY—SOME DEATHS FROM
“DEBILITY”—OFFICERS WITH MACHETES FORCE
SOLDIERS BACK FROM GORGING ON GREEN MAN-
GOES—INSURGENTS TAKE ARROYO BLANCO WITH
FEW CASUALTIES—THE LOST GUINEA-HEN.

Thursday, July 27.—Camp at El Buso. Reveille at 4 o'clock. Had to wait an hour for day. It was proposed to start at sunrise, but after packing we were ordered to wait. One man collapsed from debility and had to be left at a palm hut near by. News came to us later in the morning that two others of our men who had been sent to huts in the woods suffering from “general debility” (starvation) had died.

At 7 o'clock we started and the march was long and slow, the men being too weak to make good progress. For the first time since I landed, I recognized in the country the characteristics of the Cuba I had known as a boy. We must have marched nearly 14 miles in a northeasterly direction, almost altogether across rolling grassy fields, some of immense extent, dotted with *corojo* palms, royal palms and palmettoes. At last, to the northward, appeared a range of steep hills, very beautiful. On the treeless but grass-clad crest of the nearest was a Spanish blockhouse, called the post of Marroquin, commanding the lovely valley that spread to its base. The landscape was exquisite beyond description. For the first time in our journeyings we encountered clumps of tall bamboo and patches and hedges of pineap-

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ple plants, *aguacate* (alligator pear) trees and tamarinds; none, however, bearing fruit. Several pretty, shallow streams, rippling and tumbling over rocky ledges, lay across our path.

At an early hour Colonel Trista, with Torres and Laine, rode ahead of the column and disappeared, leaving the force in charge of old man Betancourt. After a little while Betancourt rode ahead with the guide and disappeared in turn. We had in consequence a long, tiresome wait in the broiling sun on a hilltop, without an officer in charge except the captain of one of the companies, and without knowledge of where we were to march. At last Betancourt returned, loaded with mangoes—for personal use only—and subsequently the guide came back, having been foraging in advance on his own hook. After 7½ hours on the road we were led to the bank of an *arroyo* with a barely moving thread of water flowing through it and pitched camp in a decidedly bad position. This was the *potrero* Santa Clara, near Marroquin.

We cleared away the underbrush, unpacked, hung our hammocks, and put my last reserve of food, a handful of beans, on the fire, and were just beginning to feel at home when Colonel Trista rode up, full of food from the village of Marroquin under the hill, and ordered the camp to be moved immediately to another place a few hundred yards away which suited him better. He had gone ahead to forage for himself, and the improper location of the camp was the consequence—but we and not he had to suffer for it. We struck camp and moved our effects—including the half cooked beans—and it was dusk before we got a mouthful. The soldiers were so desperate from famine

SNAPPING TURTLE CAMP

that they broke ranks and swarmed around the mango trees when they encountered them, gorging themselves on the green fruit, and it required the *machetes* of the officers to drive them away—this only after much time and effort.

Our camp is about three miles from Marroquin, on the edge of a wood with a big field in front. Wherever possible the Cubans choose such sites for their camps, as in case of attack they can retreat on foot to the woods where the Spaniards cannot follow from the open, or can take to the fields on horseback and fight or run. As the Spaniards never attack through the woods, except on the line of a road or path, and as these are picketed by the Cubans the chances of a disastrous surprise are very small.

At Marroquin fort there was a garrison of 40 Spaniards, but they evacuated it only three days ago and the troops retreated to the *trocha*.

We hear this evening that all Spanish troops on the *trocha* are to concentrate at Moron, the town at the northern terminus, and thence depart for some point unstated, abandoning the whole line of defense. If true, this is a great thing for our starved forces, as they can cross the *trocha* for food, of which there is still a good deal in Camaguey (Puerto Principe) province.

We also hear of the surrender last evening of the town of Arroyo Blanco to Generals Carrillo and Jose Miguel Gomez after three days' siege and fighting. Our losses amounted to two killed and a few wounded. The Spaniards had 50 killed and 200 wounded out of a force of 400 men. They fought like tigers, but the dynamite cannon did the business. It is reported

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that one 2½-inch shell, falling on a blockhouse, killed 17.

Just finished placing the camp by dark. It took hard and quick work. We are told that, as the soldiers are so exhausted, the staff officers will be required to do guard duty in turns of two hours each. We have enough staff officers and *agregados* to limit each man's service to every other night.

There was a shower during the march, but the night is fine.

A wild guinea-fowl roosted at dusk in a tree over our camp. I pleaded to be allowed a shot but Colonel Trista gave the sole privilege to a private who was said to be the best marksman in the command. He made two essays at short range, the bird being outlined against the sky, but missed each time. The guinea sought another roost, and the colonel swore. I refrained from remarking that I had "told him so."

TAKING THE EARLY WATCH.

OFFICER OF THE GUARD—HOW GOMEZ AVOIDS SURPRISE—FORAGING PARTY RETURNS EMPTY-HANDED—SMOKING AND NAPPING TO DEADEN QUALMS OF HUNGER—WEARING PISTOL BELT DAY AND NIGHT GROWS IRKSOME.

Friday, July 29.—Camp at Santa Clara Potrero. My first turn at standing guard duty this morning. The officer assigned to this work has the supervision of the entire camp and is styled *Oficial de Guardia*. No others are on duty about the encampment, but of course there are always pickets at outposts, commanding the trails leading to our neighborhood. These are from half a mile to two or three miles away and are maintained day and night. The firing of signal shots by these pickets in case of the enemy's advance gives the command ample time for preparation. The Spaniards never attack at night. Their favorite hour is just at dawn, and it is for this reason that the Cubans always sound *diana* or reveille before daylight.

This morning I walked a beat along the front of the encampment from 2:30 to 5, watching the horses closely, as there is special danger that *rancheros* may slip some away from their tethers in the tall grass. Although I wear a long mackintosh I am drenched by the heavy dew and find the air very chilly. Grati- fied to see the Southern Cross once more. As a little boy, leaving the harbor of Habana for the States, it was pointed out to me by a sailor returning from Brazil, and the only time I had seen it since was when

IN DARKEST CUBA

I sat up all one night with General Nunez on the deck of the Florida while our boats were reconnoitering the mouth of the San Juan river near Cienfuegos. I now discover why I have not noticed it since. The constellation rises very late at this season and the dawn follows it so closely that its brilliance soon pales.

Had no breakfast but an ear of parched corn saved from last night. Was too sleepy, however, to feel hungry, as I had missed *siestas* for several days and had lost much sleep at night because of my Job-like affliction. So when I had roused the colored regimental cornet and bidden him *toca la diana* and he had played an air excruciatingly enough to raise the dead as well as the living, I turned into my hammock, soaked with dew, and slept until 10:30.

Soon after that hour Buttari showed up with a couple of palm *yagua* rolls filled with mangoes which he had picked up near by. He had eaten 20, but I found three or four sufficient for my relief.

At 12:30 we were informed that a party was going out after *viandas*, and, in view of the certainty that we would get nothing we did not fetch ourselves, Buttari, always ready for foraging, took my horse and saddle-bags, and, with Antonio on his own pony, started out.

There has not been one really breezeless day since I have been in Cuba, not one night too warm for blankets, and only one night—our first after landing—when there were mosquitoes.

When there is enough corn to be prepared in that way, the Cuban soldiers punch a piece of tin into a grater, grate the corn off the ears and afterward wash the floury paste off the cobs so as to save all

TAKING THE EARLY WATCH

nutriment; put the paste in a pan and bake, more or less, into a porridge or a loaf. They seldom have patience enough, however, to let it bake beyond the porridge point. I have not tasted the product yet because we have never had enough to cook; but it isn't appetizing in appearance. Nearly all the corn here is small, yellow and hard, much of it resembling pop-corn.

Agramonte's force of guerrillas is operating around here, and went to the village of Marroquin as soon as the Spaniards abandoned the blockhouse. These guerrillas have been employed chiefly in pestering the Spaniards in the vicinity of their posts, keeping them from raiding the little wood-homes and eating up the proceeds of their patches. They make it so uncomfortable for the Spaniards that they feel no security in operating around their fortified places. They got ahead of us into this neighborhood, so have already eaten what the Spaniards left.

An old gentleman of good presence came to camp today. He is the owner of this place and hundreds of acres of valuable lands, but has been hiding in the woods for years from the Spaniards, who burned his house and ravaged his property. Though rich in lands, he was hunting here for a pair of shoes to wear. (His son, a tall young fellow, who had been an officer in the Cuban forces and had received several wounds, one of them costing him an eye, was to be our guide for several days after this. He was a fine specimen of the country Cuban, as sinewy as a deer and quite indefatigable, marching on foot astonishing distances, and always fresh.)

Our foraging party returned empty-handed. Everything but the wild mangoes in the woods had been

IN DARKEST CUBA

already devoured. Some *viandas* will be fit to eat after awhile, but are now too green for even starving stomachs. Buttari had the luck to fall on five or six little woody and stringy sweet potatoes and brought them in. We had them for dinner. My share was one potato with three mangoes—boiled. A *guajiro* gave the recipe, and the boiled green mangoes resembled sweet potatoes somewhat, only they were acid and less sweet than the tubers. The sweet potatoes, red and yellow, are not by any means as good as those in the South—probably from lack of cultivation. They seem to have reverted to the original type, big cords of fibre running through them.

There is a dense forest back of the camp, full of palms, underbrush and jagged, thorny vines, etc. I hunted in it for hours to try and kill something to eat, but failed, and would have been lost but for my pocket compass, which brought me out of it into the open several hundred yards from our camp. Some of the men went out in other directions and killed four *hutias*; but we did not get a taste.

After dusk I saw for the first time in the campaign some of my boyhood friends, the *cocuyos* or Cuban firebugs, a dozen times as big as common fireflies and with many times the illuminating power. Sweeping rapidly through the woods, their throbbing green glow gives a light almost equal to a toy candle. A few of them in a little cage make a sufficient lantern for reading and writing. In Matanzas province I remember they used to swarm out in myriads after the evening rains, but on the south coast this trip I did not see any that I remember. This evening one over an inch long sailed under my hammock canopy, and I caught it. Somewhat enthusiastic at this meeting with an old

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friend, I took it to Buttari's hammock, where he lay. He was asleep, but I didn't know it, and when I sang out, "*mira*, Buttari!" and the insect dashed a bucketful of green light in his face, he awoke with a jump and smothered scream, and was shocked into a condition of great nervousness. I suppose he thought that the Spaniards had caught him. I had to laugh, and then to apologize. It took me a long time to make my peace.

I am pretty weak from fasting—find it hard to pull myself into the saddle and quite exhausting to take a walk. But I don't suffer the pangs from hunger that others complain so much about. By assiduous smoking I can deaden the appetite, and frequent naps have the same effect. But in my weakened condition I find it very irksome to wear day and night my loaded cartridge belt, *machete*, and heavy army revolver.

The evening was rather warm, as the woods cut the breeze off from us, but later it became quite chilly. I slept well, despite my *siestas*.

WHERE MANGOES ABOUND.

NEW CAMP SITE GIVES PROMISE ALSO OF GUAVAS IN
PLENTY—CAMPAIGN USES OF ELASTIC SEAM
DRAWERS—BREAKFAST, DINNER AND SUPPER ON
ONE SWEET POTATO AND A HALF—MAMONCILLOS
LEND VARIETY.

Saturday, July 30.—On rising this morning I had a bad scare. My horse, which had been tethered for the night close in front of the camp, had disappeared. Antonio swore he had tied him securely, but there was no mark of the rope on the tree to which he said he had fastened him. We were under orders to march and were packing up when I missed the beast, and my feelings, at being once more face to face with indefinite foot marches loaded down with luggage, may be imagined.

But I went out and hunted hard and far, and at last, on my way back to camp, I found him tethered in the bushes near the spot where the guerrillas had slept. I blessed the man who had thus checked his straying, and blessed Antonio in different fashion for failing to tether him securely. One of my remarks was that he was *sin verguenza*—shameless—and he thereupon complained to Buttari and Buttari informed me that it was against the peace and dignity of a Cuban soldier to be called names. I shall have to confine myself to American cusswords in dealing with Antonio hereafter.

We made a march which the guide said was to be a quarter-league, but which proved to be four miles. Took a northwest course through the forest—the trail

WHERE MANGOES ABOUND

here was very bad—then through underbrush, and then over the hills. On leaving camp we crossed a little stream running through an *arroyo* or ravine. Our horses were climbing single file up the sunken pathway that led up the bank, when an overloaded pony immediately in front of my horse collapsed from exhaustion and completely blocked the narrow defile. I couldn't advance and couldn't retreat, as there was not room for my horse to turn around in, so had to wait precariously half way up the steep bank until, after fifteen minutes' work, three men managed to drag the fallen pony up the gap. (The same thing came near happening to me several times afterward, and I made it a rule to push to the front of the line and follow only the stalwart horses.)

We passed two *guajiro* huts and a little *platanal* or plantain grove—the first faint sign of civilization and cultivation I had seen since leaving Florida. The extent of the *guayaba* (guava) groves in this section is almost inconceivable. The tough, angular and hardy little trees, growing as high as apple trees and spreading out stockily, covered densely thousands upon thousands of acres. The fruit was far too green to eat, but will ripen about the end of August.

After struggling through these *guayabales* we struck mango trees in plenty, with much ripe fruit, and soon reached a high elevation on the edge of a forest, whence we had a beautiful prospect of hills, valleys, palm groves and distant woods. At this point, Santa Teresa *potrero*, we made our camp. We had started at 6:45, and arrived at 8:15.

I secured a place on the edge of a guava grove where there had once been a camp, and after slinging my hammock between two trees found that it was

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occupying the identical spot that old Gomez's hammock used to do. There were the rope marks on the guava trees, the flooring of fence rails under the hammock, and an old letter addressed to Gomez by some officer a few months before lying torn in the grass. It was a choice place; better than any we had found before.

Buttari, who had slipped away as we approached the camp, now came up well loaded with mangoes. Jose also trailed in afterward with a further supply. On the slope to the south of the camp our men had found a plenty of ripe guavas, but they cleared them out before we could get any. Hunting in this direction for some of them I failed, but came upon a little river several hundred yards from camp, a beautiful, clear stream. Following its course, I found a big pool for bathing, a lovely cascade and exquisite views. We are charmed with the prospect of staying here.

An hour or two after we arrived a column of troops was discovered moving in our direction over the distant hills. There was some doubt at first as to their character, but the glasses showed them to be Cuban cavalry and a reconnoissance proved them to be General Gomez and his mounted escort. They camped on the opposite side of the stream. We were sorry to see them come, but we had too good a thing to enjoy by ourselves—a fine site, abundant pasturage, proximity to water for drinking, washing and bathing, nearness to mangoes and a great prospect of guavas if we should stay long enough.

Back of our camp, where the farm residence probably once stood, although even the site cannot now be identified, there is an extensive grove of tropical

WHERE MANGOES ABOUND

fruit trees, evidently of natural growth—*zapotes*, *guayabas*, lemons, mangoes and *anona*. Only the lemons are ripe, these being the small wild variety known in the States as limes.

Jose, my servant, brought me a report that the force of Jose Miguel Gomez, assisted by the American troopers, attacked Ciego de Avila, the Spanish garrison town in the centre of the *trocha*, and yesterday captured it; that over 60 Spaniards were killed while we only lost 4; that many of the Spaniards were blown to pieces by the dynamite shells; that the only meat found in the town was on the persons of three goats; that last night there was a high old time in the captured post, liquor flowing freely, etc. If this be true we will hardly stay here long. This part of Cuba is being freed p. d. q. (I found out later that the account brought by Jose was correct, except that the town was Arroyo Blanco and not Ciego de Avila.)

Buttari unwarily tied his truly Cuban horse near my tent and we turned our backs for a few minutes. When we looked again we found that the pony had eaten several mangoes out of the open bag, and, not finding them to his taste, had attacked some selected ripe ones which Buttari had carefully filed away for future reference in my Scriven's elastic-seam drawers, had already ruined a dozen of them and munched others through the covering, thus putting to a test the old saying that the proof of the pudding is chewing the bag. Buttari's rage was something painful to see. He hated his pony ever after.

Speaking of the raiment of the make of Scriven, I find that, although in this climate and in the constant absence of washerwomen and frequent absence

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of water, they are an unavailable luxury, yet they have their uses. We haven't got a bag in our outfit and we find that these drawers tied up at the feet, make excellent media for the conveyance of *viandas*. Being bifurcated they sit the horse like saddle-bags when loaded, and Buttari has made several successful foraging trips with their aid. Antonio went out this afternoon with a party to hunt food, and took another pair. (We did not see him again for four or five days because we had to leave camp before he returned, but he used the pair I gave him for carrying corn, potatoes, etc., during four days' marching and returned them to me in good condition when we reached our camp near Moron.)

At 2 o'clock I had for dinner, breakfast and supper combined one sweet potato and a half. The mangoes, however, furnished sufficient nutriment for the day and I felt better and stronger than for a week or more.

From 3 to 5 Buttari and I were at the river, bathing and washing our clothes at a beautiful little cascade among the ferns and under the tossing palms. We took a drawers-bag of mangoes with us, let them cool in the water, and then ate them all—a convenient arrangement, as mango-eating besmears one's face and beard with yellow pulp in a manner requiring a good scrubbing afterward. It was an idyllic evening and we thoroughly enjoyed it. What a delight this running water is!

We got a lot of *mamoncillos*, a little round fruit about the size of a big grape, growing in profusion on great glossy-leaved trees, and ate them in two courses, to wit: First, removing the green skin, we sucked the scanty acid-sweet pulp from the nuts; and

WHERE MANGOES ABOUND

then, roasting the nuts, ate the kernels, which tasted like a blending of acorns and chestnuts. After the mangoes had been exhausted *mamoncillos* were to be the only fruit available for our subsistence.

At dusk Agüero of the Chanler party paid me a visit and promised to come in later and give me the details of the capture of Arroyo Blanco. (But he didn't show up and I never had more than the outline already given in these notes.)

Colonel Trista's American horse, hobbled for the night, made such a noise foraging about my hammock that I couldn't sleep until midnight.

IN A GUAJIRO'S HOME.

COUNTRY FOLK, THOUGH ILL USED BY FRIENDLY AS WELL AS HOSTILE TROOPS, CONTINUE PATRIOTIC AND GENEROUS—MARCHING TO OCCUPY MORON, NORTHERN TERMINUS OF TROCHA—AN UNDESIRABLE DINNER—BUTTARI GROWS VIOLENT.

Sunday, July 31.—Camp at Santa Teresa. My turn for guard duty came at 3 o'clock and I watched the camp until 5. It was very chilly, and although I wore a heavy mackintosh I found myself hugging the watchfire at dawn, after the cornet had sounded the reveille. The notes of Gomez's cornetists, who are artists, came clear and sweet from over the river.

Took a two-hours' nap, and at 8 o'clock went out with Buttari on a foraging expedition. The country was very pretty. After 6 or 7 fruitless miles we went to a *guajiro's* hut and were kindly received. The hut was a large one. We sat awhile and talked to the family. The young women kept out of the way, as they usually do during soldiers' visits, but the children pattered about in bare feet on the clay floor, and we had quite a study of the rustic interior. The old man told us with a patient calm that his patch of cultivated ground had been ravaged by some of our men claiming to act under orders of Colonel Trista—which was false—but that we were welcome to anything we could glean from their leavings. He led us by an obscure footpath through the woods to a little two-acre field, hidden away in the forest, where there were plantains, corn and sweet potatoes. The first and last were not yet in bearing and nearly all the

IN A GUAJIRO'S HOME

corn which was sufficiently mature had been taken, but with his help we filled my saddle-bags and a pair of drawers with nubbin ears, which later proved to have very few grains on them and these barely formed. On our way back we got lost in the multitude of by-paths and came upon another hut in the woods, the owner of which left us with his folks while he went out to a hidden patch which must have been fully a mile away and brought us back a handful of bell peppers, the only thing he had to give. The liberality of these destitute and ravaged people, their cheerfulness and their patience, were impressive. I believe that with peace and education and good government they will make a fine yeomanry.

We returned to the camp at 1:15, having loaded up with mangoes on the way through the forest, only to find after our 13 or 14 mile trip that orders had been issued to march at 2 o'clock. We were very hungry from the exercise and ate ravenously a few nubbins hastily roasted, although there was hardly anything on the cobs.

At 3 o'clock we marched for Marroquin, the hamlet we had been so near several days before. As we were starting we had news that Moron, the fortified garrison town at the northern terminus of the *trocha*, had been abandoned by the Spaniards and that the *alcalde* (mayor) had sent a letter to General Gomez saying that he would rather surrender the town to the Cubans than the Americans and asking him to send a force there to occupy it. We were to go there to occupy the place, Colonel Trista said, and the journey would take three days—to Marroquin this afternoon, 20 miles in two marches tomorrow, and on to Moron on Tuesday. Our force of expeditionaries is the only

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one detached for this occupation, apparently. At our recent stopping places we were about midway between the northern and southern coasts and close to the line dividing Santa Clara province from Puerto Principe province.

A march of 6 or 7 miles across a hilly country and several pretty brooks brought us to Marroquin, a miserable hamlet of a half dozen palm huts set in the heart of a lovely valley and affording views—distant ones—that were a delight to the eye. The nearer ones were sordid.

Torrents of rain fell as soon as we reached the place, and we took refuge in some of the huts that were empty. The place had once been of some consequence, having 30 houses and several shops, but the Spaniards had burned them all, and now only these huts remained, with the abandoned eyrie blockhouse on the steep green hill to mark their occupation.

Buttari begged a piece of pumpkin, and we had some *mamoncillo* nuts and the remains of the morning's corn. As we were about to start a fire after the rain to cook these provisions, Colonel Trista called me and announced that the people in one of the huts had kindly prepared dinner for a limited number of officers, and I was ushered into a section of the hut where the table was laid. Before I could turn back I was hospitably forced into a seat by my companions, although I would gladly have run away, hungry as I was. With our fingers we ate boiled *hutia*, sans salt, and some grated corn paste and pumpkin, while a cat ran some chickens around the dirt floor and made them roost on the beams. In honor of the party a filthy cloth was on the table, and the whole feast was of a character to take away my appetite. I

IN A GUAJIRO'S HOME

could only taste the food, but my companions, with Castilian politeness, were florid in their compliments and cleaned the platters. Ugh! I escaped as soon as I could and took the taste out of my mouth with mangoes. Prejudices in favor of cleanliness are uncomfortable things to take on a campaign. I had had to surrender a good many before, but this was too great a task.

Toward dark, Don Domingo, an elderly white man who had lost his sons and property in the war and had come with us as the *asistente* of Colonel Trista and Major Betancourt, came into the part of our hut assigned to Buttari and me and started to hang up his hammock. Buttari was outraged at his presumption and ordered him out. Domingo laughed at him and persisted. A quarrel ensued in which each used warm words. Buttari rushed off and brought back an order from Colonel Trista to Domingo that he must report to him. Domingo said he would do so after hanging his hammock. Buttari said if the hammock was hung he would cut it down. Domingo called him a fool and threatened to slap him, and Buttari, greatly excited, drew his *machete* and was on the point of chopping the old man when I jumped between them, caught his arm and wrested the weapon away. Then I called Colonel Trista, and he came and ordered Don Domingo off, and Buttari remained in possession. I gave him a severe lecture on his drawing a weapon on an old man.

Our rear guard, who had taken the wrong path and got lost in following us, came in late amid much rejoicing.

I slept uncomfortably, suspiciously and miserably in my hammock, slung across the hut.

ON THE MARCH TO MORON.

TWENTY MILES OF HIKING, PARTLY IN TERRIFIC THUNDERSTORM—COFFEE GROWING WILD—THE INSURGENT'S RELIANCES: MANGO, HORSE AND HUTIA—HORRORS OF RECONCENTRATION RELATED BY SURVIVORS—THREE WEEKS SINCE LAST RATION ISSUE!

Monday, August 1.—Camp at Marroquin. We rose before day and prepared to march. I breakfasted on three mangoes.

A countryman came into camp with some country-made cigars to sell, and Buttari, in much excitement, ran to notify me of the fact. I don't think Buttari had any money—he certainly had never spent any in the campaign—but he was very fond of cigars. I bought 40 of them at one cent apiece and divided equally with Buttari. They were very fair, considering, but, being made out of the rough, somewhat harsh, leaf grown in these parts were not as good as the American cigar of blended growths.

When we had made ready to start we got news that we would not march until 8 o'clock, and that instead of making two marches, with a stop for dinner, we would have one long march of 20 miles. Sorry.

While sitting on a log, waiting, I have leisure to admire the beauties of this picturesque valley and to take note of the most exquisite little butterfly I ever saw—black and orange body and royal purple wings. There are not many butterflies here at this season, but all of them are beautiful. A little over to my left is the deserted Spanish blockhouse, atop a smooth, green, peaked hill, a fine place for survey and com-

ON THE MARCH TO MORON

mand. The framework of its heliograph station is still visible. To the right stretches away the deep green valley dotted with clumps and groves of royal palms, their white trunks shooting up straight and tall to the tossing tops of glossy leaves. Shading from green into blue, a chain of hills is drawn to the eastward.

The vegetation in this part of Cuba is very luxuriant. Scattered through the woods are mangoes, *mamoncillos*, lemons, *limas* (a fruit of the orange family with a thick rind and a faintly sweet pulp) *aguacates*—and guavas are everywhere. Yesterday when out hunting food I came across a thicket of young coffee trees growing wild in the woods and bearing well—the berries however will not ripen until September. Cuban coffee is as good as any in the world and the business of growing it was an important one, especially in Santiago province, until sugar monopolized the interest of the people. We have been out of coffee for some time and it would have been a godsend to get some ripe berries.

The son of the owner of the Santa Clara *potrero* is to be our guide—a tall, wiry fellow who can out-walk a horse. He has been a brave soldier and bears marks of five wounds, one of which put out an eye.

The people here gave us a spoonful of coarse, dirty salt, made on the coast by government agents. It is a scarce article, and we had been out of it for several days. Nobody here has sugar or coffee.

Another horse lay down and died just now. Our path is marked by the carcasses of these poor creatures. The coat-of-arms of Free Cuba ought to bear as devices the mango, the horse, and the *hutia*—the

IN DARKEST CUBA

three greatest contributors to the existence of the insurgents in their long and fearful struggle.

While waiting this morning I talked with two white women who had been *reconcentrados* but had managed to escape from Ciego de Avila and hide out in the woods. The description which one of them gave of the march to that town at the reconcentration was harrowing. The poor wretches of women and children and old men were herded by Spanish soldiers and driven at the point of the bayonet along trails worse than any we had traversed. Those who tried to carry food or clothing or furniture through the knee-deep mud exhausted themselves and fell by the wayside to die. Little children were borne by their mothers until they died in arms or were dropped from sheer exhaustion in the last effort to keep moving before the bayonets. Only the strongest reached Ciego de Avila—and they reached there only to starve under guard. These women had been here a short time and had lived by the sufferance of the garrison. Many of the Spanish soldiers, they said, were charitable and shared their hardtack with them.

What a hole this is! Naked children—one of them a pretty little girl with blue eyes and beautiful golden hair, but covered with boils—buzzards hopping about the yards, almost as household birds; dirt, rags, hunger, wretchedness! A people too destitute to maintain cur dogs must be destitute indeed. I saw here very nearly the first dogs I had seen in Cuba—two tall, gaunt, wolfish curs with cropped ears, living on God knows what, but kept for *hutia* hunting, in which they are experts.

At 8:20 I had an invitation to breakfast from our hostess of the evening before, an old woman who

ON THE MARCH TO MORON

wore the only clean-looking raiment I had so far seen, a calico wrapper. But the remembrance of the former meal sufficed me, and I sent Buttari to represent me at the trencher. He went on the run, and I ate three more mangoes and possessed my soul.

It was 9 o'clock when we departed. We marched east and northeast for some miles over the remains of a *calzada*, or highway, which had been constructed for vehicles and was actually practicable for horses. A path ran through the weed-grown road, and ledges of rock as much as a foot between levels gave some idea of the exercise involved in driving over it in its heyday times. Guava bushes loaded with green fruit bent down and almost barricaded the pathway. Yet it was comparatively dry, and we made good time. This road ran along the sides of long hills tending eastward and the scenery was quite picturesque.

At a considerable stream, along whose bank the road ran, we passed a halting place where a number of fresh Barcelona sardine tins on the roadside showed that the Spaniards, marching a few days before from Marroquin to the *trocha*, had stopped there to take lunch—sardines being a part of the Spanish ration, eaten with hardtack or rice. The hardtack, by the way, is very good—regular pilot bread, with more substance in it than the American crackers. I had tasted bits of it at Santa Teresa and Marroquin.

Leaving this *calzada* we took a bypath which led us through various *potreros* or stock farms, all without buildings and wholly deserted, the massive roughly-carved gateposts and the broken wire fences alone remaining to mark the points of former habitation. There were mango trees here and there, but all had been already stripped of fruit.

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A terrific thunderstorm came on and the rain drove in sheets against us for two hours; but we had to move in the teeth of it, though the paths ran torrents down the slopes. My mackintosh, although provided with a cape, was insufficient to keep me dry, and the water ran down and filled my shoes. During this rain we had to pass through dense forests of guavas and were almost swept from our horses by the limbs extending over the path, while underfoot the rainfall made a shocking bog of the black loam. We "went it blind," with eyes shut half the time, slipping and staggering and dodging. It was a fine ride! At last, at 1:15 p. m., we reached two large palm huts—sheds rather, since they had no sides—standing in a little clearing in the woods. Some mango trees were near, but hardly any fruit remained on them. There were also orange trees, but the fruit was green. A sluggish, swampy stream crept nearby, but there was no forage for the horses, except some very short grass. The place was called "El Naranjo," and it was 12 miles from Marroquin and—so they said, but they lied—12 miles from Moron, our destination.

The sheds were soon full of officers' hammocks swinging side by side from the beams, and the men made "shacks" of palm leaves to protect them from the dews.

Those who had not been provident had little or nothing to eat. Buttari and I had brought a few ears of corn and some pieces of *calabaza* or pumpkin, and when they were boiled they furnished us and our servants half a meal. Colonel Trista had sent out a guide for supplies and he brought in two panniers of mangoes, of which we were given a few. A soldier told me of the fine feast he had made of horse

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meat *tasajo* given him by a *guajiro*. Lots of others would have been glad to divide with him.

We were very much crowded at night, the hammocks almost touching and the dirt floor underneath covered with men sleeping on the ground. It was very uncomfortable. Give me always hereafter a place under the trees, I pray! I have no confidence in these huts and am in constant fear of army vermin, though I have contracted nothing worse than fleas from my sojourn in Marroquin.

The forage was so sparse that I had to change my horse's location three times during the night, and managed thus to give him enough grass. That horse is to me what a camel is to the desert-dweller, and I make it my first duty to see that he eats well. He is constantly improving under this care and is now a thoroughly serviceable animal.

It is three weeks since we had our last issue of rations.

OVER MUCK AND ROCK.

NINE MILES OF HARD SLOGGING—FENCE RAILS OF MAHOGANY—TEA AND CIGARETTE PAPERS RARE LUXURIES—BUTTARI'S STEW OF MAMEY, MANGO AND LEMON—ORCHIDS ABOUND IN ENDLESS VARIETY.

Tuesday, August 2.—Camp at El Naranjo. My guard duty from 3 to 5 this morning. I patrolled the little patch in the woods, keeping near the horses, as this is said to be a bad place for horse-stealing—though they aren't safe anywhere, now that they are so scarce and precious. Again drenched with dew, and my mackintosh, wet from the rain of the day before, did not give me much comfort.

The moon set as the day broke. The sky was partly cloudy. I haven't seen an absolutely clear day since I reached the island, a month ago. There is always a haziness on the horizon caused by the moisture in the air, or else a procession of trooping clouds taking on all manner of fantastic shapes. These last I attribute to the trade winds, rolling up the vapor and driving it in broken masses. Like armies with banners, these far-away mist processions pass at morning and evening along the verge of this little island world and so out to sea, to be vanquished and drunk up by the tropic sun. The sky overhead is ever the same soft, turquoise blue—not brilliant, as in the dry season, but melting with the softness of ungathered clouds.

Jose, my *asistente*, was up at 4 o'clock, trying to make a fire with the damp, sodden wood. It was hard and tiresome work, but at last he succeeded. One

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great need in Cuba is a resinous material for kindling, like our Southern lightwood. Some of the woods do very well when dry and splintered, but in wet weather fire-making is a serious problem. The best material for starting fires is a wood called *yana*, which is of a close texture and extremely tough. Next to it is *caoba*, or mahogany. Of these two woods most of the fence-posts are made, and at our Santa Teresa camp we kept up a fine fire with mahogany fence rails. It was a bit queer that starving men should parch corn for food over a mahogany fire, but *que voulez vous?*—this is topsy-turvydom. The wharf at which we disembarked at Palo Alto was built of mahogany and Thomason told me that at Jibaro he saw a well as broad as a room and hundreds of feet deep, all curbed and lined with beautiful polished mahogany. Precious woods are and have been a drug here—reasons: Spanish rule and Spanish roads.

Old Major Cainas took a bit of the chill out of me with a share of some orange-leaf tea he had made, like the veteran campaigner he was. These risings before day in the cold and damp make something hot to drink very grateful. If I had known when leaving Tampa what I know now, I would have laid in a stock of tea—and sundry other things of small cost and great comfort. If I had a few packs of cigarette paper to give away my popularity would be unbounded. The officers worked for hours yesterday stripping the inner skin of the palm sheaths and cutting it into cigarette wrappers.

It was 6 o'clock before our half-meal of boiled corn and *calabaza* was ready and we had to gulp it down scalding hot while the command was forming for the march. We started a few minutes later, and had

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trouble in getting our horses to plunge down the steep bank of the *arroyo* near the camp, causing Colonel Trista to lose his temper, as he does on very slight provocation. Our course was north and northeast. The road soon developed a new element of evil—rocks. It led us over a gently rolling plain of black muck, varied with limestone rock, evidently of coral formation. This rock lay on the surface in gnarled fragments and made hard and mean work for the horses. Later we had some forest bogging—very bad—and some experience in traversing beds of small stones which slipped under the horses' feet. The men marched better than before, but with a dogged silence—it took all their thought to save themselves from falling.

On the way we passed a big almond tree, very attractive in leafage. The Cuban almond, however, does not bear good fruit, and the attempt to rival the Spanish product is admitted to be a failure.

At 9:30 we reached a little grove of fine trees on the edge of an extensive grassy field, and stopped for what we thought at first was a brief rest, but, as it turned out, for the day's camping. We had had a march of fully nine miles. The place is called Antonio Perez's.

After the four head officers had gathered all the mangoes they could find, the men were allowed to scatter for the same purpose, the trails to Moron being picketed, of course.

I was tired and sore and preferred rest to foraging, but Buttari went out and returned without mangoes but with a few green *sapodillas* and three specimens of the *mamey de Santo Domingo*, a big, round fruit with a rough gray rind and a layer of firm

OVER MUCK AND ROCK

yellow flesh encasing a seed as large as an orange. After an absence of three or four hours Jose returned with my hand-bag full of fine ripe mangoes, enough to last our party 24 hours.

I am very weak and hungry and "let myself out." It takes ten mangoes to satisfy me.

Learn that General Rodriguez, who has come by another road, is camped with his escort several hundred yards from us, but when Colonel Trista went to see him he found him absent. We are waiting for orders, and shall probably spend the night here.

It is hard work to rig up our hammocks in the absence of small trees. Buttari and I finally hang ours from the branches of a big tree. The Colonel and Betancourt have a re-made palm hut to the left and the other officers and *agregados* line out to the right of us.

Under the trees we find many bushes of the round red peppers out of which Tabasco sauce is made. They are loaded with buds, blossoms and green and ripe fruit, the size of an English pea. The peppers are the hottest things in creation. Three or four, small as they are, will flavor a pot of food. The Cubans call them *jiguaoguaao*, a name supposed to express phonetically the yawp of a man who has recklessly eaten one. The vegetation is much more varied here than on the south coast. On one of these trees is a variety of orchid new to me, with long tendrils like an "ice-plant" hanging fully ten feet from the limb. But of other varieties of orchids there has been no scarcity. Every tree has been loaded with them, and on many their leaves eclipse the leaves of the trees. I suppose I've seen millions with my own eyes. There are sensitive plants here, with exquisite

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pink ball flowers and leaves that close if a breath is breathed on them. We found just now a queer insect with a startlingly natural representation of a man's face in the markings on its neck. By the way, I forgot to say that the country women spin thread from the down of the tree cotton. I saw the process the other day, and the thread was good, although roughly made with a primitive little spindle, twisted in the hands.

Buttari extemporises a stew out of *mamey*, green mango and sliced lemon, and it is ready at 6 o'clock, after I've had a nap. It is a success, and would be quite eatable, even under non-starvation conditions. Colonel Trista sends me a *mango mamey*, a sort new to me and very good. The two other kinds I've seen are the mango proper and the *manga*—the former russet skinned, with black and red blotches, and pleasant to eat even when green; the latter, yellow and not so nice, except when just at the moment of maturity. There are about 30 varieties of mangoes in Cuba, they tell me. The Cubans love the fruit better than any other. Compared with mangoes they don't care a snap for the banana, which I think is the king of tropical fruits. I suppose the reason is that the mango is, when a little overripe, extremely sweet—sickeningly so to me—and the natives love sweets passionately.

Heavy rain in the evening, but fine moonlight at night. Loose horses belonging to Colonel Trista and Lieutenant Colonel Torres disturb our rest. They are allowed to go loose because they are big American army horses, trained to stick to the camp, and, as American, too easily identified to make it safe for

OVER MUCK AND ROCK

anybody to steal them. Horse thieves are shot—when caught.

The cold is such that the slipping of a double blanket from my feet wakes me several times. Have to keep it pulled up to my neck, though I am wearing a flannel shirt. A swarm of gnats in the evening tickle us but do not sting. Nevertheless, they retard our sleeping.

NEAR THE LION'S JAWS.

APPROACHING THE DREADED TROCHA—AN ALMOST IMPASSABLE BARRIER—ON ONE SIDE PLENTY, BEYOND STARVATION—SPANISH EVACUATING SLOWLY THE EASTERN HALF OF THE ISLAND—FORAGERS REJOIN, BRINGING PLANTAINS, POTATOES AND CASSAVA.

Wednesday, August 3.—Camp near Moron. Reveille at 3:30, a whistle being used instead of the cornet, as we are only six miles from Moron, where there is a Spanish garrison of 2,000 men, and Colonel Trista, as the *trocha* is still held by the enemy, doesn't care to advertise our presence. We use, or try to use, eastern time, and when we rise it is bright moonlight.

We have had no coffee for a week, and Buttari wraps his intellect in a brown study for an hour trying to devise ways and means of supplying that want—but all to no effect.

Colonel Trista tells me that his information—presumably from General Rodriguez—is to the effect that the Spaniards are about to evacuate the city of Puerto Principe, capital of the province of that name, on the other side of the *trocha*, and that the large garrison there is being transferred to the *trocha*. He confirms the story I had heard before, that the Spaniards are leaving the *trocha* by way of a *laguna* (lake or inlet) extending from the north coast to a point several miles above Moron, to which point the *trocha* railway runs from the town. They take vessels of 50 or 60 tons for Caibarien, the port of Remedios, northwest of us, and thence go by rail to Habana. There

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is a shallow *canal* or channel between the keys and the mainland from the Moron inlet to Caibarien, and this these sailboats traverse. As they are few and small and slow, and as on the *trocha* and at Puerto Principe there are probably 14,000 men, the evacuation does not proceed rapidly.

We are close to the Spanish lion's jaws, six miles only from Moron and the *trocha*, but our officers anticipate no interference if we are not too obtrusive. It is said that some Cubans have been allowed to pass the *trocha* without being fired on by the Spanish sentries. These clear their throats and otherwise give warning of their presence, but do not fire on solitary slippers-through. Of course it would be different if a body of men sought to pass. The *trocha* is very formidable—a broad clearing straight across the forest swamps, protected on each side by a maze of barbed-wire fencing, a railroad track down the centre; every mile a blockhouse fort, every two hundred yards a smaller blockhouse with a few men, so placed that none can cross the *trocha* without zigzagging between three of them. As the Mausers have a range of several miles, it is easily seen that a warning shot from one of the sentry houses can call a storm of bullets to sweep the clearing. General Andrade admitted to me at Palo Alto that the *trocha* was what the Spaniards claimed it to be, an almost impassable barrier, and that messengers between Gomez and the government quarters had to wait sometimes a week before they could get a chance to slip through. I have seen enough here to assure me that this is true. On one side of the line is starvation, on the other, comparative plenty—this fact alone is proof that the *trocha*

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is all but impassable and that it has accomplished much of its purpose.

The Cubans have advices that the Spaniards have already evacuated Nuevitas, a port on the north coast of Puerto Principe (or Camaguey.) This, with the coming abandonment of Puerto Principe city and the *trocha*, will complete the evacuation of all Spanish posts in the eastern half of the island. We ought to be able to get a plenty of food from Camaguey once we occupy Moron. Our forces there are said to be living very well.

This morning a huge tarantula spider was killed under the hammock of Betancourt y Manduley, our next door neighbor. It could have straddled a saucer with its legs. As this spider is very poisonous, its presence is disagreeably suggestive of further insect terrors. In the southern and central part of the island we saw none of these, but here on the north coast nature is more bountiful!

Foraging parties went out in the forenoon and Jose brought in a haversack and drawers-bag full of mangoes. Most of them were too ripe for me, but at 10 o'clock I consumed eight rather green ones for breakfast. Nothing else to eat. One of the officers found some little wild tomatoes, the size of marbles. The domestic tomato soon becomes wild, or *sylvestre*, and deteriorates in size but retains its flavor. In fact the wild ones hold in concentrated form all the flavor of the big cultivated ones.

The parrot-chattering of Buttari, Betancourt-Manduley, Zayas and Villegas makes me sick to nausea—*Chico! Carrajo!* by the hour, much noise and no substance. I prefer the country people who have dignity and taciturnity. Yet in essential respects the

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camp is model in behavior. There is no rowdyism, no incivility, nobody has had liquor for a month and nobody seeks it or cares about it. It could give points to camps of American soldiery in some matters.

A few minutes before 1 o'clock a score of our expeditionaries under a captain came in. They were the party who went out when we were camped at Santa Teresa to find food and were left behind when we made our hurried start. They marched four days on our trail, eating the food they had secured for us, and had a plenty—plantains, potatoes, *cassava*, etc. Antonio showed up with the drawers-bag, which still contained three green plantains and two ears of corn. He had eaten seven meals a day, he said, in order to lighten the load—and succeeded. The party had also had the luck to kill 15 *hutias* on the way.

Here in camp today horse-meat is being eaten; not only that, but the meat of a horse that died of disease. A fine mare yielded last night to an attack of colic, and this morning some of the men butchered her and exposed the flesh. Colonel Trista ordered them to throw it away, but many cooked it, nevertheless, and said it was good. Buttari declared its appearance to be tempting, but he balked on the eating. Old Betancourt highly approved the consumption of it, declaring that in the Ten Years' war he had eaten buzzard. "I eat anything," he said. "It is better to eat buzzard than let buzzard eat you."

There was a heavy thunderstorm in the afternoon, accompanied by much wind. The water here is drawn from a stagnant pool and is very bad, so I saved a couple of quarts of rain water from the eaves of my hammock cover, and it made me sad to see so very

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many gallons besides go to waste for lack of vessels to hold it.

This afternoon I saw a chap in a Spanish striped drill blouse talking to Colonel Trista, and, going up, found him to be a Spaniard who had deserted his army and joined the insurgents in April, 1895, three months after the revolution broke out, and who had been appointed *alferez*, ensign, or second lieutenant, by General Joaquin Castillo. He had recently been detached from his command on account of sickness and was now operating in this neighborhood. He was rejoicing in a pair of American shoes, which had been given him by Trista, but there were none to supply four others, *orientales* or eastern Cubans, who also wanted to join our force. Colonel Trista says he will send to Gomez for arms and ammunition, as we will probably get many recruits.

Had to wait until Betancourt-Manduley and Zayas finished cooking in order to get fire and pot for our own use. Buttari's intent watching and waiting for their meal to be "cook-ed" was a sight for gods and men. It was 5 p. m. before we could get ours on the fire—a borrowed pot with mamey, ripe mangoes and a little lemon juice and peel, and an ex-beef-can with the three plantains and two ears of corn that Antonio brought, and four sweet peppers. I am writing this now as the cooking proceeds and my mouth fairly waters as I think of the coming dinner, for this mango diet, while it keeps up my strength to a certain extent, leaves me hungry with a hunger that smoking can't kill. Still, as the days go by, I feel that I would give up all the fancy dishes in my past imaginings or in creation for a bellyful of "hopping-

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john" (boiled cowpeas and rice) with a chunk of homemade bacon in it. I am attaining Buttari's appetite at last.

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but Jose went out and hunted him down, finding him a long way off in more abundant guinea grass.

Conil came over from General Rodriguez's camp and announced that the General was about to march 12 leagues to La Majagua, where Gomez had returned, and that he would come here later; that the landing of another expedition was expected daily. It is just my luck to be so far from it and to miss getting a horse and seeing General Nunez. My borrowed mount is a good one, but I need one for my *asistente*—as long as he has to walk I am hobbled in my movements, overloaded with luggage, and he complains bitterly of the necessity of footing it, threatening to return to the ranks.

Colonel Trista notifies us that Major Braulio, who has a small force of guerrillas near here, is about to send an agent into Moron to buy some food. The prices are peculiar—crackers 5 cents apiece, chocolate 50 cents a pound, sugar 5 cents a pound. We are evidently here for a week, so will have to prepare for meeting food necessities. Jose brings in a bushel of mangoes today—some of them the finest I ever saw—and Buttari a peck, but, O Lord! I am sick of 'em and would welcome anything clean for a change. The prospect is that for a week to come we will have nothing but mangoes. Ugh!

There are some 30 varieties of mangoes in Cuba, they say. The place these came from, Jose tells me, has 70 or 80 trees, full of ripe fruit, so we can't starve—but oh for peas and rice and bacon! Antonio tags in in the afternoon with a pair of drawers full of mangoes. Mangoes, mangoes to burn, but nothing but mangoes! Give me dry hominy, mealy Irish potatoes (my special abomination) hoecake, anything

OH, FOR HOPPING-JOHN!

dry and tasteless, but anything rather than mangoes. They sustain life, but they pall horribly on the palate and make one crazy for a change.

One result of this diet is that we don't have to drink water—which is fortunate, as the water here is very bad, from a stagnant swamp pool. In two days I've taken but one drink of it. The mango juice has very much the effect of Glenn Springs water, and it follows that it is a good medicine. The Cuban doctors think highly of its properties.

After dark messengers come in with several panniers of corn in the shuck, and, after reserving a liberal share for himself, Colonel Trista has a distribution. It is the nearest approach to rations and equality we have had since the American food supply was cut off. Each private received two ears, each company officer three, each staff officer three, and each *asistente* two. We were simply wild for this dry, hard corn and cooking began immediately. Buttari was so full of mangoes, raw and cooked, that he actually hadn't room for more than one ear. I ordered *dos asado* (two, roasted) but one cob was bare. I always enjoy parched corn after a diet of mangoes, and mangoes after a diet of parched corn. The trouble is to get them to alternate reasonably.

The big ulcer on my horse's back, which they said couldn't be cured and would have to be cut out, is now, thanks to care and carbolic salve, reduced one-half in size and will be healed in another week of rest.

The day has been sultry, with threats of heavy rain, but the clouds passed over. The night was warm, though blankets were required toward daylight.

DOLLARS AT DISCOUNT.

TAKEN AT LESS THAN FOURTH ITS VALUE AND THEN
AS SPECULATION—BEEF FOR BIRTHDAY DINNER!—
TARANTULAS UNCOMFORTABLY ABUNDANT—ALL
WATCHES IN CAMP AWRY, DIAL IS IMPROVISED,
WITH COMPASS AND PENDULUM.

Friday, August 5.—Camp near Moron. My birthday. I had planned on the way here, when expecting to enter Moron as soon as we liked, to give a birthday dinner to some of my companions—a hardtack blow-out at the least. But the fates forbid. It looks like a fast instead.

This morning the commission in charge of Major Braulio of the guerrillas left here to procure the buying of some provisions in Moron, and I put up an American silver dollar to buy goods at Spanish prices based on Spanish silver at 45 cents on the gold dollar. A Spanish silver dollar would have bought two pounds of sugar, one pound of chocolate, a dozen hardtack at 5 cents each, some salt and a bag—these being the famine prices expressed in depreciated silver, worth in gold only 45 per cent. of its face value. I relied on the gold-bug boast that, supported by the gold standard, every American silver dollar would pass “at par with the gold dollar in every market of the world.” That was a fine thing, and I had contemplated with some satisfaction the double purchasing power of my few American dollars in the Cuban markets. But as there were no brokers at hand to change my American silver into Spanish and the prices of goods in Moron were expressed in

DOLLARS AT DISCOUNT

Spanish silver, I now saw that in order to make purchases I would have to let my 100-cents-in-gold silver dollar go for the same goods which could be bought with the 45-cents-in-gold Spanish silver dollar. Resigning myself to this sacrifice, I handed Major Braulio a silver dollar and a list of purchases to be made with it. What was my surprise when he handed it back with the terse remark, "No good!" He might, he said, be able to pass my American dollar at fifty cents, Spanish silver, which would make it bring me 22½ cents (gold value) in trade; but the Moron merchants made their prices for Spanish silver and would only take American silver in speculation, at a big profit.

I tried to make this insurgent major understand that the all-powerful United States of America had determined solemnly in the momentous election of 1896 that the gold dollar and the silver dollar coined by its mints should have "equal intrinsic and exchangeable value in all the markets of the world," that the "national honor" had been pledged to it, and that it was a deadly affront to the "sound money" administration of President McKinley to offer only half of a 45-cent bullion silver dollar for a dollar like this that all the world knew was as good as gold everywhere in the world; and I assured him that as soon as the American troops should occupy Moron this same cart-wheel token would be exchangeable at par with gold. He replied that he did not doubt any of these things, but that Moron was not yet in American hands, and, while he believed it would eventually fall into them he himself and the merchants of this town wanted something that was immediately available. Whereupon he saluted me politely and rode away, leaving

IN DARKEST CUBA

me and my 22½ cents gold standard dollar both feeling much below par.

Poor Buttari! He had built such hopes upon my prospective purchases in Moron, and when I told him the sad truth his face was painful to behold. Buttari is of the school of the sybarites, not the stoics. "*El pobre estomago!* (the poor stomach!) he exclaims; it has to pay all the penalties of this war, and yet it is not in the least responsible for bringing it on!"

When Betancourt-Manduley saddled his horse this morning a big tarantula spider ran out from under the saddle and on the horse's flank, but fortunately was brushed off before it used its two wicked fangs on the beast.

I find that in Moron there is no rice, peas or anything substantial in the line of eatables except biscuit and bread, and not much of a supply of these. There are some sardines at 10 cents a can.

Buttari made several efforts to get us representation in different commissions going out to hunt food in the country, but failed, and told me that he had written the day down a blank in his notebook. He then went to bed in disgust—which means that he took to his hammock for a *siesta*. At one o'clock I responded to a low call from the neighborhood quarters of Dr. Laine, our surgeon, and Lieut.-Col. Perico Torres, and on going there was presented by them with a piece of beef, a part of the product of a cow killed last night out in the country by a *ranchero* whose child Laine had been attending. The grateful father had given the doctor a good supply and he and Torres were smoking it over a fire when I went up. This was a windfall indeed. I went back with

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the gift carefully covered with a piece of *yagua* (palm sheathing), as they did not want the others in camp to know they had beef, and when I got to my hammock found Jose there radiant with a big *hutia*, which he had killed with somebody's rifle, and some fine mangoes. When I showed Buttari and Jose the piece of beef they almost went into fits of delight. So we are going to have my birthday dinner after all—with wild tomatoes and lemons and cayenne pepper to flavor it. Maybe more, we'll see.

Just now Jose pulled from under my hammock and opened my little Gladstone bag, which has been used as a food and utensil carrier, and started to sort out some mangoes that were in it. As he was putting his hand into it I saw something move among the fruit and by a quick cry checked him just in time to keep him from grasping a big tarantula which was squatting on the mangoes. We killed the fellow, a "whopper," with fearful fangs. The sting of these spiders is very severe and causes fever and great suffering for days. It isn't pleasant to think that they are all about us here and nesting in our belongings. This is the third which has been killed in the space of twenty feet.

Our watches were all awry and it was necessary to adopt some uniform standard of time, so today old Betancourt and I extemporised a dial, using my compass and a pendulum and getting the sun-time pretty accurately at noon.

The food question continues to be in an increasing degree the dominant one in this camp—in fact the war and its results are hardly considered except in connection with the problem of getting enough to eat. Up to a late hour last night a number of the

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younger officers and *agregados* were assembled at one of the camp fires near me, each expressing in turn—and out of turn, too—his preference for different dishes—and each as he spoke was greeted with a chorus of ecstatic “oh’s” and “ah’s” until the camp resounded. Every dish proved popular.

Speaking of camp fires, each squad of troops and each mess of officers maintained one, and it would surprise Americans, who have an idea that the tropics are naturally hotter than the temperate zones, to see the groups of men, in waterproofs or with blankets wrapped about them, warming themselves at these fires at night and before sunrise.

Jose showed up in the afternoon with a handful of sweet potatoes and corn which had been given him by some veteran friend, and we put sliced lemon, *jiguaoguaos* and a half dozen little tomatoes in with them and made a boil. But the tin can split from the heat and Jose and Buttari were too impatient to let the beef cook well, so the result was not a success. It was not half enough, either, as we were voracious.

Colonel Trista sent me a taste of wild honey, but we had nothing to drink or eat it with. Buttari took some in hot water. He is always ready for sweets and always trying to fool his stomach with substitutes.

On opening my saddle-bags I found a stream of white ants or termites—here called *comejen*—issuing from them. These ants are a great pest, here as in Africa. They occupy mud houses and destroy wood and wooden effects in a wholesale way, eating out the tree to its bark and leaving but a rotten shell which crumbles at a touch. The paper in my saddle-

DOLLARS AT DISCOUNT

bag was full of them. Jose had to take out all the articles, one by one, and hold them in the smoke over the fire in order to rid them of the little pests.

There was a threat of a thunder-storm in the afternoon but it passed over. The night was warmer than usual, but a mackintosh was comfortable covering.

I had a long talk with Colonel Trista and volunteered for any dangerous service which might become necessary. I am very sick of this stagnation.

AN INDISCREET LEADER.

COLONEL TRISTA CLASHES WITH HIS MEN—MUTUAL DISLIKE—BUTTARI'S DEVICE TO FUDGE AN EXTRA MEAL—THOUSANDS OF SPANIARDS CLOSE BY AND WARNED, YET INSURGENT CAMP IS NOT ATTACKED.

Saturday, August 6.—Camp near Moron. My guard duty 3 to 5 a. m. Had to sound *diana* (reveille) with a whistle, the cornet being taboo owing to our proximity to the Spaniards.

There was a clash early today between Colonel Trista and his men. They cordially dislike each other. Trista despises the cigar-makers and resents their insolence and indifference to orders; while the men consider him selfish, grasping, and indifferent to their health and welfare. In my opinion both are right. But the Colonel today had to do something decisive or abandon all pretensions to discipline. At *diana* this morning he called out both the companies for drill, the first since leaving Tampa. The first company, commanded by Lieutenant Gonzales, a Spaniard—said by Trista to be the only line officer who has given him any aid—responded promptly enough, cleared with their *machetes* a drill ground in the field in front of us, and were put through their exercises, including a skirmish drill. The third company had been broken up and absorbed into the others, our force having been reduced by sickness, deaths and details more than one-half. The second company, commanded by Lieutenant Guilles, showed up slowly, reluctantly and with few in ranks, The Colonel ordered them to clear away the grass on another piece of ground.

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Lieutenant Guilles answered that most of his men were sick and that he would have to clear the ground himself. "Then go ahead and do it," responded Trista, not very amiably. Guilles responded that he desired it understood that when he did the work he would do it of his own free will and not because he was ordered to do it; as he did not admit Trista's right to order him to do such work. He added that this was more like a cemetery than a camp, and reflected on the treatment the men had received from their Colonel on the march and here. Colonel Trista paused a moment, and then ordered him under arrest to await the arrival of General Rodriguez. The men of the second company were then put under a lieutenant of the former third company, and made to clear the ground and drill.

Buttari now tells me that some of the men informed him after this incident that they had agreed to kill Colonel Trista in the first fight they got into. "And what do you think I said to them?" added Buttari. "I told them they were right, and to go ahead." He went on to say that a number of Cuban officers had been killed by their men in battle for cruelty and tyranny, citing the case of Jose Maceo as one of them.

I am disgusted with Buttari, but can understand how a man who loves eating as he does bitterly resents the Colonel's neglect of everybody else's appetite but his own. This information embarrasses me. I can hardly warn Trista without his divining the source of my information, and he hates Buttari, as Buttari hates him. It is not my funeral, anyhow, and I don't suppose we will have a fight, as things are going now. I'll have to wait for a cue.

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In the afternoon a supply of corn and pumpkin came in, brought by *rancheros* on the Colonel's order, and our share was two ears apiece and one ear for each *asistente*, with a good slice of pumpkin for the four—about one-third ration altogether.

I was asleep in the morning, making up for my guard hours and trying to kill time, when at ten o'clock Buttari awakened me and said that flies had attacked the *hutia*, that Jose and Antonio had gone after mangoes, and that if we didn't eat the meat soon it would be past eating. He said he knew how to roast it and—this as a bait to me, for he didn't like condiments himself—he would season it well with lemon, red pepper and salt. I asked him why he hadn't waked me before Jose left camp, and he said it was because he didn't want to disturb me. I replied that he did disturb me just the same, but he might go ahead with his cooking if he was suffering. He did so, and in his eagerness burned part of the meat and left part of it underdone. We sat down to the two hind legs of the animal, and in spite of the bad cooking it was, on the whole, very good—much the best yet. And so thought Buttari, for he gobbled his own share and ate a third of mine, before I got through. We ate it just so, without vegetable additions, this animal I had looked upon with contempt a month before. After we had eaten, Buttari admitted that he had never made a roast before, but that he had said he knew how because otherwise I might not have trusted him to cook it.

When Jose came back and found the choicest part of his *hutia* eaten, he was in a towering rage, his naturally bad temper being increased by the slight put upon him as a caterer and cook. I had to call in

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Buttari and make him translate in detail while I read the riot act to Jose. The darkey threatened to return to his company, but he didn't all the same—the companies are not on velvet just now.

Later in the day the guerrilla, Major Braulio, brought in the supplies from Moron ordered yesterday morning—mainly biscuits and chocolate. Villegas, one of the *agregados*, who had got an order filled, gave each of us a Moron biscuit. It was of the size and shape of a big Spanish hardtack, but far inferior—flat, pasty and stale, made of bad flour. I prefer sweet potatoes and pumpkin. Jose, by the way, brought in a handful of sweet potatoes and a couple of ears of corn, and for dinner we had these with boiled *hutia*. The *hutia* was still sound, despite Buttari's affectation of alarm, which had served its purpose of giving him an extra meal—the first half-roasting of it having been effective and the smoking with guava leaves helpful. It was before dinner that Buttari said: "What has my poor stomach done that it should be made a vicarious sacrifice for all the Spanish cruelties in Cuba?"

The evening was very warm and breezeless, and for the first time on the island I really suffered from the heat when not exercising. Still, by midnight the cold woke me and compelled me to use blankets.

Sunday, August 7.—Camp near Moron. Five weeks since we landed, seven weeks since we left Tampa, and thirteen weeks since I left Columbia.

Ours is certainly a curious situation. Here we are only six miles from a Spanish garrison town, holding thousands of soldiers, who could surround and destroy us at will; countrymen by the dozen a day coming and going from our camp, any one of them able to

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give news of us to the enemy; and yet we are smoking, lying in our hammocks, cooking and eating (whenever we can) as if there were no hostile force within a hundred miles. The Spaniards know this place; they have been here repeatedly; shots resound in the woods day and night; yet none come to investigate. It would soothe their wounded pride to destroy a Cuban force as they were about to evacuate the *trocha*, but—this is one of the *cosas de Espana* that no fellow can understand.

I have had another long talk with Colonel Trista. Like some other Cubans he has no confidence in the ability of the Latin race for self-government; says he doesn't want Cuba to be out of the control or regulation of the United States; that he doesn't trust his own people. If he had the power he would, he says, put a tax of \$50 a head on each immigrant of the Latin race that entered the island, and give a bonus of \$50 to each German, Scandinavian or Anglo-Saxon coming to the island. He admitted that he had had enough of starvation in the Ten Years' war, and that he would not have come to Cuba this time if he had not believed the expedition would be under American auspices and would be amply supplied with food. He is bitter in his expression of contempt for Habana people, and the inhabitants of the western part of the island generally; says he wouldn't give a dozen Orientales, or inhabitants of Santiago, his native province, for all the troops on this side of the *trocha*. With these views, expressed with more or less freedom, to others besides myself, it is no wonder that the Colonel is not beloved by his men, all of whom are from Occidente.

HUNGER BREEDS TEMPER.

CASTILIAN PRIDE PLUS HUNGER PROVOKES READILY TO WRATH—EVACUATION OF TROCHA TOO SLOW TO SUIT EITHER SPANIARDS OR INSURGENTS—PASSAGE OF LINES MAY BE ARRANGED TO EXPEDITE MOVEMENT ALL DESIRE.

Monday, August 8.—Camp near Moron. A distribution this morning of the corn brought yesterday. Our share 14 ears, which puts us on velvet. We have now a whole day's rations ahead.

A while ago Buttari was standing near the Colonel's quarters talking to me of the pronunciation of Spanish. I had been expressing some dissatisfaction with the way in which the Cubans usually in conversation slur over their words and make a point of pronouncing various letters differently from the Spaniards, while in declamation their pronunciation is accurate—the contrast showing that they know how to speak the language but don't care to do so as a general thing. Buttari had declared that the Cubans spoke better Castilian than the natives of some of the provinces of Spain, such as the Catalans, Gallicians, and Basques—which was true—and I had replied that that was because these others had inherited a different dialect, while the Cubans, having inherited the Castilian tongue in its purity, had no such excuse for mangling it.

Buttari then branched off to the Canary islanders and was expatiating on their exaggeration of the sound of the Spanish "ll," when Colonel Trista, who was pacing up and down in front of his hut, stopped and re-

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marked to me: "Here is Buttari talking of exaggerating the pronunciation of Spanish, when he himself exaggerates it 75 per cent. more than the Spaniards themselves." Buttari and the Colonel hate each other; and there was enough truth in the latter's remark to hurt, for Buttari in his rendering of poetry aboard the Florida had lisped his c's and z's to the taste of the Spanish Academy. But the accusation now was like a red flag to an Iberian bull. He grew furious with rage, as he had done at La Majagua when Conil joked him about his declamation—"I am one of the best declaimers in the world," he had told Conil then, "and if you want to retain my friendship, never make light of me in that regard." But he couldn't cuss out his Colonel now, and it was the funniest thing to see him trying to steer between the Scylla of admitted error and the Charybdis of a courtmartial. He managed to get away from the Colonel without a fight, but he breathed vengeance all the rest of the day and I couldn't resist the temptation to tease him. (In fact, if I didn't have Buttari to tease I would not be able to maintain my philosophy as I do.) Buttari will stand almost anything but reflections on his literary and poetic abilities. You may call him a glutton, a selfish child, pretty nearly everything, but you mustn't deny him rank among the masters.

The companies had another drill this morning. It seems strange we should have a drill ground here within sound of the Spanish railway whistles, but we may stay here ten days yet, Colonel Trista says, before Moron is evacuated. He has advices that a Spanish vessel loaded with stores for the troops on the *trocha* has been captured on the coast by the Americans

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(This news traveled slowly. Just nine days after this we were eating these same stores on the north coast; they had been taken to the States and were, at this writing, on the way back to Cuba on the Dellie expedition). The failure of food is probably one of the causes contributing to the evacuation of the *trocha* and Puerto Principe.

A *guajiro* comes in today and leaves some salt for Buttari with Villegas, Betancourt-Manduley, and Zayas, and they appropriate it and won't disgorge. Buttari earnestly protests to his *chicos* and to me that this is not an act of friendship—but friendship doesn't count for much among these starving.

Colonel Trista calls up an officer and gives him the devil, because some of his men go to the *ranchos* of the *guajiros* and ask for food; but as this is done daily in the Colonel's own behalf, the force of the lecture is lost. The men are very much outraged by the selfishness of their commander and his neglect of them; but I don't see that in this regard he is at all worse than the other officers I have been associated with, and in trying to get something for his men to eat he is far ahead of General Rodriguez, who let them starve at La Majagua for ten days without lifting a finger in their behalf.

Later in the day two pannier-loads of corn came in and a distribution followed. Our share was 18 ears for four persons. We are therefore fixed for two days. I visited the two Americans and found that they had received three ears each. I doubled their rations out of our stock, Buttari agreeing cheerfully. The Americans had a bit of horse-meat, the product this time of a horse killed, not "died from natural causes." I suspect that the horse was slaugh-

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tered by our neighbors, the guerrillas, of whom there are two camps near by. One of the Americans had tasted meat only once since landing in Cuba six weeks ago, and the gratitude of both was great at the assurance of one square meal.

When Buttari heard there was a horse killed, he at once declared that he must have his share, though he would prefer mule-meat. I told him it couldn't be cooked in my kitchen as long as we had any such civilized food as parched corn to eat.

In the morning Buttari and Jose went out foraging. The former brought saddle-bags and drawers-bag full of mangoes from a new place, some little green bunches of dwarf plantains and a *hutia* which he had killed. Jose brought a lot of mangoes and several *Mameyes*. It never rains but it pours.

Colonel Trista came to my hammock shelter and paid me a visit, sitting on my rolled mackintosh and politely refusing to let me leave the hammock. He made himself quite agreeable, showed me photographs of his wife and children in Honduras, and expressed much contempt for the other members of the staff. I gave him some choice mangoes and some *mameyes*. Later he received a copy of the official paper, *Las Villas*, printed monthly in Gomez's camp, previous numbers of which I had seen. This he gave me to read and set 'em up to coffee. I seem to be making my way into the regard of these people, and if the campaign were to last much longer I would have better treatment and larger opportunities than I've enjoyed yet. Jose tells me that all the officers, and the men also speak very cordially of me and mentions some who say they would be glad to share with me if I were not messing with Buttari. Jose is still

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after me—as he had been for weeks—to dissolve partnership with Buttari; but I took him up out of pity, and now that he is useful, though still dependent in several respects, I won't cut him off.

I had another long talk with Colonel Trista this evening, and he brought up the case of the horse that died and was eaten; "What people!" he exclaimed; "When I found that the horse was diseased I ordered the meat to be thrown away, yet now I learn that they have eaten it." I told him that his men were starved and couldn't discriminate. He replied that they ate more than I did, and that they could forage for themselves, and did so. I told him that some of them couldn't, and brought up the case of the two Americans. He said that they were good men, and that I could tell them that when they were in need they could come to him and he would share anything he had with them. I answered that they did not like to beg, and he responded that that wouldn't be begging; that they ought to let him know their wants. So I went and informed the men, and the Illinois man, the spokesman, said they couldn't express their gratitude, but they would remember me in their hearts. I told them to call on me also whenever they needed aid, and left them happy.

We had an ample dinner today; corn, sweet potatoes and *hutia*.

Colonel Trista, who is getting quite chummy, told me tonight that the Spaniards were unable to evacuate the *trocha* and Puerto Principe in a month with their present water facilities, and that their only chance was to march across the country to Santo Espiritu, that he had a letter today from General Rodriguez, now camped near Ciego de Avila—the central town

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of the *trocha*—indicating his expectation of having a conference with the Spanish commander at Ciego with a view to permitting the passage of the Spanish troops across the Cuban lines. Colonel Trista said he had written the General suggesting to him that the Spaniards be allowed to march with their arms but under an escort of 50 Cubans—this he thought would be a great humiliation to their pride.

We are as anxious for them to get out of the *trocha* as they are; for unless they quit soon we'll eat out this country and starve, whereas if they evacuate the *trocha* we can get to the food ranges of Camaguey.

CUBANS WERE TRICKED.

MISLED BY SECRET CIRCULAR INTO VOTING FOR MCKINLEY—CORN-AND-HUTIA PIE UNSUCCESSFUL—FOOD OF A SORT NOW RELATIVELY PLENTIFUL—COLONEL TRISTA PLANS RECONNOISSANCE—PROMISES TO TAKE LIEUTENANT GONZALES ALONG.

Tuesday, August 9.—Camp near Moron. On account of the firing in the woods between here and the town all day and night, our men were called up this morning and their cartridges taken away—a proceeding apt to be attended with inconvenience in case of a Spanish attack.

Buttari has been hankering after my half-gill of honey ever since the Colonel gave it to me, and has got and boiled and eaten some of his own. At last he persuaded me to let him make some hot lemonade with mine; but when the time came to concoct it he wanted his share without acid—and so had it mere diluted honey, like the sweets-loving fly that he is.

I find that before day this morning the two American privates got a windfall of food. A big owl alighted on the rope of the hammock of one of them, and the other, seizing inspiration and the opportunity, took a brand from the camp fire and shook it rapidly before the eyes of the bird, dazzling and distracting it, while the other got a stick and slew it. I am told that the flesh was very delicate and was much relished. Buttari is quite envious of *los Americanos*.

Buttari has called his horse "McKinley," so I can do no less than name mine "Bryan." Compared with

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him "McKinley" is a mere rat in size, and "Bryan" is also a giant in intellect. He is one of the most intelligent horses I have ever seen and I'm getting very fond of him, although he manages to unfasten his tether and go hunting fresh pasturage almost every day, causing me much worry.

I learn from Buttari that a great many Cubans were going to vote for Bryan in the election of 1896, but on its eve T. Estrada Palma, the Cuban delegate in New York, had an interview with McKinley in which the Republican candidate promised to intervene in behalf of Cuba, and Mr. Palma thereupon sent out a secret circular to the Cubans urging them to support McKinley, which they did. Buttari has seen the circular. Yet it was Bryan's influence that induced congress to force McKinley to keep his word.

Colonel Trista says that the way he gets his supplies of corn for the men is this: By a decree of the Cuban republic the army is entitled to the services of all able-bodied men, but some are allowed to remain at home and plant their little crops on condition that they give half the produce to the army for its sustenance. The Colonel makes requisition on the *prefectos*, or prefects, civil officers who have jurisdiction over a certain number of square miles of territory, and they collect the quotas from the *guajiros*.

Jose went out foraging this morning and brought in about a dozen small ears of corn and a few little sweet potatoes, but no mangoes. The mango supply in this neighborhood is exhausted. We have enough corn to essay a corn pie, with pieces of *hutia* cooked in it, but have to wait long for a pan to cook it in. Our cooking and eating equipment is composed of a couple of 3-pound tin cans and two iron spoons, Jose

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having left what few things we had at La Majagua. I bought in Tampa a couple of nice camp kettles and a coffee mill, but never saw them after they were packed with the ironware of the other officers in the headquarters chest. The chest was never landed, so far as I can discover, and we have had to do our cooking *a la hobo*.

At 2:45 p. m. Perico Torres comes in and says that General Velozo, commanding some guerrillas near here, has advices that the independence of Cuba has been recognized by Spain. If this be true it means that peace has been concluded. Buttari rejoices much, as do the others. I look rather glum, I suppose, for Buttari asks me in surprise if I am not glad too. I tell him I don't like to go back home without having had a fight. He replies that he is glad because he can go back to the United States and eat three meals a day—and thereupon cuts the pigeon-wing in the grass and nearly tumbles down.

Colonel Trista has received no news to this effect and rather sneers at the report—"only talk," he says. Later he told me that he had received orders tending to a contrary conclusion—orders that might lead to a fight. He said that he was going tomorrow with General Velozo and Major Braulio to reconnoiter the ground. I begged permission to accompany him, and he said I could do so. We will leave at 7 a. m. and return in the evening. He again expressed his contempt for his troops and for *Habaneros* generally; Dr. Laine in particular. Said a shooting was necessary to make an example. I have determined, now that a fight is probable, to tell him of the talk of assassinating him in battle. Tomorrow's trip will give me the opportunity, but I must manage it so as

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not to betray Buttari's connection with the project. Luckily I didn't know any of the other men who have been talking of it and couldn't identify them if I wished to do so, which I don't, my only object being to put Trista on his guard.

The corn pie is a failure. Jose only half-cooked it, against my advice. I returned it to him, much to his humiliation, and ate parched corn. He is very penitent, but this doesn't cure him of the camp habit of only partly cooking food. These folks don't seem to know how to restrain their appetites. I am so unfortunate as to retain in the midst of these privations an unimpaired palate. Hunger never causes me to enjoy anything that is not intrinsically enjoyable.

One of Jose's friends gave him half a *hutia* today. We had a grand distribution of corn, and our share was 38 ears, 13 apiece to Buttari and me and six each to our *asistentes*. *Hutia* and corn is now our regular diet, and it's the first time in a month that we have enough.

My guard duty tonight from 11 to 1.

WITHIN THE LION'S JAWS.

LIEUTENANT GONZALES ACCOMPANIES OFFICERS TO RENDEZVOUS, IN EDGE OF MORON ITSELF, WITH SECRET AGENTS RESIDING WITHIN THE SPANISH GARRISON—BURNING-GLASS AMUSES AND MYSTIFIES SOLDIERS—SHOOTING HUTIA FROM HORSEBACK.

Wednesday, August 10.—Camp near Moron. General Velozo and Major Braulio didn't keep their engagement to call for Colonel Trista this morning and go on the reconnoitering expedition, so at 7:30 the Colonel, the guide, and I started out alone.

On our way we stopped at the camps of the two officers, near ours, and found them absent; the guards remaining in the camps said they were out on other business, which proved not to be true. Colonel Trista was much incensed, claiming that they wanted to steal a march on him and deprive him of a share in the credit of the operation.

The guide told us that the distance we had to go was two leagues, but it turned out to be three. Our objective, I now discovered, was a point on the outskirts of Moron itself. This was only 6 miles in an air line from our camp, but we had to make a detour through the swamps in order to avoid observation by the enemy. Colonel Trista rode a fine American mare brought over in the Florida, and the guide, an accomplished woodsman, rode a remarkable Cuban pony of rapid gait and great endurance. As the Colonel was anxious to overtake the officers, we started on a trot and kept it up all the way. My horse did famously. He is the only animal I've ever seen forage while

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going at a fast trot, catching the bunches of grass with unerring precision. He has evidently had much army experience, as it is impossible to make him stand while the column moves—he must take his place in the file.

We went across broad fields, taking paths which in places were only to be felt under the grass which overhung them; then through a fearful swamp and on to an old, very broad but boggy and grassy highway leading from Remedios to Moron, the remains of a military telegraph line destroyed by the Cubans showing along the margin, and, finally, by intricate paths through guava and fan palm thickets, to a group of mango trees about three-quarters of a mile from Moron.

Here were General Velozo and Major Braulio with about a dozen horsemen, their ponies grazing loose under the trees. We dismounted and let ours join them and Colonel Trista was soon in close conference with the other officers. Several women and children from the town were here, all very poor, but some of the latter wearing "store clothes." It seems that this is a regular point of meeting between the insurgents and their friends in town, and the empty sardine tins on the ground show that Spanish guards have lunched here recently.

After his talk, Colonel Trista told me that Velozo and Braulio had been lying to him; that they didn't want him to carry out the plan set by General Rodriguez. There was certainly no cordiality between the parties, and the veterans were apparently quite jealous of Trista.

While we waited, several Cubans came from the town, one with biscuits that he had been commis-

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sioned to buy for the veterans, and one old fellow had a bottle of *aguardiente*, or native rum, in his pocket, and handed it around to the vets, who drank out of it in turn, quite like Americans. I didn't try it. It was the first time I had even seen liquor for five weeks, my punch with Gomez having been the last occasion. If our immunity from attack at our camp surprised me, our security here was still more impressive—noonday commerce between rebels in and out of town within a pistol shot of the Spanish lines.

We waited while one of the town men was sent back into Moron with a note and returned with a message. During this wait I was amused by a scene which I had not thought could be duplicated out of central Africa or other such primitive regions. I had occasion to light my pipe, and used, as was my custom in this land without parlor-matches, a small burning-glass. Major Braulio came up and observed me attentively, and when the sun's rays, focused on the tobacco, had ignited it he was most enthusiastic. The performance was evidently quite novel to him. He then brought up General Velozo, an elderly officer of countrified aspect, who, with boyish laughter and ejaculations of wonderment, had me light his cigar for him. Then their men crowded around, and I had to give a regular performance, igniting paper, burning holes in green leaves, etc. It was very funny. Velozo is primitive, but they say he is very brave, and a shattered hand tells of his war service.

The letter sent by Colonel Trista was to a Cuban surveyor in Moron and was in reference to the preparation of plans of the defenses. He received the assurance that the information desired would be sent

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to the rendezvous tomorrow—so it seems that we are to attack the town itself.

Having accomplished our object, we started back together and got caught in a heavy rain. When half-way on our return trip the Colonel, the guide, and I separated from the others, and soon after the keen eyes of the guide detected a *hutia* on a tree some 75 yards from the highway. Direct ingress to the forest was barred by a hedge of *pina raton* (rat pineapple) a quite impassable barrier, and he made a circuit to get within what he considered a fair range of it. But he couldn't find the *hutia*, and returned to us, took his bearings anew, and was starting again when I offered to try a shot from horseback. He consented, but thought the range too long. The animal looked like a brown ball up on the limb of a tall tree. It was the first *hutia* I had seen in the woods and I would have taken it for an orchid if I had not been informed of what it was. My horse got nervous when I lifted the Springfield carbine I had brought with me and I had difficulty in taking aim. When I fired he bolted, and I was much surprised when the Colonel told me he had heard the *hutia* strike the ground. Presently the *practico* returned with it, shot through the middle. This was my first shot with a Springfield carbine. A little later we stopped at a pretty pond, and I tried two shots at a pair of ducks at 100 yards—and missed, also to my surprise.

We got back to camp at 2:30. My horse had stood the 18-mile ride well, but it had given his lame back considerable bruising.

Soon after this Buttari came in. He had been sent out in the morning by Colonel Trista with a guide and four or five others to kill *hutias* for the force, and

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had bagged three. When he returned with them he wanted to hold all, but the Colonel made him disgorge two to other members of the staff. Buttari was highly indignant and wouldn't be persuaded that he had not been very badly treated. I told the Colonel that I didn't sympathise with his greediness. The *hutia* that I killed was divided equally between the Colonel and myself. The distribution of corn today was 22 ears.

On the trip I told Colonel Trista about the talk of killing him when he got into a fight, but told him he must not ask me how or from whom I got my information. He said that he was not at all surprised at the news; that he had suspected it. He would like to find out the men concerned in it so that he could have them shot. I told him I didn't know the names of the plotters. He said he would take steps to find out. I have protected Buttari in the matter and put the Colonel on his guard.

Dined on roasted corn. Heavy rain in the afternoon.

In the evening Major Braulio brought in two copies of the *Diario de la Marina* of Habana of the 1st and 2nd of August respectively, and our camp soon resounded with the reading of them, the men gathering around the officers and listening eagerly to the scanty war news. Later Colonel Trista let me read one copy before returning it to the Major. It reported the death of Bismarck, and referred to some trouble which seems to have occurred between General Shafter and General Garcia, a second bombardment of Tunas, and the delight of the Spaniards at 15 desertions from the United States army. This was about all the news. There was a long appeal in poetry to the Cubans to

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join Spain, who stood for liberty, against the United States, who stood for slavery—the motive apparently being the treatment of Garcia by Shafter, although what that treatment was I have no idea. This poem was in true Spanish style, grandiose, bombastic and so forth. This is the only Habana paper we have seen, and the latest news. I draw the inference from a paragraph that peace negotiations are proceeding. The Spanish is a noble language in sound, but, except for poetry and declamation, it is very unsatisfactory on account of its vagueness and circuitousness of expression.

So Bismarck is dead! I've been fearing for years the job of writing his obituary and Gladstone's; but they considerably expired during my absence from the seat editorial, and the punishment falls on Henry Rice.

Quite chilly tonight.

TRISTA PLANS A FEINT.

NIGHT DEMONSTRATION AGAINST MORON INTENDED TO EXPEDITE EVACUATION OF THE TROCHA—EIGHT AMERICANS FROM JOHNSON'S PARTY REJOIN—CORN ALONE AS FIGHTING RATION!—GENERAL BERMUDEZ EXECUTED, FACING FIRING SQUAD BRAVELY.

Thursday, August 11.—Camp near Moron. My horse broke his *palito* (stake or bush fastening) last night for the fourth time in two days, and couldn't be found. When he was missed it was too dark to hunt for him, and I had to wait until daylight this morning, when I sent Jose out to run him down. Oh, the distress of losing one's horse in such a situation as this! It means to lose one's baggage also, to lose one's place in the front and be relegated to the plodding *impedimenta*, and to lose one's chance of distinction in a fight.

Half an hour after Jose went out, my horse showed up of his own accord. He had been hiding in a thicket near the camp, and had come up to get the daily tid-bit of corn shucks and mango skins which I have been serving him recently, with a view to engaging his affections and securing his return in such an emergency as this. He was grotesquely distended with his night's feeding and had a mild case of salivation from eating too freely of guinea grass with dew sauce. I now tried to find Jose, but he had hunted too far afield, and I couldn't. Then I sent Antonio for him on the horse, and finally checked his search. The salivation of the horse did not last long, and he was soon eating freely again.

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I had a talk with Colonel Trista today, and he told me his plans for an attack on Moron tomorrow night, which I keep from everyone else, even Buttari. It seems that I am the only confidant the Colonel cares to have. He says that General Rodriguez thinks it may expedite the evacuation of the *trocha* by the Spaniards if we make an attack on Moron at night, using a plenty of ammunition and giving the impression of a large force. The attack will also serve to reveal the temper of the Spaniards—whether they have any fight in them or not—and enable us to direct our further operations accordingly. General Rodriguez is near Ciego de Avila with his escort. If the Spaniards sally from the town to attack us, we will have a night fight in the chaparral. If they stick to their forts, we will return to this camp day after tomorrow.

In expectation of this trip, Colonel Trista secured today nearly 1,000 ears of corn, an average of six ears each for our force, now reduced to 150 men, sick and well. The share of our mess of four is 34 ears. Jose brought in some corn and sweet potatoes from his foraging, but no mangoes. Our meals as usual—corn and *hutia*.

Being pretty well shaken up by yesterday's trip, I enjoyed liberal *siestas* today.

Friday, August 12.—Marching to attack Moron. My guard duty 1 to 3 a. m. After a breakfast of roasted corn, we started at 7 o'clock for Moron. Buttari had left his horse out at a distance from camp last night, despite all warnings that this course was most unsafe, and this morning it had disappeared. I loaned him my horse to search for it, and he and Antonio went out but returned unsuccessful. He pro-

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tested to Colonel Trista that he could not march on foot, but the Colonel peremptorily ordered him to do so. I took his package for him, leaving some of my effects at the camp in care of Antonio. Jose accompanied me, riding Villegas' pony. Villegas, one of the *agregados*, a six-footer who must have weighed over 200 pounds, had killed one or two dilapidated horses already, and had now bought a little rat of a yearling pony utterly incapable of bearing a man of his weight. After the start this morning the beast collapsed, so he turned it over to Jose to ride—a fearful load, considering the baggage carried.

Just as we were about to start, a picket reported the approach of a party of eight Americans, and I rode out with Colonel Trista to meet them, wondering who the deuce they could be. They proved to be men lately belonging to Lieutenant Johnson's auxiliaries. Johnson, it seems, had been sent to the coast under parole to deliver himself to the American forces for trial; and his white auxiliaries, mostly Americans and Cuban-Americans, had been detached from the force of negro troopers and sent to General Jose Miguel Gomez. He soon after sent these eight to us. Three were mounted and five on foot. One was ill and was left at our camp, while the others joined our expedition with alacrity. The only one of the party I knew was young Belo, the New Yorker of Cuban parentage whom I had got a place on Johnson's force at La Majagua to save him from starvation. Another one was Curtis, a tall, thin chap, born in the United States, of a Cuban mother. He had been with Gomez since the first year of the revolution, and spoke English and Spanish equally well.

We had only 110 men fit for fighting. Under the

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charge of Major Betancourt, who had a lame leg, 35 men remained at the camp.

Our march was along the trail taken by the Colonel and me two days ago. After two and a half hours en route, we reached at 10:30 a. m. a point about three miles from Moron and due west of it, where we halted to rest ourselves and eat what we could. Here we found abundance of *mamoncillos*, and our men, forbidden to fire, climbed trees and killed several *hutias* with *machetes*. A young *hutia* trotted like a dog along the spreading limb of a big tree under which we rested, but although the most painstaking efforts were made to get at him, in a tangle of vines and spines in which he hid himself, he managed to escape.

I had ordered Jose to roast all the corn on hand and put it in my little Gladstone bag, but found on opening it that there were only nine ears to supply the three of us for 24 hours, the rascal having given away the remainder of a liberal supply to his colored friends. Dined on roasted ears and a bit of *hutia* that Colonel Trista offered. Was ravenously hungry.

At this place we met several women from Moron who were hunting wild fruit. One of them was quite pretty. They said that there were 2,000 Spanish troops in the town, and that they were killing horses and mules for food.

The Colonel, with an eye to impressing the Spaniards, should the women talk on returning to town, gave them a much exaggerated statement of our numbers. The women, here as elsewhere, were treated with much courtesy by the Cubans.

The Americans who joined us have brought news of the execution of Brigadier-General Bermudez yesterday morning, on conviction by a second court-

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martial of ordering the murder of a *pacífico*. The sentence was approved by the Cuban government. The execution took place at Gomez's camp in the presence of all his men. The condemned man was placed before a squad of soldiers, and the troops were drawn up on three sides of the execution place. Bermudez met his fate bravely, facing the rifles and giving the command to fire. He fell at the first round.

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SPANIARDS FIGHT SPIRITEDLY ON DEFENSIVE BUT WILL NOT BE LURED INTO BUSH AT NIGHT—LIEUTENANT GONZALES IS CAUGHT IN CROSS FIRE BUT ESCAPES UNHURT—ONE CUBAN IS KILLED IN ACTION.

Friday, August 12.—(Continued.) Attack on Moron. We waited at this point, three miles from Moron, from 10:30 a. m. to 5 p. m. Colonel Trista called up the company officers and told them that in making the attack on the town he did not propose to have the men expose themselves unnecessarily, as the odds against them would be 20 to 1. He therefore admonished them to see that their men obeyed orders strictly, protecting themselves as far as possible; and that there must be no *guaperia*. (This is a distinctly Cuban idiom. To be *un guapo* in Spanish is to be a gay, fine rider; but the Cubans have changed the meaning of the word to brave, gallant, and *guaperia* is gallantry—*muy guapo* is very brave, or daring).

While we were waiting the Colonel told me that he had a mind to continue the attack on the blockhouse all night, and in the morning send in a flag of truce and demand the surrender of the town; it was a question, however, whether the Spaniards would respect a Cuban flag of truce, as they had not recognized the insurgents as belligerents. He bespoke the use of a handkerchief I had, which seemed to be the only white one in the outfit, to be used as the truce signal. I thereupon offered to go with my handkerchief and make the demand for surrender, taking the chances; and he expressed his appreciation of the offer and said

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he would think it over. Knowing that the Spaniards must be quite widely impressed with the terrible execution done with the dynamite guns at Jibaro and Arroyo Blanco, I suggested that it would be a good idea in sending the demand to threaten that we would open fire with the dynamite guns if they refused to surrender. He said that he had that in his mind. We did not have these guns, of course; they were believed to be hidden away in the woods somewhere near Gomez's camp, 40 miles away. What 110 men could do with 2,000 if they should surrender was a problem we did not essay to solve. But the notion of such a "bluff" was humorous and seductive.

There are 19 blockhouse forts around Moron. Our plan was to deploy our men along a line about a mile long, facing eight of these blockhouses, numbers 19, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, and to fire by volleys as far as possible, in order to cover the weakness of our force and the attenuation of our line, making the enemy believe, if we could, that the town was invested on the west by a formidable body.

At 5 o'clock we resumed our march, proceeding through the thickets to a point on a stream near Moron, where we watered our thirsty horses and waited until sunset. At that time we turned into the old Remedios-Moron highway, a level, grassy clearing some 200 feet wide, cut straight through the scrubby woods and traversed by many footpaths, very fair for horses. Several scouts went far ahead, then a vanguard, then the Colonel and the staff officers, and then the two companies—all in Indian file, the invariable mode of marching in Cuba.

As we set out, marching east, I witnessed the most striking sunset effect I had ever seen. Behind us the

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sun had sunk below the horizon, but the crimson of its rays, intercepted in places by billowy clouds in the west, threw across the vaporous sky six broad alternate streaks of pink and blue in delicious, melting shades. They filled the sky from north to south and arched it from west to east, curving gloriously beautiful, and it seemed to us to typify the elevation of the republican colors over the long agonized island. (I did not know it then, but this grand banner in the sky was flung out just two hours after the signing of the protocol of peace and the surrender of Spain's sovereignty over Cuba).

The Cubans have much poetry in their souls and a great love of nature. They were awed by this beautiful portent, and the men in the column marched mute and rapt under the arching bars until their colors faded into the dusk. The plain over which the road ran was studded with sparse low trees and bushes, including many young fan palms and palmettoes. After dark we made a ghostly gray procession.

When within a mile or so of the blockhouses the Colonel, the staff and mounted *agregados* left the companies in the road to be taken by guides to their stations, and turned to the left through the scrub. There were about 20 in the party. On reaching a little glade in the woods at 7:30 we dismounted and felt in the darkness for trees to which to halter our horses. We were admonished to preserve silence, and spoke only in whispers. Jose, my *asistente*, had got separated from me in the gloom and was somewhere haltering Villegas' pony. He had with him in the hand-bag a lot of cartridges for the Springfield carbine I carried for the occasion, my cartridge box, having been constructed to hold 40 Mauser cartridges, accom-

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modating only some 20 of the large Springfields. I needed these additional ones, but couldn't find Jose for some time. Just as he was bringing me the bag, I heard the voice of Lieutenant-Colonel Perico Torres, some 40 or 50 feet away, saying, *Vamos* (let us go). I made all haste, and inside of a minute had my cartridges stored and was walking in the direction in which I had heard Torres speak.

I could not see five paces in the darkness, and was surprised to find nobody where I had expected to encounter our party. I pushed on, however, in the direction of the town, at first whistling to attract their attention; then, when that failed, calling. There was no answer. Then I stopped for a moment, hoping to hear the crackle of the fan palms as they passed through them; but it was breathlessly still. Thus struggling blindly through the sparse bushes, checking myself every few moments to listen for a sound, I proceeded perhaps four or five hundred yards. At last the conviction fell upon me that I was lost and left—left behind at the very supreme moment that I wished to be at the front; left in the rear at the time of fighting. What would they think of me? How could I forgive myself if I should lose a share in the only fight we were likely to have? I had come to Cuba for a fighting campaign and had had a starving campaign—now we were to have a chance of showing our mettle, and I, with my infernal luck, must get left in the rear! I swore savagely to myself in Spanish, and pushed on again. To my left was the North star, to my right at some distance the road we had left; before me, I believed, was Moron, hidden in the murk—but no one had told me where our lines were to be run, and if they had I could not have been

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any the wiser on this dull, dark night and in this scrubby plain.

Presently my feet fell into a path, worn in the grass, and I felt my way along it. It led in a southeasterly direction, and I thought it would bring me to the highway, where I might meet the companies—imagining that I was back-tracking on the one which we had taken on going to the glade to halter our horses. But after going some distance I found water in it. The other path was dry. I turned back and tried to cut across to the highway, but failed in that. Then I pushed on along the watery path farther to the east, fuming and sweating, for three-quarters of a mile. It ran northeast at first and then straight to the east. I followed it until I heard the barking of a dog directly ahead. This indicated to me that I was on the edge of the town and close to or between the Spanish blockhouses. After straining my ears vainly for some sound to enlighten me, I turned back, hoping to find some one among the servants left at our halting places who could direct me; hoping also that I had been missed and that the party had sent back for me.

I had much difficulty in finding the spot again, although I had tried to memorize the sky-line of the few tall trees near it—the reason being that I was returning from another quarter. I only identified the place on hearing the horses cropping grass many yards away. The silence was deep and weird. I got up among the horses and called in Spanish. No answer. Thinking the speaker of Spanish might be suspected to be a Spaniard, I called in English. Still no answer. Then I called on Jose by name, and he involuntarily replied. I walked in the direction of

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his voice, but it took some time to induce him to answer again. Finally, when I stated my name, he advanced slowly and scaredly, and I was soon in the midst of a group of colored *asistentes*. They had been huddled on a blanket on the ground. One of them—a Key West quadroon boy, Torres' servant—spoke English very well. I told them my plight and tried to get one to guide me to our lines, but they didn't know any more than I did.

I at first hoped that Buttari, at least, would miss me, and that some one would come back to where we were; but this hope faded. Then I told the *asistentes* that there was only one resource—I would have to wait until the attack began and make my way to the front directed by the sound of the firing. They tried to dissuade me, talking of the extreme danger of going a mile across the line of fire, the chance of encountering Spanish guerrillas, stumbling on blockhouses, losing my way, etc., but I told them my mind was made up.

The attack was to have begun at 10 o'clock, but at 8:30 (the crystal of my watch was broken and I felt the hands), the firing began. It started with a signal shot in the centre and rolled magnificently to the right and left, the men firing in volleys and very rapidly. In a minute or two the Spanish blockhouses responded and the volume of sound was tremendously increased. The crashing of the volleys, Cuban and Spanish, was almost incessant. The earliness of the attack took me by surprise. I was eating some *mamoncillos* at the time it started and, only waiting to finish the bunch, I said good-bye to the *asistentes*, and set out into the darkness.

Following the path I had taken before, I pressed

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forward rapidly and soon got into the Spanish line of fire. The Mauser bullets passed overhead with a curious, sudden "zew-z," or struck the fan palms and the ground with the sound of "fft" "fft!"

As I got nearer to the town I found myself unable to distinguish the firing of our men from that of the Spaniards, they were so close together and the volley-firing so similar. One of our companies was armed with Mausers and the other with Springfields. The sound of the Springfield bullets, heard between volleys, was quite new to me, and I didn't find out until afterward from what arm it proceeded. The slow, sailing "wow-o-o" was so much like the noise made by the one-pound shells of the little Peoria at the attack on the Tallabacoa fort near Tunas that I couldn't get it out of my head that the Spaniards were using small rapid-fire cannon.

My situation in the progress of a mile to the front was not the most reassuring in the world. The Spaniards, I knew, were firing according to their invariable habit, over the heads of our men, who had been instructed to lie down and only rise to fire; they had my range, but not the range of the others. I felt that I would very likely be killed, or if not killed, disabled. In the first case, I would lie out there in the brush to be eaten by the ever-vigilant vultures; in the second, the chances were that I would die in misery, as it would be impossible for my companions to find me in that wide darkness, or would fall into the hands of the Spaniards, who would *machete* me, after their usual manner of dealing with Cuban wounded. There was another disagreeable chance—that our party might be forced to retreat before I joined them, taking some by-path to the horses, leav-

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ing me there between the Spaniards and the utterly unknowable swamp wilderness which lay this side of our camp.

Still I had made up my mind and pushed ahead. The Mauser bullets continued to sound, as Thomason had told me they did at Arroyo Blanco, "like the whine of a sick kitten." One passed close by my left ear, and, before I could think, I had dodged from it. Then I had to laugh at myself, for I remembered that Captain Elliott or someone else had bet me that a bullet passing close enough would make anyone jump until he was seasoned to the sound.

At last I got very close to Moron, to the limit of my former advance, and as the firing seemed heaviest to my right I turned in that direction, southeast. This led me diagonally across the enemy's line of fire—my course below had been directly toward it. By chance my feet fell into a path leading southeast, and I felt my way along it. But I was almost in despair as to locating our men, they were so close to the Spanish lines, and no flashes or lights revealed their location, when—out of the gloom somewhat to the right of me, in a momentary lull in the firing, I heard an American voice sing out strongly, "Oh, you G—D— —, you!" The words were unseemly, but I here record my testimony that never in my life had I heard sweeter music than they furnished to my ears. For they showed where my friends were.

I hastened in that direction, shouting, "God bless you, my American friend; holler again, so I'll know where to find you!" There was no response but a crackle of shots and a lot of "zew-ws" over my head—the Spaniards were aiming at my voice just as I was aiming at the American voice. The swearer seemed

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to be some 100 yards away, but I found out that he was fully a quarter of a mile. Sounds "carried" well in that atmosphere. Hastening on, I presently heard a whistle which I recognized to be that of our headquarters, and then I saw jets of fire shoot out in the darkness as our men discharged a volley. The path led me aright, and in a few minutes I found myself in what seemed to be a sunken road among my staff companions, black or gray shadows, crouching in the gloom and talking in whispers.

At last I had reached the fighting line, and, paradoxical as it may seem, I may say that I attained a feeling of absolute security. I stood up and banged away with the rest. Colonel Trista's gray cap moved up and down the line as he gave his orders. Coming up to me, he commanded me to crouch down. I didn't want to disobey him, but I really wanted to see what I was firing at, and so was peering over the natural parapet. "But, Colonel——" I started to say. He took me by the shoulder and pressed me down; "I am directing this thing," he said. I explained that I wanted to know the range. "Point blank," he said. "How near are we to the forts?" "Not over a hundred yards," he replied. And, sure enough, in the lulls between volleys I could hear distinctly the Spaniards in the nearest blockhouse calling us all the unpleasant names in the extensive Spanish catalogue, and our soldiers on the right flank responding with interest. It is the fashion here to "cuss," as well as shoot, in volleys—neither side thinks it's fighting unless it works both tongue and trigger.

We were so close to the fort that a Spanish deserter in our ranks recognized the voice of a former officer in the blockhouse, and the two had a wordy duel.

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We were so close that we could hear a Spanish subaltern report to an officer, *Un otro herido* (Another man wounded). Our line was strung out for a mile, facing eight blockhouses with probably a thousand men in them, the distances between the forces ranging from 60 to 150 yards.

The firing now slackened. I think we fired only four rounds after I reached the line. Our men *viva'd* for Cuba Libre and the United States, and the Americans present gave a "hip-hip-hurrah" for the latter. It was our extreme nearness to the enemy that protected us. The Spaniards, up in their blockhouses, couldn't get the range. When at 9:30, after just one hour's firing, Colonel Trista gave the order to return, our party had discharged 30 rounds, and the Spaniards as many—a total, probably, of 35,000 shots.

The attack was shortened by Colonel Trista because he had a splitting headache. He had exposed himself very freely, walking up and down the line, but he was satisfied now that the Spaniards would fight and that it was useless to attempt to bluff them. Having fulfilled his orders to "feel" them, he concluded that there was no need to waste further ammunition. We did not leave, however, until the Spanish fire had died out.

Our withdrawal was effected on the same path that had led me to the firing line. We filed away silently, very close together to avoid getting lost in the darkness. Presently we turned into an intersecting trail and made our way back to the horses. If I had been half an hour later I would have missed our men, with the chances against my being able to find my way back to the horses. You can bet that I stuck close to the column this time. The way these Cuban guides

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make their way through the mazes of bushes and paths excites my admiration more and more.

Our march back was fully a mile, the first company following the staff. We got our horses, mounted and waited for the second company, which had constituted the left flank. Presently they came in, bearing the body of our only victim of the fight, a young man from Key West named Scolastico Valiente. He had been shot through the shoulder, lungs and heart while lying down between volleys. When I reflected how infinitely more I had been exposed than he, I realized how much luck enters into the casualties of battle.

Then followed a weird scene. A little coiled Cuban taper of wax was lighted, the corpse was placed across the saddle in front of a mounted guide, and we started, four men marching afoot as a guard of honor to the dead, two on each side of the horse. The taper, still lit, and borne by a man behind the bearer of the corpse, threw the shadows of his swaying limbs upon the sides of the road.

Moving silently to the westward, we proceeded some three miles, mainly along a road grown up with scrubby, spiny bushes which tore flesh and clothing. At midnight we reached a point where a guava thicket came down to the road, and here we halted. A detail dug, by candlelight near by, a shallow grave with their *machetes*, into which the body of the slain was laid. Then we sought resting places among the guavas. Two or three candles showed the grotesque shapes of the twisted limbs. Some hammocks were slung, but most of the men fell exhausted on the ground and slept there.

The places among the trees suitable for hammock swinging had been appropriated before I could get

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a chance at mine, and the stub end of a tallow candle sent scalding drops on my hand, blistering it painfully, as I hunted for a place. I found myself in a demoniac humor and "cussing out" everything. Why I had lost the philosophy which had served me so well during the campaign I discovered only when I remembered that I hadn't had a smoke for six hours. But when I had lighted my pipe at the dying candle and taken a seat in my hammock—I couldn't lie down in it for there was no room to stretch it out—I regained my composure under the soothing influence of the weed.

In an astonishingly short time the camp was asleep, in utter darkness, and the only sounds were the crushing of the fan palms by the tethered horses. Unused to sleeping in a sitting posture, I was unable to doze until 1 o'clock, although I had been up for 24 hours on a stretch.

DETAILS OF ENGAGEMENT.

SUPPOSE GARRISON HAD SURRENDERED: TWO THOUSAND MEN TO LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED?—EXPEDITIONARIES SHOW GOOD DISCIPLINE UNDER FIRE FOR FIRST TIME—SWANKING OR GUAFERIA EXPRESSLY FORBIDDEN—AN UNEXPECTED DINNER.

Saturday, August 13.—Returning from MORON. Got to sleep at 1 a. m., and was roused at 3 by the shrill whistle of the *oficial de guardia*. At 3:30 we started before even the faint light of the expiring crescent moon was perceptible, our packing being done in total darkness. On the march I placed myself behind Major Cainas, who wore a light gray coat and rode a white mare, in order that I might not get lost in the thorny thickets through which we went. We made painful progress until daylight. The spines of some of these bushes and vines are terrible, and it is easy to understand, after passing through them, why the Cuban insurgents get ragged so quickly in their campaigns.

The course after daylight was better than that of yesterday, for we avoided the swamps, but the route was longer. We reached our camp at 7:15 a. m. I was dead tired, and was not pleased to find that Antonio had allowed some one to appropriate my fence rail hammock post. Jose, who was a town darkey, bungled the planting of another, causing my hammock to fall with me several times. Finally, a young soldier from Oriente came to the rescue and by dexterous work drove a stake some 14 inches into the tenacious clay, and at 9 o'clock I got to sleep and had

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a nap until 11. These countrymen are always ready to lend a hand to a stranger, and even the negroes decline compensation for such kindnesses. I have known Americans blunderingly offer money in return for little volunteer services, and learn to their surprise that they had been guilty of an insult.

The firing at Moron was distinctly heard here last night, I find, the volleys at a distance of six miles being impressively loud.

Until 12 o'clock the camp was very still, nearly everyone being asleep.

On this their first experience of land-fighting our men behaved excellently. They maintained absolute discipline, kept silence, and obeyed orders with exactness. Colonel Trista tells me that we are to march tomorrow, and that he looks for some lively fighting next day. Give me daylight fighting, please, and not night wanderings in the line of the enemy's fire. I was in a worse fix last night than I could have been in a day fight, but I'm glad I didn't hesitate to take the course of danger. I don't quite understand how I escaped being hit. A Mauser bullet struck the ground between two of the *asistentes* sitting side by side where I left them at the horse camp; it came a mile.

The men say there was a dance or some other entertainment going on in Moron at the time of the attack, for they heard music and women's voices and laughing; then the firing broke out and ran along our line, and they heard frantic calls to arms, cornet calls, etc., by the Spaniards, and in a few minutes the blockhouses began to belch their volleys in return. At one point our men were within 50 yards of a blockhouse, and the whole force was nearer than the Cubans ever

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got before, although the town has been attacked several times in the Ten Years' war and this. If we had had a thousand men we could have made a rush and captured it, for the surprise was complete. But that would have been useless, for we couldn't have held it, there being 5,000 men on the *trocha*, with railroad trains to bring them up rapidly. One of our line lieutenants, despite the orders against *guaperia*, went ahead of his men and, within a few yards of a block-house, and stood there hurraing for Cuba Libre. The Spaniards gave him a fusillade but didn't hit him. We heard a Spanish officer shout, "One more fire and then the bayonet"—but the bayonets didn't come. Our Spanish lieutenant says that the enemy fired four cannon shot from the centre of the town, but this is doubted by others. It is said the Spaniards had rapid-fire cannon and gatlings.

This evening Major Braulio of the guerrillas tells me that his scouts report that not a soul has left Moron on this side today. He will have a like lookout maintained tomorrow and endeavor to ascertain the enemy's losses.

At about 2:30 p. m. I broke a 24-hours' fast on two nubbin ears of corn. Jose had squandered the large stock previously on hand, leaving a lot to Antonio, instead of taking them with us as I told him to do; and Antonio has eaten all he left, together with nine ears besides, distributed during our absence by Major Betancourt, making himself a pudding. When I told Buttari this he was furious and said he would punish Antonio—who is his *asistente*—by making him stand up until 1 o'clock in the morning. But he didn't do it—possibly because it would involve his sitting up to watch him. Darkeys are very much alike the world

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over—greedy, utterly improvident, and without any sense of the sanctity of their employers' property. There is no punishment provided for *asistentes* except to send them back to the ranks, and no better ones are to be had than those who are at fault.

I was awfully hungry, and a half-dozen overripe mangoes that Colonel Trista sent me were insufficient to allay the craving for food. Buttari told me, in polite phrase, that I was a fool to stay in my hammock and starve, and boasted that he would have a supply of mangoes and a dinner by hustling for them. He went out and was absent for hours; but when he returned I was able to tell him that my folly had been profitable for once, for, while he had secured neither mangoes nor dinner by his quest, I had both—the first from Colonel Trista and the second from Perico Torres and Dr. Laine, who invited me to dinner. This dinner was very good as dinners go here—*tasajo*, corn pie, boiled plantains, and pumpkin.

Colonel Trista told me that, in disposing his men for the attack, he had acted on the warning I gave him; separating the two companies and putting himself and the general's staff in the centre. He expressed himself as pleased with the conduct of the troops, and I advised him to praise them publicly and thus reduce their feeling against him. He said he would do so in orders to be read tomorrow morning.

No food supplies came in today. The evening was without event.

AN ALARM BY NIGHT.

OFFICER OF THE GUARD HAS HIS TRIALS—SPANIARDS
DREAD DYNAMITE GUNS—BUTTARI'S HORSE GOES
TO FEED STARVING PATRIOTS—NEWS OF ANOTHER
EXPEDITION ARRIVED FROM UNITED STATES, WITH
FOOD SUPPLIES.

Sunday, August 14.—Camp near Moron. Eight weeks out of Tampa, six weeks in Cuba, five weeks *sans* civilized food.

My guard duty this morning 3 to 5 o'clock. On waking me to take his place at 3, Zayas warned me to be especially vigilant and scan the field where our horses were, as a force of the enemy had left the *trocha* to attack us after daylight, and their spies might precede the main body. I asked him how he got the news, and he replied that Buttari, whom he had relieved at 1 o'clock, had informed him. So I spent most of the time crouching down, the better to hear and to detect any movements across the sky-line of the trees beyond the field.

About 4 o'clock there was a commotion in the woods where the companies were and cries of "Come here, man!" I thought at first that this might mean the discovery of a spy and hastened to the spot, but it turned out that the prowler was a soldier who had gone out of camp and had lost his way in coming back to his hammock. Colonel Trista had told me the evening before to tell the trumpeter to sound *diana* or reveille, instead of sounding it myself on the whistle, as had been the rule since coming here, close to the enemy's lines. So, as he had been awakened

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by this alarm, I asked him if, in view of the expected Spanish attack he desired the order for the use of the cornet to stand. I believed, of course, that he knew of this threatened movement and had given the instructions for the extra vigilance to the first *oficial de guardia*. But he hadn't, and was incensed that orders had been given without his knowledge. After *diana* he called up each of my predecessors, *oficiales de guardia*, separately and finally traced the report to some advice by Perico Torres to Villegas, early in the night, to be careful, as a Spanish movement was possible. Another case of the "three black crows!"

I saw this morning in camp a Chinese guerrilla cavalryman attached to a neighboring force. He was barefooted, ragged, and patched. I am told that in a brigade composed otherwise wholly of negroes there is a Chinese major, and old man Betancourt says that in the last war he had under him a company of Chinese, officered by men of their own race, and that they made good soldiers. The Cubans say that the Chinese fight well if capably officered.

We had nothing to eat today, so sent out Jose and Antonio for *viandas*. Antonio brought in a few *aguacates*—alligator pears—some green and some overripe, and Jose some green and insipid mangoes of a variety we would not have touched a few days before. We made a meal on them about 2 o'clock, but it was a meal only in name.

At 2:30 I went out to change my horse to a fresh place, but he was not to be found. Hunted an hour, all over a great field back of our camp and through the neighboring woods, walking miles—but without success. On returning in despair to the camp I found him complacently munching corn shucks near my

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hammock, Jose having brought him from the field and sent him to water, while I was talking to the Colonel and others and had my back turned. This horse has cost me much agony of spirit by his escapes on the eve of marching.

We got news from a *pacífico* that the Spanish casualties resulting from our attack on the Moron forts were three killed and seven wounded. This equals one-eleventh of our force. Assumed that half of the 2,000 Spaniards in town were engaged, our loss of one man killed—there being no wounded—shows that one in a thousand Spaniards did execution. For shooting in the dark, our record was not so bad. Glad to hear that none of the townspeople were hurt. Major Braulio has reports from his scouts that one family moved out of Moron today on this side, and that the Spanish forces are expecting another attack from us tonight. This is amusing. We are (by road) ten miles off, trying to get grub. It is said that the enemy believes we have 1,700 men and that dynamite guns are coming up. That was the tale our men told the women *pacíficos* we met Friday afternoon as we were going to Moron.

Late this evening Colonel Trista sent me six ears of corn and Perico Torres sent me four. Neither of them would knowingly give anything to Buttari, whom they dislike cordially, but my partnership makes one meal for both out of what would otherwise be a day's rations for me.

This morning, during the absence of Jose and Antonio, I, for the first time, took my horse to water and was shocked at the stagnant hole we have been drawing our own drinking supply from as well as supplying the horses. The water there, when seen in

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bulk, was most repulsive in appearance, worse even than it tastes—and that is so bad that when, on the Moron expedition, we found some pure water it tasted as good as wine. We've had two weeks of this.

I hear that the Spaniards at Moron admit the loss of one killed and three wounded; among the latter a captain, severely.

In the afternoon our doubts as to the fate of Buttari's horse, which had disappeared Thursday night, were solved. The horse was found to be reposing comfortably in the stomachs of many privates. A number of them had been feasting on horse-meat for two days, and an investigation showed that Buttari's horse had furnished the supply. Buttari went out to where the beast had been slaughtered, near the camp, and sadly identified the head and hide. Of course nobody knew how it happened or who had been the first to distribute the meat—it appeared in camp "just so." The Colonel was in a blue funk for a while, but the guilt couldn't be placed on anybody in particular, and nothing was done.

Apropos of this incident, Curtis, formerly of Gomez's staff and more recently of Johnson's auxiliaries—one of the party who joined us Friday—told me that at one time of starvation in Gomez's camp, when the horses of the officers were disappearing mysteriously and the men were eating meat which seemed to have come like manna from Heaven, the old man, in broad daylight, quitted his hammock, stalked solemnly over to where his two white horses were haltered, brought them in and tied them a few feet from his quarters, meanwhile shaking his head and saying, in his quaint way, that so many accidents were happening that the Commander-in-Chief would have to keep his property

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within touch by day as well as by night. This didn't console poor Buttari; he didn't see any humor in it.

It turns out that Curtis was the man whose swearing at the Spaniards served me so well when I was trying to find my way to our lines at Moron.

At 7 o'clock tonight the unexpected happened, momentarily for us.

Captain Faures, aide to Colonel Trista, had gone out this morning with several *rancheros*, hunting for corn. He now came back, empty-handed, but with the news of great tidings written on his face. And this was the story he told. Four leagues to the northwest he had met in the road coming toward our camp a Cuban officer, followed by a *pacífico*. Entering into conversation with him, he found him to be Lieutenant-Colonel Ireneo Cervantes, of some guerilla force, who had been notified by the *pacífico* that an expedition had landed on the north coast. The *pacífico* had brought an open letter addressed to "all civil and military authorities of the republic of Cuba," asking them to hurry, with such troops and *rancheros* as they could gather, to the point of landing, the beach south of Cayo Frances, to protect the debarcation and to receive the supplies. This paper was signed by Colonel Boza, Gomez's chief of staff, who had been dispatched to the United States, just prior to the Florida's landing, to seek supplies for the starving army. Captain Faures also learned that the water was so shallow at the point chosen that the ship could not come near shore and had to use a launch. The supplies brought included some captured by the Americans on the north coast from a Spanish vessel seeking to supply the garrison of the *trocha*—they are said to include rice, beans, *tasajo* or jerked beef,

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hardtack, sugar, and coffee. There were no other particulars, except that the landing-place was six leagues (18 miles) from here. After giving his news, Cervantes went on to notify Gomez.

The news spread quickly, and in a few minutes our camp was in a ferment. The hungry men were wild with excitement and joy. They would have been willing to march at once, licking their chaps as they moved their legs, but the night was too dark and the first part of the trail too devious. Therefore it is arranged that we shall march at 3 o'clock tomorrow morning. Officers and men alike are determined not to be shared out this time, and to that end want to be the first on the field.

It was 10 o'clock before silence could be secured. At 11 the *oficial de guardia* woke the Colonel to say that he had heard three shots in the direction of Moron. I had fallen into an uneasy sleep—in my spurs—and was dreaming that The News and Courier had beaten THE STATE to Cuba in giving the news of the outer world through this expedition, when the hubbub aroused me, and I heard two shots more, evidently over three miles away. The advance guard, some three-quarters of a mile distant, had heard nothing, however, and the men went back to their hammocks. The shots were probably along the *trocha*. The news of the expedition set me to speculating so much that I could sleep very little.

MARCHING TO THE BEACH.

ALL HANDS HAPPY AT PROSPECT OF FOOD—TRAVERSING
THE TERRIBLE "KING'S HIGHWAY"—LIEUTENANT
GONZALES IN FAVOR AS AN AMATEUR DOCTOR—
STRUGGLING AGAINST SLEEP WHILE ON GUARD.

Monday, August 15.—Marching to the North Coast. Reveille sounded at 2:15 a. m., and the camp was broken up and we were ready to start within the hour. But, as the first part of the march was to be through a dense chaparral, it was decided that light was necessary, and dawn did not come until 5 o'clock.

My horse had been fed on corn shucks last evening and tied 50 yards in front of my hammock in the tall grass—everybody being nervous about foes within and without, in this time of horse-eating, and an officer losing his horse getting no sympathy and a terrible tramp. Jose had tethered him, but I had personally seen that he was well tied, reinforcing the knot myself; but when Jose went before day to bring him in he couldn't find him. Jose was quite fuddled. The beast was certainly not in the place where he said he had tied him. I had half an hour of agony, ended by finding the horse securely tied, a few yards away. His color was an invisible brown, indistinguishable by the dim light of the camp fires.

In packing up I was shocked to find my saddle and saddle-bags crowded with thousands of the *comejen*, the rapacious and destructive white ants or termites of the tropics. They swarmed from within the framework of the saddle in ranks like an army. By holding each separate article in the bags in the smoke of a

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camp fire, we managed to destroy those that had possessed that abode, but all day long they continued issuing in thin procession from the "innards" of the saddle and had to be killed in detail during the stops on our march.

As soon as light was in the east we began our progress toward the coast, traversing thickets and *guayabales*, or guava groves, by paths which for the first few miles were extraordinarily good for central Cuba. At last we debouched into the *camino real*, or king's highway, connecting Moron with Remedios—a king's highway that, like his majesty's pocket in this Cuban-American war, has many holes in it. Mile after mile we marched northwest over a broad and beautiful savanna dotted with trees, many of varieties new and interesting to me. The highway was merely an air-line clearing through the trees, as wide as a railroad right-of-way, covered with high grass and streaked with trails. Posts, with insulators and broken and dangling wires, remained to tell of a military telegraph line destroyed by the insurgents.

As we pushed on, the trails became horribly muddy. The men on foot marched as rapidly as their physical ability permitted, all being eager to get to food, and at first they made fair time. But the sky was blazing, the air very hot, and for long stretches the mud was a mere bog. The men were weak from hunger, and we had to stop now and then to let the sick and the *impedimenta* catch up. It took us from 5 a. m. to 12:45 p. m. to make the 21 miles to Vega Vieja, a point a short distance south of "Los Perros" (the Dogs) the former site of a village destroyed in the war.

On a high and precipitous bank of the fast-running

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Rio Las Chambas, issuing from Las Chambas range of blue hills a few miles away, were several score of palm huts, grown up with grass and evil-smelling weeds, enmeshed in riotous pumpkin vines and sodden with damp. Here the Spaniards had at one time stayed for months, before they abandoned this district, and here Maximo Gomez had encamped some time in the spring. A very heavy storm, accompanied by truly tropical thunder and lightning, had overtaken us before we reached this place, and made the roads worse than ever. The men and horses were almost dropping from fatigue because of the bogging, and the Colonel was sick. A halt was therefore made.

It now developed that the six leagues we had been told would put us on the north coast were really 12, and that we had five more to make to the beach. We took possession of the huts, which were not at all waterproof under the steady drizzle that succeeded the thunderstorm. Most dismal was the situation. We were soaking wet, we had no fuel, the rank weeds smothering the huts sent up a fearful smell when crushed, and most of us had no food nor prospect of any. The coveted rations were far in the future.

The foregoing was written an hour or two before these lines. Behold a kaleidoscopic change! I had breakfasted on one small (cold) *tamale*, contributed by Dr. Laine, and Buttari on some roasted *aguacates*—poor stuff. But—Dr. Laine invited me just now to dine with him, and Buttari has already eaten an instalment of his dinner in the form of the right hind quarter of a *hutia*, which he begged of someone and roasted on a stick for himself, Jose being sore, sour, and unapproachable. In the meantime, the Colonel

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had sent out some emissaries, and they have brought in some corn, of which our share is four ears apiece and two each for the *asistentes*. Moreover, one of the Americans, late of Johnson's command, assured of rations tomorrow, offers me a handful of beans, a remnant of the American government rations these fortunate men have been living on. This is cheerfully accepted, and I give half to Buttari and Jose and save half for a contingent fund. My corn I'll also keep for emergency. Thus, as on several occasions before, everybody gets something when nothing had been in sight.

I see some of the American beans in the doctor's pot, so conclude that the largess of my American friends has extended beyond me, and I may have two whacks at the leguminoids. I reciprocate the doctor's attentions by giving him half my "Sun cholera mixture," when he asked me for a dose—he is now a doctor almost without medicine. I cured the Colonel this morning of an attack of colic, and have just given him ten grains of quinine for a bad cold he was catching. Yet it is queer how nearly everyone who doesn't know calls me "Doctor" even in advance of my practice. Laine, however, isn't a bit jealous. He has promised to come and see me in Columbia, and I'll treat him well. I would like to have the whole outfit at "The Columbia" and see them get a square meal for once. Laine seems to have taken quite a liking to me. He tells me that he informed Lieutenant-Colonel Torres the other day that I knew more than any man in the Cuban army, from Maximo Gomez to the last man in the expeditionary force. What seems to impress him most is my habit of gathering information as to

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everything in sight—he doesn't know that that is the result of a reporter's training.

The way these people have "warmed up" to me during my association with them at our last camp is very pleasant. All of them seem to like me, and some—as these notes will show—have shown their liking in a very practical way in this time and abode of brutal selfishness. There are various factions in camp, hating one another cordially—as, for instance, Laine and Torres versus Colonel Trista and Betancourt—but all make me the only recipient of their favors.

By the way, two *hutias* were killed on the march today. I discovered a big one in the fork of a tree near the ground, but had to wait until I could get permission from the Colonel to fire. By this time he had clambered up the tree, but I fired once with my revolver from horseback, and one of the Americans quickly followed suit. The animal didn't budge from his position on a horizontal limb, and several rifle shots were fired at him, but still he didn't move. It was then discovered that he was dead, evidently from the first fire—and was entangled in moss and orchids. The Colonel wouldn't let the column stop long enough to permit the men to climb after him, so his precious meat was lost to us.

Today's march was full of new revelations of the luxuriance of the Cuban forests, the trees loaded with orchids, moss, etc. It seemed that every time I looked at the woods I saw novel and striking vegetation. The number of fruit-bearing wild trees was something astonishing. This north coast region is far richer in its forest treasures, and far more beautiful, than the south coast of Puerto Principe province.

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Our huts are sprinkled hundreds of yards along the rushing little Las Chambas river, and to the southwest the high hills of the same name are very picturesque with the misty clouds draping their swelling blue forms. Five leagues to the north of us is Mamon beach, where the expedition has landed, but a local woodsman says that he can reach the beach by four leagues' travel over another route, a part of which is very bad. He says the Spaniards camped here for 15 months and killed off nearly all the population, so that it is now practically uninhabited.

Somehow, Laine's grub must have run short, for his invitation to dinner resolved itself into sending me a small piece of *hutia* and a few mouthfuls of corn porridge. So I had to roast some of my corn, giving the lion's share to Jose, who is in a terrible humor. He reciprocated by only half-cooking my beans—after dark.

My guard duty from 8 to 11. I had slept not over four hours the night before, and the hard day's ride brought me to a condition unexampled in my experience since 1877, when, as an all-night railroad telegraph operator, I had some very remarkable struggles with sleep. Before I half finished my guard duty I had become so saturated with sleepiness that, though I tried all sorts of gymnastics to keep awake, I would fall asleep standing each time I stopped. I then made a "beat" and marched on it, but over and over again fell asleep while walking, recovering my senses only as I lurched forward and was falling. It was hellish. At last my time was up, and I started for the hut of Betancourt-Manduley, who was to relieve me. His hut was close to the edge of the steep river bank. I fell asleep again while walking toward it, and woke

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up to find myself only a few feet from the brink. (An *asistente* was drowned there next morning, the current being too swift to swim in). The shock of this discovery waked me sufficiently. I roused my relief and went back to my hut. It was chock-full of other officers who had no shelter of their own, so, not wishing to disturb them, I sat in a corner on my rolled hammock, and for the first time in my life slept with my head in my hands.

The cold and damp waked me, and I staggered out stiff and shivering to a watch-fire. Buttari's turn of guard duty came at 1 o'clock, and when he quit the hut I lay down in his place. With a hammock spread on the wet ground for bedding and my saddle-bags for a pillow, I went off in about half a minute into the sweetest sleep I had had in Cuba.

AT LAST A FULL MEAL!

FAMISHING EXPEDITIONARIES JOIN RELIEF PARTY AT BEACH AFTER MARCH OF EXTRAORDINARY HARDSHIPS—RAGGED AND GAUNT FIGHTERS CANNOT WAIT TO COOK RATIONS, BUT GULP JERKED BEEF RAW AS ISSUED.

Tuesday, August 16.—Marching to the North Coast. My nap did me a world of good, but it lasted only an hour. At 2 o'clock the cornet sounded. Full two hours too early, as was Colonel Trista's habit on marching mornings—why, I don't know except that the Colonel slept little o'nights. We packed in the dark and waited until 5 o'clock, when we started.

The road, at first fair, gradually became worse. At two leagues' distance from camp we struck what we supposed was the beginning of the two "bad" leagues spoken of by the *practicos* or guides. This "royal highway" was a clearing through the forest as broad as one of Columbia's streets. The woods on each side were very dense, rising from soil which was not "swampy," in the Southern meaning of the word, but rather of the character of peat—formed of the leaf deposits of countless centuries, rotted into a black, spongy mass, very retentive of water. In the rainy season this soil, having no drainage, was soft and seemingly bottomless. The stretch of road we now entered upon was alternately water and mud—a transverse canal 20 or 30 feet broad and some two feet deep, with an adhesive clay bottom, then a ridge of mud, and so on. I can't account for this alternation

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of water and mud, but it was as regular as the hills and furrows of a cotton field.

The plunging, sticking, struggling through this morass was terrible to men and horses; but after the two leagues had been completed and we were cheering ourselves with the thought that the worst was over, we plunged into a section of road which passes description. The mud on the ridges deepened, the water in the canals deepened, the soldiers fought their way through mud and water up to their waists, the pack-ponies collapsed time and again, men fell fainting by the way. Some of the sick were put on the horses of the *rancheros* or of personal friends. At last, after hours of struggling, shouting, urging forward, Colonel Trista was compelled to abandon the idea of a forced march for the whole party, and gave permission to the stragglers to take their time. He was in a ferocious humor, the Colonel, and exceedingly nervous. I couldn't make out what was the matter, until I puzzled out the conclusion that I had given him an overdose of quinine for his cold.

After resigning the column to the snail's pace required by the royal road, Colonel Trista determined to push ahead to the beach, and invited Lieutenant-Colonel Torres, Captain Faures, and myself to accompany him. A guide also went along. It seems almost incredible, but we went through this fearful morass at something like a trot. Our horses were good, and they splashed and wallowed through two leagues of this veritable "hell-hole swamp" leaving far behind the rest of the column, except one American—an expacker, well mounted—who caught up with us later.

At last we came to rising ground and emerged into a beautiful *potrero*, where the guinea grass in tassel

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grew higher than our heads on horseback and was of a blue-green color because of the extreme richness of the soil, its ordinary tint being a yellowish green. On our way we passed General Velozo, who had got in ahead of us and had posted pickets on the two paths leading to the landing-place. We passed one of these posts, went on at a trot through a pretty rolling country, the trees by the roadside loaded with lemons and *mamoncillos* and gourds. There was a range of hills ahead. Turning the flank of it at 11:30, we were struck by a brisk breeze, and looked out on a calm blue sea, spread far to the horizon.

At last! I for one thrilled with delight. In a few minutes, we had ridden down to the narrow mud beach of a shallow sound, separated from the Old Bahama Channel by a line of keys so far to the north as to be almost indistinguishable. But there was no ship in sight, not even a boat, and no expeditionaries. Three or four *rancheros* loitered on the shore, and, following their directions, we pushed inland several hundred yards, where, under a great *mamoncillo* tree, we were soon dismounted and shaking hands with a group of officers—handsome, well-kempt fellows, in cool, clean, brown uniforms and white panama hats—refreshing to look upon.

What a contrast we presented—we, who two months ago had been as spruce as they! Gaunt in form, pinched in feature, with cheekbones sticking out and ragged beards, our faces blackened by the sun, our clothing torn and stained, plastered with mud from our spurs to the peaked tops of our service hats—together a most disreputable, tramp-like set. But they gave us cordial welcome, and in a few moments we were paired off and exchanging experiences.

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A huge pot hung by a hook from a horizontal limb of the spreading *mamoncillo* tree and a fire blazed beneath. It was appetizing even to look at it. Provisions were poured into it, and soon an entrancing perfume arose. By 1 o'clock two famous Cuban dishes were ready: *tasajo con tomates* (shredded jerked beef stewed with tomatoes) and *arroz con tocineta* (a *pilau* of rice with bits of bacon and sweet potatoes). We did not need the urgings of our hosts to fall to. We were short of dishes, so I placed my *tasajo* on a big platter-like piece of pilot bread, and with the metal cup of my drinking flask scooped up rice. I think that was the best meal I ever ate. It added zest—if that were possible—to know that these were captured Spanish supplies, originally intended for that same Moron at whose gates we had waited so long and hungrily.

We had barely started our meal when our infantry began to arrive and made a wild, wolfish rush for the food, which was in process of being dished out into *yagua*, or palm sheathing, preparatory to distribution. They waited for no invitation, but grabbed and gobbled a third of this supply, intended for the officers, before they could be checked. Poor devils, they were starving, and didn't know either manners or patience. Colonel Trista had to rush out to the pot with drawn *machete* and literally beat them off. They were supplied with food to cook for themselves, but I believe most of them ate their jerked beef raw.

The *asistentes*, the sick, and the *impedimenta* kept straggling in all the afternoon, most of them utterly broken down. The six leagues we had started out to cover had stretched out to 14; today's march of four leagues had grown to seven. Jose didn't arrive until

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4 o'clock, and I had to cut grass for my horse—it was very scanty hereabout—clear a hole in the woods and make my camp before he came in. Antonio, after bringing us our evening's rations—rice, *tasajo*, and hardtack—disappeared, and Buttari, having found in Lieutenant-Colonel Mendieta, second in command of the expedition, an old friend, absented himself to dine with him. With a lot of *rancheros* about, it was impossible to leave our effects for a moment, so I had to stay at the camp and watch them until Jose came in; and it was dark before we could get our ill-cooked meal.

A thin stream of water trickled at the bottom of an *arroyo* near by—not green and fetid like that at Palo Alto, but much more salty, and it rather increased the thirst I felt after eating the salt *tasajo*.

Buttari ate his dinner with me, and then immediately proceeded to eat another with Colonel Mendieta. He became cool and haughty, as soon as he found somebody else to attach himself to; told me he was “fixed” now, and “on top.” He had been advised, he said, to make a plot for the deposition of Colonel Trista. I advised him not to let himself be made a catspaw of, as the Colonel would shoot anyone he found engaged in a conspiracy against him. Still he went on with his scheme, and did a lot of writing.

The expeditionaries complained much of mosquitoes and gnats, and showed faces and hands badly stung, but they didn't trouble me, and I slept well—for the first time in a long while without shoes, pistol, *machete*, and cartridge belt on.

In the evening Colonel Boza, Gomez's chief of staff in command of the expedition, came in from one of the keys off Caibarien with news that peace had been concluded between the United States and Spain.

NEW RELIEF EXPEDITION.

CARGO OF CAPTURED SPANISH VESSEL OBTAINED FROM UNITED STATES—DIFFICULTIES IN LANDING THE STORES—PROVISIONS TAKEN BY NIGHT THROUGH SURF IN SMALL BOATS—ARMED LAUNCH GIVES CHASE BUT IS ELUDED.

Wednesday, August 16.—Camp at El Mamon, north coast of Cuba. Let me set down what I ascertained yesterday about the expedition we had come to meet. It had been arranged and conducted by Colonel Boza, Gomez's chief of staff, who was despatched by his chief to the States for relief the day before we landed the Florida expedition at Palo Alto, July 3. The colonel had secured from the United States the cargo of a Spanish vessel captured on the north coast, loaded with supplies for the troops on the *trocha*, and had procured some pilot-bread and other additions of food at Key West, whence the expedition sailed August 6 in two schooners, the *Ellen M. Adams* of 80 tons and the *Dellie* of 23 tons—the former a chartered vessel, and the latter the property of the Cuban *junta* at Key West and employed before for expeditionary purposes.

The schooners had bad weather all the way, the worst after leaving Salt Key bank. They were escorted from a point 30 miles west of Caibarien to Cayo Santa Maria by the United States steamer *Viking*, a converted yacht. Captain Wilson of the *Viking* exceeded his instructions in assisting the Cubans, and treated them in a manner which causes them to say they have not words to express their appreciation.

NEW RELIEF EXPEDITION

The expedition landed first at Cayo Santa Maria, thence transferred the cargo of the *Ellen M. Adams* to Cayo Chivo, and there reloaded it again in dingies and took it by night across the bay to Cayo Judas. When they left Cayo Judas in boats for this beach (Mamon) they were met by the Spanish gun-boat *Hernan Cortes*, which chased them back to Cayo Judas. Lieutenant-Colonel Carlos Mendieta, second in command, at once ordered the unloading of the cargo, which was accomplished in water breast deep. He then took a boat and went out to reconnoiter, and discovered that the Spaniards had found the water too shallow to approach the key and had returned to Caibarien. After awhile the lighter draught gun-boats *Intrepida* and *Cauto* sallied out, and they have been patrolling the sound ever since. Day before yesterday two dingies, loaded with provisions sent by Colonel Boza, were met by a Spanish launch full of soldiers and fired upon; but the men jumped overboard and shoved the boat across the bar, where the Spaniards could not follow, and thus got away. The transfer of the cargo of the *Adams* from Cayo Judas here has been going on at night in small sail-boats, and is only half completed. That schooner has sailed for Key West. The *Dellie* is still hiding among the keys and has not yet been unloaded. Colonel Mendieta has had charge of the camp here while Colonel Boza remained on Cayo Judas until last night. I set these things down as a part of the record, but I confess I don't understand the topography, my pocket map—the best one I could find in Tampa—being thoroughly unreliable, especially as to the names of keys off the north coast.

Colonel Boza, as I jotted down last night, got in

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then from Cayo Judas with news that peace had been signed. It seems that he got the news from Cuban fishermen, some of whose boats he had been using to transfer the cargo of the Adams—and they got it at Caibarien, the port of this region, some 30 miles to the west of us. There is documentary evidence of it; an extra edition of *El Orden* of Caibarien of the 14th, containing a dispatch of the 13th from Captain-General Blanco to the commandant at that town, announcing the protocol of peace, and ordering an immediate suspension of hostilities.

At daylight this morning I left our camp in the woods and went down to the beach, where I met Colonel Boza, a handsome, pleasant, military man of probably 35 years, fair-haired and blue-eyed—a real *Camagueyano*. He gave me the details as to the peace news which I have set down above, and also some information about the attempted bombardment of Caibarien by American vessels. (I find in my notes the memorandum, "Insert details"—a necessary thing at busy times—but I can't recall the details now, in November. It seems that an American vessel—probably the Viking—advanced toward the town on the 14th to tackle the Spanish gunboats; that they showed fight until they received some damage, and then retreated. The American was pushing on, presumably to bombard, when a flag of truce was sent out announcing the peace. The Cubans said that the Spaniards had the news of peace before the naval skirmish, but didn't announce it to the Americans until they found they were getting the worst of it).

Colonel Boza told me that he had about 25 men with him. He said he had news that General Gomez would be here in two hours, after a 50-mile ride.

NEW RELIEF EXPEDITION

The coast here is very picturesque. To the east is a range of hills, some quite symmetrical, others showing the knobby forms peculiar to the Cuban ranges. They are all well wooded, but here and there great shoulders of rock project from them, and caves appear probable in the contorted limestone. The shore-line curves very prettily, right up to the base of the hills. The sound is shallow and calm, protected by the labyrinth of keys far to the north. The beach is narrow and muddy, with here and there dense thickets of mangroves stretching into the water and back of them masses of a beach grass six inches high, of the most exquisite plushy softness, giving one a real hankering to sleep on it—something which the mosquitoes and gnats forbid.

When I went back to the camp I was witness to a tremendous row between Colonel Trista and Lieutenant-Colonel Perico Torres of our force. How it started I don't know, but it speedily became red hot, and Torres loudly denounced Trista for demanding from the expedition special rations for himself, when his men were starving. Trista retorted that Torres had had more supplies himself on the campaign, and had grabbed everything he could. So it went. All this, at the tops of the voices of the two leading officers, was not nice.

I came here to the beach without an idea of getting off, and intended to see the campaign through at whatever cost. But now that Gomez has arrived with papers from two other towns, sent him on the way—one, *El Fenix* of Santo Espiritu, of the 15th inst.—confirming officially the news of the peace, I am going to leave if they'll let me. There's nothing more for me to do with any advantage to the cause; the fight-

IN DARKEST CUBA

ing is over, chaos is coming; and if I don't get out now I may be packed off somewhere to the interior where it may be months before I can secure a passage to the States. My determination to leave is aided by the selfishness and intrigue in my command, which disgust me, and the continual sight of sufferings that I am unable to relieve. My job's done; I'll go.

The Delle, I hear, came in this morning from Santa Maria key to Punta Alegre, a deserted Spanish post with a shallow harbor three miles east of us. General Gomez has gone to a point half-way between the two. Colonel Trista promises me that he will accompany me there to get permission from the old man to leave, and Colonel Boza says that he will also endorse my application and that he doesn't think there will be any trouble about getting a discharge.

GIVEN LEAVE TO DEPART.

PEACE CONCLUDED, LIEUTENANT GONZALES PROCURES PERMISSION TO GO HOME—PASSAGE IS ANOTHER MATTER!—"EL VIEJO" ON AMERICA'S PART IN THE LIBERATION OF CUBA—GONZALES' HORSE GREATLY IN DEMAND.

Wednesday, August 17.—(Continued). Camp at El Mamon. At 10:30 a. m., in accordance with the agreement already stated, I mounted my horse and rode out with Colonel Trista to the spot where General Gomez had halted this morning on his arrival, one and a half miles to the east of our camp, and half-way to Punta Alegre. The road—a fairly good one, practicable for carts—ran along the shore at the base of the wooded hills, a part of it over the rocks of the hill formation. It was a picturesque and pleasant route, and we traversed it at a trot. When almost at Gomez's quarters, we passed on the left an old cemetery, probably of the village farther on, grown up in weeds and bushes and full of headstones and crosses of wood and rock, with dates, many old and some recent. The stucco of the stone wall was brilliantly white—a fact that struck me perhaps the more forcibly because it was a long time since I had seen anything terrestrial which was snowy in tint.

Turning to the right a few yards beyond, we passed through the grass of a gently rising slope, dotted with trees, toward a great, spreading *guasima* tree under which 40 or 50 men were lounging. The tethered horses scattered about indicated that here

IN DARKEST CUBA

was the resting place of the Commander-in-Chief. Dismounting, we hitched our horses and strolled up.

Maximo Gomez was sitting on a blanket on the ground, his hands clasped over his knees, his long legs crossed, talking animatedly with some of the officers of the expedition. General Carrillo sat by him. Others of his officers sat or lay on the grass in the shade, in a larger circle. The old man, tough as a lightwood knot despite his 70 years, as "long and lank and brown" as the Ancient Mariner, didn't seem in the least fatigued by his 50-mile ride against time. He was in high good humor, and seemed disposed to speechify.

Presently he got up and made an informal address, congratulating the Cubans on the close of the war. The Americans, he said, had whipped the Spaniards much quicker and much more thoroughly than he had thought possible. He had not believed that Spain could be so speedily conquered. The Americans had done a great and good work, for which the Cubans owed their hearty gratitude. He hoped that peace and prosperity had at last come to the land. Somebody said something about the Cubans not having made peace with Spain, and Gomez turned on him sharply and gave him a scolding. He would rather, he said, that Cuba should have completed herself the achievement of her independence, but that had not been done, and he was grateful to the Americans for coming to the rescue, and he recognized the peace they had made as binding upon the Cubans.

Here, Colonel Boza, the commander of the expedition, sent an orderly out, and he presently brought in a big valise which when opened proved to be full of letters, papers, etc. The etceteras were sundry

GIVEN LEAVE TO DEPART

bottles and jars of nice things of "the old man"—white cherries, peaches, and the like. It looked strange to see these American dainties spread out on the grass before those wild and unkempt men.

The packages of letters were speedily opened, the General got his dispatches from the Cuban delegates in Washington and elsewhere, and then there was an eager rush of the officers for news from their relatives and friends, many of whom—the women-folk at least—were in the United States. Then some illustrated papers were handed around and gave great delight. A copy of Collier's Weekly, of some date in June—I had seen it before leaving Tampa—had many photographic views of the insurgents, especially of General Carrillo's men, taken by an artist who had been with them a few months ago, and this gave especial pleasure.

Colonel Trista spoke of me to Colonel Valdez Dominguez of Gomez's staff, a man I was afterward informed was a good deal of a knave, and Valdez Dominguez replied, *manana* he had no doubt I could get off, and he would see General Gomez about it tomorrow; but at present the General was too busy to be interrupted.

I forgot to say that yesterday, when we arrived at the beach from the interior, one of the first officers I met was Colonel Alfred LaBorde, one of the famous Competitor prisoners, whose capture, trial, and sentence to death came so near forcing a breach between the United States and Spain during Cleveland's administration, and who were finally released after a year's imprisonment in Morro castle. LaBorde had served as a pilot during the American blockade last spring, and had assisted the marines in the capture

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of a Spanish blockhouse near Guantanamo in May or June, in which action he received a Mauser wound. Returning to the States, he had come on this expedition. He showed me original documents from our naval authorities at Santiago to substantiate his claims of creditable service; in fact they were very complimentary to him and the Cuban force with which he had aided in protecting the position of the marines at Guantanamo.

LaBorde was born in New Orleans of Cuban parents, and was both proud of his Americanism and willing to aid the Americans. When I told him I wanted to return on the *Dellie*, he said he would fix it. He came up now, when Valdez Dominguez had put me off until tomorrow, went up to Gomez, introduced himself, was kindly received, and given a place on his staff, or attached to it in some fashion. Then he told Gomez that I wanted to return, now that the war was over, and that he wanted my horse, as he had none. Gomez told him that I might go if I wished, and could arrange with the captain of the schooner, and that he, LaBorde, could use my horse until Colonel Mola, who had loaned it to me, should appear to claim it. Thus at one stroke LaBorde did me a kindness and helped himself. Valdez Dominguez had already told me that if I went away my horse must be turned over to Gomez's headquarters.

Before we left Moron, Dr. Laine had asked me to let him have the horse if I decided to return with the expedition, and I had told him that I did not expect to return—not knowing then that the war was over. On my arrival at the beach, Frank Boglio of Key West, one of the expeditionaries, had also begged me for it, and I had told him that I considered myself

GIVEN LEAVE TO DEPART

bound to Laine. He had been a schoolmate of Laine's, and so went to him and got the promise of Laine's horse when Laine should get mine. We agreed on this settlement. This morning Captain Faures had intimated to me that it was Colonel Trista's wish that if I went back to the States he, Faures, should have the horse. I told him that I was in effect pledged to let Laine have it. He tried to bluff me with the idea of Trista's authority in the matter, and I answered that Trista had no authority to dispose of the horse, and that I wouldn't be forced to break my word. Now the whole matter was taken out of my control by Gomez himself. I informed all parties later, and they acquiesced with philosophy. I was sure to get off—that horse was too much in demand.

When Colonel Trista and I rode back to our camp between 1 and 2 p. m., he told me that he wished to God he was in my place, that he was sick of the jealousies and bickerings of the camp, and wanted nothing so much as to throw up his command and quit the whole business. He could not understand why Gomez had such blanked rascals about him. He put blind confidence in flatterers, and the result was he had some of the worst men in the army on his staff. Here was Valdez Dominguez, for example, who had been the treasurer of a society and had misappropriated the funds, yet he was Gomez's chief of despatches (I afterward found that this was quite true). The Colonel talked freely enough to have caused him to be shot. He was in a thoroughly disgusted state of mind, and I think saw the handwriting on the wall as to himself, for the plot against him was already developing, and Gomez had made it convenient not to see him—he had left without an interview or a handshake with his chief.

AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE.

CERTIFICATE FROM TRISTA ATTESTS CREDITABLE SERVICE—UNABLE TO BOARD RELIEF SCHOONER ABOUT TO SAIL FOR THE STATES—AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT ON THE BEACH—SICK SOLDIERS, INCLUDING SOME AMERICANS, ARE IN PITIFUL PLIGHT.

Wednesday, August 17 (Continued)—At Punta Alegre—I got back to our camp at El Mamon just in time for shelter from a fearful thunderstorm. The rain fell in torrents, and by utilizing every vessel we had and could borrow, I collected several quarts of water from the eaves of my hammock shelter and assuaged a thirst of two days, caused by salt *tasajo* and salty water from the neighboring *arroyo*.

When the rain permitted I went down to the beach where the expeditionaries had established a new camp, and was having a pleasant chat with one of them, Mr. Yznaga, a very agreeable elderly gentleman, a relative of the well-known Yznaga family of New York, who had lost his entire fortune in the war, when one of our negro *asistentes* came up and notified me that it was reported that the Dellie was to leave Punta Alegre that night, so if I wanted to go I had better look sharp. I had had one experience of getting left by a vessel and didn't want another, so hastened back to our camp, where I found Buttari, made a division of such of my effects as I was not going to take with me, packed up the rest, and was ready to move in about ten minutes. My rubber hammock cover I gave Buttari on condition he would give his to Jose, who was without one, presented Jose with

AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE

my satchel, and divided my other things between them. Dinner was nearly ready and I was hungry, so I told them that if I could I would return to spend the night and asked them to save my dinner for me. Then I bade them and the officers in camp a hurried good-bye. They loaded me with letters for their friends and relatives in different parts of the world and were most cordial in their good wishes. Betancourt-Manduley said:

“Out here in the woods I recognize nobody—every man is for himself—but if you ever go to Baracoa call on me there, and you’ll find a true friend. I’ll give you the best there is in the town. I like you much, although I haven’t shown it.” I gave Colonel Trista my fountain pen, and he presented me with a certificate, of which the following is the translation:

“By these presents it is made known that First Lieutenant N. G. Gonzales has served under my orders as adjutant in the Brigade ‘*Maine*,’ and that in all his acts I have known him to comply with his duty as an officer with a high sense of honor. He is granted absolute leave to retire from the Brigade and proceed to the United States, now that the signing of peace renders his services no longer necessary.

“Country and Liberty.

“The Lieutenant-Colonel and Accidental Chief of the Brigade.

“Carlos L. Trista.

“Encampment at El Mamon.

“August 17, 1898.”

As I was riding off I met a number of the privates, who crowded up to me and gave me goodbye with a warmth and heartiness very gratifying. When I got

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down to the beach, however, I met Colonel Boza, who stated positively that the schooner would not leave until next morning, and that, with General Gomez's permission and Colonel Trista's paper, I would have no difficulty in getting passage on her; but that I would have to go on board that night. He also said that General Gomez had given permission to all other Americans to leave if they liked, as their country's war was over. I determined then to go back and notify the Americans in our party.

This I did, but only two sick ones of the party which joined us before Moron cared to leave. They had all come out with a view to prospecting for future opportunities of money-making, and those able to stand the life did not want to return until they had done so. The two privates I had helped declared that in any case that they would not go back until they could go well-dressed; and by waiting they hoped the Cuban government would be able to give them new uniforms. One of them begged me for my pocket knife, which I gave him, and missed awfully afterwards. Both blessed me heartily, and I was quite affected. About 15 sick soldiers had obtained permission to go, and I started them off. Then I went back to get my dinner.

I found Buttari eating out of my plate and quarrelling about the possession of some of my effects. It made me have a sort of revived-corpse feeling. Buttari was rather chilly, too, having another hook to hang himself to, but Jose was quite affectionate and solicitous. He watched me eat my final meal on Cuban soil, exclaiming every few minutes, *El pobrecito!* or *Que lastima!* ("The poor man!" or "What

AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE

a good gentleman!" "What a pity!") There were goodbyes once more, and I was off.

Taking the road I had traversed in the morning, I passed the spot where Gomez's camp had been then, and a mile and a half beyond saw the camp fires of his force shine through the dusk about Punta Alegre. As I got near the village, the masts of the *Dellie* loomed up near a little footway of a wharf that ran out from a low bluff. "Twilight magnifies," and so doubtless does anticipation—for the sticks of that little 23-tonner looked as high as those of a big ship to me.

The village was a mere collection of palm huts, formerly a Spanish post, with two quaint little brick towers about as big as pigeon-houses, loop-holed for infantry fire. On two hills nearby were the remains of formidable Spanish blockhouses. The post had been captured by the Cubans in 1897. It was a miserable hamlet. Gomez and his staff were encamped on the bluff, not a hundred yards from where the *Dellie* lay. At the bluff I dismounted near a massive country cart, much like a timber wagon, where I found a group of sick from our force, looking very miserable. They saluted me with news that they could not communicate with the *Dellie*, as she was anchored away from the wharf, and that they had heard they would not be taken aboard. I left my horse and luggage in care of one of the sick Americans—a tall Illinois man named McAllister, reduced to extreme weakness by chronic dysentery, and looking like a corpse—and went out to prospect.

On going to the end of the wharf I found that the schooner was anchored out in the shallow bay about 50 yards away and had her boat alongside. I hailed

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her repeatedly but could get no response. After waiting for some time I went back to the bluff and tried to find someone that I knew. Unfortunately, I had not cultivated the acquaintance of the officers about Gomez when at Palo Alto and La Majagua, and remembered hardly any one. At last I thought of Dr. Lucas Alvarez, the chief surgeon, a fine fellow, and with great difficulty found his hammock tent. But he had gone out visiting. Finally I saw Dr. Silva, who had come over with us on the Florida. He was sitting on the ground eating his supper. I told him my difficulty and that of the sick, and begged him to tell me a way of communicating with the schooner, for if we could not do that tonight, and the boat should leave at daylight, as proposed, we would be unable to get off on her. He hardly turned his head, although we had been together for two months in Tampa and on the Florida, and refused to do anything. (This man was the one exception I recorded at the opening of these notes to the excellent quality of the Cuban doctors. He had grinned with pleasure when I was left by the Florida, and seemed to be thoroughly malicious. Yet after I got on the Dellie he had the impudence to send me a letter to stamp and mail—and I did so!)

I left Dr. Silva in disgust and wandered around further and vainly. After awhile an officer came up and told me that General Gomez wished to see me. I went to his hammock tent, where there was a candle burning. *El Viejo* was fumbling around in an aimless way. Nobody else was present. He did not seem to remember having sent for me, so I broached the subject of getting on the Dellie, speaking, of course, in Spanish. He said in a querulous voice:

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"You can do as you please. You are not of my army." And he kept on repeating: *Tu no es de mi ejercito, Tu no es de mi ejercito.* The fact is, the old man was "tight." That was his weakness, especially at night. He always had liquor about him, and was the only man I saw in Cuba who seemed to care for it or take any pains to supply himself. I was nettled at this reception, and blurted out that I was of his army; that I had in my pocket General Nunez's appointment as first lieutenant and Colonel Trista's honorable discharge as first lieutenant; that I had come over on General Nunez's staff, and had been transferred to General Rodriguez's staff; that he himself had that day granted me leave to return to the States. He seemed somewhat abashed at this reply, rather tartly delivered, and responded in a changed tone that I could go, if the captain of the schooner would take me, but that he had no control over him, and could not make him do so. I must make my own terms with the captain.

Evidently there was no aid to be had in this quarter, and my getting off was more dubious than before. I left him, and presently ascertained that Colonel Valdez Dominguez and several other officers were on board the schooner, dining with the captain. I then resolved to wait on the wharf until the boat should land them, and thus secure communication with the vessel. The sick men were appealing to me to aid them, seeming to have no other reliance.

It was a long wait, but at last the boat came out, and five or six officers landed. I tackled Valdez Dominguez at once, representing the condition of the sick, most of whom would die if forced to march further and suffer the privations they had been suffering.

IN DARKEST CUBA

I told him I didn't appeal to him for myself, but for them. He was quite indifferent at first, but finally said that if I would bring them to him early in the morning he would see what he could do. There was no use to try to get to the schooner that night, for the captain had declared that he would take nobody on board. That was all I could do. The poor devils of sick hung around me and pleaded for help and I was so affected by their misery that I had to try very hard to choke down some sobs. It was a pitiful, heart-sickening situation.

Presently, however, I stumbled across LaBorde, who was hunting me. He had been over with the party of officers to the schooner, but had missed me on the wharf. He said that while on board he had arranged with the captain, Juan Santos, who was his personal friend, to take me and one other, but the vessel was small and without provisions, and the captain had declared that if he, LaBorde, pressed him to take others he would take none. He left it to me to select the man who should go with me. McAllister was by my side at the time. I told LaBorde that he would die if he remained and that he at least ought to be taken. He agreed. Then the others crowded up and the pitiful pleading was renewed. LaBorde told them brusquely that he could do nothing for them; that there was no room for them, and that, even if there were, orders had been issued that no Cuban should leave the island at this time—only Americans could go. Freeing himself from them, he took me away.

His first act was to secure my horse. Then, as I wanted to take my saddle with me, he found a place where one of General Carrillo's men agreed to take

AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE

care of it until morning. He said he could get me quarters in a palm hut which had been built that day for Carrillo but which he had not occupied; but I had had enough of village huts from my experience at Marroquin, and declined. Next he went to a canvas shelter, under which a little nephew of General Carrillo, a boy of 12 or 13 years, had his hammock slung, and got his consent that I should sleep under his hammock. But this I also declined, my pride not allowing me to get shelter of that sort. I told him that I would make my bed on the ground in the open, and, seeing that I was resolved, he gave me a note to Captain Santos of the schooner saying that I was the officer of whom he had spoken to him, and went to spend the night at El Mamon.

I did what I could to cheer up the sick, who were huddled about the big cart, and at about 10 or 11 o'clock made my own couch on a clean spot of rock cropping out of the bluff, lying on my mackintosh and resting my head on my saddle bag. There was a fine breeze blowing. I slept fairly well at first, but was awakened by the cold, and later by the rain. Three times that night the rain fell in torrents, and I had to get up and sit on my effects, trying to shelter myself and them. But the mackintosh soon soaked through, and the dawn found me as wet as a rat, cold, stiff, and gloomy. As was natural under the circumstances.

ABOARD AND HOME-BOUND.

MAROONED ON BEACH FOR HOURS IN SHEETING RAIN—
“AFTER DOLOR COMETH JOY”—THAT HOPPING-
JOHN AT LAST!—TINY CRAFT OVERCROWDED—
SEVERAL PASSENGERS INVALIDS—ONLY AMERICANS
MAY LEAVE—EXIT BUTTARI!

Thursday, August 18.—At Punta Alegre. Very soft and sweet was the sound of Gomez's silver cornets, calling the *diana* in the gloom before the dawn, a few feet from where I lay on my rocky bed. But I was already awake, with my thoughts concentrated on the little schooner that rode placidly on the rippling waters of the sound. “So near and yet so far”—it was the temptation of Tantalus.

The morning grew, and still no boat came from the schooner. I hunted for Dr. Alvarez, but could not find him. I met Lieutenant Gomez of General Rodriguez's escort—the General, my nominal chief, had now arrived—and he told me that Gomez was going to pay a visit to the schooner, and advised me to wait on the wharf until he had done so, as immediately afterward the vessel would probably leave. So McAllister and I went with our effects to the end of the wharf, and sat on them and waited.

Once or twice a big black elderly negro poled a little boat from the schooner to the wharf, but he answered not a word to my questionings, seeming deaf and dumb by instructions. Perhaps it was—as I was to find out afterward—because he did not know a word of Spanish, the language in which I addressed him. After awhile the heavens opened and

ABOARD AND HOME-BOUND

the rain fell literally in sheets. McAllister and I sat there through it all, mute and miserable, drenched again to the skin. LaBorde showed up and encouraged us by saying that Captain Santos, after his promise, would not leave without us. Then he went away.

The hours passed slowly. We were very hungry. At last—it was about 11 o'clock—a small man with a bronzed face and a short, dark beard came in the boat from the schooner. I inquired if he were Captain Santos. He said he was, and I gave him LaBorde's note. He read it, said: "Bimeby," went on to the land, came back, looked at us irresolutely a moment, and burst out: "I'm not going today, but you shall not stay out here any longer." Then he had the Dellie hauled up to the wharf in about 6 feet of water—she drew four and one-half—and a few moments later McAllister and I were aboard. Oh! what a delight it was to set heel firmly on that little narrow deck, and to feel that the scenes of suffering and selfishness, both irreparable and both wretched to look upon, were behind us!

"Have you breakfasted?" asked Captain Santos.

"No, but I can do without," I answered.

"Oh, but you must join us!"

"I don't want to trouble you."

He took me by the arm. "You are my friend; I am Juan Santos; you must share with me all I have, food and bunk—and you are very welcome."

At this unaccustomed kindness and hospitality the tears came to my eyes. The contrast between this welcome and that I had in Gomez's camp was too vivid. Big, clean china plates, the first I had seen since I left the Florida, seven weeks before, were spread

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on the low deck house, and in a few minutes we were eating the coveted meal of my former starving fancy—*tasajo*, black beans, and rice: “hopping-john.” How delicious it was! So delicious that neither McAllister nor myself could refuse a second heaping plateful of the glorious combination, which had the added relish given by the warm and solicitous hospitality of both captain and crew—the latter, some half-dozen in number, vying with their chief in making us welcome. Here was the Cuban in his normal state, unbrutalized by war and famine, cheery, courteous, warm-hearted, and hospitable. I recognized and appreciated the difference.

And so did McAllister. Gaunt and pallid and weakened by disease, he was a pitiable spectacle. He had believed, as did I, that his life depended on his getting away, and when he heard that provisions were short on the boat he had protested to everybody that he could eat nothing, and if he were taken on board he would eat nothing—but this did not prevent him from devouring eagerly two heaping platefuls of that first dinner. His appetite came back to him with the stronger hope of life that possessed him when he left the dreary shore. He was intensely grateful to me for having selected him from the rest to be saved, as he considered it, and to the kind-hearted captain and crew.

General Gomez was busy with dispatches and was not ready to come aboard, so we dropped away from the wharf and out into the bay. All day long piteous groups of the Cuban sick sat on the wharf waiting for a chance to come aboard. I pleaded with Captain Santos to take some of them, at least, but he replied that, while he was willing to share his last meal with

ABOARD AND HOME-BOUND

them and give the shirt off his back to them, it was impossible, without food and in view of a long quarantine, to take them on his little boat, already with more than its proper number of men.

It was hard to see this suffering unrelieved, but I could not gainsay the correctness of his position. I felt that I had done all I could do for the Cubans, and that the responsibility for their fate rested upon their own officers.

In the afternoon Captain Santos paid another visit to Gomez, and *El Viejo* remembered my interview with him sufficiently to ask the captain, as a personal favor to him, to take me. This I did not know until a long time afterward. The captain, however, had already acted in the matter from the dictates of his own good heart. Gomez also asked that Duncan Elliot, the New York club man who had gone over on General Lacret's expedition, should be taken, and later in the day Dr. Abbott, the millionaire naturalist and globe-trotter of the Chanler outfit, went to Gomez and secured a like request from him. To both of these Captain Santos acceded, having secured from General Carillo the promise of some *tasajo*, or salt beef, with which to feed his passengers.

Toward evening Colonel Trista came down to the wharf and, at the point of the *machete*, drove off the Cuban sick of his command, telling them that they must go back to El Mamon and prepare to start for the interior next morning. As he had himself given these men written leave to return to the States, I am sure that in this action, seemingly so heartless, he was obeying Gomez's orders. It was an understood thing that Cubans would not be permitted to leave. They had enlisted for the war, it was said, and they must

IN DARKEST CUBA

abide the penalties of it and stay until it was formally ended, so far as the Cubans and the Spaniards were concerned. Poor devils! They could not all have been taken on the Dellie, but the way they were driven off seemed very cruel, and I doubt whether half of them lived a month afterward.

Dr. Abbott came on board and, with my assistance, secured passage for the servant of the Chanler party, a negro named Jack, known to fame as the chap who boxed with the boxing kangaroo in his tour round the world. Jack had made himself such a nuisance to the rest of the party that they begged the doctor to rid them of him. The doctor wanted to pay Captain Santos for their passage, but he wouldn't hear of it. I got the captain to take the other sick American, Weeks by name, an Ohio man and a rather "poor shoat," and one wretched little Cuban boy, who had managed to dodge the Trista round-up on the wharf, was also admitted to the Dellie. All told, we had about 20 men on that little 23-ton schooner.

I found out that Buttari, also, had tried to get away, but had been refused permission, and had now been taken by General Velozo as his private secretary and promised a horse and good treatment. Jose was to be his *asistente*. In the evening Buttari came up in a sail boat from El Mamon, in company with his friend, Lieutenant-Colonel Mendieta, and seemed to be having a jolly time of it. I only saw him at a distance. Antonio Aguero, of the Chanler outfit, came to the schooner in the evening and pleaded hard to be taken on board, but Captain Santos wouldn't allow it. One Cuban officer forced himself on board and refused to leave. The captain took him by the collar, chucked him into the little boat, and had him rowed ashore.

ABOARD AND HOME-BOUND

At night LaBorde came out to the schooner and told me that a brother of Dr. Lucas Alvarez needed saddle, bridle, and cloth and couldn't get any, and, having heard that I had an outfit, wanted to buy it. I had wished to take it back as a souvenir of my trip, but as I had only \$5 with me I concluded to sell the outfit. It had cost me \$20 in Tampa, but I sold it for \$12, taking an order on Alvarez's brother in New York for the amount. (It was lucky I did, for, as it turned out, I couldn't have landed the saddle, and had need of every dollar of the money to get home).

The Dellie had a little, low cabin with six open bunks, ranged along the sides, three to a side. Captain Santos gave me one next to his own, an uncased pillow and a bare mattress—there was no purple and fine linen on the Dellie. I turned over my bunk to Duncan Elliot, who was very feeble; but I didn't make any sacrifice in doing so, for two months' sleeping in the open air had given me a horror of four walls, and the stuffy little cabin of the Dellie was not attractive. I made my quarters on top of the low deck-house, where, wrapped in my blanket and my head on a coil of rope, I slept deliciously.

GOMEZ: THE LAST GLIMPSE.

El Viejo COMES ABOARD TO PRESENT BATTLE-FLAG TO VETERAN SKIPPER—THE DELLIE SAILS, BUT IS BECALMED AMONG KEYS, AND ANCHORS TO AWAIT DAWN BREEZE—SLEEPING ATOP THE CABIN.

Friday, August 19.—I was awakened from my sleep on the Dellie's deck-house, under the main boom, by the silvery summons of the cornets at Gomez's headquarters, not 100 yards away. The *diana*, or reveille, more florid in its melody than the American bugle calls, and always rendered by Gomez's two cornets with great sweetness and expression, was the more entrancing this morning because of the thought that it did not summon me, at least, to weary, aimless waiting and to the sight of misery that could not be relieved. As near and as clear as if I were in camp, this last *diana* call that I was to hear in Cuba reached me across the water like an echo from out the past, already mellowed by distance and idealized by reminiscence. I never enjoyed it so much as I did on hearing it sound the *finale*.

At 6:30 a. m. General Gomez came aboard with General Carrillo and several other officers. There was barely room on our little stern deck for the group to stand there. Gomez faced forward, his officers on either side, Captain Santos of the Dellie fronting him at the cabin hatch. Taking from an attendant a package, Gomez unrolled it, and exhibited a silken Cuban flag, stained and faded. Addressing Captain Santos, he said that this was the flag of Peralejo, the most considerable battle of the revolution, where he

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had defeated Captain-General Martinez-Campos; that Santos by his services to the Cuban cause, as the pilot of many relief expeditions, had merited the honor of holding it, and he gave it to his keeping, with the expression of his hope that one day the faithful Santos would be able to hoist it over a Cuban war vessel under his command.

Captain Santos was made very happy by this compliment, and, expressing his thanks and his face beaming, seized the signal halyards and began to fasten the flag to the cord preparatory to raising it to the masthead. But Gomez checked him, and told him to bring an American flag. This was quickly found in a locker of the cabin, and, under Gomez's direction, Old Glory was attached to the halyards and the two flags were raised together, the American above the Cuban, the cornets on the wharf sounding the *Himno de Bayamo*, the Cuban "Marseillaise."

The "Old Man" took off his black slouch hat, and watched the flags go up the line and ripple out in the morning breeze. He continued for fully a minute to gaze up at them there with a solemn, rapt expression on his grim features. Standing a few feet away, by the mainmast, I could see every working of his lean, brown face and could well divine the thoughts that passed through his mind. After many years of hardship and struggle and sacrifice, after ten years of one war and three of another unparalleled in privation, after failure and exile and the bitterness of hope deferred, he looked at last upon the flag of Free Cuba, floating over the blue waters, under the kindly, protectingegis of the Stars and Stripes. It was a great moment for Maximo Gomez—the moment of the fruition of his dearest hopes. "I have but one aspiration,

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one desire," he had said to Lieutenant Johnson through me at Palo Alto—"It is the independence of Cuba." And now he saw it near at hand, saw it in the flags that floated and lapped their folds against the background of the dreamy morning sky.

Withdrawing his gaze slowly from the flags, and bringing himself from the things of the past and the future to those of the present, General Gomez straightened himself with a quick movement suggesting the click of a trigger, lifted his big black hat at arm's length above him, and said, with a sudden, dynamic energy in his sharp voice:

Viva Cuba!

The officers and men on the schooner and on the wharf, their hats off, too, echoed, *Viva!*

Viva Libertad! said Gomez.

Viva! shouted the little crowd.

Viva los Americanos!

Viva!

Then some one proposed *Viva Maximo Gomez!* and once more the plaudit echoed, *Viva!* *El Viejo* took another package from the orderly and opened it, exhibiting a smaller Cuban flag. *La bandera de la invasion*, he said. This was the flag he had used in making his famous march through Cuba in 1895-6 from one end to the other, invading Habana province and driving Martinez-Campos back into the city and into speedy retirement. It was passed from hand to hand, caressed and returned.

Captain Santos now invited the Commander-in-Chief into the little cabin, brought out glasses and a bottle of delicious Cuban cordial made of old rum and aromatic herbs, and *El Viejo* stayed with it until it was emptied. Then he climbed out in high good humor

GOMEZ, THE LAST GLIMPSE

and, after shaking hands with Santos and saluting us Americans, who stood in a group at the mainmast, stepped from the schooner to the wharf and returned to his quarters, the cornets playing sprightly music. This was shortly after 7 o'clock, and it was the last I saw of Maximo Gomez.

At 9 o'clock the *Dellie* hoisted sail, drew anchor, and, with a gentle trade-wind propelling, headed westward, Gomez's cornets saluting her from the bluff and the hats of the headquarters people waving her a farewell. We on the *Dellie* grouped ourselves on the deck-house and gave three American cheers and a tiger, which were heartily responded to by *vivas* from the shore.

We were soon far away, past El Mamon beach, past the cape beyond, and continued briskly along the coast at a distance averaging three miles. We put off at two places a half dozen Cuban soldiers who were returning to their posts near the coast, their boats having been taken in tow by the *Dellie*. After several hours we got into a maze of beautiful wooded keys, our light draught enabling us to slip through the shallow channels among them.

In the evening we encountered thunder storms and heavy rain squalls which smothered the wind, and we drifted afterward, making very little progress.

The shallow waters here seemed to be favorite fishing fields for cormorants and pelicans; we were never out of sight of them, diving industriously for their food or flapping heavily over the surface, the tips of their wings touching the wavelets. At times we saw regular congresses of gulls and cormorants on the water, huddled together in masses that looked like little islands.

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time going quite near to Santiago, and had then gone westward to the insurgent capital at Cubitas, in Puer-to Principe or Camaguey province. Here he stayed some little time before joining General Menocal in his march farther west to Gomez's camp.

Elliot had a good easy time in the two eastern provinces, where there was at that time ample food. He gave me a glowing description of a dinner given the Lacret party by the insurgent government at Cubitas, which he said was the most beautiful spread he had ever seen—and he was a veteran *viveur*. I think there were some 40 people at the long table, lit by country-made candles, and they had there nearly everything in the range of Cuban production to eat and drink. It was a fearful contrast when they crossed the *trocha* and entered the desolated country in which we were operating. The passage was of course effected at night. An advance party with pliers cut the wire obstructions, and they dashed across the open clearing and the railroad track, their hundred men being obliged, however, to zigzag between the little forts which are ranged in ranks along the *trocha*. Elliot said that fully 25,000 shots must have been fired at them as they passed, but they only lost one man, a nephew of Maximo Gomez, who received a mortal wound from which he died next day.

I have recorded how Elliot, Karl Decker, Seeley, and one or two other Americans with Menocal's party joined Gomez half-way between Palo Alto and La Majagua. They went on to Arroyo Blanco and took part in the siege of that town with the dynamite guns. After its capture Elliot, now prostrated by tropic dysentery, went into an extemporized hospital and, with other sick, was left there when the Cubans de-

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parted. He was given up for dead and would never have pulled through, he said, but for the devoted attention of Dr. Buzzi, whom I had first met in a Tampa drug store, and who had come over with us on the Florida. Buzzi was starving, but he stuck to his patient and, much to his own astonishment, pulled him through. Elliot declares that for a week he did not eat a mouthful. At last he got a can of condensed milk for \$5, which gave him a little strength, and on hearing of the landing of the Dellie expedition he had himself put on a horse and started for the coast. Hardly able to hold on, he traveled 50 miles in two days on the nourishment afforded by two pieces of pumpkin, and reached Punta Alegre utterly exhausted. Nothing but an extraordinary constitution saved him. Elliot is a man of large frame. His normal weight is 220, but he weighs about 135.

Naturally the job of looking after our sick—so famished as to be almost ungovernable—was a very difficult one, but Dr. Abbott devoted himself to it most loyally and, although his rebellious charges swore that they would eat enough if they died for it, he managed to coax and bully them into something like moderation. I had thought the Cubans one-idea'd enough on the subject of eating, but they never approached the reckless unreason of these convalescing Americans. They had no conception of self-control.

We put out a trolling line as we passed through the channel around the point of Cayo Frances at good speed, under the influence of a freshening breeze, and caught within half an hour five big fish, weighing ten or twelve pounds each. Three were barracuda, a long, ferocious-looking fish of the pike family, one

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was a blackfish or grouper, and one a king-fish, almost identical with the Spanish mackerel. One of the barracuda we had for dinner, cut up and fried; and the grouper we made into a chowder, about the best I ever ate. Several of the sailors were excellent cooks, and the change to a fish diet was mighty pleasant. The captain would fish no more after two-days' supply had been obtained, and the line was drawn in.

The lighthouse on the point of Cayo Frances is merely a tall pole with a big lantern hung at the top. This beacon has not been lighted during the war. Several families of Cuban fisher-folk live near the light and have no trouble to sustain life, for the waters teem with fish.

Before doubling the cape, we passed at a distance of four or five miles a place on the coast called Yaguajay, one of the great sugar estates or *centrales* formerly so numerous on the island. We could see the immense extent of the light green cane fields, the long wharf projecting into the sound and the great warehouse on it. A railroad, probably ten or fifteen miles long, ran from the wharf to the *central* and through the estate. This place had been heavily guarded by the Spanish, but I believe had secured its exemption from destruction rather from taxes paid the insurgents than from Spanish arms. The Cubans had posts all around it.

On the way we passed several considerable coasting sloops and schooners, clumsy looking, beamy freighters, going westward toward Moron. These were understood to be Spanish, and engaged in transferring troops from the *trocha* to Caibarien. We passed one very close. The Cubans in our boat and

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the Spaniards in the other looked at each other grimly and exchanged no compliments.

It was late in the afternoon, and the wind was shrieking in the rigging when we reached a small, square harbor in Santa Maria Key, where the Ellen M. Adams of the Dellie expedition had unloaded her cargo to be transferred to the shore. We had gone almost as far east as El Mamon, but were many miles to the north of it. The Dellie dropped anchor in two-fathom water about a mile from shore, and prepared to spend the night.

The little schooner is about 60 feet long and 12-foot beam, is flat-bottomed, carries a centerboard, and has tall masts and an unusual spread of sail. The largest clear space on her is the stern-deck, about 10 by 12 feet. The cabin is barely high enough to permit a man of ordinary height to traverse it without bumping his head, and this elevation is only effected by the aid of a deck-house with a height above the deck of 18 inches. The 18 or 20 men on board find it hard work to keep out of one another's way, the space is so limited. The deck-house is the favorite sleeping and lounging place—indeed, there is none other, for the cabin below is very stuffy, smelling loudly of oil and the *tasajo* piled up in its forward section opposite the diminutive cook's galley, from which it is separated by the well containing the centerboard.

The Dellie belongs, as I have said, to the Cuban *junta* at Key West. On her papers the name of the old darkey pilot appears as captain; but this is a blind, as he has no authority aboard. The real captain is Santos, and the old negro steers and does drudgery. He doesn't speak Spanish, and Santos

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doesn't speak English, but they have each a certain nautical *lingua Franca* and sign language by which they manage to make themselves understood. It is very amusing to watch and listen to them.

EXPLORING SANTA MARIA KEY.

ROUGH, SHAGGY AND BAREFOOT, RETURNING OFFICERS
MIGHT BE MISTAKEN FOR CASTAWAYS—ARRIVAL
AT CAIBARIEN—LIEUTENANT GONZALES HAPPY IN
UNEXPECTED REUNION WITH HIS CHIEF, GENERAL
NUNEZ, HEADING NEW EXPEDITION—AN EX-
CHANGE OF CALLS.

Sunday, August 21.—Among the Cuban Keys. Our one little boat was going out to Santa Maria Key in the forenoon with a couple of empty barrels to get water, and Dr. Abbott and I went on her to do some exploring.

It was a beautiful day, but broiling hot. The water at our anchorage was 10 or 12 feet deep, but all the way to the beach we could see the bottom plainly. It was of white coral sand, patched with seaweed and coral rock. The beach was of the same brilliant white sand, the most beautiful and even that I had ever seen, without a shell or a fragment of shell to vary its surface. Great starfish of uniform size—about a foot in diameter and of varied markings—lay in the shallower water near the beach. We hauled the boat up, and the sailors rolled the barrels up to a point in the dwarf palmetto thicket about 40 yards away, where a well four or five feet deep had been excavated in the sand, the water bubbling into it from a little spring at the bottom. This water was quite fresh and clear, but it rose slowly and the filling of the barrels took much time.

The doctor and one of the men went to washing their extra linen clothes in fresh water, Cuban fashion,

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at anchor in the landlocked harbor south of the point. Cries began to go up that one, the smaller, was our old friend, the Florida. But as we approached we saw that that could not be. The deck-houses were differently arranged, and this boat, flying the American flag, had a yacht "nose" on her, while the Florida's bow was squarely cut. The other steamer, a larger one, showed the red flag of old England. The wind was against us, and we tacked and tacked, approaching them slowly.

It was nearly sunset when a squatty sloop, evidently belonging to Caibarien, left the American steamer and headed for the town 15 miles away. We crossed each other at a distance of a couple of hundred yards. Hello! What's this? We see two or three men in brown linen uniforms standing in her stern, and they wave their hats and cheer. One man has a most familiar look. I grab Captain Santos' glasses and scan him closely—it is my former chief, General Nunez!

We have struck it, struck it in the happiest way—we have met General Nunez and an American expedition!

On we go, and in a little while we run under the stern of a clumsy old wooden steamship showing the name, "Wanderer, New Orleans," and round up alongside. A dozen or two men in United States service-hats lean over the side and shout to us. We make fast, and in a few minutes those of us who are well climb the ropes of our little schooner and swing over to the rail of the steamer. I find it easy enough, my weight down to 150, and my muscles hardened by the rough life of the woods. But what a sight I am when I drop on the deck! With a matted beard of two

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months' growth, my hair grown down over my neck, an old flannel shirt on, shrunk half-way up to my elbows, and a pair of trousers once beautiful to look upon but now with their stripes stained out, my feet bare—no wearing clumsy, slippery-soled shoes on the Dellie's narrow deck!—and their skin peeling off from sunburn—what a spectacle! But a natty, brown linen uniform makes its way up to me, and the occupant throws his arms around me, in impulsive Cuban fashion, and hugs me and pats me on the back. It is Carillo—Justo Carillo, major and chief of dispatches of General Nunez's staff, my former companion in Tampa and on the Florida expedition, a brother of Major-General Carrillo of Gomez's army.

Presently General Nunez's boat tacks back, and he comes aboard and welcomes me no less warmly, if less demonstratively, than Carrillo. I am introduced to the captain of the Wanderer, no less a person than the famous "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien, the hero of 27 filibustering expeditions, a small man with a resolute face, sharp eyes, and iron-gray hair and mustache. I also meet Lieutenant Ahern, U. S. A., in charge of the expedition for the United States, who was an old acquaintance, having been second to Lieutenant Johnson on the Florida expedition. The Cubans envelop me in an atmosphere of sympathy and regard, and, although I feel very awkward in my outlandish togery and bare feet, make me take a big late dinner with them.

After dark, General Nunez comes on board the Dellie, and Captain Santos sets up coffee over and over again, and we lie on the deckhouse and tell our news and experiences. Mine is a long story, for I have to inform the General of the fortunes and misfortunes

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of his men and the treatment they received from his successor, General Rodriguez. He is indignant. I learn, for my part, that this expedition left Key West on the 13th with about 200 tons of supplies and reached here this morning; that, although General Miles promised Gomez that supplies would be forwarded to him as rapidly as possible, General Nunez had to labor for a month before he could get off this small expedition. General Miles having gone to Puerto Rico, the War Department ignored his plans and promises, and kept General Nunez at Washington, knocking from pillar to post for weeks, before they would let him have, out of the abundance of the American supplies, this little cargo.

We talked for four hours, and it was after 10 o'clock before the General went back to the Wanderer. I rolled myself in my blanket and slept in the stern of the Dellie's little boat, hauled up on deck, close under the side of the steamer.

QUELLING THE UNRULY JACK.

OBSTREPEROUS NEGRO IS PUT IN HIS PLACE—TEMPORARILY ABOARD THE GUN-RUNNING "WANDERER"—CATCHING UP ON WAR NEWS FROM OLD MAGAZINES—LONG-LOST LUXURY OF BATHING AGAIN ENJOYED.

Monday, August 22.—Off Caibarien. Early this morning we passengers on the Dellie were directed by Lieutenant Ahern, U. S. A., to quit her, as he proposed to employ the schooner in landing the steamer's cargo. We were told to go aboard the Wanderer, where we would be looked after until the Dellie's return. Of course we were willing enough for this, and the transfer was made in about ten minutes. The Dellie was soon loaded, and sailed away with Lieutenant Ahern and General Nunez, heading for Punta Alegre.

Before they left there was a rather interesting incident. I have referred to the fact that, with my assistance, Dr. Abbott had persuaded Captain Santos to take on the schooner the negro Jack, formerly the boxing companion of the boxing kangaroo in his tour around the world, and latterly the cook of the Chanler outfit. Jack had been making himself a nuisance to the Chanler party, and the five or six who remained had said that they could stand more of darkest Cuba, but not more of darkest Jack. So we took him aboard the Dellie on his pledge of good behavior. He was mighty anxious to get back to the States.

Hardly had we sailed away from Punta Alegre, however, before Jack began to make himself an af-

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fliction to us. He grumbled and carped incessantly, he broke into our conversations, he tried to appropriate other people's bunks and take other people's seats, and was intolerably familiar. I told Dr. Abbott that I looked to him to keep the fellow in his place. The doctor tried his best, but he didn't know how. He coaxed him and pleaded with him. "Now, Jack," he would say, "you oughtn't to behave so"—and so forth, and so on. Jack took this rosewater treatment as an encouragement, and behaved worse than ever. Then I got wrought up, and, in my brutal South Carolina way, I told Jack that if he didn't come to order p. d. q. I would chuck him overboard or have the captain land him on one of the keys nearby. This had a sobering effect on him for a time, but his vanity revived again when we reached the *Wanderer*, and last night he frequently broke into my talk with General Nunez, and made himself as offensive as ever.

"I'm afraid we are going to have more trouble with Jack," said Dr. Abbott this morning. "He has put his things on the stern deck of the steamer, which has been assigned to us, and I don't know how to get rid of him."

"Leave that to me," I said. Lieutenant Ahern had known Jack on the *Florida*, where he was well-behaved. "Hello, Jack!" he called to him in cordial greetings when he met him now; but I interrupted him, took him aside, told him the state of affairs and gave him a hint.

"All right," he said, "I know how to deal with him." "Steward!" he sung out loudly, "give this fellow"—pointing to the astonished Jack—"the fare of a deck hand, rations at 50 cents a day; nothing more; and see that he keeps to the fo'c'sle." The lieu-

QUELLING THE UNRULY JACK

tenant had married a South Carolinian—of a Chester family—and knew a thing or two. The doctor expected Jack to storm and resist. Not a bit of it. He meekly took up his traps and went forward; and we had no more trouble with him on the trip. "That is a blessed relief," said the doctor. "I see you know more about managing niggers than I do. We were all so kind and indulgent to Jack and treated him just like one of ourselves, and yet we couldn't make him behave."

"That was just what made him misbehave," I replied.

The old Wanderer, formerly a fruit steamer of the New Orleans and Honduras line, had a covered deck at her stern not larger than an ordinary room. Here Dr. Abbott, Elliot, McAllister, Weeks, and I made our quarters, slinging our hammocks across or along the side. There was barely room for the five of us, but it was very comfortable after our camp experience, very restful and lazy. Captain Johnny O'Brien loaned me some New York papers of the 10th and 11th inst., and other officers contributed several magazines. The great treasure of the whole supply was the Review of Reviews for August, with the summary of a month's events, its accounts of the destruction of Cervera's squadron—of which we had only the haziest notion before—and the fighting around Santiago, not a detail of which had reached us. Next in importance was Munsey's, with its store of current information. I formerly had much preferred McClure's, but the August McClure's had no charm for us; what we wanted was news, not literature, and we lay in our hammocks and read greedily all day through.

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Dr. Nunez had been to Caibarien with Lieutenant Ahern the day before. He returned early this morning and afterward went on the *Dellie* with his brother and the American officers. Both reported that the Spanish officials had been quite courteous and had entertained them at the Casino Espanol, or Spanish club. Like Carrillo, the doctor had embraced me most affectionately and he seemed genuinely glad to see me again. He was still the General's chief of staff.

The British steamer lying at anchor near us was the *Palma*, of West Hartlepool, with a cargo of provisions, a part for the Spanish garrison at Caibarien and at Remedios, a few miles inland, and a part for sale to the citizens. Sloops from Caibarien were beginning to gather about her and take on the stores for delivery at the town, the harbor being too shallow to admit of the entrance of vessels of 15-foot draught.

One long-lost luxury we enjoyed on our deck aboard, the infinite luxury of washing. Dr. Abbott and I would haul water over the sides and douse each other in turn.

We took our three meals a day at the cabin table with great regularity and satisfaction, the doctor and I, and we had magnificent appetites. The fare was very good, considering everything. Elliot, McAllister, and Weeks, being invalids, lay in their hammocks and were fed frequently on such foods fit for them as the larder afforded. Fortunately for them, the steamer had a good supply of condensed milk. Dr. Abbott, who was as kind-hearted a man as ever lived, though rough as a bear, guaranteed payment for these attentions to McAllister and Weeks. Elliot was provided with money. Many very large fish, chiefly

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groupers, swam around the ship and devoured the kitchen refuse, but wouldn't take the hook. The water was so clear that they seemed almost at the surface, but were actually six to ten feet below it.

This is glorious fishing ground, and the sea birds seem to find it such. Great brown pelicans are always in sight, flapping heavily over the water in long lines, or circling and plunging in with noisy splashes after the fish in shoal water. Gulls of several sorts are constantly around the steamer, and occasionally frigate-birds, the most wonderful of all flyers, come within a few feet of the deck. The doctor won't let me try at them with my pistol; while he has slain his thousands of birds for stuffing, he doesn't approve of killing any except for some such "necessary" purpose.

The day passes lazily. I hardly stir from my hammock, except to eat. I read and read and read, trying to put myself again in touch with the great world, which seems so very far away.

"MAZAMPLA" COMES ABOARD BY NIGHT.

**MERCHANT WHO WAS SECRET AGENT OF INSURGENTS
THROUGHOUT REVOLUTION TELLS HIS STORY—
LYING OFF CAIBARIEN—RUM PLENTIFUL AND
CHEAP—SHOOTING A SHARK WITH THE REVOLVER—
SPANISH MERCHANTS BOYCOTT BRITISH TRADING
VESSEL.**

Tuesday, August 23.—Steamship Wanderer, off Caibarien.—A lazy, dreamy day. Swung in my hammock most of the time and read diligently.

The weather is warm and quite calm, and we feel the heat much more than on shore, for the steamer swings head on to the breeze, and the deck cabin cuts it off from us at the stern.

The sick are improving, being fed often on suitable food. Dr. Abbott fusses and lectures them, but he is devoted in his attention, and captain, officers, and crew are all kind and considerate.

I shot a five-foot shark today with my revolver. The spectators agreed that it was a centre hit. The shark gave a flirt, turned over on its side and sank.

Several boats from Caibarien came along during the day, one of them bringing *aguardiente*, or rum, in big demijohns for sale. I hadn't had a drink since the 6th day of July, when old Gomez made me that excellent punch, so I bought a gallon for the voyage and importation, at a cost of 75 cents. It was several years old and very good. There doesn't seem to be any restriction on the liquor traffic in Cuba, yet the people are the most temperate I ever saw, and appear

"MAZAMPLA" COMES ABOARD BY NIGHT

to care little for liquor. It is said that on account of the blockade large quantities of sugar, which would otherwise have been exported, have been converted into rum; and the new crop of this liquor is selling at 12½ cents a gallon wholesale. If South Carolina knew this, there would be a large and hasty emigration to Cuba.

One of the boats brings us a copy of *El Orden* of Caibarien, which reports the arrest of seven Cubans—those we towed from Punta Alegre and dropped near Yaguajay—and their committal to jail. "Causes supposed to be political or of the war," says *El Orden*.

The British steamship *Palma*, anchored near us, has a half dozen Caibarien sloops swarming around her, taking on flour, etc. This port must do considerable business in a small way. It has quite a fleet of sailing vessels, and now, that the war is over, their sails are to be seen in all directions. The *faro*, or beacon, at the point of Cayo Frances, two miles from us, is relit, peace being restored.

The captain of the *Palma* has his wife and children with him. His little blond daughter, some six years old, came over to the *Wanderer* and spent some time this afternoon.

The doctor and I ate our three meals again today. The doctor's appetite excites wonderment on board.

Wednesday, August 24.—At about two a. m. we were awakened by the noise of making fast a considerable fishing smack to the *Wanderer*, but she soon dropped away, and we resumed our sleep. At daylight a strange and very fat man was discovered on board, and as he couldn't talk English, and the crew couldn't talk Spanish, they were mutually disturbed. The mysterious manner of his coming had aroused

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grave suspicion of his purposes, and some of the quartermaster's men were hinting of a Spanish plot to blow up the ship with dynamite. I tried to reassure them that fat villains were very rare, even in fiction, Count Fosco being the only one I could remember, and that this stranger could not well blow up a ship without elevating himself with it.

But the alarm extended, and after awhile reached Captain O'Brien, who requested me to examine the fat stranger and find out who he was and what he was doing on board. The captain stood by, eyeing him suspiciously, while I pumped him and interpreted. I spotted him at once as a Spaniard, from his lisping "c" and "z" like "th," and he admitted it—*Soy Asturiano*, he said. ("I am an Asturian"). An Asturian, however, who was essentially a Cuban, having come to the island at six years of age, having strong Cuban sympathies, and having served as a Cuban agent at Caibarien through the revolution. He was a merchant and importer, and, with his brother as partner, had done a large business, furnishing supplies surreptitiously to the Cuban forces in the Remedios district, and aiding the indigent Cubans also. His name was Juan Fernandez, but in his correspondence with the insurgents he had used various aliases, one of which was *Mazampla*. He was so accustomed to this *nom de guerre* that he now continually referred to himself in the third person as *Mazampla*. He bore a letter of introduction from a Cuban lady, the head of a patriotic Cuban league in Caibarien, addressed to Major Carrillo, and commending him highly. The reason he gave for boarding us by stealth was that he had found that the Spaniards had discovered his relations with the insurgents,

"MAZAMPLA" COMES ABOARD BY NIGHT

and the Spanish volunteers were preparing to kill him. So he had escaped by night, with a valise and a bag of gold, to throw himself on the protection of the expeditionaries.

Mazampla soon satisfied me that he was what he claimed to be; but he gesticulated so much and was so voluble in his explanations and appeals, that "Dynamite Johnny," who was a man of a few words and hated Spaniards bitterly withal, still regarded him with much suspicion, and only reluctantly consented to his remaining on board until General Nunez's return. *Mazampla* was very grateful to me for fixing matters with the fierce captain, and made me a present of cigarettes, which were a welcome change from the monotony of two months' pipe-smoking of the raw leaf.

In the afternoon a fishing-boat brought us news that General Gomez and his escort had reached Caibarien, having marched from Punta Alegre. This information afterwards proved to be incorrect—it was General Carrillo who had arrived.

At 5 p. m. we had a magnificent spectacle—to me a novel one. A huge waterspout formed on the sound about two miles west of us, and swung about for half an hour before a thunderstorm came up and extinguished it. I had thought that the columns of waterspouts were reasonably straight, but this one was curved greatly, and Dr. Abbott said that this twist was always observable.

Mazampla brought with him copies of the *Diario de la Marina* of Habana, of dates from the 14th to the 21st inclusive, and loaned them to me, so my information was brought almost up to date. The Habana paper, however, had very little news in it. There

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isn't a journal in Habana half as newsy as *The State*. Garcia y Ramies, my companion of the campaign, formerly one of the editors of *El Pais*, gave me an account of the expenses of the Habana newspapers, and, with the exception of editorial work, *The State* costs more to produce than any of them.

Two items interested me in these papers. One was that the schooner *Ellen M. Adams*, which had taken part in the Boza relief expedition with the *Dellie* and had returned to Key West at once, had been among the first to take provisions into Habana when the blockade was terminated. The other was that one issue of the *Diario*, less than a week after the signing of the protocol of peace, contained eight advertisements of "instruction in English." The *Habaneros* were not slow in this matter, at any rate.

In the afternoon a small sloop from Caibarien came down and anchored a short distance from us. A Spanish officer was aboard of her, and with the aid of the captain's glasses, *Mazampla* identified him as the colonel of the Spanish volunteers at Caibarien. *Mazampla* thought he might have come to look out for the arrival of the steamer, he being the head of a large shipping firm; but some of the Americans on board insisted on suspecting a plot to attack the *Wanderer* during the night, and double precautions were taken to guard against surprise.

The steamship *Palma* left unexpectedly in the afternoon. She had unloaded her stores for the government, but had not been able to dispose of the supplies she had brought on speculation, as the Spanish merchants of Caibarien resented England's pro-Americanism during the war and united in refusing to buy

"MAZAMPLA" COMES ABOARD BY NIGHT

from a British vessel. It was a clear case of boycott.

I spent most of the day in my hammock, reading. After the privation of the campaign, three meals a day make me very torpid, and I have barely energy enough to jot down a few notes.

A NATURE-STUDY INTERLUDE.

EXPLORING ISOLATED CORAL KEY—AN UNEXPECTED TREAT—VISITING LONELY CHARCOAL BURNER AND HIS FAMILY—GENERAL NUNEZ RETURNS WITH NEWS OF GOMEZ—SPANISH AND CUBAN OFFICERS MEET—COLD BUT POLITE.

Thursday, August 25.—Aboard Steamship Wanderer, off Caibarien—I went out in the forenoon with Captain "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien and Dr. Abbott to the lighthouse point at Cayo Frances, about two miles away, to take a bath. Took my pistol with me and might have shot one of the pelicans that sat placidly on stakes near the shore and let us pass within 40 feet of them, but as we were sailing, and couldn't easily pick up a bird if I had killed one, I concluded to wait until our return.

We drew up our boat near the lighthouse and walked around to the point, where we took our bath, wading a couple of hundred yards from shore on a sand spit. The water was nowhere more than waist deep and was very clear, the bottom covered with brilliant coral sand and sprinkled with big starfish. The captain went round the point, and the doctor wandered afar looking for specimens. Less than a hundred yards from me a number of cormorants were fishing, their black, snake-like heads darting out of the water in unexpected places. A pair of pelicans came near, following up schools of fish and plunging into the water, sometimes within twenty yards of me. It was curious to see the quickness and skill of these ungainly birds. At one moment flapping indo-

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lently a few feet above the water, the next would see the pelican heading downward with the velocity of a hawk, turning half-way around as it struck the water with a force that sent the spray high into the air. Then it would be seen sitting duck-like on the surface gulping down its catch. The birds were apparently so indifferent to my presence that I went ashore, got my pistol, waded back with it and lay in wait for a chance to shoot, up to my neck in water. I was soon accommodated, but found to my distress that even the slight movement of the wavelets gave a rocking motion to my body, which made it impossible for me to take accurate aim, and after several misses I had to give it up.

The doctor and I had gathered and were admiring a number of beautiful starfish, when we heard Captain O'Brien calling us from the other side of the wooded point. We dressed hastily and, going in that direction, saw him at the door of one of the palm huts beckoning to us. To get to him I had to walk over a hillock of jagged coral rock, exquisitely painful to my bare feet. The doctor took a detour. Arriving at the hut, we found that the captain had fallen into the hospitable hands of an old fisherman who wanted to give us a "treat." He made with rum, lemons, and sugar an excellent brew of punch, which we all enjoyed, the captain the more especially, as he made it a rule never to drink on his ship.

The old man showed us with pride his hut, made only of palmetto leaves and driftwood, the former constituting the roof and the latter the sides, pieced together ingeniously. His wife was gracious to us, and his daughter, a pretty little girl, showed us her garden near by, where, amid brilliant tropic flowers,

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there bloomed some which were her special pride, a few single zinnias—what children called “old maids.” It was strange to see them here, on this remote coral key. There were two little boys also, with healthy, ruddy, laughing faces, the only well-conditioned children I had seen in Cuba. Evidently the isolation of these keys had been their safety during the all-devouring war. The food in the sea, unlike that on the land, could not be exhausted. On our way back to the boat we passed a spot where charcoal-burning was in progress. We had noted and wondered at the fires, seen from the ship the night before. The burning of charcoal is quite an industry in Cuba, most of the cooking in the cities being done with it, either in braziers or in long tiled ranges. We rowed back to the steamer, the doctor and I, the captain steering. When we passed the pelican stakes the birds had flown.

In the afternoon General Nunez returned to the steamer, with news of Gomez. *El Viejo* is marching toward Caibarien. The general sent messengers to him and started him in that direction. The Dellie is at Caibarien. I am really too lazy to inquire much about details but the provisions have been landed. The Dellie spent a night at Yaguajay, the great sugar *central* where we had seen the long wharf with the warehouse. The party found a Spanish lieutenant in charge, who was quite courteous and assigned the visitors sleeping quarters in the warehouse—the Cubans in one section, the Americans in another, while the Spanish detachment occupied a third—a sort of “happy family” arrangement which is queer to think of so soon after a war of ferocity. The Spanish colonel at Yaguajay *central* came down next morning, and was quite vexed at the lieutenant’s amiability.

A NATURE-STUDY INTERLUDE

He and General Nunez had some polite verbal passages at arms.

Friday, August 26.—I rid myself this morning of two months' beard—or rather, I did so with the assistance of Dr. Abbott. The good doctor got a pair of scissors and trimmed it close, and I completed the job with his razor. I really didn't recognize myself when I was done—I was so thin and my cheekbones projected—but the general effect was decidedly improving, and my companions congratulated me on looking ten years younger. Dr. Abbott also scissored away some of my "back hair" (as I couldn't see the back of my neck, I did not know what sort of job he had made of it, but when I got into the hands of a Cuban barber at Key West he remarked to me, "Your hair was not cut last time by a barber, senor?" And I answered: "No, by a doctor of medicine and a millionaire.")

The coasting steamship *Alava*, a trim-looking vessel painted yellow, passed the point this morning, bound from Habana to Caibarien, on her initial trip since the beginning of the blockade.

I have shot several big fish with my Colt's army revolver. One, a barracuda or *pica*, I hit about the backbone. It tilted slowly over on its side, and then I saw an enormous, broad fish flash over it, and both disappeared. I had made a meal for a grouper. They grow here five feet long, I'm told, and have large appetites for other fish. Try as we may, we can't get any of them to take the line, but they lurk under the ship and dash out after all refuse thrown overboard from the cook's galley.

The days pass almost without incident. The reaction from the campaign has left me lazier than I ever was in my life, and that's saying a great deal.

DR. ABBOTT: AN ORIGINAL.

SKETCH OF EXPLORER, NATURALIST, SOLDIER IN DESPERATE CAUSES—AN ALLURING INVITATION—
“MAZAMPLA” ESCAPED CAIBARIEN NONE TOO SOON—
ABBOTT AND ELLIOT TAKE PASSAGE HOME BY
BRITISH STEAMER.

Saturday, August 27.—Steamer Wanderer, off Caibarien.—An English steamer, the Ardanrose, came in early this morning and anchored near us, in the berth lately occupied by the Palma. She brings provisions, which in the afternoon she delivers to lighters for transport to Caibarien.

Mazampla gets and lends me a Habana paper of the 25th inst.—I am catching up with the times. The fat Spaniard has also received a letter from his brother in Caibarien, his partner in the mercantile business, telling of a demonstration against our refugee by the Spanish volunteers of the town, after his flight to our steamer. *Mazampla* read it to us with much excitement and emphasis. The *voluntarios*, it appears, marched up to the store of Fernandez Bros., escorting a hearse and with their band playing a funeral dirge, in this manner indicating that they would be pleased to attend the funeral of *Mazampla*. They entered his store, chopped down the lay figures with their *machetes*, making believe that they recognized the person of *Mazampla* in each of them. After amusing themselves in this manner, and affixing to the door a large placard—which the brother enclosed to the refugee—bearing such legends as “Death to *Mazampla!*” and “Long Live Spain!” they retired.

DR. ABBOTT: AN ORIGINAL

Mazampla exhibited the placard proudly, as showing that he was what he claimed to be. But General Nunez had already taken him under his protection and relieved the suspicions of Captain O'Brien.

Mazampla must have weighed fully 300 pounds, and it did not seem that his girth could ever have been greater; but when he talked of his sufferings during the blockade, and of his having been compelled to live on beans and rice for three months to the loss of 30 pounds, and we chaffed him and affected to disbelieve, he went to his baggage and brought out an enormous belt. Pointing successively to three buckle-worn places thereon, he turned to us dramatically and exclaimed: *Primer mes del bloqueo! Segun mes del bloqueo! Tercer mes del bloqueo!* (First, second and third months of the blockade). The demonstration was unassailable—*Mazampla* had lost six inches! We laughed, and were convinced.

The day passed without incident. The harbor was as smooth as a mill-pond and the heat was great. The little breeze that blew was cut off from us by the cabins. We still enjoyed the rest, but began to get impatient to get home.

The convalescents have been improving steadily. Duncan Elliot is able to move about freely now, McAllister is about well, but Weeks can't get rid of his lingering malaria.

Sunday, August 28.—Sixteen weeks out from Columbia, ten weeks from Tampa and eight weeks in and about Cuba.

There is a dead calm and it is oppressively hot, even at night. There was a thunder squall in the afternoon, but it gave us no relief.

Dr. Abbott and Duncan Elliot were fretting about

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the delay here, and the doctor went over to the *Ardanrose* to see if he could secure transportation to the States. He succeeded in arranging passage for himself and Elliot for \$60 each, and at 5 o'clock the couple left us and went over to the British steamer, which soon after weighed anchor and departed. She goes first to Cardenas to unload provisions, then to Sagua la Grande to take on a cargo of sugar, and expects to reach New York in about ten days. (So she did, but I got to Columbia three days earlier and at much less cost by simply waiting.)

Elliot had made up his mind, on the doctor's advice, to take a sailing trip from New York to China in order to recuperate his strength, and invited me to join him; but I had neither money nor time for such a voyage.

I miss the old doctor greatly. Somehow, I can't keep from thinking him 60 or thereabout, although he is only about my age. His dry, scarred face gives him the semblance of a very old stager. Like the Ancient Mariner, he is "long, and lank, and brown, as is the ribb'd sea-sand." A very unique character, the Doctor—gruff as a bear in words and acts, but tender as a woman in heart. He is a Philadelphian by birth, and has a fine old home in Philadelphia, which he hasn't lived in for fourteen years. During that time he has been "globe-trotting" constantly. An M. D., with a fortune of \$800,000 to \$1,000,000, he has devoted himself to natural-history study, making a specialty of birds, and has roughed it all about the world, seeking by preference the least known lands, where he can collect rare specimens or discover new ones. He has enriched the Smithsonian, the Philadelphia museum, and other institutions with fine collections, and has had

DR. ABBOTT: AN ORIGINAL

several rare birds named after him, one an ibis. He has "roughed it" so much that civilization has no charms for him, and he goes about whenever possible, bare-chested, bare-armed and bare-footed, in an unspeakably stained costume of duck. Thus I first saw him at Tampa. The Cubans think him somewhat "cracked;" they can't understand a man's having a million dollars and not taking his ease.

The doctor has been to Central America, to the West Indies, to Africa, where he spent a year on Mount Kilimanjaro; to India, where he traveled for five years; to Tibet for a year or two; to the Andaman Islands in the Indian ocean, where he was the first naturalist explorer and made some "finds" of which he is proud; to Madagascar, where he spent six months trying to organize the Hova army against the French, giving up in disgust because of internal feuds; and he returned from the Malay Peninsula last spring. After a brief visit home he went to London, and was preparing for an expedition to the island of Celebes when the war with Spain broke out. He posted back, joined William Astor Chanler, whom he had met in Africa, and came on with his outfit; was in the attack on the Spanish blockhouse near Tunas, got a Mauser bullet through his shoulder and spent the night naked in the water, but kept his feet, and stuck to the Chanler party when it landed with our expedition at Palo Alto. Now he is going post-haste back to London, then to Bombay, where he will have a schooner like the *Dellie* built for his own use, and then on to Celebes, to live on his boat and circumnavigate that queerly-shaped island, which has special attractions for him because hardly anything is known about its birds.

If I were such a rolling stone as he is—which I

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would very much delight in being—I would be sure to meet him again; but though South Carolina may be deemed barbaric by other Philadelphians, it is far too civilized for the liking of William Lewis Abbott, naturalist and globe-trotter. So I part with the doctor with a regret untempered by the expectation of reunion.

My four American companions from Punta Alegre are all college graduates, even the weakly Weeks being an alumnus of an Ohio institution.

SECRETS OF FILIBUSTERING.

SOUTHERNMOST KEY OF BAHAMAS GROUP THE RENDEZVOUS—HOW EXPEDITIONS ELUDED SPANISH AND AMERICAN PATROLS AND LANDED THEIR MEN, MUNITIONS AND SUBSISTENCE STORES—HOW TO ESCAPE DETENTION IN QUARANTINE BECOMES URGENT PROBLEM.

Monday, August 29.—Aboard steamship Wanderer.—There was a lightning change in the situation this morning. At 1:30 a. m. the Dellie returned from Caibarien, having finished her unloading of provisions and all other business, and at 5 a. m. we were under way and heading for the continent.

There had returned on the Dellie Dr. Nunez, Lieutenant Ahern, and Fred Somerford—the Cubanized American who had come over on the Florida with us, and had ridden from Palo Alto to Gomez's camp at La Majagua July 3, and brought the old man to us next day. Somerford was now in the United States quartermaster service, and had been handling the supplies on the Wanderer. A capital fellow.

The three brought back news that General Carrillo was encamped at Rojas, a point on the railroad between Caibarien and Remedios, six miles from the former town. He had first come to the outskirts of the town, but, to avoid offense to the Spaniards, had changed his camp to this station, where thousands of Cubans from town visited his force and had a jubilee, Cuban and American flags flying and great enthusiasm. The expedition's supplies had been turned over to him. It was still uncertain where General

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Gomez was. My friend, Major Carrillo of Nunez's staff, had decided to remain on the island with his brother.

The Spaniards at Caibarien had been polite to the party and hospitable to the Americans, but wore an air of hauteur toward the Cubans. I got news of the eagerness of the Spanish to have the island annexed to the United States in order to spite the Cubans. The Cuban officers suggested to them that it would rather be to their interest to have the island independent; but the suggestion at first didn't make such impression on them; the Cubans desired independence—that was the best reason why they shouldn't have it.

Our start was made in a profound calm, so the *Wanderer* took the *Dellie* in tow. My American companions were returned to the *Dellie* before we started, but by invitation I remained on the *Wanderer* with General Nunez and his brother.

We passed Cayo Frances light and headed northward, over a sea that hardly wrinkled. The only incident of the day occurred when the hills of Cuba had sunk out of sight, and we were half way across Nicholas channel. A young crane, brown in color, evidently much fatigued, flew to the steamer and lit on the rail of the hurricane deck. I ran up the ladder with intent to capture it and had approached within ten feet, when it lifted itself wearily and flew away.

At 12 o'clock we began to pass the desolate sandy stretches of Anguila island, or Salt Key Bank, the southernmost point of the Bahamas. This key, with the others of the chain, is uninhabited. People have tried to live on them, but they were found to be too remote from communications, and the British government has shown no desire to have them settled.

SECRETS OF FILIBUSTERING

I had revealed to me here the secret of many of the mysterious Cuban filibustering expeditions which so long puzzled the United States and Spanish authorities. A vessel would slip out of an American port with munitions but without a filibustering party, thus escaping detection. It would come here to Anguila, discharge its cargo and return. Another vessel would leave some other port, with men but without munitions. It would come here and unload the men. A third vessel, in ballast, would leave, quite unsuspected, a third port, come here, take on both men and munitions, and in a few hours would land both on Cuban soil. Anguila was the favorite rendezvous, and several of the men now on board the Wanderer have awaited there for weeks the union of the three elements of an expedition—men, stores, and vessel.

We ploughed all day through the smooth sea, intensely blue, with not a sail in sight. The Wanderer, notwithstanding that she had the Dellie in tow, made remarkably good time for such an old tub; about ten miles an hour. Captain O'Brien estimated that we would reach Miami, Fla., the steamer's destination, in just 24 hours from Caibarien.

Our last evening out of American waters was spent in a long debate on the silver question, which up to that time I had escaped, having other troubles of my own. I tried to avoid it now, but somehow General Nunez and I couldn't keep out of it. He is a Republican, because of his views on the tariff and the coinage, but declares that Cubans generally are Democrats, and that of 400 of them in Philadelphia he is the only one he knows of who is not in sentiment with that party. We had three hours of debate, at the close of which Somerford produced a bottle of the rarest old rum,

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bearing a Santiago brand and having a flavor unlike anything in the rum line I had ever tasted—truly an idealized, etherealized spirit!

Tuesday, August 30.—Along the Florida Keys.—Half awake in the gray dawn, the first thing that caught my eye was a light far down on the southwestern horizon that blazed for several seconds, disappeared, and then flashed out again. It was evidently a lighthouse, and we were off the Florida coast.

At 5 o'clock the *Wanderer* came to a stop, the *Dellie* was hauled up alongside and the *General*, the doctor, and I were transferred to her; hasty adieus were given, and in a few minutes we found our little schooner quite alone, the *Wanderer* already far away, making for Miami. Why didn't she tow us there? Because she would have subjected herself to quarantine. With sick aboard, with our inability to show a bill of health from any port, and with the knowledge of the health officers that the *Dellie* had left Key West three weeks ago for Cuba, it was certain that she dared not show herself openly in any Florida port without incurring the penalty of a long stay at quarantine. This question, of how to make a landing without detention at a quarantine station, had filled our minds ever since we left Punta Alegre. I have not written anything about it, but we made plan after plan, only to give it up on account of seemingly insuperable difficulties, and trust to luck. Trusting to luck now, we had determined to sail down to Key West and "chance it"—somehow.

Here we were, some 25 miles from Miami, 11 miles off Soldier Key and the entrance of Biscayne Bay, Fowey Rock lighthouse ahead, Elbow light to the southwest. We sailed southwest slowly, for there was

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only a faint breeze, until we approached within three or four miles of Elliot's Key, and then turned southward.

What was it that seemed so strange about these wooded keys as we coasted along them? The sense of something queer to the sight oppressed me, and I puzzled over it for some little time before I could define what it was. The keys at this distance were like the Cuban keys, among which we had lived for nearly two weeks. Why should they seem strange to my eyes? Then the thought broke on me; this haunting sense of strangeness was caused by the sight of houses, whitewashed houses, that gleamed afar against the dark foliage. This was the 30th of August—I had not seen a house since I left Key West on the 25th of June! I don't exaggerate; it is the literal fact that these white houses on the keys had this effect on my mind. All day long I looked at them with delight, these advance guards of civilization. Hut life we had left behind; home life was ahead!

The breeze continued very light and fitful, but slowly we passed Cæsar's Creek Key, Angel Fish creek, and began to skirt Key Largo. Here a curious thing happened. We had about made up our minds—that is to say, General Nunez had made up his for the benefit of the doctor and myself—to try and get passage on a sailing boat, be landed at Miami, or on the railroad above it, and make for Jacksonville, letting the Dellie proceed to Key West and take her dose of quarantine. So we signaled a boat that was beating about a mile or so away and seemed to be a sponger. No attention was paid to our signals. In the course of our tacking, an hour or two later, we overhauled her and passed her at a distance of a

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hundred yards. Our colored pilot, known as "Cap'n," hailed her in English, and got no answer. Then somebody noticed what seemed to be Cuban uniforms on board, and hailed in Spanish. This time there was a quick and joyful response. We lay to and the boat came up. In a few minutes three Cubans were on our deck, Lieutenant-Colonel Pablo Mendieta, a brother of the Colonel Mendieta who was second in command of the *Dellie* expedition, Dr. Leopoldo Figueroa, a major in the Cuban army, and a handsome lad whose name I do not recall. After embraces between the Cubans, we got the story of the party so strangely met.

They sailed with a mission for the States from Nuevitas, a port on the north coast of Puerto Principe province, on the 14th of August in a little open boat, heading for Nassau. It took them six days to get there. At Nassau they learned of the peace, and they showed us a little British paper with the tidings. Procuring another boat, they proceeded to Bimini, one of the Bahama group, and at Bimini they secured their present boat, and sailed on the 26th for Miami, piloted by an ancient negro fisherman who with another negro and a black boy constituted the crew. The old negro had lost his head completely, and had struck the coast far south of Miami. The boat ran on reefs no less than 11 times, giving them great trouble to get it off. They were out of provisions, and they didn't know "where they were at." Their encounter with us was a godsend.

We shared dinner with them, supplied their wants, and kept them on board, taking their boat in tow. This boat was an open one, quite clumsy in build, and drew as much water as the *Dellie*, 4½ feet, having a keel instead of a centerboard.

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The tow did not last long. In the evening, when we were off Newport point, the breeze died out utterly, and we floated on a glassy sea some three miles from land.

Then came on the worst night for physical torture I ever experienced. With the dusk there reached us from the shore an infinite swarm of mosquitoes. I have lived in a mosquito country, I have marooned on the sands of the South Carolina coast in midsummer, and I thought I knew mosquitoes. But all my experiences with that insect during a lifetime, rolled into one, would not equal those of this night off the Florida keys. They swarmed upon us by myriads. The air was so full of them that we could hardly breathe without inhaling them. They stung us all over, through our clothes. Only by incessant movement could we secure relief, and as the night wore on incessant movement became impossible. With the exception of one sheet, which Dr. Nunez hid under, there was nothing to cover with but our blankets; and the night was so fearfully hot and still that blankets were insufferable.

I walked two or three steps to and fro on the narrow little deck until I could walk no longer. Then I lay on my back and slapped my face with both hands, killing mosquitoes with each slap, and shuffling my bare feet—so blistered and swollen by the sun that I couldn't put on my shoes—until I felt as if I had St. Vitus' dance. It must have been three o'clock in the morning before exhaustion overcame pain, and I lapsed into a sleep which was half-delirious. I really believe that I was out of my head for hours.

Ah! those beautiful keys with their white houses!—

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they were no longer a paradise in my thought. After this night's experience I knew the dreadful secret that had lain in the daytime hidden under their thickets. No Florida keys for me, however rich in "protected" pineapples, coconuts, and oranges! Better the sand-hills of Pawley's island and sleep, than the whole long range of their fertility.

It is hardly necessary to say that when the black "Cap'n," who used to pilot the *Dellie* between Miami and Key West and knew these waters as he knew himself, told me that he had seen piles of mosquitoes inches deep lying at the bases of beacons along this coast, I believed him. I believe him now!

ALONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

FLAGLER'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY LIES IN EXTENDING HIS RAILWAY TOWARD KEY WEST—THE DELLIE AND HER CONSORT FAST ON CORAL REEF—KEDGED OFF UNDAMAGED—COUNCIL OVER QUARANTINE QUESTION—NEARING KEY WEST.

Wednesday, August 31.—Along the Florida Keys. A breeze sprang up this morning, and, with the disappearance of the mosquitoes at sunrise, we felt as if we were in paradise. I don't remember much about the forenoon, for as soon as we got under way and I could sleep I made up for the vigil of last night and slept on the deck house under the boom, waked every now and then by the jibing of the sail and the downpour of hot sunshine as my body got out of its shadow. But, broken and hot as the sleep was, it invigorated me greatly. I felt happy, and reckless as to any future fortune—save only another mosquito night on the Florida coast.

All day long we sailed southwest with a good breeze, skirting the keys at a distance of two or three miles. The channel along which our course lay was a broad but shallow one extending from the keys to the reefs. These reefs in no instance rose above the water-line, but their range was revealed by a succession of lighthouses and smaller beacons, usually alternating, one or more of which were never out of sight. It surprised me to find this coast so well guarded; there must be 25 lights between Miami and Key West. The lighthouses are fine ones, each having its distinctive light, some white and some red, some

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steady and some intermittent. Some show a red light on a vessel when it approaches on an unsafe course, and a white light when the quarter in which it is proceeding is free from reefs. These lighthouses of course have their keepers; the smaller beacons have lamps which are kept burning day and night, the oil being replenished every fortnight by lighthouse tenders. The darkey "Cap'n" gives me a great deal of information about these matters, for he ran the *Dellie* a long time as a passenger boat (!) between Miami and Key West.

The keys themselves seem to be highly cultivated, and produce great quantities of tropical fruits and early vegetables. They must be very prosperous. Judging from the number of white houses on them, they sustain a large population. The finest pineapples in the world are raised on them and the coconut groves are said to be very remunerative. The fishermen and spongers find plenty to do in these waters, as indicated by the number of their small craft.

There came to my mind, when we began coasting along these keys, the rumor, occasionally circulated during the last few years, that Henry M. Flagler would continue his Florida East-Coast railway along them from Miami to Key West. It used to be hard to realize that this could be done, but, now that I have seen the keys for myself, I am not only convinced that it can be done but that it will be done—and before five years at that. The keys themselves will furnish an admirable roadbed, without any grading whatever, and they are so close together in nearly all cases that the cost of laying track from one to another could not be very expensive, the more especially as the water between them is so shallow for the most part

ALONG THE FLORIDA KEYS

that only trestles are required, with drawbridges to permit the passage of vessels into Biscayne and Florida bays. I saw only one gap today which seemed as much as a mile wide. The proportion of trestling would not be much greater, it seems to me, than on such a road as the Charleston and Savannah. When Cuba develops and the competition for travel to the island becomes fierce, as it must do with the approaching exploitation of the island, then this railroad along the keys will be built, and Mr. Flagler will have control of the shortest possible route. The railroad may not, and probably will not, extend as far as Key West, for near it the gaps between the keys become quite wide, but it can reach some point north of Matanzas and but little farther from that city and Habana than Key West is—90 or 100 miles. With this railroad, and fast steamer connections, the trip from Jacksonville to Habana ought to be made in one day.

I find that Captain Santos of the *Dellie* knows Victor Blue—in fact he accompanied him on that reconnoissance around Santiago in which the South Carolinian gained such credit. He is warm in his admiration of Blue; says he is a true gentleman, a good friend of the Cubans, and—a very handsome man. Santos was the pilot who took Sampson's flagship to its post before Habana at the beginning of the blockade. He esteems the admiral highly, as does La Borde, and in fact all the Cubans who have been brought into contact with him. They say he is a friend of the Cubans and treats them with kindness and consideration. Somehow, these fellows seem to appreciate courtesy when they receive it. I judge that good manners is the unwritten law of the Latins.

We kept on our course at night, the breeze blowing

IN DARKEST CUBA

fresh. After my naps during the day, I was unable to sleep, and lay in the schooner's boat for hours and watched the flashing of the Sombrero light.

Thursday, September 1.—I woke soon after 1 o'clock, having had not more than a couple of hours' sleep. Some undefined feeling made me restless and alert, and when I left my bunk in the little boat and began to walk the deck I found that General Nunez and his brother shared the same sensation and were awake also. They presently got one of the sailors to make a pot of coffee, and we grouped ourselves on the deck-house and drank it. Hardly had we finished, when a rasping, grinding sound began to come from the bottom of the schooner. It increased rapidly in volume, and before we could shorten sail the center-board had been driven up, and we were thumping hard on a coral reef! This was at 2:10 a. m. The darkey "Cap'n" who was steering had nodded over his work and missed a buoy, and we had run too far out.

The American Shore lighthouse was on our left quarter, about two miles astern, and we had just rounded No Name key and had our first glimpse of the reflection from the massed electric lights of Key West, 15 miles ahead. All hands went to work on the sails and they were soon stowed, but the wind was brisk and the waves lifted and dropped the schooner with a force that threatened to break her up. Nothing, in fact, saved her from being stove in but the extraordinary smoothness of the coral rock which constituted the reef. At the spot we had grounded it was as smooth as a table; if it had been jagged, the Dellie would have been full of water in ten minutes.

ALONG THE FLORIDA KEYS

The pump was tried anxiously and we were relieved to discover that there was no leakage. We got poles and tried to push off, but could not move an inch. Then the little boat was sent out to sound for deep water. It was found a short distance to our left, so our anchor was taken out in that direction, everybody moved to the bows, and the operation known as "kedging anchor" was undertaken. Desperate work at the windlass, assisted by shoving with poles, gradually hauled the Dellie toward the anchor, and in the course of an hour we were afloat.

We had now to anchor and to await the coming of the Bimini boat, which we had had in tow and which, drawing as much water as the Dellie, had also run aground. She also was kedging her anchor, but it took an hour longer for her to get off. At last she crept up in the gloom, and, getting our bearings, we sailed together in the dawn to the centre of the channel, anchored, and held a council to determine how we would make our essay to break through the quarantine.

“HOME IS THE WANDERER.”

RUNNING QUARANTINE IN A FRIENDLY SQUALL—AN ANXIOUS INTERVAL—ASYLUM WITH HOSPITABLE CUBANS—NEW OUTFIT OF SORTS FOR FIVE DOLLARS—HEALTH CERTIFICATES DEMANDED—PROVING YELLOW FEVER IMMUNITY—ARRIVAL IN COLUMBIA.

Thursday, September 1.—(Continued)—Quarantine meant to us anything from a week to a fortnight's stay out at the Dry Tortugas station—something bad enough at any time but appalling to the thought of men who had already been 15 days cooped up on ship-board and had sharp appetites for home, the desire to get there heightening each day of the voyage.

It was finally decided that the Cubans we had met off the keys should go ahead in their Bahama boat and land boldly in daylight, while we would wait until nightfall and make a “sneak” for it. So Mendieta, Figueroa, and the rest—provided with a Bahaman bill of health—left us at 8:30 a. m., with many assurances of gratitude for the treatment we had given them, and the Bimini boat was soon far away. Lieutenant-Colonel Mendieta on leaving presented me with his Cuban hat, one of the fan-palm affairs, wonderfully light and flexible, made by the women of Camaguey.

All day the Dellie lay at anchor a couple of miles from the shore, no incident occurring until the afternoon, when a heavy squall came up and drove several fishing vessels past us. Extremely anxious to avoid notice and identification, we all went below when these boats drew near, and nearly suffocated in the

“HOME IS THE WANDERER”

stuffy little cabin, where we hardly had room to stand up.

Evening came, and General Nunez and the doctor discarded their Cuban uniforms of brown linen and appeared in well-worn civilian attire. I was not so fortunate as to have a change of clothes, and I knew that my appearance on the streets of Key West in the awful rig I was wearing would be followed by immediate arrest and shipment to quarantine—so my prospects were not reassuring. I managed, however, by greasing well my swollen feet, to draw on the big shoes in which they had rattled during the campaign. As for a pair of civilized shoes which I had worn in Tampa and taken with me, I couldn't get my feet half-way into them. LaBorde, on the morning of my departure from Punta Alegre, had come aboard with a drummer's sample case and insisted on exchanging it for my saddle-bags. “Each will have a souvenir of the other,” he had said; and, as I was under obligations to him, I acquiesced, although I wanted the saddle-bags as a souvenir of the mangoes and corn they had held for me. However, the case was handy. I rammed into it a few small things, my now reduced supply of *aguardiente* and tobacco, and rolled my two uniform blouses (very dirty), my *machete* and cartridge box in my blanket.

Sunset came, and we drew anchor and sailed away for Key West, 15 miles ahead. It was black dark when we entered the harbor with lights out—an unlawful and a dangerous thing, which scared the black “Cap'n,” the nominally responsible party, half out of his wits. He was already quite demoralized at our rashness in breaking the quarantine, and from the time we reached the harbor was utterly worthless.

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Captain Santos, however, knew his business. The *Dellie* sneaked like a black shadow around the curve of the island to the west, now passing a steamer at anchor, now sailing carefully between the schooners which were scattered around. At last she drew up opposite the quarantine office—of all places in the world!—and quietly slipped anchor.

In a few minutes more, our one little boat was lowered; General Nunez and his brother got in, and two sailors pulled them silently away. We listened with our hearts thumping hard, but there was no challenge, no sound. It was 15 minutes, however, before the boat returned, and it did so only in time to escape a sudden rain squall which drove down on us with fierceness. How long it lasted I don't know—I was too anxious, for every minute increased the chances of our discovery and arrest. In order, now that we were anchored, to avert suspicion, the side lights of the *Dellie* were hung up, and added their glimmer to that of the many which the shipping around us showed.

At last the squall passed, though it left the harbor waves pitching, and the rain still fell. Now was the time—the best time, for the storm must have driven everybody indoors. The boat was leaking badly, but was partially bailed out. Muffled in my long mackintosh and with my sample case in hand, I boarded her, leaving instructions to have my blanket roll sent after me in the morning, the program being to report the *Dellie* to the quarantine officer when her passengers had cleared out, show that the Cuban crew were immunes, and try to get out of the difficulty in that way.

The boat bobbed like a cork on the waves, as we

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pulled in toward the electric lights that gleamed on shore; but nothing else moved; nobody was in sight. A white shape showed itself just ahead, and the boat swerved only in time to escape collision with—the quarantine officer's launch, empty and at anchor, however. We headed to the left, and in a minute or two more slipped up alongside a long wharf covered with iron and lumber—the "government wharf!" One of the sailors pulled himself up to the platform, which was as high as our heads, and extended a helping hand to those below. In another minute three of us were on the wharf with our effects, and the fourth man prepared to return to the schooner for *Mazampla*, a weighty load, who would test the stamina of the little boat.

My two sailor companions led the way, threading the heaped-up material on the wharf as silently as cats, running quickly along a plank walk around a dangerous corner where the watchman was supposed to be housed, and so on to a sandy street. There was no one in sight—thanks to the squall, and to the rain that still fell. In my long mackintosh, however, which covered my weather-worn clothes, the new army hat that had been given me on the *Wanderer*, and the drummer's grip in my hand, I might have escaped detection if I had been seen.

A block or two beyond, we entered the yard of a big old house of queer Creole design, went up a flight of steps and turned into a hallway, where a Cuban lady and some of her family were sitting. My guides uttered a few words of salutation and explanation, I was promised harborage, and presently I found myself, at 8:30, in a big room on an upper floor where there were two iron cots, covered with what seemed to me,

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after months of dirt and dinginess, the most brilliantly white sheets I had ever seen.

The door closed, I realized that I had escaped the quarantine, and the happiness of the moment was beyond expression. My kind companions congratulated me heartily, and I opened my case and set up a bottle of rum, having left some on board for the captain. They were no less willing to partake than Americans. Presently *Mazampla* came in and the joyousness increased. Then, the news having spread among the Cubans, in spite of our efforts to keep the matter quiet, we received visits from a number of them, and by the time we had given our news and received felicitations from all it was midnight, and my rum supply had run low.

When all had gone, I had a sponge bath, and *Mazampla's* snoring did not prevent me from getting a most luxurious sleep. The pleasure of sleeping between clean sheets again was one that would pass the understanding of all except returned campaigners.

Friday, September 2.—At Key West. It was 8 or 9 o'clock before I woke and *Mazampla* was still snoring. The master of the house, a Cuban of excellent manners, came in and was very solicitous and cordial. He kindly undertook personally the execution of my commission for the purchase of clothes of a sort to abate public attention—for if I had shown myself in my distressing campaign attire, I would have been taken up promptly as a tramp, if not as a quarantine-breaker.

I was lazily smoking a Cuban cigarette and waiting for my new outfit, when the door opened and who should walk in but my old friend Colonel Mendez, who had been superseded in the command of the *Di-*

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vision Maine at Palo Alto by Lieutenant-Colonel Trista, and had returned to the States on the Florida in a justifiable “huff.” Mendez was handsome, portly, ruddy, and dark-bearded—a lawyer and a man of 50, apparently, who had seen much service. He had heard that some newcomers from Cuba were in the house, and came strolling in to make their acquaintance and get the news. When he opened the door he beheld me, serene and unclad, smoking and reclining. A moment’s pause, then a start, and the Colonel opened his arms and hugged me like a bear. I was glad to see him again, but while he was embracing me I could not help thinking what a striking photograph we would have made.

For an hour or so I had to receive visitors, extemporizing a sheet into a Roman toga, and feeling myself quite a person out of the past. At last my host came in with his purchases for me out of my last five-dollar bill—a cotton suit costing \$2.50, a shirt at 50 cents, and some cigarettes. In ordering the clothes I had reduced my remembered measurements, but everything was still too large for me, and I only now realized fully what a lath I was in comparison with my former self. One pair of never-used socks, which I had taken across Cuba, remained to me, and, though my shoes were like boats and my clothes hung on me limply, and my hat was military, I considered myself fit to walk the streets of Key West without detection.

About 10 or 11 o’clock I went out, and made my way to the main street, regarding each passer-by with a sidewise look of apprehension, until I found that nobody seemed to notice anything abnormal about my appearance. I had heard in the morning that when the two Americans, McAllister and Weeks, had

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come ashore after *Mazampla* did, their grotesque attire had excited suspicion and they had been arrested, the Dellie seized, and the whole outfit sent out to quarantine. There was no hope now of recovering my uniform blouses, *machete*, etc., and I had to be mighty circumspect in order to save myself.

My initial visit was to a barber shop, where I got my first shave in a week and secured the effacement of Dr. Abbott's amateur furrows through my back hair. I was pretending to the loquacious Cuban barber not to understand Spanish, when Colonel Mendez passed with some companions, and "gave the snap away" by addressing me loudly in that language from the street. There was evidently no use trying to conceal the fact that I was a "newly-arrived." After getting something to eat, I hunted up General Nunez, whom I found at the Duval House, unregistered. He cashed the order on New York I had received at Punta Alegre for my saddle, and offered to advance any further sum that I needed.

The afternoon I spent mainly with the General and his brother, meeting a number of prominent Cubans as we went about. We had intended to take the *Mascotte* that night for Tampa, but found to our dismay that, on account of reports of yellow fever in the city, all the rest of Florida had quarantined against Key West. So we had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.

We went to the Plant steamship office and applied for tickets to Tampa, but were refused because we lacked certificates from the health-officer that we were immune, none but immunes being permitted to leave Key West. The plans the Nunezes had laid to circumvent the health-officer it would take too long to tell.

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For my part I stayed in the background, awaiting developments. I had had yellow fever as a boy, but there was no one thereabout who could testify to it. The chief health-officer of Florida was in command, and was personally issuing permits to leave the city. He turned down the applications of a lot of unfortunates, and things looked blue for us, as we were unable to tell where we had been without running the risk of being sent out to quarantine. At last, in desperation, General Nunez told Dr. Walker who he was and what he had been doing, and the doctor, recognizing the fact that all Cubans are immunes, gave them their certificates, adding however with a laugh: "The next time you come in, General, come through the front door; it will save you trouble."

My turn came, and I faced the doctor with a faintish feeling. "How can you prove that you are immune? Have you got a certificate?" asked Dr. Walker. "No, sir; I never before had need of one. But I have some secondary evidence." Whereupon I produced a personal letter from Gonzalo de Quesada, the Cuban charge d'affaires, referring to me as an immune, and—more direct still—a letter of introduction to General Shafter which Major Garlington, inspector-general of cavalry, had sent me when I was going to Tampa in May, and which I had not presented. This letter was complimentary in character and contained the valuable assurance that I was immune to yellow fever. Dr. Walker and his assistant conferred. "We know General Garlington well, and his handwriting, too; that will do." So my certificate was forthwith made out, with the interlineation "Guaranteed by General Garlington, U. S. A." And I was happy once more.

We left Key West on the Mascotte that night at

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8:30, General Nunez, Dr. Nunez, Major Figueroa, the handsome lad of the Bimini boat, and myself, and had a delightful trip to Tampa, where we arrived at 2 p. m. next day. But we had to leave our baggage at the quarantine station on Tampa bay to be disinfected. I would have liked to see the faces of the officers when they opened my drummer's grip and saw the contents—rum, leaf tobacco, a big conch, a rusty revolver, my campaign "uniform," and odds and ends of startling incongruity but unvarying dinginess.

General Nunez went straight on to his home in Philadelphia, and Dr. Nunez to his in West Tampa. I had expected to leave for Columbia the next day after my arrival (Saturday), but my grip did not come from quarantine, as had been promised, and I had to hunt up some baggage I had left in Tampa. The grip did not come on Sunday, either, so I left that night without it, Dr. Nunez promising to send it after me—which he did.

The storm on the coast had washed out the railroad tracks, and it took a circuitous journey of 24 hours to bring me to Columbia. I hadn't seen on the way one individual I knew, and I hadn't heard a word from Columbia since the middle of June. My anxiety to know how people and paper were doing increased hourly on the trip. When I got off at Blanding Street station, Monday evening, September 5, I felt like a Rip van Winkle. But the "right-away" hackman was not baffled by my disguise.

"This way, Mr. Gonzales!" On the way to THE STATE office he gave me all the news in short meter. "Everybody well, sir. They's got a new regimen', the Second, an' Mr. Willie is a Cap'n. Mr Ambrose is

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gone to Cuby. THE STATE? Oh, she's doin' fine! The Register? Why she's dead—they shipped away the presses an' things a month ago." So there were no surprises for me, at least.

But there were for the force of THE STATE, when I walked into the editorial rooms, and presented to them a person whose identity they presently were enabled to discover under a disguise of tan and coal dust. It was worth the going to have that coming back.

NUNEZ EXPEDITION LANDS.

INDEPENDENT REPORT OF ARRIVAL, GIVING PERSONNEL,
EQUIPMENT AND SUPPLIES OF "DIVISION MAINE"
TO WHICH LIEUTENANT GONZALES WAS ASSIGNED
AS ADJUTANT UNDER GENERAL NUNEZ.

(Correspondence of the New York Sun, reprinted
in THE STATE, July 2, 1898).

Washington, June 29.—A letter received in Key West from one of the commanders of the Cuban expedition which left Key West on board the steamer Florida, in command of Brigadier-General Emilio Nunez, bound for Santiago de Cuba, and known as the "Division of the Maine," announces the arrival of the expedition at its destination. There were 400 Cubans on board, and the cargo comprised one of the largest and most valuable assortments of arms, ammunition, and provisions ever taken to the island. Brigadier-General Rafael Rodriguez, the cavalry commander who achieved distinction during the heroic campaign of Camaguey, accompanied the expedition. The letter is as follows:

"On Board the Steamer Florida,

"Santiago de Cuba, June 24, 1898.

"To the Cuban Delegate, Key West, Fla.

"My dear Sir and Countryman: I have the honor to inform you, and I hope you will make it known to the people of Key West, a city which has always distinguished itself in the history of Cuban emigration through its patriotic enthusiasm, that the great expedition of one of the finest commanders, Brigadier-General Emilio Nunez, has safely reached its desti-

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nation. The expedition is called the Division of the Maine, because of its divisional organization, which should, I think, form the basis for our future army.

"The younger element in the expedition has formed a battalion of more than 300 men, distributed in three companies, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Fernando Mendez and Commander C. Feliz Preval. The companies are commanded by Captains Franke Agramonte, Jose Vincente Alonzo, and Antonio Martinez. The adjutant of the battalion is Captain Alberto Faures, and the standard-bearer Lieutenant Angel Cainas. A patriotic young American, William Astor Chanler by name, has organized a company of giants, stalwart fellows, six feet or more in height, who will, I think, give the Spaniards a great deal to attend to.

"As an evidence of the confidence which he reposes in General Nunez, General Miles has given him a squadron of the veteran cavalry of the United States, under Lieutenant Harvey, and has placed at his disposal 160 horses. Besides that, the United States government gave the expedition two cannons with ammunition, 4000 Springfield rifles, 200 Colt revolvers, 28,000 cartridges, 500 machetes, 3,700 saddles, 550 bridles, 31,250 pounds of corn meal, 18,900 pounds of beans, 3,200 pounds of ground coffee, 2,425 pounds of sugar, 9,600 pounds of pork, 24,000 pounds of canned meats, 67,275 pounds of bacon, 1,250 pounds of bread, 1,250 pounds of canned maize, 169 sacks of oats, 5,100 pairs of shoes, 2,500 canvas suits, and 50 dozen shirts."

IN DARKEST CUBA

THE TRUTH ABOUT CUBA

(Editorial, *THE STATE*, July 20, 1898).

There are not a few in this country who wish to know from a strictly reliable source the condition of affairs in Cuba. Many statements have gone through the country; most agreed in tenor, and it was generally believed that widespread wretchedness and suffering existed in the island. But in South Carolina, at least, we lacked a statement from an eye-witness that possessed the confidence of the public. Such a statement comes from Mr. N. G. Gonzales, whose reputation for scrupulous accuracy of statement cannot be impugned. Following his vivid description of the attempted landing and hardships by sea and land, comes the account of his meeting with the renowned Maximo Gomez, Commander-in-Chief of the Cuban army.

The story itself is its best interpreter, and it discovers to the world the real condition of the Cuban insurgents. They are half-naked, half-starved, have suffered incredible hardships, and even their families have experienced all the bitterness and privation and horrors of war. Men who fought with any heart under such circumstances, and who have defied Spain's threats as well as her blandishments, are patriots. Valley Forge and Eutaw are familiar examples of how American troops experienced the same thing in their war of independence.

The need of Cuba is shown to be sore. Her troops lack clothing, ammunition, equipment; her people—men, women, and children—lack bread. *Reconcentrados* are probably past help, but, as Mr. Gonzales says, "There are still tens of thousands of patriotic Cubans

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in the interior who are destitute of food and clothing." Moreover, he adds the sententious remark:

"The supplies now landed will be sufficient only to subsist the large force concentrating here, and destitute non-combatants who will be encountered, for less than a month."

The writer also explains the return of General Nunez, and urges the frequent sending of relief expeditions and the employment of a tug to keep up communication with the insurgent forces; and says that, supplied from point to point along the line, Gomez can take from 10,000 to 20,000 troops to aid in the reduction of Habana.

The old saying, that the darkest hour is just before the dawn, has been literally true in the case of Cuba; for the advent of war more or less checked the sending of relief expeditions and the inhabitants have been subjected to unwonted rigor by the Spanish authorities. It is inexpressibly sad that, within a few months of the final deliverance, they should be compelled to undergo starvation, thereby shutting off many in sight of the promised land.

Food is the one thing needful. That they must have, and of course nothing can take its place. They must be fed or they die—the sharp and grim alternative stares us in the face. At least some of the transports might now be converted into supply ships and sent over regularly. We undertook the war principally to relieve the suffering of the Cubans, and this main object should not be lost sight of.

Mr. Gonzales suggests one way to relieve the need of clothes, and we have no doubt that the appeal will meet a response among our people. He suggests the

IN DARKEST CUBA

giving of old clothes, as was done by the people of West Tampa.

THE STATE will receive and forward to their proper destination all articles and subscriptions that are sent to this office.

Every day's delay serves to defeat in part the main cause of our intervention in Cuba. Every article sent in helps to advance that cause, and those who cannot, from any reason whatever, take part in the war, can in this way have the satisfaction of sending relief to Cuba's wretched people. Mr. Gonzales has shown the public the real condition of Gomez's army, and of thousands of helpless people around him. We at last know the truth. The duty of Americans is plain, and we pray from the people of South Carolina a ready response. Every little helps. No gift is too small or insignificant to aid some unfortunate.

The cooperation of Gomez for the reduction of Habana is not essential to American success, and perhaps no one will be greatly exercised on that point. But the fact that the Cubans are without the necessities of life, that is, on the verge of actual starvation, is one that appeals to the manhood and liberal-heartedness of the American people. The sending of supplies at regular intervals can be easily managed by the vast machinery of our Government. We feed the millions of Russia; shall we refuse to feed the thousands of Cuba?

MR. GONZALES RETURNS

(Editorial, THE STATE, September 6, 1898).

Sun-burnt, showing the wear and tear of hard service, Mr. N. G. Gonzales returned to Columbia last night and immediately reported at THE STATE's edi-

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torial rooms. No news whatever had come from him since early in July, and grave apprehensions were felt for his safety. His return, therefore, was a delightful surprise to the employees of the office as it will be to the readers of *THE STATE*.

The writer has always regarded it as fortunate in the extreme that Mr. Gonzales should have gone to Cuba, because it afforded a sure means of arriving at the truth in regard to Cuba and her people. What he says is what he saw and heard at first hand. He comes from central Cuba, the heart of the region in which Gomez operated, and can give the inside of the much-mooted insurgent question.

The main point, however, is that Mr. Gonzales has returned safe and sound to resume charge of *THE STATE*. He has incurred both risk and danger, has proved the sincerity of his professions, and, after suffering great hardships, among which may be mentioned his going five weeks without any rations, has had the good fortune to get back to Columbia without loss of life or limb.

He now resumes editorial charge of *THE STATE*, and will henceforth conduct it with his accustomed vigor and fire.

"HAVING DONE HIS DUTY, HE'S HOME."

MR. GONZALES BACK FROM THE PROSTRATE ISLE—
DIRECT FROM GENERAL GOMEZ'S CAMP—AFTER
ENDURING GREAT HARDSHIPS, HE COMES UNEX-
PECTEDLY AND RELIEVES THE ANXIETY OF HIS
FRIENDS.

(News Article, THE STATE, September 6, 1898).

Surprising the force of THE STATE as completely as if he were an apparition, Lieutenant N. G. Gonzales of General Nunez's staff, the editor of this newspaper, walked into the office about 8:30 o'clock last night, and for several hours the editorial rooms were transformed into reception halls, many of the returned soldier's friends calling to extend to him the cordial welcome that had already been given him by those with whom he had worked for seven years.

Nothing had been heard from Mr. Gonzales since July 9, and in the office existed the gravest apprehension as to his safety. Even at the moment of his appearance plans were being laid to endeavor to secure some information from Cuba concerning him. His best friends at first could hardly recognize Mr. Gonzales in the rather gaunt, dark, sun-burned, dust-covered and uniquely attired individual who presented himself. He had endured great hardships and privations with the army of liberation, and his surplus flesh had melted away even as does the Cuban cigarette—taken from his scanty baggage—the writer is smoking.

Mr. Gonzales was among the first to suit his actions to his words, and when war was declared against Spain

"HAVING DONE HIS DUTY, HE'S HOME"

last Spring, having done yeoman service for the cause of *Cuba Libre* with his pen, he cast it aside, and started for the scene of action to give his life, if need be, for the cause so near his heart. He was soon appointed a member of General Nunez's staff—in May—and sailed with the Florida-Fanita expedition to join the army of General Gomez in south-central Cuba. The details of his landing and joining the noted insurgent chieftain have already been given in **THE STATE**.

Since early in July no word has come from him. During that time he had seen service and learned perhaps more of the inside of the situation in Cuba than any other American. He returned to Key West on the *Wanderer*, the steamer that carried his chief down recently; having started home, however, on a schooner. Through varied experiences, losing his baggage and relics, he managed to arrive in Columbia last evening so unexpectedly, with a total of seven coppers in his pocket, and is now in a position to acquaint the public with the real conditions in the prostrate Pearl of the Antilles. He has done his duty in accordance with his patriotic spirit, has lived up to his teachings, and comes home to be most cordially welcomed by his friends.

E. J. Watson.

IN DARKEST CUBA

"No, I never recovered my horse, and I marched 40 miles in three days and got rid of thirty pounds in doing it, and then a fast of forty days from rations kept me from resuming them. Everybody starts by asking me if I got back my horse. A Cuban officer took pity on me and loaned me a broken down one, which by good fortune and good care I was able to restore and make available later. I landed on the south coast, and departed from the north coast. In an air line the distance is about one hundred miles, but we zigzagged a hundred more. A command of Gomez's army, with the two dynamite guns taken over by our expedition, reduced and captured the towns of Jibaro and Arroyo Blanco, but I had not the luck to be with them. We were posted to protect the besiegers of the latter place from interference by the Spaniards on the *trocha*. I witnessed the trial of General Bermudez for outrages committed on *pacificos*, but did not see him executed, as he was, after a second trial. Not having been at Jibaro, I did not see Lieutenant Johnson of the United States Army, commanding the colored troopers, in his famous defense of a barrel of rum against the Cubans, his tearing down of the Cuban flag, and his attempt to shoot his non-commissioned officers for refusing to fire on the Cubans—but I know the facts. I have seen our force reduced one-half by starvation and disease, have lived days without food, and weeks on scanty gleanings of mangoes and parched corn, foraged for at distances of from six to fifteen miles. I have seen the darkest side of war and the darkest side of the character of the Cuban forces, reduced almost to savagery by privations.

"Two nights after our attack on Moron, we got news

"CAPTURED DETAILS IN DARKEST CUBA"

that a relief expedition had landed on the north coast and sought the protection of troops. Our infantry marched forty-odd miles in two days, most of it through fearful swamps, and emerged on the beach at El Mamon August 16th, where we found the expeditionaries, and ate our first square meal since July 11th. General Gomez came in next day, bringing news of the peace, and I was present at a striking gathering of chiefs, the first in freed Cuba. The war being over, I got an honorable discharge, and embarked on a little 23-ton schooner, sailed three days to the Keys north of Caibarien, a Spanish town; met General Nunez, there arrived with the Wanderer expedition; spent a week on that steamer while General Gomez's army concentrated near Caibarien, and met the Spaniards under the new peace conditions; left on the little schooner, with twenty-five men, in tow of the Wanderer. Our boat, the Dellie, was dropped near Miami. We sailed and drifted south along the entire line of the Florida Keys, rescuing a Nassau boat with a party of starving Cubans twenty days out from Nuevitas, towed them toward Key West, ran on a reef at night, managed to get off again, and finally got into Key West harbor on the night of September 1st, passing the quarantine blockade and landing in a storm. Some of my effects are in quarantine near Key West and others in Tampa Bay—I was lucky enough to escape the quarantine officers in my skin. But don't be worried—I haven't brought infection to Columbia. In marches of two hundred miles I never entered a town; in fact, I never saw a house, nor a cow, calf, sheep or goat, and only two chickens. Sugar, coffee, tobacco, and rum are staple products of Cuba. In all that time and all that journeying, we encountered of

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these nothing but tobacco, and not half a sufficiency of that. The country there is a wilderness, wilder than Africa, and almost unpeopled, yet a wilderness of most wonderful natural riches and enormous capabilities of wealth.

"I want to add that I am deeply grateful to my friends for the welcome they have given me, so far beyond anything I looked for, and so far beyond my earning. I have done nothing extraordinary, nothing but the simple matter of duty. I am glad to be in South Carolina and in Columbia again, not so much because of hardships elsewhere, but because I find myself once more among the best people on this earth."

RESUMES EDITORIAL CHAIR.

(Editorial, *THE STATE*, September 10, 1898).

On fully resuming today my old work, suspended early last May, I wish to thank the press of South Carolina for the warm and generous welcome it has given me upon my return to the State. I am deeply grateful for this kindly greeting from political friends and foes alike, and if the terms in which it has been extended are not reproduced in *THE STATE*, the failure is due to the fact that they are too personal and too flattering.

Other acknowledgements are due. The war drew from *THE STATE* its President and General Manager, its Editor, its Telegraph Editor, and another valued member of its editorial staff. Such a drain upon its force might well have crippled it. That this has not been the case is a fact demonstrated by the daily success of the paper in grappling with the requirements of wartime circulation. An *esprit de corps*, always

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strong among the men who make **THE STATE**, increased with emergency and made the paper what it should have been. The services of Mr. James Henry Rice, Jr., as Editor, Mr. E. J. Watson as Telegraph Editor and practically Managing Editor, and of Mr. W. W. Watson as Business Manager, have been so devoted and so eminent as to deserve especial recognition of the readers of **THE STATE**, and the thanks to which I now gratefully subscribe.

N. G. Gonzales.

A MATTER OF JUSTICE.

(Editorial, **THE STATE**, September 30, 1898).

The Editor of **THE STATE** has received the following, which he may be pardoned for publishing:

Philadelphia,
September, 27, 1898.

My dear Friend:

I have received your papers and have read them with real pleasure, because the Cuban question is treated in a masterly way. As a true American you do not forget the sense of justice, notwithstanding your sufferings in Cuba.

If we are fortunate enough to have many champions as yourself in the American press no doubt that we will see the flag of the Lone Star float some day on the Morro Castle—the hope of that poor and suffering country for many generations in the past.

With my kind regards, I am sincerely yours,

Emilio Nunez.

General Nunez—who has been a *general de division* or Major-General since July, and is the personal representative of General Gomez in this country—asked,

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when he and his former aide were returning from Cuba several weeks ago, that *THE STATE* should be sent to his home in Philadelphia. The foregoing letter, written in English, is his acknowledgment, and is accompanied by a photograph of himself.

We print the letter for more than one reason. Some of our contemporaries, in their comments on the experiences of the Editor of *THE STATE* in Cuba, as told in his notes, have seemed to assume that the notes constituted an indictment against the Cubans generally. General Nunez's comment shows that he, at least, does not so construe them; and they should not be thus construed by others. The diary is a simple record of facts, and they are reproduced in *THE STATE* faithfully and without coloring. The criticisms made do not extend an inch beyond the persons criticised; they are not to be taken as sweeping, unless they are expressly stated to be so intended.

One does not go to an army, especially a starving army, to find the finer traits of society, to encounter hospitality and receive attentions; and the just man will not condemn a whole people or their cause or their aspirations, because he has found callousness and selfishness among some of them, desperately situated. How Americans would act, if they were in the condition of Gomez's army, we do not know—it is enough to know that none of them have ever been, in such numbers and for such a time, in such a condition.

There are in the Cuban army thousands of men who have made sacrifices beyond example for the sake of independence, and outside of it are other thousands who have made like sacrifices in other fields of effort. There are in Cuba thousands of gentlemen as high and as cultured as any, who, although they may not

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approve many features of the war nor admire many of the actors in it, are yet devoted to the idea of Cuban independence. There are scores of leaders who, like General Nunez, believe in and favor ultimate annexation, but wish to see that annexation reached by the will of the people, and who desire first to enjoy for a time the thought that they have—in fact—that independence for which they have sacrificed so much.

Do not judge all Cubans by Gomez's staff, nor think that the manners of the *manigua* are the manners of the home. But even if conditions in the field and out of it were worse than they are, we would still have before us the pledge of our own word to "let these people go."

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EDITORS WHO WANT IT GIVEN TO THE DODGE COMMITTEE.

(Reprints in *THE STATE*, October 10, 1898).

Philadelphia Call.—

Chairman Dodge's committee of investigation at Washington is traveling a stony way. With unanimous voice the members of that body may sing the lines of the good old hymn, "foes without and fears within."

It is hard to tell from which source the most annoyance comes, the people who doubt the committee's sincerity and hence are throwing bricks and things, or the sense of helplessness and danger the committee must feel from the contrary purposes that are at work within their own "midst" to keep out the testimony that would really throw light on the subject.

The Call long ago suggested that Miles and Roosevelt and Lawton and Lee should be heard. There seems some doubt about Miles. He says he is saving himself for the more dignified investigation that Congress is going to make. But why not meet the President's evidently sincere desire to have the evils of his war bureau sifted to the bottom and go before the present committee?

Editor N. G. Gonzales, of Columbia, S. C., seems also itching for a subpoena and a trip to Washington. Why not give him a chance? He was in Cuba and says he "saw things." Among other sharp criticisms, Mr. Gonzales says:

"Although before the war broke out General Miles

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had adopted a service uniform for use in hot weather, the army forming at Tampa for the invasion of Cuba was compelled to wear throughout its stay the heavy blue winter uniform—a cruelty in that hottest of hot places. The only exception was the Roosevelt Rough Riders, who wore brown canvas, while all the others set off for Cuba in the transports wearing the clothing many had brought down with them from Nebraska and Dakota, and the explanation of this was that 'their chief had a pull'."

Mr. Gonzales confirms the worst charges which have been made, that the dispatch of the first expedition "was outrageously delayed and bungled." General Miles had promised the Cuban general, Gomez, that vessels with supplies would be dispatched to him as rapidly as possible, but Mr. Gonzales says that after General Miles left for Puerto Rico this promise was ignored, and General Nunez was shoved from pillar to post in Washington for a month before he could get a small cargo for the Cuban auxiliaries.

It strikes us that Mr. Gonzales should be among the star witnesses before the Dodge committee.

HARD TO "WHITEWASH."

Grand Rapids (Mich) Democrat.

The war Department investigation, it is becoming apparent, will not be altogether so much of a whitewashing affair as seems to have been intended. Instead of confining themselves to answers to the official interrogatories sent out, reports are being sent in giving detailed statements of specific abuses, with names, dates and witnesses, to prove the charges made. Of this character are the charges presented to the committee yesterday by Mr. Hirsh, on behalf of the New

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York World, relative to the criminal abuses and incompetence at Montauk point, a summary of which appears in the dispatches, Mr. Hirsh having given out copies of his charges to the press.

N. G. Gonzales, editor of *The Columbia*, S. C., *STATE*, has also been giving the committee and the public some information of an interesting character. Gonzales enlisted in the army, spent six weeks in Tampa and several months in Cuba. Among other things, he declares that, although the Tampa warehouses were choking with canned goods and other regulation supplies, certain regiments—regulars as well as volunteers—were for weeks furnished with “travel rations” only—biscuit and coffee; and he affirms that “the government permitted itself to be gouged and imposed upon most outrageously by one of the railroads entering Tampa, that it gave itself up, in fact, to be robbed by extortions which might have been prevented by an advance agreement as to terms.” During most of the stay of the troops at Tampa, he declares, there was no discipline, mobs of drunken soldiers filling the streets and robbing the stores in daylight. In regard to the expedition to Cuba, Gonzales declares that, although before the war broke out General Miles had adopted a service uniform for use in hot weather, the army forming at Tampa for the invasion of Cuba was compelled to wear throughout its stay the heavy blue winter uniform in that hottest of hot places. The only exception was the Roosevelt Rough Riders, who wore brown canvas, while all the others set off for Cuba in transports wearing the clothing many had brought down with them from Nebraska and Dakota; and the explanation of this was that “their chief had a pull.”

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Mr. Gonzales likewise shows how the dispatch of the first Cuban expedition "was outrageously bungled." General Miles had promised General Gomez that vessels with supplies would be sent him as rapidly as possible, but Mr. Gonzales shows that after General Miles left for Puerto Rico this promise was ignored, and General Nunez was shoved from pillar to post in Washington for a month before he could get a small cargo for the Cuban auxiliaries. Mr. Gonzales has furnished matter which, together with that furnished by Mr. Hirsh, will bother the committee no little to make into a whitewash.

NOTES ON CUBA.

I. TWO YEARS OF PEACE.

It seems to be expected that I shall say something about Cuba, in order to keep in touch with the other editors who made the recent flying trip to the island; and, since the last fortnight has been a happy blank so far as continental affairs are concerned, there really seems nothing else for a returning tourist to do.

Certain of the esteemed who reached home last week have anticipated me by settling the Cuban question in one way or another. I cannot hope to do that. I was on the island only eight days to their five, spoke only one and one-half languages to their one, and understood only two to their one, have spent there altogether only two years more than they have done, and labored besides under the handicaps of being a friend to the Cubans and of having already very well-defined opinions as to the island and its destiny. These being the facts, it is perhaps presumptuous in me to offer observations which may conflict in some respects with

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theirs, but I shall do the best I can in all honesty and frankness. It will be understood of course that I do not pretend to have studied the island or its issues in the space of a week and in the course of a visit to two cities, Habana and Matanzas, both located in one section: I did not go for study, but for recreation, and did not delve as deep as the slums; nevertheless, I observed carefully and, talking to Americans, Cubans, and Spaniards on every opportunity, I did gather some information, the impressions of which I shall offer simply for what they are—impressions.

Conditions on the island are every way better than I had thought. The changes in the last eighteen months have been little short of marvelous. It is simply impossible, either in Habana or Matanzas, to realize on the evidence of the eye alone that the island has come either recently or remotely out of an adulterating and sacrificial struggle in which one-third of its people perished. Nothing in either city tells of the war, of Weyler, or of the reconcentration—it is only in the country that one sees the ravages of the destructive strife and sees a people struggling to their feet from the wreck of a fearful past. Business in the cities is good, though not so good as when the disbursements of great armies stimulated it; labor is in demand and wages are fair, in comparison with the standards in the South. There is still destitution, but it does not obtrude itself: I met fewer beggars in Habana than I should have encountered during an equal period in Columbia a year ago; there is no starvation, and but little apparent loafing.

The people in the central and western parts of the island are at work at living wages, and the agricultural

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interests are reviving—not as fast as they should do, not as fast as they would do if capital were not causelessly withheld from many profitable employments, but steadily and perceptibly, nevertheless, as the new-planted cane and tobacco fields all along the railroad prove even to the casual observer. In Santiago province, I was informed, the case was different. That province is the only one containing a negro majority, and, being mountainous, its agricultural interests are not large and there is not the same employment offered to labor as in the west. On account of both of these facts, and for the further reason that during half of the last thirty years it has been the theatre of civil strife, there is some unrest in Santiago and the possibility of trouble unless conditions are improved; but in the more populous and naturally richer central and western provinces where employment is to be had by those who need it and where the whites are largely in the majority, there is not a ripple to hint a storm, and the stories of impending revolt are declared by Cubans in a position to know to be utterly without foundation.

The order prevailing in the island is simply phenomenal. Nothing like it has ever been known in Cuba before, even in times of the profoundest public peace. General Wilson, Military Governor of Matanzas and Santa Clara provinces, has strongly testified to it in his annual report, declaring the absence of crime in the two great central provinces to compare favorably with that of the most law-abiding of the American states. General Nunez, Civil Governor of Habana province, told me the same thing of the territory under his jurisdiction, attributing the respect for law and order to the desire of the Cuban people

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to prove by practical example their fitness for self-government. At any rate, it is not caused by the presence of American troops, of whom there are only eight thousand or ten thousand in the island, nearly all concentrated near the larger towns. A practical proof of the existence of this state of peace and order is given in the suggestion of Governor-General Wood, that about half the troops be returned to the United States, leaving the garrisons unchanged only in the two eastern provinces.

The American military administration in Cuba is doing admirable work, to which I am glad to testify. It is giving the Cuban people, who, the *emigres* excepted, have had no experience of any but corrupt and corrupting Spanish methods of government, constant object lessons of sound, honest, businesslike administration—in the custom houses, the mail service, the schools, and the works of public improvement and municipal sanitation. These practical examples would be valuable to any people—even to those of our own boss-ridden and corrupt American cities. It is a good thing for the Cubans that they have the opportunity of studying them from within and from without and of assisting in the making of them. For it is a fact that, while the Government is under the supervision of Americans and, in the last analysis, under their control, the Cubans, the lately insurgent Cubans, are already governing themselves. A few head men in the customs and postoffice and public works departments are Americans; the assistant chiefs and subordinates are practically all Cubans. The police force of Habana is Cuban from the Chief down; so with the police of the other cities; so with the rural

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guards—and they do their work thoroughly and well. In Habana, a city of three hundred thousand people, there have been only three murders in eight months, and one of these was an American. Columbia, with one-tenth the population, could not make so good a showing. Cuban insurgent officers fill important positions in all departments of the government. On inquiring after my companions in central Cuba during the war of 1898, I found that, with one exception, every officer I could remember was holding a government position of responsibility. The single exception was my chum Buttari—Buttari of the appetite—and he was editing in Habana a newspaper devoted to the independence of the island, *La Estrella Solitaria*, or The Lone Star.

While taking no stock in the alarming reports from Cuba, made in the interest of annexation, I did expect to find some evidences of political ferment and restlessness and impatience in Habana; but if there was anything of the sort going on, it was not perceptible in and about the cafes and hotels in the central part of the city. The cafes constitute the popular forum of the Latins. Here one may expect to see all the political yeast rising, and to hear as well as to see the ferment. The Cubans, like other Latins, talk with their hands and eyes as well as their lips, and the “dumb show” is far from “inexplicable” to the intelligent observer. But the serenity of the groups crowding the cafes was extraordinary; nobody seemed excited, nobody seemed angry, nobody seemed to have a grievance. One would seem to have come there upon settled conditions calling for no protest nor even for argument. The solution of this almost abnormal state

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Spaniards in Cuba, the negro is allowed a measure of social equality which, while it does not, in the great majority of cases, imply the miscegenation it would indicate in the South, the line as a rule being drawn at intermarriage, was yet distinctly offensive to Southern ideas, and greatly to be deplored; but I have strenuously insisted, on the basis of two years' residence in Cuba, that, among the upper classes, the negro is not admitted to any social privileges, and the line between the races is drawn as strictly as in the South. During six weeks in 1898 I had seen in West Tampa and Ybor City, Florida, among the white and colored cigar-makers, the extreme of social equality which could be witnessed in Cuba; but while, from personal recollection and information, I knew that a similar state of affairs could not exist among those Cuban whites pretending to social position, I also knew that old "civil rights" laws and ordinances of Spanish origin still existed in Cuba, and was prepared to see some mingling of the races in reputable places of public entertainment when I should visit the island. The law permitted it, and I supposed that custom did. Under the old Spanish law, two American saloon-keepers had been heavily fined last year in Habana for refusing to serve drinks to negroes, and I assumed that negroes would be found in the Cuban cafes and restaurants, even of the better class, enjoying the privileges guaranteed by the law.

With this in mind, I looked around with some care while in Habana and Matanzas, and, although daily and nightly in these places of popular resort, I did not in more than a week see one negro or mulatto in any of them. Doubtless I could have found them if I had sought out the lower range of places, but it is

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significant enough that they did not frequent the resorts of the better class of white people. Neither law nor poverty forbade them, for many negroes in Cuba have accumulated means, and refusal to serve them would have been punished. The only theory by which this state of things can be fairly explained is that negroes knew that they were not wanted in these places, would be snubbed and ignored by their guests, and therefore very sensibly avoided them. I have observed before, in other fields, the general indisposition of Cuban negroes to force themselves upon the society of white men. In this they are so unlike many representatives of their race in this country that the average reader might well be disposed to doubt the fact; but the reason for the difference, probably, is that in Cuba the same pains have not been taken to hold them down by law, and they have not the same incentive to triumph over resistance. At any rate, I have never seen among Cuban negroes the almost morbid desire to be familiar which afflicts many of their race in this country; those of any official status had a certain poise and dignity, which was, perhaps, a reflection of old Spanish custom.

So much has been loosely and ignorantly written about the lack of color-line in Cuba that I kept my eyes open for evidences of the existence of the condition described. I not only scanned the crowds in the cafes, but looked through the iron gratings into the parlors of hundreds of homes, open to the street, and in not one of them did I see a negro, except as a servant. Not once did I see white women and colored driving together, nor a white girl walking accompanied by any negro, except a woman servant follow-

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ing in the old duenna fashion; nor can I recall three instances in which I observed well-dressed white and negro men sauntering together, in a land of evening saunterings. These things are evidences, without taking further testimony, of the complete social separation of the upper class of the white people from the negroes. As I have already intimated, I did not visit the slums: the slums nowhere are representative of a people, and I know and admit that the social cleavage between the races does not extend to the bottom, even in South Carolina, and less in Cuba.

One very ugly spectacle I stumbled upon, not expecting it—a mixed masked ball in the great Tacon Opera House on the *Parque Centrale*, next door to the Inglaterra Hotel. It was a sight such as this, I presume, that caused Colonel Orr and other “innocents abroad” to assume the existence of social equality between the races. These balls are of Sunday night occurrence, and the one I observed was the last of the carnival season. Hundreds of women, nearly all masked and nearly all colored, danced to fantastic music a slow, curious, native waltz, called the *danson*, with hundreds of white men. It was by no means a delectable sight; it was repulsive to Southern ideas; but it proved no more than that the Latins parade immoralities which are usually carefully covered up by the Anglo-Saxons. The women were of the *demi-monde*, and the men, as a rule, were obviously the men supporting them; they met in this public place and flaunted their connection in the faces of the curious; it was the seamy side of the social fabric turned up with a *sangfroid* peculiar to the Latins, who regard their Northern neighbors as hypocrites, because, hav-

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ing the same vices, they take great pains to conceal them.

This function, in short, was nothing but the famous "quadrone ball" of New Orleans, once made famous by the participation of "visiting statesmen" still high in Washington society; color aside, it was the same sort of thing as the Mabile balls of Paris and the "French balls" of New York, but—unlike them—held by a vigilant civil administration to the strictest propriety of conduct. It was very shocking, of course, for in South Carolina white men do not dance in public with their colored friends of the other sex; nevertheless, it revealed as little of the true measure of social conditions, the home and the family, as the interracial associations outside the ball room do here. That anyone should judge New Orleans society by a public mixed ball, to which the payment of a silver dollar admits anybody of any degree of color or of morality, would seem absurd to every South Carolinian; but it does not seem absurd to some of them at least that Habana society should be judged by precisely this illegitimate incident. For our own part, we would not think of judging the city of Greenville by what the census takers will find in certain quarters there next summer, nor could we wish that Columbia might be judged in like manner; and probably even Charleston would not like to be judged by the discoveries of the Rev. Arthur Crane of the First Baptist Church. We do not like the Latin way of exploiting the social evil, but we are not therefore to assume that it exists only where it is exploited; and, as to the color feature, yellow and brown skins are in evidence elsewhere than in Cuba, and it will be well to avoid pharisaism on this subject.

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Cubans lay the responsibility for most of the outward effacement of the color-line upon Spaniards, who, coming from a country of few negroes, do not make the distinctions of former slave-holders. Be this as it may, the constant influx of Spaniards to Cuba has not only, in this century, put the negroes finally in the minority in the island, but has infused and reinfused European ideas on the race question, which are not, as every well-read or traveled man must know, the ideas of Americans, who for hundreds of years have been accustomed to think of the negro as a slave and an inferior. Very probably the fact that the negro is in a minority in Cuba obtains for him a certain consideration which he could not have if he were in a majority and therefore regarded as a menace. We see that the social line is not so closely drawn against inferior races in states where they are few in number as in those where they are formidable. Neither in the North nor in the South is there the anti-Chinese feeling which prevails on the Pacific Coast, where the bulk of American Celestials live; and neither in the North nor in the Pacific states is there the same feeling that the negro must be kept down in the social scale as there is in the South, where he is so great a factor. There is little difference between the status of the negro in Cuba and in the North, and it is largely because in each locality he has not been used politically, and his smaller numbers forbid his political ascendancy.

It was a real surprise, I think, to all the South Carolina visitors that they saw so few negroes in Habana. I should say that they cannot number over one-fourth of the population either in that city or Matanzas. I

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am sure that not one man in twenty I saw in the island was colored. What the negroes do in the cities, except work in the tobacco factories and in domestic service, it is hard to conjecture. So far as I observed, the waiters in hotels and cafes, the seven thousand hack drivers, the wagoners, the boatmen, and other laboring classes most in evidence, were almost exclusively white. Negroes constitute, of course, the bulk of the agricultural laborers employed on the large estates, but they are not much in evidence along the railroad between Habana and Matanzas. Unless the mortality from Weyler's reconcentration was almost exclusively among the whites, the negroes in the island are still in a considerable minority in five out of the six provinces. There is no possible reason to fear negro domination in Cuba as a political entity.

In my notes printed yesterday I said that Santiago was the only province with a negro majority; that certain negro leaders were trying to draw the color-line and that, if they should succeed, it would soon be proved to the world that Cuba was and would remain a white-man's country, for the white Cubans would meet the issue squarely. I did not see until it was printed the dispatch from Santiago which also appeared yesterday and went toward the confirmation of these statements. This dispatch shows that in that city the negroes had drawn the color-line in the municipal campaign; that candidates had sought to compose the differences, and that a mass-meeting had been held to seek agreement upon a combination ticket; that everything went smoothly until the whites found that the negroes were in a majority in the meeting, and that they then made occasion to break it up, and it was broken up, after something like

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a riot between white and colored. You can perceive that the whites are resolved to rule. If like efforts shall be made elsewhere to form a negro faction with a view to control politics, like results will follow. The only political chance for the negroes is to follow white leadership, in which case they may get a few of the offices: otherwise the political situation will soon be what it is in the South.

It is hardly necessary to point out the fact that there could be no color-line in politics if there were not already a color-line in the home—if the white Cubans, without differing as to issues with the colored Cubans, were not resolved that their race is superior, and should be supreme. But if any reader of these notes should regard me as a partisan, and should wish on this question of "social equality" the testimony of another South Carolinian—one who has not merely visited the island for a week, but has spent a year there in high official position, has acquired the language and has free access to the homes of Cuban gentle-people—let him write to Lieutenant M. B. Stokes, formerly major of the First South Carolina Volunteers and now acting as collector of customs at Cardenas, and ask him to repeat what he said to me on this point last week in Habana.

III. ANNEXATION PROPAGANDA.

It is not very difficult to account for the fact that many Americans who make flying trips to Cuba—that is, to Habana, for the great majority never go beyond the neighborhood of that city—come back to the States with more or less pronounced views in favor of annexation. There are a dozen reasons for it.

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In the first place, the average American visitor never realized before going to the island what a beautiful place it is, what a delightful and healthful climate it enjoys, what riches it offers to the investor, and what an altogether desirable possession it would be. The geographical ignorance of the average American is profound. Unlike the Englishman, a world-wide trader and traveler and promoter by inheritance and necessity, he has been commercially isolated, restricted in travel and business and study to his own big domain; he knows more about an American state 2,000 miles away than about the great Antilla whose coral cliffs rise a bare hundred miles from our Southern shores; he has been accustomed to think of Cuba as torrid and swampy, or as low and sandy like Florida, and the revelation is great when he finds it a land of green hills and blue mountains, of never-ceasing breezes, of inexhaustible richness of soil, and illimitable possibilities of wealth. The American seeing Cuba for the first time is apt, unless he is a man of stern morality of thought or well-grounded convictions as to the Tenth Commandment, to say to himself that this island is too good a thing to let pass—"It is too good a thing for anybody but *me*," says the average American. So he is predisposed by very covetousness to believe that the Cuban Naboth is unfit to possess his own vineyard.

He will find no lack of people in Habana to tell him that this Naboth should be dispossessed. There are plenty of Americans there who have been doing some coveting on their own hook—prospectors, speculators, essayers in business who are in a sense commercial carpetbaggers and believe that their interests lie in the direction of annexation. The average Ameri-

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can going touring to Cuba doesn't know ten words of Spanish; he cannot converse understandingly with the natives, he feels lost amid strange surroundings; so he gravitates inevitably to his fellow Americans who have located there, and those of this class who have axes to grind, and appreciate the value of "cultivating" opinion in the States, stuff him to suit their purposes. If a Cuban, speaking and understanding no English, should go to Charleston by steamer, bearing no letters of introduction to the natives, should spend from four days to a week there and in the sea islands around, and should then return home and give, on the strength of what he had seen and heard and understood, a description of South Carolina, its people and its institutions, and pronounce positive judgment upon the whole, folks here would make merry at his expense, and it would not increase their respect for his conclusions to know that in his own land he was a successful cigar manufacturer; but a successful South Carolina cotton manufacturer can go over to Habana, under like circumstances and render like judgment, and they think it quite reasonable to assume that his knowledge of spinning and weaving qualifies him for the task. It all depends on the point of view.

There are in Habana—and indeed in all the cities—the strongest of influences making for the annexation of Cuba; influences so strong that nothing but the moral sense of the American people, and the fact that this government has already formally recognized the Cubans to be free and independent and solemnly pledged them a government of their own, could suffice to overcome them. To begin with, there is the American business colony. Hundreds of stores and saloons

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and boarding houses in Habana alone are run by Americans. It is to their business interest that the American population shall be quickly enlarged, and they believe that annexation would be immediately followed by a great tide of immigration which would put them, the pioneers, "on velvet."

Then there are the American speculators, with options on lands and other properties; they have the same incentive to press for annexation, and an even greater one, to wit, the increased value which would be given to their holdings through the speedy doubling of the population. To these may be added the seekers of franchises of all sorts, who are shut out by the Foraker resolution from acquiring what they want. They could get their franchises quickly and without cost if the island were annexed; but if it should not be, they might have to wait long and pay well for the privileges. No need to ask how their influence is directed!

Take now the great sugar interest, by far the largest in the island. Most of the great estates are owned by Spaniards, many of them having been bought up during the war of 1868-78, when the government confiscated the properties of Cuban landowners who were connected with the movement for independence. Most of the great *centrales*, or sugar mills, were burned by the insurgents in the recent war and it will require many millions to rebuild them; the uncertainty about the future government of the island makes it difficult to borrow this money, whereas American capital would respond quickly to the demand if Cuba were made American territory. But there is a still weightier reason why the sugar interest favors annexation:

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it would reduce by six-sevenths the duties on Cuban sugar imported into this country, which already is the main purchaser of the island crop. This reduction, impossible if Cuba should be independent, would add tens of millions to the profits of the planters. The stake is enormous, and the sugar interest is for annexation.

Consider next the one great manufacturing industry of the island—the making of cigars and cigarettes. There is a very high American duty on Cuban cigars, and an absolutely prohibitive duty on Cuban cigarettes—“prohibitive” was the word used by the customs officer at Miami, as he appropriated a small supply I had, costing 75 cents *oro Americano*; four hundred and fifty per cent. duty was the figure he named. A trust composed of American, British, and Spanish manufacturers controls the best manufactures of cigars and cigarettes and also the best tobacco lands of the Vuelta Abajo. It has a capital of \$7,000,000 gold. If the island should be annexed and the duties reduced, even to the Puerto Rican standard, the added profits of this trust would be prodigious; hence the trust is for annexation.

The Spaniards in the island, constituting the bulk of the commercial class, are hot for annexation, not only because it would reduce duties on their imports and increase their profits, but because they want to “get even” with the Cubans for causing the humiliation and defeat of Spain. They themselves will be the more content to bear a foreign yoke if they can have the Cubans for yoke-fellows. Many of them

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have said as much, and to their minds it would be an achievement in poetic justice to balk the Cubans of their hopes and make them servants instead of the masters they sought to be.

All these influences considered, there is small wonder that talk of annexation is still rife in Habana, despite the assurance of the Washington administration, and that superficial observers from the States come away from that city believing they have seen a new light. Cuba, however, is not to be judged by the Spanish and American talk of Habana, nor even by Habana itself. To understand the people as a whole, one has really to meet them: he must go not only to the capital but to the smaller cities, the multitude of little towns and to country districts, where he will find the same variance from the Habana type as one finds in the provinces of France from the Paris type. The country Cuban, quiet, patient, unemotional, sturdy, and laborious, resembles the effervescent *Habanero* as little as the provincial Frenchman does the effervescent Parisian. As I said when I returned from the interior of the island 18 months ago, the Cuban *guajiro*, with chances of education and progress, will make a steady and valuable yeoman; and other Americans who have studied him have reached the same conclusion.

What I have written as to the influences making for annexation may not appear, on the surface, to deny the expediency of annexation, for there are many in this country who are accustomed to take stock only of the wishes and judgment of the financially strong; yet, subjected to analysis, these very facts go to show

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to the advocates of annexation the unwisdom of pressing their desire upon the people and government of the United States. In homely phrase, "the longest way around is the shortest way home;" an inevitable result will be hastened by not attempting to force it. I agree with Calhoun, who said that "in the fullness of time Cuba will fall like a ripe pear into the lap of the Union," but it is folly to pluck and devour the fruit before its time for falling and while it is yet green.

In my judgment, the fate of Cuba is annexation to the United States, and it will not be a hard fate, either for the people of the island or the continent, if it is allowed its due and natural course of development. Cuba is too much the complement of this Union, is too closely bound to it commercially, to continue a separate state. Consider the facts! The island yields just the products the mainland lacks and needs: sugar, cigar tobacco, coffee, tropical fruits, winter vegetables, magnetic iron ore, rare ornamental woods. The mainland yields just the products the island lacks and needs; wheat, flour, bacon, pine lumber, salt fish, cotton and woolen goods, petroleum, and so forth. There could not be a better basis for the free exchange of products than this interdependence, for all that each requires the other has in abundance to supply. The removal of the tariff wall would enable each to fill its requirements cheaply and to dispose of its surplus at good profits.

This is the consideration that is going to bring about the annexation of Cuba, because it is a consideration of common sense and mutual self interest. The Cubans demand their independence because that has been their

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aspiration for half a century, because they have made untold sacrifices to achieve it, and because it has been promised by the United States; they wish to feel for once that they are free, the masters of their fates. But after this sentiment shall have been satisfied and the choice of a future shall be theirs, practical considerations will force themselves forward and they will realize as a people what many of them already perceive, that their best interests lie in union with the United States. Then the commercial arguments which now menace and affront them may be pressed without offense, having no barriers of pride or sentiment to overcome, and the desire to prosper will have controlling influence upon their determination.

It is a favorite pretense of the annexationists-by-compulsion that the Cuban leaders resist incorporation with the United States because they wish to possess the offices of the island and revel in its revenue. It seems not to have occurred to these people who seek to slander their neighbors out of their birthright that in Cuba as a state, or even a self-governing territory of this Union, these Cuban leaders would have the same opportunities of office—aye, and of plunder—as they would have if the island were independent: for if they can control it as a nation they can control it as a federated state. The only sort of government they could not obtain office and power in would be a despotic government irresponsible to the people it controlled, an American military satrapy. They are really moved by pride and sentiment—just such pride and sentiment as the annexationists would admire if unbiased by covetousness.

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The Cuban leaders, moreover, are not fools, and they are pretty well informed. They understand quite well that if the island were now annexed, it would not be annexed as a state, nor yet a territory like Arizona or New Mexico, but as a second Puerto Rico or Luzon, with no power to protect its dearest interests; they know that it would be a mere dependency, and so held on the false and insulting ground that its people were unfit to govern themselves. That sort of annexation can have no charm for any man of proper self-respect. When the Cubans enter the Union they will wish to do it of their own election, with dignity and by treaty as Texas did.

Should the campaign of detraction, pressed against them since the summer of 1898, prevail and the United States be influenced to retain the island against the will of its people, there would assuredly be revolts and disorders requiring the maintenance of a large standing army in Cuba, and for decades after a smoldering hatred bred of the injustice and treachery with which they had been treated. Capital would be made more hesitant than ever to enter the island, enterprise would be checked, and industry would be disturbed. The very ends sought by the annexationists would be defeated, and the possession of the island would be no glory, but a shame. On the other hand, if the Cubans shall be dealt with in good faith, that good faith will beget confidence and respect, and the commercial considerations we have already indicated, together with the cost of military, naval, and diplomatic establishments necessary to even a small nation,

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will inevitably bring Cuba to the door of the Union knocking for admission.

The imperialist annexationists are not only cruelly unjust and immoral in their demands for the appropriation of the island by the United States—they are also shortsighted and foolish. The substantial results they seek can be brought about only by honest, fair, and kindly dealing with the people they are trying to malign out of their hard-bought liberty.

IV. FITNESS FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

My reversible friend, Editor Garlington, of the Spartanburg Herald, returns to the subject. "Let's see something about this 'perspicacity,'" says he, referring to my compliment upon his discernment of the inner sentiments of a million strangers (minus nine) in the course of five days: "A dozen editors go to Cuba and investigate, going night and day among the people with an American who speaks Spanish and who has been on the island more than a year; and they come to the same conclusion that every other American has reached who has gone to Cuba to study the conditions impartially. They do not reach the conclusion that Editor Gonzales reaches. Does the fact that Editor Gonzales happened to stay three days longer give him the right to say that the other editors are fools or knaves or idiots?"

No; I should say not—Editor Gonzales should not and would not be so rude—but if he should, by quotation, let any of his brother editors prove themselves what our esteemed has indicated, it would be quite permissible and legitimate.

"We do not hesitate to say that during the five days

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spent in Cuba we had exceptional advantages to learn just what we went to find out. We had letters to the leading men of the island, but we had an American guide all the time and interviewed men of all classes."

It is true, as Editor Garlington has heretofore announced, that he went to Cuba well provided with letters.

"Of course our opinions, based on five days' investigation, are not worth much, but the three days longer that Editor Gonzales stayed does not give him the right to pronounce them worthless."

Editor Gonzales does not base his opinions of Cuba and the Cubans on three days' longer stay in the island than Editor Garlington, but on two years' residence there as a boy and four months' association with Cubans, on and off the island, summer before last—moreover, on the study of every publication regarding the land and its people which has met his eye during the last five years. He can fairly claim to be a specialist on the subject.

"We were, at least, disinterested. We have no Cuban blood to be vindicated. Our father did not raise any insurrection. We have no relatives that took part for or against the Spaniards, and hence we have, at least, the advantage of being free to make impartial investigation. This we made and reported. The public may think differently, but it is our firm conviction that the editor of this paper is at least as capable of forming an intelligent opinion concerning Cuba as the editor of *THE STATE*—"

(In the copy of *THE STATE* of April 2, 1900, which is on file, a corner of the editorial page is missing, so

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that seventeen lines at this point are lacking. The copyist takes up the editorial with the beginning of the next complete sentence, which is at the top of the column).

...To these citations our Spartanburg Reuben... sets up no facts but a sweeping generalization, wholly unjustified by the facts, declaring that his conclusions "are the same as the entire South Carolina party reached and all other Americans who have expressed themselves in print." Among the many Americans who "have expressed themselves in print" to the contrary are General Fitzhugh Lee, General Joseph Wheeler, General M. C. Butler, General Leonard Wood, and General James H. Wilson—the latter for fifteen months past Military Governor of Matanzas and Santa Clara provinces. The last named, in his annual report, which THE STATE printed one month ago, said among other complimentary things regarding the half million Cuban people in his big department:

"In order that my confidence in the capacity of the Cuban people to carry on municipal government successfully may be understood, I call attention to the fact that Matanzas, Cardenas, Colon, Jovellanos, Union de Reyes, and Bolondron, the principal cities and towns in the province of Matanzas; Cienfuegos, Trinidad, Santo Espiritu, Santa Clara, Sagua la Grande, Caibarien, Remedios, and Camajuani, the principal cities and towns in the province of Santa Clara, are today absolutely clear of epidemic disease, well policed, orderly and free from violence, rowdyism, and licentiousness. They are, besides, in an almost perfect state of sanitation. Nearly all are furnished with civil hospitals and orphan asylums, and all are scrupu-

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lously clean, only five cases of sporadic yellow fever having occurred so far this year in a population of 500,000, a circumstance without parallel in the history of the island. When it is remembered that the municipal authorities of those cities and towns have had no money to spend upon such work for the last four years, and have found their treasuries bankrupt and themselves suddenly confronted with all the problems of municipal government, with not only their own population but with thousands of sick and starving reconcentrados to look after—with commerce and industry disorganized, the farms destroyed and the social and governmental machinery seriously deranged—a proper idea can be formed of their situation and of what they have accomplished in eight months.

“It is true that, in reaching the result, the municipal authorities have had the benefit of the advice and the supervision of the intelligent officers of my staff and of local commanders where troops are stationed, but it is equally true that those officers were in nearly every instance novices in such work themselves, and that the work could not possibly have been carried through successfully but for the interested, intelligent, and loyal cooperation of the local authorities.

“If there is any reason why, with returning prosperity, proper municipal revenues, and the assistance of the doctors, lawyers, merchants, and planters who sit in the councils with them, these mayors should not continue to manage the affairs of their municipalities and of the country districts surrounding them well and satisfactorily, even after the American troops shall have been withdrawn from the island, I am unable to perceive it. I do not believe there is any such

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reason, and I confidently expect the future to show that there is not.

"I have dwelt upon the subject at length because it is an important one. It is recognized that the municipality is the political unit in this island, as well as in nearly every other civilized country, and, that while it may be paralyzed by war or great public calamity, it is never wiped out and scarcely ever suspended by revolution. When the municipality receives sufficient revenue, and is free to manage its own affairs within the limits of the law or of its charter, and does so with a fair degree of fidelity and honesty, *all higher government becomes comparatively easy to organize and conduct.* This, it may be fairly claimed, is as likely to be the case in Cuba as in any other country."

General Wilson then "called attention to the general fitness for self-government" of the Cubans:

"So far as I can judge from a close study of the people, and from intimate association with them for eight months, I am persuaded that the contention of European writers that the white race cannot become acclimated, or maintain its social efficiency in the tropics, at least so far as Cuba is concerned, is not well founded in fact.

"Without going into details, I think a careful investigation will show that the white race has become acclimatized here, and has in no degree lost its social efficiency. It seems to be as prolific, as industrious, and as capable as is the Spanish race from which it is mainly descended; and that is sufficiently proved by the fact that the trade in Cuba, notwithstanding its disturbed condition, was, down to the beginning of the war, enormous."

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There is nothing in this report to confirm but rather everything to refute the absurd hypothesis of a massacre of Spaniards and Americans and the better class of Cubans set forth by Editor Garlington. Admitting that annexation would be of great commercial advantage to the island, General Wilson wrote:

“From the best study I have been enabled to give to the subject, I am strongly of the opinion, as fully set forth in my official report of June 20th, that the line of least resistance will be found in the establishment of a local independent government, republican in form, and, as soon thereafter as practicable, in the negotiation of a treaty of alliance and commerce between Cuba and the United States, which shall give practical effect to the Monroe Doctrine, define the rights, privileges, and duties of both the contracting parties on all subjects of common interest, and leave Cuba free and independent in all other matters. That such an arrangement as this would give almost instantaneous relief to Cuba can hardly be doubted. That it would put matters on the best possible footing for the ultimate absorption of the latter into the Union by natural, voluntary, and progressive steps, honorable alike to both parties, seems to be equally probable. It would give time for the Cubans to show that they are not tropical and revolutionary, not a mongrel and vicious race, and not disqualified by religion or impaired social efficiency from carrying on a peaceful and stable government, or becoming American citizens.

“In my opinion, whatever may be their merits or political condition, they will never reach the highest freedom and independence of which they are capable

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till they are free to enter the great republic on a just and equal footing, and that will depend not altogether upon them, but upon the American people, who are justly jealous of their citizenship and of the inestimable benefits which the Constitution guarantees to territories and States as well as to all their inhabitants."

The other American commanders on the island made reports, summarized in the press dispatches last fall, which in no way conflicted with these opinions. General Lee, I remember, recommended the calling of a constitutional convention and the organization of an independent government.

Editor Garlington is quite as wide of the facts when he declares that his conclusions were "the same as the entire South Carolina party reached." So far as we have observed, the only opinions at all resembling them have been expressed by Editor Langston of the *Anderson Intelligencer*. The Rev. Mr. Jacobs, in the current number of *Our Monthly*, says:

"Well, after rides and tramps all over the city, I am fully prepared, like all other Americans, to solve the question of the day. The main question is: are the Cubans capable of self-government? It is more to the point—do they want the Americans to govern them? No, they do not. They are polite, they don't say much, but they are rather bent on opening the door for the Americans to walk out. This question is wholly independent of the other—they are not capable of self-government, if all the rag-tag and bob-tail are to have the voting power—no more than in South Carolina. Some people may object to curtailing the Suffrage, but unless it is done Cuba will be ruined. But the

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intelligence of Cuba can rule the isle as well as the intelligence of South Carolina can rule that State.”

And that is just what the intelligence of Cuba is going to do, as witness the adoption of a duplicate of the South Carolina suffrage plan for the approaching municipal elections.

Mr. August Kohn of The News & Courier, who had quite as good guidance and quite as many opportunities of study as Editor Garlington, wrote to his paper:

“It may be that some people can in five days’ time secure sufficient data on which to base an opinion involving such large interests as there are in Cuba, but it is not my intention to undertake to say that in the five days spent in Cuba sufficient information was secured to base any absolute opinion as to what ought or ought not to be done for the Cubans, or what is the duty of this nation towards the Cubans. A great deal can be seen in five days’ time, and a great deal more can be learned from reading, but all who undertake to get on a pedestal and proclaim that this or that is the thing to be done are simply talking of what they do not know. To combine pleasure and observation in one trip does not give all the time that might be needed to make careful study, and when I went to Cuba it was not my intention to come back and tell the American people or those of South Carolina whether the Cubans were competent to govern themselves or whether they were not. I do not know, and I do not pretend to say, what ought to be done. I did not acquire Spanish within the time spent in Cuba, nor did I know a single word of Spanish before I went to Cuba, and what information was received I

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secured from those who spoke English on the island and from what I saw, and not handbooks. I did not have the *entree*, nor did I go into any of the private homes, and on that account more than any other would it be foolish to undertake to say anything more than in a general way what are the home characteristics of the people about whom we are so much interested."

The Union Times, whose manager, Mr. L. G. Young, was of the party, inquires ironically:

"Wonder how many of the visiting editors to Cuba have, in their lengthy stay of about four days, definitely decided the Cuban question to their entire satisfaction? We will wait and see."

It also says of Mr. Young:

"He seems to think that by rights the Cubans should have their independence, but thinks that the United States has too good a thing to turn loose, for, though we have promised them their independence, the ballot manipulator has not yet lost his cunning and may find the means to enable the Spaniards and wealthy class to vote to annex themselves to us."

Mr. S. H. McGhee, editor of the Greenwood Index, who remained longer on the island, went further afield, and saw more than Editor Garlington, writes in his paper:

"The political aspect of the Cuban question seems to baffle every observer who has ever been to Cuba, and every American now living there. No one can comprehend the politics of the country without being a part of that country and 'to the manner born.' Many people have visited Cuba for a week and come back

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with most unusual or unheard-of reports about the Cuban people. They endeavor to divide the people into Spaniards and Cubans, calling the wealthier and more respectable-looking class Spaniards, and the mulattoes and idle class Cubans. Such a division is preposterous. The question is a 'political' one, a question to be settled by parties in Cuba, and it is as impossible to tell a Cuban from a Spaniard as it is to tell a Democrat from a Republican in New York city. The people are just emerging from a bloody war—a war in which the homes and fortunes of many citizens were devastated, and consequently in which prejudice and feeling ran high. It is impossible for this bitterness and prejudice to subside in so short a time, and, looking at the question from a common-sense standpoint, I am confident that within a short time, when the people get accustomed to peace, when the looters realize that the government is not going to support them out of the public granary, there will be not the slightest danger in giving the Cubans control. But not just now. Things are as quiet as possible. But feeling can't cool in so short a time. A common interest, a united feeling, must bring the people together, so that they all may have a pride in what is in every sense the 'Pearl of the Antilles.' The situation must be worked out by the people themselves. People can be trusted there as well as here.

"Now for the races. Somehow or other, many people have an idea that the Cubans are mulattoes, mixed breeds. They are entirely wrong. There are negroes in Cuba, former slaves, who were liberated some score of years ago. Slaves were in Cuba before they were in the colonies. It was only by chance that in 1619 a

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cargo of negroes bound for the West Indies landed at Jamestown. But moral sentiment did for Cuba what four years of fratricidal strife did for the States, so there is nothing like the prejudice against the negro in Cuba that there is in this country. Yet the color-line is distinctly and essentially drawn. The mulatto may be occasionally found at the cheap hotels, in the cars and the cafes, but the people consider it a cold-blooded business proposition, and a negro's money is as good as anybody's, and any talk of social equality is ridiculous. Cuba is not yet ready to have the reins of government entirely within her hands. She may be within two years, but not just now. Editors Garlington and Langston do not think the people can ever have independence without a string tied to it, but I am thoroughly convinced that the people can govern themselves better than they have ever been governed, and better than any of the people of South America are governed today. This opinion is not merely an observation made while in Cuba, but from a limited knowledge of the history of human events and an implicit confidence in the possibilities of the race."

Mr. McGhee frankly admits, in opening his article, that "by virtue of a week or ten days' stay in Cuba one does not gain the right to pose as authority on Cuban questions, customs, or people. Consequently, what I shall say will be only my impressions made by a short period of observation on the island."

As we have already shown by quotations, the Cuban leaders and the people generally are not in a hurry for absolute independence, provided progress is constantly made toward complete self-government, so there is no issue as to immediate evacuation by the

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United States. In our opinion, the end to be sought by continuing the occupation temporarily is not the safety of the Spaniards, who are showing their own confidence by returning to the island by thousands, but the initiation of the Cubans into the business-like and thorough management of the higher grades of administration.

Editor Langston, no more than Editor Garlington, has attempted to prove his case against the Cubans, which was that "the withdrawal of the military would result in revolutions, as there are at present twelve factions, each with a leader, fighting bitterly for supremacy in the coming elections." I quote the following from the Habana Herald of March 17th, which Mr. Langston could have read, if he did not:

"As the time for holding the municipal elections approaches, those who have aspirations for office are beginning to feel their way among their friends in political circles.

"There will be many candidates for the nomination of the Cuban National Party, as well as the party which will unquestionably be formed by the members who once composed the Cuban National League and the old Autonomist party. Some of these candidates are already coming to the front and in a quiet way are urging their claims for mayor of Habana.

"Among those who have already received a favorable mention from their friends are the following: (naming seven).

"All of these men are prominent in politics and have a following which they are confident will stand by them. They are men of ability and are shrewd

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enough to know that it is inexpedient to openly announce their candidacy at this time.

"Mayor Lacoste does not seem inclined to urge his candidacy at present. To a Herald reporter yesterday he said:

"I do not know whether I will be a candidate or not. In the first place it is early to ask such a question. I will say, however, that some of my friends have asked me to become a candidate. Really I have not, as yet, given the question my serious consideration."

"It is the nomination from the Cuban National Party for the office of mayor which is attracting the most attention just at present. The leaders of that party say that the nomination will be made early.

"There is no great danger of a bolt in that party so far as nominations are concerned. The members appear united and there is a disposition to work systematically and in harmony."

On the 22nd The Herald said, referring to the election arrangements:

"Everyone seems to be waiting for everyone else in this matter. No one could be found yesterday who was able to state a single fact regarding it. As was published exclusively in The Herald yesterday, General Wood has announced that the day will be some time in May, but even he has not set any exact time. Mr. Lacoste has not made up his mind whether or not he will be a candidate for reelection. He says that it depends upon circumstances, but does not state what these circumstances are. Other prominent men are also mentioned for this office, but no one, as yet, has come out publicly as a candidate."

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So this "bitter" fight for office, which, in the mind of Editor Langston, makes revolutions certain unless prevented by the bayonets of American troops, resolves itself into some as yet unannounced candidacies for nomination by the two political parties, one of which has not yet been formed!

Writing to the Habana Journal on March 15th, George Reno, a veteran correspondent who has set forth much on Cuban questions, discoursed as follows:

"Your recommendation to correspondents impels me to suggest that your valuable advice might well be bestowed upon certain editors, to whom the following pointers are especially pertinent, if the 'American people are to be thoroughly informed.'

"In the first place, let the paper select as correspondent a man who has some knowledge of affairs, of diplomacy, of languages, of customs, manners and courtesies other than those prevailing on Park Row, and let him stay here long enough to learn that Camaguey and Oriente refer to the provinces of Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba, and are not in the Philippines.

"Usually, the assistant sporting editor or some 'sub,' whose most extended travels have been to Hoboken or Coney Island, is sent down to Habana to spend a week in 'studying the political situation,' at the expiration of which time he is fully prepared to solve the Cuban problem from the viewpoint of his hotel window. Upon his return he will fill columns with advice and pointers to possible investors, together with all manner of prophecies as to the future of the island.

"Second. Don't muzzle your correspondent before he starts by impressing upon him the political policy

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of the paper. How can any man write facts when he is instructed to follow certain lines, departure from which means dismissal? In all my journalistic experience I have encountered but one daily paper whose editor told me he wanted the truth and nothing but the truth.

"Third. More important still, let there be at the head of the foreign department a man who knows that Cuba is an island, that it lies only about ninety miles south of Key West, that its inhabitants are not all Negroes, that cannibals are not more plentiful than monkeys, and that Maso and Maceo were two different individuals.

"In other words, put a man at the desk with sufficient historical and geographical knowledge to enable him to discriminate between probable truth and idiotic rot.

"I am not speaking at random, but from actual experience with editors of first-class papers in New York city. Under such circumstances, it is perhaps not surprising that I have preferred to retain my identity and assume the responsibility of writing for magazines over my own signature."

The esteemed at Spartanburg and Anderson will do well to abandon their metropolitan ways in dealing with Cuba. Their reputations as sages demand the change.

V. THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

In the April Scribner, Miss Ida M. Tarbell, writing of "The Charm of Paris," remarks:

"So much of one's impression of a city depends upon his peculiar experience in it that it is hardly pos-

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sible for two persons to feel the same degree of attraction or repulsion toward a particular place. Indeed, such slaves are we of circumstances that if, on entering a new city, one makes an unfortunate selection of a hotel, has a sudden attack of *la grippe*, receives a bit of unwelcome news, he often remains prejudiced against the place forever."

How true this is the experience of some of our editors in Habana demonstrated. They had had quoted to them a rate of \$1.50 a day for lodging at the best hotel, but when they arrived they found that the hotel was being run on the *plan Americano*, and that the management denied making the rate, and demanded \$4. a day for board and lodging. On pressure, the proprietor agreed to stand to the quoted rate, but the majority found that they could get accommodations elsewhere in an American establishment at a low figure, and departed—some of them with an impression regarding Cuban bad faith which was not tempered by the consideration that the hotel man was a Spaniard. Editor Garlington on returning to Spartanburg made formal complaint that "the Inglatarre," (he meant "Inglaterra") "the leading house, was not run with as much system and order as a first-class Negro restaurant in this country." By which remark he "got even" with Proprietor Villamil. Yet I, who remained there, fared very well indeed and found no cause for like criticism.

Another incident was when Editor Garlington, armed with a letter of introduction. . . ., went to see General Cardenas, the chief of police of Habana, and came back with an enthusiasm for him and his force which might have been guaranteed to last, with favor-

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able Garlingtonian weather, fully three hours; while Editor Langston, who remained near the hotel, had meanwhile witnessed the arrest, on what he considered insufficient grounds, of an American by a Cuban policeman, and, on interposing, had himself been threatened with arrest. If Editor Garlington had used his influence with General Cardenas to have this policeman punished, very possibly he would have been, and Editor Langston would have been enabled to return to South Carolina divested of a notion that the Cubans hate the Americans and that the misbehavior of one cop implies bloody revolutions. "Such slaves are we of circumstances," as Miss Tarbell remarks.

By the way, it would not be a bad idea for all the returning editors to read this Scribner article: it will show those of them who need the information that a good many of the things they observed about Habana are not peculiarly Cuban, but Latin and Catholic. They may be found in Paris, Naples, and Madrid, as well as in the Cuban capital.

On the strength of the Sunday carnival in Habana, certain of the innocents abroad promptly declared the Cubans to be "without religion." I do not mean to insist that they are a devout people or inclined to ceremonial observances—as some of them have said to me, the combination of bigotry with bloodthirstiness among the Spaniards and the priestly abuses on the island have not encouraged religion along the Spanish route—but as the same Sunday ways are to be observed in France, Spain, Italy, Mexico, South America, and even in our own New Orleans and Quebec, the explanation is to be found in race and the

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form of religion rather than in insular degeneration. There are, in fact, few countries which can fairly be measured by the South Carolina Sunday yardstick.

Bearing in mind Colonel Orr's instruction in ethnology, I amused myself somewhat in Habana cafes by requesting the visiting editors to inform me whether this or that man was a Cuban or a Spaniard. Sad to relate, none of them could do it—none of them could judge from the appearance of the subject of the inquiry whether he was born in Spain or Cuba, or whether his father or his great-great-grandfather migrated from Spain. I couldn't do it myself: indeed, nobody, except Colonel Orr, has ever been known to accomplish the feat. But when the men spoke, it was easy enough for one who knew the language to judge of the nativity by the pronunciation, which differs in respect to certain letters like "c" and "z", the Cubans pronouncing them as written (in English) while the Spaniards give them the (Castilian) sound of "th." In this way and by direct inquiry I was able to discover that there is no such divisional line in business between Cubans and Spaniards as would indicate that they made a personal matter of their political antagonisms. Spaniards employed Cubans and Cubans employed Spaniards; and they worked side by side in all apparent amity. Of this I could multiply instances.

Of all the Spaniards I spoke to, only one—a hackman—indicated distrust of the coming Cuban government, and an intention to return to Spain, and his resolve was somewhat explained when he stated that he had been a member of a corps of Spanish *volun-*

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tarios for—I think it was—five years, six months and thirteen days, and had served in Morro castle during the *bloqueo*—for these volunteers were the rabidest Cuban-haters in the Spanish uniform and conducted the execution of the prisoners; and this young chap was a good hater and perhaps had a fear of consequences. But ship-loads of Spaniards who hurried from the island on the American occupation are coming back, and there is besides a considerable immigration of fresh Spaniards, come to seek their fortunes. A representative of this class with whom I talked much said that Spain was too poor to offer such opportunities as Cuba did, and that the young men were leaving, besides, to avoid the conscription: he had had a narrow escape from being taken into the army, and had forthwith left for a land with a future and no conscription.

It may seem paradoxical, but I am firmly of the opinion that independent Cuba will receive a larger influx of Spanish settlers than dependent Cuba ever did. The Spaniards know Cuba and its golden opportunities better than the Americans do, and the masses have no hatred for the Cubans: they can “place” themselves more advantageously than other foreigners, as they know the language and have so many compatriots on the island; and therefore I am confident that the white people of Cuba will receive heavy reinforcements from the parent stock, the new-comers naturalizing themselves as soon as they find that under an independent government they will not be persecuted. I would not be surprised to find the Spanish immigration continue larger than the American immigration,

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until such time as American newspapers shall cease misrepresenting the Cubans and their aims with intent to make excuse for annexation.

The Spaniards resident on the island have still a month or so in which to declare whether they wish to retain their Spanish nationality and, in such case, to register themselves as Spaniards. If they do not register they will be considered Cubans. General Gomez and other Cuban leaders have invited them to become citizens, and it was understood that most of them would do so; but the Habana papers have been publishing accounts of the efforts made by Spanish intransigents to persuade them to adhere to their allegiance to Spain, even paying money to the poor ones as an inducement. A good many thousands of Spaniards have registered as such, but it is still probable that many other thousands will omit to do so and take "pot luck" with the Cubans. The desire of the representative Cubans to have the Spaniards unite with them politically is at once significant of the lack of national bitterness toward them and of the desire for a reinforcement of the white race. The same feeling exists with respect to American immigration. One of my army companions, Dr. Laine, said, in parting from the night before I left Habana: "Send us Americans, plenty of good Americans, to make their homes and their fortunes with us, but"—he added in English—"no niggers." Intelligent Cubans realize that on the island there is land enough, with resources enough, to enrich ten millions of people; and you may be very sure that one of the first acts of an independent government will be to encourage a good class of immigration.

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Speaking of immigration, while the attitude of a large part of the American press toward the Cubans has been such as to create distrust of investments on the island and to deter large movements of men and money from the United States in that direction, there are already a good many Americans who have "got in on the ground floor" and are going to make fortunes in agriculture. On my way back to Habana from Matanzas I met a Jacksonville Cuban-American with whom I had been associated on the Nunez expedition, and he gave me information of a little colony which he and other Floridians had planted about ten miles from Matanzas. He himself had bought a hundred and ten acres for one thousand five hundred dollars—a great bargain, he said—and his neighbors had secured larger tracts. They had started orange nurseries, with cuttings of the finest variety imported from Florida, and were planting, besides, sugar-cane, bananas, and pineapples. Of his own land a *caballeria* (33½ acres) had been planted in cane, and he went on to show the profit this would bring. A nearby *central* or sugar mill would return him in raw sugar seven per cent of the weight of the cane he might furnish it. At a low estimate, the cane on his *caballeria* would weigh eighty thousand *arrobas*, or two million pounds: therefore he would get 140,000 pounds of sugar worth \$3,300. The cost of preparing the ground, seed, cane, planting, cultivating, and harvesting would be \$1,200, so his net profit would be \$2,200. After the first year the cost of cultivation would be nominal, and the field would last eight years without replanting. Even these handsome returns, he said, would be far surpassed by those from the fruit crops. The rail-

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road rates were excessive, so he and his neighbors were making arrangements to ship fruit by steamer from Matanzas, that city having a regular line to New York, with assurances before long of frequent sailings.

He added that while Americans generally were holding back, the English and Germans were making large investments on the island—a statement duplicated, I observed, by the Senate committee just returned from Cuba.

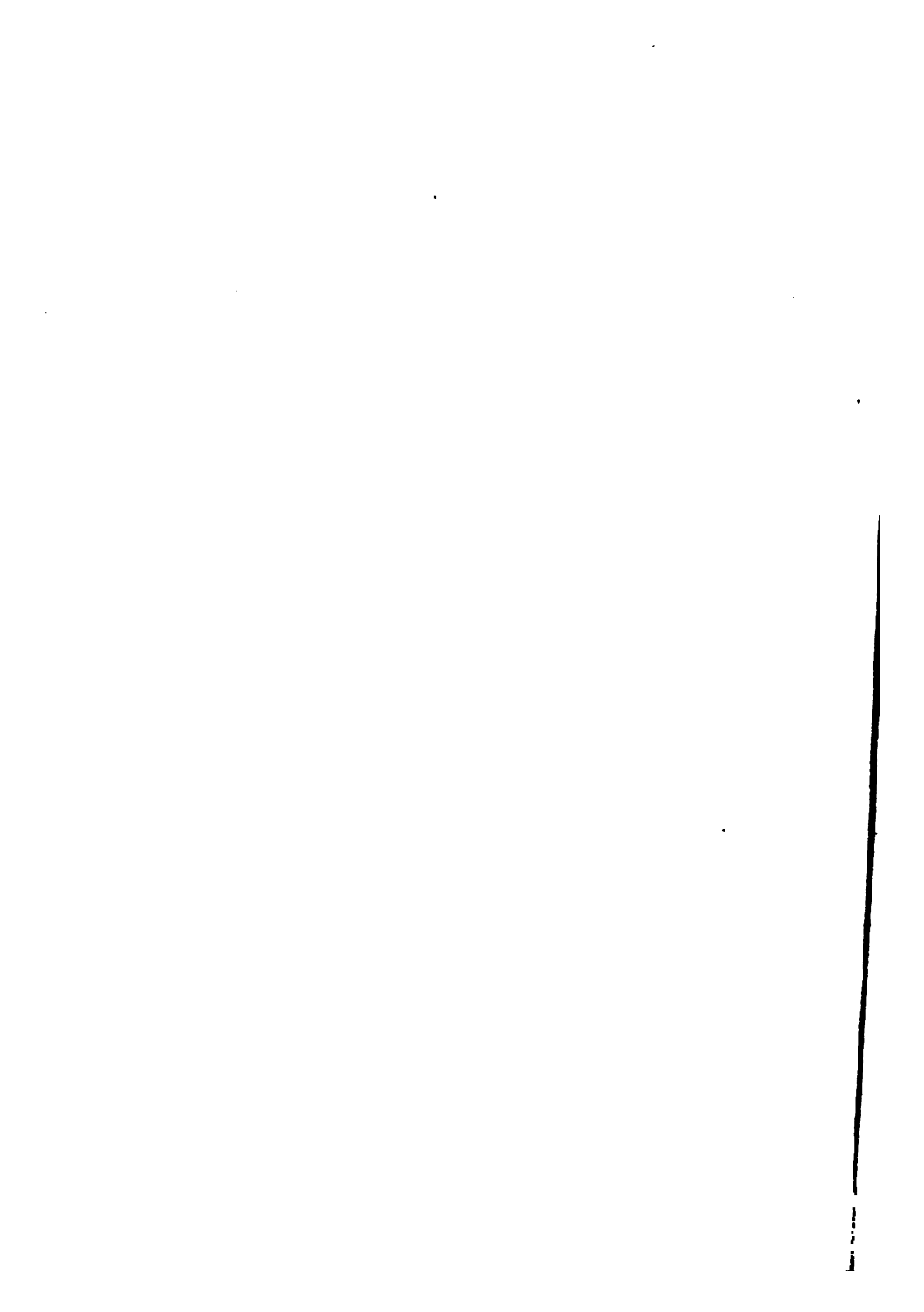
The other day I came across something I wrote from Tampa in the early days of the war with Spain, to the effect that, as a result of that war, the tropical fruit industry would be transferred from Florida to Cuba. This I believe more firmly than ever, after seeing the effect of the freezes on some of the fruit trees as far South as Miami, and noting the fields of pineapples blasted by frost even below Indian River. There can be no equal competition in this industry between the inexhaustibly rich soil and the climate of Cuba and the sandy lands of Florida, where all tender crops have to be protected by sheds and awnings. Cuba will soon have transportation facilities which will place it practically as near to the northern markets as South Florida, and out of reach of competition from Central America. Sugar-cane and tobacco will remain for some time the chief staples of the island, but the raising of tropical fruits and winter vegetables will become in a few years the leading industry, and the Americans will swarm to it.

I am not anxious that South Carolinians should leave the State for any other part of the world, and

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it would be folly to attempt fruit-growing in Cuba on a proper scale with a capital of less than \$5,000; but I see in this industry a certain means by which the island will within ten years be fully populated with prosperous farmers. It is going to do more to Americanize Cuba than all the soldiers and school-teachers you can send down there.





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