

History of Negro Soldiers in the Spanish-American War, and Other Items of Interest eBook

History of Negro Soldiers in the Spanish-American War, and Other Items of Interest

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CHAPTER I.

THE CAUSE OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

Many causes led up to the Spanish-American war. Cuba had been in a state of turmoil for a long time, and the continual reports of outrages on the people of the island by Spain greatly aroused the Americans. The “ten years war” had terminated, leaving the island much embarrassed in its material interests, and woefully scandalized by the methods of procedure adopted by Spain and principally carried out by Generals Campos and Weyler, the latter of whom was called the “butcher” on account of his alleged cruelty in attempting to suppress the former insurrection. There was no doubt much to complain of under his administration, for which the General himself was not personally responsible. He boasted that he only had three individuals put to death, and that in each of these cases he was highly justified by martial law.

Finally the attention of the united states was forcibly attracted to Cuba by the Virginius affair, which consisted in the wanton murder of fifty American sailors—officers and crew of the Virginius, which was captured by the Spanish off Santiago bay, bearing arms and ammunition to the insurgents—Captain Fry, a West Point graduate, in command.

Spain would, no doubt, have received a genuine American thrashing on this occasion had she not been a republic at that time, and President Grant and others thought it unwise to crush out her republican principles, which then seemed just budding into existence.

The horrors of this incident, however, were not out of the minds of the American people when the new insurrection of 1895 broke out. At once, as if by an electric flash, the sympathy of the American people was enlisted with the Insurgents who were (as the Americans believed) fighting Spain for their *liberty*. Public opinion was on the Insurgents' side and against Spain from the beginning. This feeling of sympathy for the fighting Cubans knew no North nor South; and strange as it may seem the Southerner who quails before the mob spirit that disfranchises, ostracises and lynches an American Negro who seeks his liberty at home, became a loud champion of the Insurgent cause in Cuba, which was, in fact, the cause of Cuban Negroes and mulattoes.

General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, possibly the most noted Southerner of the day, was sent by President Cleveland to Havana as Consul General, and seemed proud of the honor of representing his government there, judging from his reports of the Insurgents, which were favorable. General Lee was retained at his post by President McKinley until it became necessary to recall him, thus having the high honor paid him of not being changed by the new McKinley administration, which differed from him in politics; and as evidence of General Fitzhugh Lee's sympathy with the Cubans it may be cited that he sent word to the Spanish Commander (Blanco) on leaving Havana that he would return

to the island again and when he came he “would bring the stars and stripes in front of him.”



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Belligerent rights to the insurgents or neutrality became the topic of discussion during the close of President Cleveland's administration. The President took the ground that the Insurgents though deserving of proper sympathy, and such aid for humanity's sake as could be given them, yet they had not established on any part of the island such a form of government as could be recognized at Washington, and accorded belligerent rights or rights of a nation at war with another nation; that the laws of neutrality should be strictly enforced, and America should keep "hands off" and let Spain and the Insurgents settle their own differences.

[Illustration: *General Fitzhugh Lee.*]

Much money and time was expended by the United States government in maintaining this neutral position. Fillibustering expeditions were constantly being fitted up in America with arms and ammunition for the Cuban patriots. As a neutral power it became the duty of the American government to suppress fillibustering, but it was both an unpleasant and an expensive duty, and one in which the people had little or no sympathy.

Spain tries to appease public sentiment in America by recalling Marshal Campos, who was considered unequal to the task of defeating the Insurgents, because of reputed inaction. The flower of the Spanish army was poured into Cuba by the tens of thousands—estimated, all told, at three hundred thousand when the crisis between America and Spain was reached.

Weyler the "Butcher," was put in command and inaugurated the policy of establishing military zones inside of the Spanish lines, into which the unarmed farmers, merchants, women and children were driven, penniless; and being without any visible means of subsistence were left to perish from hunger and disease. (The condition of these people greatly excited American sympathy with the Insurgents.) General Weyler hoped thus to weaken the Insurgents who received considerable of supplies from this class of the population, either by consent or force. Weyler's policy in reference to the reconcentrados (as these non-combatant people were called) rather increased than lessened the grievance as was natural to suppose, in view of the misery and suffering it entailed on a class of people who most of all were not the appropriate subjects for his persecution, and sentiment became so strong in the United States against this policy (especially in view of the fact that General Weyler had promised to end the "Insurrection" in three months after he took command) that in *February, 1896*, the United States Congress took up the discussion of the matter. Several Senators and Congressmen returned from visits to the island pending this discussion, in which they took an active and effective part, depicting a most shocking and revolting situation in Cuba, for which Spain was considered responsible; and on April 6th following this joint resolution was adopted by Congress:

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“Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, that in the opinion of Congress a public war exists between the Government of Spain and the Government proclaimed and for some time maintained by force of arms by the people of Cuba; and that the United States of America should maintain a strict neutrality between the contending powers, according to each all the rights of belligerents in the ports and territory of the United States.”

“Resolved further, that the friendly offices of the United States should be offered by the President to the Spanish government for the recognition of the independence of Cuba.”

The insurgents gained by this resolution an important point. It dignified their so-called insurrection into an organized army, with a government at its back which was so recognized and treated with. They could buy and sell in American ports.

[Illustration: *General Antonio Maceo.*]

General Antonio Maceo about this time was doing great havoc along the Spanish lines. He darted from place to place, back and forth across the supposed impassable line of Spanish fortifications stretching north and south across the island some distance from Havana, and known as the *trocha*. Thousands of Spaniards fell as the result of his daring and finesse in military execution. His deeds became known in America, and though a man of Negro descent, with dark skin and crisp hair, his fame was heralded far and wide in the American newspapers. At a public gathering in New York, where his picture was exhibited, the audience went wild with applause—the waving of handkerchiefs and the wild hurrahs were long and continued. The career of this hero was suddenly terminated by death, due to the treachery of his physician Zertucha, who, under the guise of a proposed treaty of peace, induced him to meet a company of Spanish officers, at which meeting, according to a pre-arranged plot, a mob of Spanish infantry rushed in on General Maceo and shot him down unarmed. It is said that his friends recovered his body and buried it in a secret place unknown to the Spaniards, who were anxious to obtain it for exhibition as a trophy of war in Havana. Maceo was equal to Toussaint L'Overture of San Domingo. His public life was consecrated to liberty; he knew no vice nor mean action; he would not permit any around him. When he landed in Cuba from Porto Rico he was told there were no arms. He replied, “I will get them with my machete,” and he left five thousand to the Cubans, conquered by his arm. Every time the Spanish attacked him they were beaten and left thousands of arms and much ammunition in his possession. He was born in Santiago de Cuba July 14, 1848.



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The spirit of the insurgents did not break with General Maceo's death. Others rose up to fill his place, the women even taking arms in the defence of home and liberty. "At first no one believed, who had not seen them, that there were women in the Cuban army; but there is no doubt about it. They are not all miscalled amazons, for they are warlike women and do not shun fighting. The difficulty in employing them being that they are insanely brave. When they ride into battle they become exalted and are dangerous creatures. Those who first joined the forces on the field were the wives of men belonging in the army, and their purpose was rather to be protected than to become heroines and avengers. It shows the state of the island, that the women found the army the safest place for them. With the men saved from the plantations and the murderous bandits infesting the roads and committing every lamentable outrage upon the helpless, some of the high spirited Cuban women followed their husbands, and the example has been followed, and some, instead of consenting to be protected, have taken up the fashion of fighting."—*Murat Halsted*.

Jose Maceo, brother of Antonio, was also a troublesome character to the Spaniards, who were constantly being set upon by him and his men.

Weyler's policy and the brave struggle of the people both appealed very strongly for American sympathy with the Insurgent cause. The American people were indignant at Weyler and were inspired by the conduct of the Insurgents. Public sentiment grew stronger with every fresh report of an Insurgent victory, or a Weyler persecution.

Miss Evangelina Cosio Y CISNERO'S rescue helped to arouse sentiment. This young and beautiful girl of aristocratic Cuban parentage alleged that a Spanish officer had, on the occasion of a *raid* made on her home, in which her father was captured and imprisoned as a Cuban sympathizer, proposed her release on certain illicit conditions, and on her refusal she was incarcerated with her aged father in the renowned but filthy and dreaded Morro Castle at Havana.

[Illustration: *Miss Evangelina Cosio Y Cisneros*.]

Appeal after appeal by large numbers of the most prominent women in America was made to General Weyler, and even to the Queen Regent of Spain, for her release, but without avail, when finally the news was flashed to America that she had escaped. This proved to be true—her release being effected by Carl Decker, a reporter on the New York Journal—a most daring fete. Miss Cisneros was brought to America and became the greatest sensation of the day. Her beauty, her affection for her aged father, her innocence, and the thrilling events of her rescue, made her the public idol, and gave *Cuba libre* a new impetus in American sympathy.

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Spain and Havana felt the touch of these ever spreading waves of public sentiment, and began to resent them. At Havana public demonstrations were made against America. The life of Consul General Lee was threatened. The Spanish Minister at Washington, Senor de Lome, was exposed for having written to a friend a most insulting letter, describing President McKinley as a low politician and a weakling. For this he was recalled by Spain at the request of the American government.

Protection to American citizens and property in Havana became necessary, and accordingly the *battle ship Maine* was sent there for this purpose, the United States government disclaiming any other motives save those of protection to Americans and their interests. The *Maine* was, to all outward appearances, friendly received by the Spaniards at Havana by the usual salutes and courtesies of the navy, and was anchored at a point in the bay near a certain buoy *designated* by the Spanish Commander. This was on January 25, 1898, and on February 15th this noble vessel was blown to pieces, and 266 of its crew perished—two colored men being in the number. This event added fuel to the already burning fire of American feeling against Spain. Public sentiment urged an immediate declaration of war. President McKinley counseled moderation. Captain Siggsbee, who survived the wreck of the *Maine*, published an open address in which he advised that adverse criticism be delayed until an official investigation could be made of the affair.

The official investigation was had by a Court of Inquiry, composed of Captain W.T. Sampson of the *Iowa*, Captain F.C. Chadwick of the *New York*, Lieutenant-Commander W.P. Potter of the *New York*, and Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix of the *Vermont*, appointed by the President. Divers were employed; many witnesses were examined, and the court, by a unanimous decision, rendered March 21, 1898, after a four weeks session, reported as follows: "That the loss of the *Maine* was not in any respect due to the fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of her crew; that the ship was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines; and that no evidence has been obtainable fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the *Maine* upon any person or persons."

Responsibility in this report is not fixed on any "person or persons." It reads something like the usual verdict of a coroner's jury after investigating the death of some colored man who has been lynched,—“he came to his death by the hands of parties unknown.” This report on the *Maine's* destruction, *unlike* the usual coroner's jury verdict, however, in one respect, was not accepted by the people who claimed that Spain was responsible, either directly or indirectly, for the explosion, and the public still clamored for war to avenge the outrage.

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[Illustration: U.S.S. *Maine*]

Congress also catches the war fever and appropriated \$50,000,000 “for the national defence” by a unanimous vote of both houses. The war and navy departments became very active; agents were sent abroad to buy war ships, but the President still hesitated to state his position until he had succeeded in getting the American Consuls out of Cuba who were in danger from the Spaniards there. Consul Hyatt embarked from Santiago April 3, and Consul General Lee, who was delayed in getting off American refugees, left on April 10, and on that day the *President sent his message to Congress*. He pictured the deplorable condition of the people of Cuba, due to General Weyler’s policy; he recommended that the Insurgent government be not recognized, as such recognition might involve this government in “embarrassing international complications,” but referred the whole subject to Congress for action.

Congress declares war on April 13 by a joint resolution of the Foreign Affairs Committee of both houses, which was adopted, after a conference of the two committees, April 18, in the following form:

Whereas, the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the island of Cuba, so near our own borders, have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating as they have in the destruction of a United States battle ship, with 266 of its officers and crew, while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and cannot longer be endured, as has been set forth by the President of the United States in his message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited: therefore,

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled—

First, that the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

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

Third, that the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several states to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth, that the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof,

and asserts its determination when that is completed to leave the government and control of the island to its people.



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THE PRESIDENT SIGNED THIS RESOLUTION at 11:24 A.M. on the 20th of April, 1898. The Spanish Minister, Senor Luis Polo y Bernarbe, was served with a copy, upon which he asked for his passports, and "immediately left Washington."

"This is a picture of Edward Savoy, who accomplished one of the most signal diplomatic triumphs in connection with recent relations with Spain. It was he who outwitted the whole Spanish Legation and delivered the ultimatum to Minister Polo."

"Edward Savoy has been a messenger in the Department of State for nearly thirty years. He was appointed by Hamilton Fish in 1869, and held in high esteem by James G. Blaine."

"He was a short, squat, colored man, with a highly intelligent face, hair slightly tinged with gray and an air of alertness which makes him stand out in sharp contrast with the other messengers whom one meets in the halls of the big building."

[Illustration: EDDIE SAVOY.]

"Of all the men under whom 'Eddie,' as he is universally called, has served he has become most attached to Judge Day, whom he says is the finest man he ever saw."

"Minister Polo was determined not to receive the ultimatum. He was confident he would receive a private tip from the White House, which would enable him to demand his passports before the ultimatum was served upon him. Then he could refuse to receive it, saying that he was no longer Minister. It will be remembered that Spain handed Minister Woodford his passports before the American representative could present the ultimatum to the Spanish Government."

"Judge Day's training as a country lawyer stood him in good stead. He had learned the value of being the first to get in an attachment."

"The ultimatum was placed in a large, square envelope, that might have contained an invitation to dinner. It was natural that it should be given to 'Eddie' Savoy. He had gained the sobriquet of the nation's 'bouncer,' from the fact that he had handed Lord Sackville-West and Minister De Lome their passports."

"It was 11:30 o'clock on Wednesday morning when 'Eddie' Savoy pushed the electric button at the front door of the Spanish Legation, in Massachusetts avenue. The old Spanish soldier who acted as doorkeeper responded."

"'Have something here for the Minister,' said Eddie."

"The porter looked at him suspiciously, but he permitted the messenger to pass into the vestibule, which is perhaps six feet square. Beyond the vestibule is a passage that leads to the large central hall. The Minister stood in the hall. In one hand he held an



envelope. It was addressed to the Secretary of State. It contained a request for the passports of the Minister and his suite. Senor Polo had personally brought the document from the chancellery above.”

“When the porter presented the letter just brought by the Department of State’s messenger, Senor Polo grasped it in his quick, nervous way. He opened the envelope and realized instantly that he had been outwitted. A cynical smile passed over the Minister’s face as he handed his request for passports to ‘Eddie,’ who bowed and smiled on the Minister.”



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“Senor Polo stepped back into the hall and started to read the ultimatum carefully. But he stopped and turned his head toward the door.”

“‘This is indeed Jeffersonian simplicity,’ he said.”

“‘Eddie’ Savoy felt very badly over the incident, because he had learned to like Minister Polo personally.”

“‘He was so pleasant that I felt like asking him to stay a little longer,’ said ‘Eddie,’ ‘but I didn’t, for that wouldn’t have been diplomatic. When you have been in this department twenty-five or thirty years you learn never to say what you want to say and never to speak unless you think twice.’”

“Wherefore it will be seen that ‘Eddie’ Savoy has mastered the first principles of diplomacy.”—*N.Y. World*.

A COPY OF THE RESOLUTION BY CONGRESS was also cabled to Minister Woodford, at Madrid, to be officially transmitted to the Spanish Government, fixing the 23d as the limit for its reply, but the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs had already learned of the action of Congress, and did not permit Minister Woodford to ask for his passports, but sent them to him on the evening of the 21st, and this was the formal beginning of the war.

[Illustration: JOSE MACEO.]

A FATAL STEP WAS THIS FOR SPAIN, who evidently, as her newspapers declared, did not think the “American pigs” would fight. She was unaware of the temper of the people, who seemed to those who knew the facts, actually thirsting for Spanish blood—a feeling due more or less to thirty years of peace, in which the nation had become restless, and to the fact also that America had some new boats, fine specimens of workmanship, which had been at target practice for a long time and now yearned for the reality, like the boy who has a gun and wants to try it on the real game. The proof of the superiority of American gunnery was demonstrated in every naval battle. The accurate aim of Dewey’s gunners at Manilla, and Sampson and Schley’s at Santiago, was nothing less than wonderful. No less wonderful, however, was the accuracy of the Americans than the inaccuracy of the Spaniards, who seemed almost unable to hit anything.

WHILE ACCREDITING THE AMERICAN NAVY with its full share of praise for its wonderful accomplishments, let us remember that there is scarcely a boat in the navy flying the American flag but what has a number of COLORED SAILORS on it, who, along with others, help to make up its greatness and superiority.



CHAPTER II.

THE BEGINNING OF HOSTILITIES.

A COLORED HERO IN THE NAVY.

History records the Negro as the first man to fall in three wars of America—Crispus Attacks in the Boston massacre, March 5, 1770; an unknown Negro in Baltimore when the Federal troops were mobbed in that city *en route* to the front, and Elijah B. Tunnell, of Accomac county, Virginia, who fell simultaneously with or a second before Ensign Bagley, of the torpedo boat *Winslow*, in the harbor of Cardenas May 11, 1898, in the Spanish-American war.

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Elijah B. Tunnell was employed as cabin cook on the *Winslow*. The boat, under a severe fire from masked batteries of the Spanish on shore, was disabled. The *Wilmington* came to her rescue, the enemy meanwhile still pouring on a heavy fire. It was difficult to get the "line" fastened so that the *Winslow* could be towed off out of range of the Spanish guns. Realizing the danger the boat and crew were in, and anxious to be of service, Tunnell left his regular work and went on deck to assist in "making fast" the two boats, and while thus engaged a shell came, which, bursting over the group of workers, killed him and three others. It has been stated in newspaper reports of this incident that it was an ill-aimed shell of one of the American boats that killed Tunnell and Bagley. Tunnell was taken on board the *Wilmington* with both legs blown off, and fearfully mutilated. Turning to those about him he asked, "Did we win in the fight boys?" The reply was, "Yes."

He said, "Then I die happy." While others fell at the post of duty it may be said of this brave Negro that he fell while doing *more* than his duty. He might have kept out of harm's way if he had desired, but seeing the situation he rushed forward to relieve it as best he could, and died a "volunteer" in service, doing what others ought to have done. All honor to the memory of Elijah B. Tunnell, who, if not the first, certainly simultaneous with the first, martyr of the Spanish-American war. While our white fellow-citizens justly herald the fame of Ensign Bagley, who was known to the author from his youth, let our colored patriots proclaim the heroism of Tunnell of Accomac. While not ranking as an official in the navy, yet he was brave, he was faithful and we may inscribe over his grave that "he died doing what he could for his country."

War between the United States and Spain began April 21, 1898. Actual hostilities ended August 12, 1898, by the signing of the protocol by the Secretary of State of the United States for the United States and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador at Washington, acting for Spain.

The war lasted 114 days. The Americans were victorious in every regular engagement. In the three-days battle around Santiago, the Americans lost 22 officers and 208 men killed, and 81 officers and 1,203 men wounded, and 79 missing. The Spanish loss as best estimated was near 1,600 officers and men killed and wounded.

Santiago was surrendered July 17, 1898, with something over 22,000 troops.

General Shatter estimates in his report the American forces as numbering 16,072 with 815 officers.

CHAPTER III.

SERGEANT-MAJOR PULLEN OF THE 25TH INFANTRY DESCRIBES THE CONDUCT OF THE NEGRO SOLDIERS AROUND EL CANEY.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH U.S. INFANTRY—ITS STATION BEFORE THE SPANISH AMERICAN WAR AND TRIP TO TAMPA, FLORIDA—THE PART IT TOOK IN THE FIGHT AT EL CANEY.



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When our magnificent battleship Maine was sunk in Havana harbor, February 15, 1898, the 25th U.S. Infantry was scattered in western Montana, doing garrison duty, with headquarters at Fort Missoula. This regiment had been stationed in the West since 1880, when it came up from Texas where it had been from its consolidation in 1869, fighting Indians, building roads, *etc.*, for the pioneers of that state and New Mexico. In consequence of the regiment's constant frontier service, very little was known of it outside of army circles. As a matter of course it was known that it was a colored regiment, but its praises had never been sung.

Strange to say, although the record of this regiment was equal to any in the service, it had always occupied remote stations, except a short period, from about May, 1880, to about August, 1885, when headquarters, band and a few companies were stationed at Fort Snelling, near St. Paul, Minnesota.

[Illustration: SERGEANT FRANK W. PULLEN, Who was in the Charge on El Caney, as a member of the Twenty-fifth U.S. Infantry.]

Since the days of reconstruction, when a great part of the country (the South especially) saw the regular soldier in a low state of discipline, and when the possession of a sound physique was the only requirement necessary for the recruit to enter the service of the United States, people in general had formed an opinion that the regular soldier, generally, and the Negro soldier in particular, was a most undesirable element to have in a community. Therefore, the Secretary of War, in ordering changes in stations of troops from time to time (as is customary to change troops from severe climates to mild ones and *vice versa*, that equal justice might be done all) had repeatedly overlooked the 25th Infantry; or had only ordered it from Minnesota to the Dakotas and Montana, in the same military department, and in a climate more severe for troops to serve in than any in the United States. This gallant regiment of colored soldiers served eighteen years in that climate, where, in winter, which lasts five months or more, the temperature falls as low as 55 degrees below zero, and in summer rises to over 100 degrees in the shade and where mosquitos rival the Jersey breed.

Before Congress had reached a conclusion as to what should be done in the Maine disaster, an order had been issued at headquarters of the army directing the removal of the regiment to the department of the South, one of the then recently organized departments.

At the time when the press of the country was urging a declaration of war, and when Minister Woodford, at Madrid, was exhausting all the arts of peace, in order that the United States might get prepared for war, the men of the 25th Infantry were sitting around red-hot stoves, in their comfortable quarters in Montana, discussing the doings of Congress, impatient for a move against Spain. After great excitement and what we looked upon as a long delay, a telegraphic

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order came. Not for us to leave for the Department of the South, but to go to that lonely sun-parched sandy island Dry Tortugas. In the face of the fact that the order was for us to go to that isolated spot, where rebel prisoners were carried and turned loose during the war of the rebellion, being left there without guard, there being absolutely no means of escape, and where it would have been necessary for our safety to have kept Sampson's fleet in sight, the men received the news with gladness and cheered as the order was read to them. The destination was changed to Key West, Florida, then to Chickamauga Park, Georgia. It seemed that the war department did not know what to do with the soldiers at first.

Early Sunday morning, April 10, 1898, Easter Sunday, amidst tears of lovers and others endeared by long acquaintance and kindness, and the enthusiastic cheers of friends and well-wishers, the start was made for Cuba.

It is a fact worthy of note that Easter services in all the churches in Missoula, Montana, a town of over ten thousand inhabitants, was postponed the morning of the departure of the 25th Infantry, and the whole town turned out to bid us farewell. Never before were soldiers more encouraged to go to war than we. Being the first regiment to move, from the west, the papers had informed the people of our route. At every station there was a throng of people who cheered as we passed. Everywhere the Stars and Stripes could be seen. Everybody had caught the war fever. We arrived at Chickamauga Park about April 15, 1898, being the first regiment to arrive at that place. We were a curiosity. Thousands of people, both white and colored, from Chattanooga, Tenn., visited us daily. Many of them had never seen a colored soldier. The behavior of the men was such that even the most prejudiced could find no fault. We underwent a short period of acclimation at this place, then moved on to Tampa, Fla., where we spent a month more of acclimation. All along the route from Missoula, Montana, with the exception of one or two places in Georgia, we had been received most cordially. But in Georgia, outside of the Park, it mattered not if we were soldiers of the United States, and going to fight for the honor of our country and the freedom of an oppressed and starving people, we were "niggers," as they called us, and treated us with contempt. There was no enthusiasm nor Stars and Stripes in Georgia. That is the kind of "united country" we saw in the South. I must pass over the events and incidents of camp life at Chickamauga and Tampa. Up to this time our trip had seemed more like a Sunday-school excursion than anything else. But when, on June 6th, we were ordered to divest ourselves of all clothing and equipage, except such as was necessary to campaigning in a tropical climate, for the first time the ghost of real warfare arose before us.

ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT.



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The regiment went aboard the Government transport, No. 14—Concho—June 7, 1898. On the same vessel were the 14th U.S. Infantry, a battalion of the 2d Massachusetts Volunteers and Brigade Headquarters, aggregating about 1,300 soldiers, exclusive of the officers. This was the beginning of real hardship. The transport had either been a common freighter or a cattle ship. Whatever had been its employment before being converted into a transport, I am sure of one thing, it was neither fit for man nor beast when soldiers were transported in it to Cuba. The actual carrying capacity of the vessel as a transport was, in my opinion, about 900 soldiers, exclusive of the officers, who, as a rule, surround themselves with every possible comfort, even in actual warfare. A good many times, as on this occasion, the desire and demand of the officers for comfort worked serious hardships for the enlisted men. The lower decks had been filled with bunks. Alas! the very thought of those things of torture makes me shudder even now. They were arranged in rows, lengthwise the ship, of course, with aisles only two feet wide between each row. The dimensions of a man's bunk was 6 feet long, 2 feet wide and 2 feet high, and they were arranged in tiers of four, with a four inch board on either side to keep one from rolling out. The Government had furnished no bedding at all. Our bedding consisted of one blanket as mattress and haversack for pillow. The 25th Infantry was assigned to the bottom deck, where there was no light, except the small port holes when the gang-plank was closed. So dark was it that candles were burned all day. There was no air except what came down the canvass air shafts when they were turned to the breeze. The heat of that place was almost unendurable. Still our Brigade Commander issued orders that no one would be allowed to sleep on the main deck. That order was the only one to my knowledge during the whole campaign that was not obeyed by the colored soldiers. It is an unreported fact that a portion of the deck upon which the 25th Infantry took passage to Cuba was flooded with water during the entire journey.

Before leaving Port Tampa the Chief Surgeon of the expedition came aboard and made an inspection, the result of which was the taking off of the ship the volunteer battalion, leaving still on board about a thousand men. Another noteworthy fact is that for seven days the boat was tied to the wharf at Port Tampa, and we were not allowed to go ashore, unless an officer would take a whole company off to bathe and exercise. This was done, too, in plain sight of other vessels, the commander of which gave their men the privilege of going ashore at will for any purpose whatever. It is very easy to imagine the hardship that was imposed upon us by withholding the privilege of going ashore, when it is understood that there were no seats on the vessel for a poor soldier. On the main deck there were a large number of seats, but they were all reserved for the officers. A sentinel was posted on either side of the ship near the middle hatch-way, and no soldier was allowed to go abaft for any purpose, except to report to his superior officer or on some other official duty.



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Finally the 14th of June came. While bells were ringing, whistles blowing and bands playing cheering strains of music the transports formed "in fleet in column of twos," and under convoy of some of the best war craft of our navy, and while the thousands on shore waved us godspeed, moved slowly down the bay on its mission to avenge the death of the heroes of our gallant Maine and to free suffering Cuba.

The transports were scarcely out of sight of land when an order was issued by our Brigade Commander directing that the two regiments on board should not intermingle, and actually drawing the "color line" by assigning the white regiment to the port and the 25th Infantry to the starboard side of the vessel. The men of the two regiments were on the best of terms, both having served together during mining troubles in Montana. Still greater was the surprise of everyone when another order was issued from the same source directing that the white regiment should make coffee first, all the time, and detailing a guard to see that the order was carried out. All of these things were done seemingly to humiliate us and without a word of protest from our officers. We suffered without complaint. God only knows how it was we lived through those fourteen days on that miserable vessel. We lived through those days and were fortunate enough not to have a burial at sea.

OPERATIONS AGAINST SANTIAGO.

We landed in Cuba June 22, 1898. Our past hardships were soon forgotten. It was enough to stir the heart of any lover of liberty to witness that portion of Gomez's ragged army, under command of General Castillo, lined up to welcome us to their beautiful island, and to guide and guard our way to the Spanish strongholds. To call it a ragged army is by no means a misnomer. The greater portion of those poor fellows were both coatless and shoeless, many of them being almost nude. They were by no means careful about their uniform. The thing every one seemed careful about was his munitions of war, for each man had his gun, ammunition and machete. Be it remembered that this portion of the Cuban army was almost entirely composed of black Cubans.

After landing we halted long enough to ascertain that all the men of the regiment were "present or accounted for," then marched into the jungle of Cuba, following an old unused trail. General Shafter's orders were to push forward without delay. And the 25th Infantry has the honor of leading the march from the landing at Baiquiri or Daiquiri (both names being used in official reports) the first day the army of invasion entered the island. I do not believe any newspaper has ever published this fact.

There was no time to be lost, and the advance of the American army of invasion in the direction of Santiago, the objective point, was rapid. Each day, as one regiment would halt for a rest or reach a suitable camping ground, another would pass. In this manner several regiments had succeeded in passing the 25th Infantry by the morning of June 24th. At that time the 1st Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders) was leading the march.



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THE FIRST BATTLE.

[Illustration: Charge on El Caney—Twenty-Fifth Infantry.]

On the morning of June 24th the Rough Riders struck camp early, and was marching along the trail at a rapid gait, at "route step," in any order suitable to the size of the road. Having marched several miles through a well-wooded country, they came to an opening near where the road forked. They turned into the left fork; at that moment, without the least warning, the Cubans leading the march having passed on unmolested, a volley from the Spanish behind a stone fort on top of the hill on both sides of the road was fired into their ranks. They were at first disconcerted, but rallied at once and began firing in the direction from whence came the volleys. They could not advance, and dared not retreat, having been caught in a sunken place in the road, with a barbed-wire fence on one side and a precipitous hill on the other. They held their ground, but could do no more. The Spanish poured volley after volley into their ranks. At the moment when it looked as if the whole regiment would be swept down by the steel-jacketed bullets from the Mausers, four troops of the 10th U.S. Cavalry (colored) came up on "double time." Little thought the Spaniards that these "smoked yankees" were so formidable. Perhaps they thought to stop those black boys by their relentless fire, but those boys knew no stop. They halted for a second, and having with them a Hotchkiss gun soon knocked down the Spanish improvised fort, cut the barb-wire, making an opening for the Rough Riders, started the charge, and, with the Rough Riders, routed the Spaniards, causing them to retreat in disorder, leaving their dead and some wounded behind. The Spaniards made a stubborn resistance. So hot was their fire directed at the men at the Hotchkiss gun that a head could not be raise, and men crawled on their stomachs like snakes loading and firing. It is an admitted fact that the Rough Riders could not have dislodged the Spanish by themselves without great loss, if at all.

The names of Captain A.M. Capron, Jr., and Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., of the Rough Riders, who were killed in this battle, have been immortalized, while that of Corporal Brown, 10th Cavalry, who manned the Hotchkiss gun in this fight, without which the American loss in killed and wounded would no doubt have been counted by hundreds, and who was killed by the side of his gun, is unknown by the public.

At the time the battle of the Rough Riders was fought the 25th Infantry was within hearing distance of the battle and received orders to reinforce them, which they could have done in less than two hours, but our Brigade Commander in marching to the scene of battle took the wrong trail, seemingly on purpose, and when we arrived at the place of battle twilight was fading into darkness.

The march in the direction of Santiago continued, until the evening of June 30th found us bivouacked in the road less than two miles from El Caney. At the first glimpse of day on the first day of July word was passed along the line for the companies to "fall in." No

bugle call was sounded, no coffee was made, no noise allowed. We were nearing the enemy, and every effort was made to surprise him. We had been told that El Caney was well fortified, and so we found it.

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The first warning the people had of a foe being near was the roar of our field artillery and the bursting of a shell in their midst. The battle was on. In many cases an invading army serves notice of a bombardment, but in this case it was incompatible with military strategy. Non-combatants, women and children all suffered, for to have warned them so they might have escaped would also have given warning to the Spanish forces of our approach. The battle opened at dawn and lasted until dark. When our troops reached the point from which they were to make the attack, the Spanish lines of entrenched soldiers could not be seen.

[Illustration: CORPORAL BROWN. (Who was killed at a Hotchkiss gun while shelling the Spanish block-house to save the Rough Riders.)]

The only thing indicating their position was the block-house situated on the highest point of a very steep hill. The undergrowth was so dense that one could not see, on a line, more than fifty yards ahead. The Spaniards, from their advantageous position in the block-house and trenches on the hill top, had located the American forces in the bushes and opened a fusillade upon them. The Americans replied with great vigor, being ordered to fire at the block-house and to the right and left of it, steadily advancing as they fired. All of the regiments engaged in the battle of El Caney had not reached their positions when the battle was precipitated by the artillery firing on the block-house. The 25th Infantry was among that number. In marching to its position some companies of the 2d Massachusetts Volunteers were met retreating; they were completely whipped, and took occasion to warn us, saying: "Boys, there is no use to go up there, you cannot see a thing; they are slaughtering our men!" Such news made us feel "shaky," not having, at the time, been initiated. We marched up, however, in order and were under fire for nine hours. Many barbed-wire obstructions were encountered, but the men never faltered. Finally, late in the afternoon, our brave Lieutenant Kinnison said to another officer: "We cannot take the trenches without charging them." Just as he was about to give the order for the bugler to sound "the charge" he was wounded and carried to the rear. The men were then fighting like demons. Without a word of command, though led by that gallant and intrepid Second Lieutenant J.A. Moss, 25th Infantry, some one gave a yell and the 25th Infantry was off, alone, to the charge. The 4th U.S. Infantry, fighting on the left, halted when those dusky heroes made the dash with a yell which would have done credit to a Comanche Indian. No one knows who started the charge; one thing is certain, at the time it was made excitement was running high; each man was a captain for himself and fighting accordingly. Brigadier Generals, Colonels, Lieutenant-Colonels, Majors, *etc.*, were not needed at the time the 25th Infantry made the charge on El Caney, and those officers simply

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watched the battle from convenient points, as Lieutenants and enlisted men made the charge alone. It has been reported that the 12th U.S. Infantry made the charge, assisted by the 25th Infantry, but it is a recorded fact that the 25th Infantry fought the battle alone, the 12th Infantry coming up after the firing had nearly ceased. Private T.C. Butler, Company H, 25th Infantry, was the first man to enter the block-house at El Caney, and took possession of the Spanish flag for his regiment. An officer of the 12th Infantry came up while Butler was in the house and ordered him to give up the flag, which he was compelled to do, but not until he had torn a piece off the flag to substantiate his report to his Colonel of the injustice which had been done to him. Thus, by using the authority given him by his shoulder-straps, this officer took for his regiment that which had been won by the hearts' blood of some of the bravest, though black, soldiers of Shafter's army.

The charge of El Caney has been little spoken of, but it was quite as great a show of bravery as the famous taking of San Juan Hill.

A word more in regard to the charge. It was not the glorious run from the edge of some nearby thicket to the top of a small hill, as many may imagine. This particular charge was a tough, hard climb, over sharp, rising ground, which, were a man in perfect physical strength he would climb slowly. Part of the charge was made over soft, plowed ground, a part through a lot of prickly pineapple plants and barbed-wire entanglements. It was slow, hard work, under a blazing July sun and a perfect hail-storm of bullets, which, thanks to the poor marksmanship of the Spaniards, "went high."

It has been generally admitted, by all fair-minded writers, that the colored soldiers saved the day both at El Caney and San Juan Hill.

Notwithstanding their heroic services, they were still to be subjected, in many cases, to more hardships than their white brother in arms. When the flag of truce was, in the afternoon of July 3d, seen, each man breathed a sigh of relief, for the strain had been very great upon us. During the next eleven days men worked like ants, digging trenches, for they had learned a lesson of fighting in the open field. The work went on night and day. The 25th Infantry worked harder than any other regiment, for as soon as they would finish a trench they were ordered to move; in this manner they were kept moving and digging new trenches for eleven days. The trenches left were each time occupied by a white regiment.

On July 14th it was decided to make a demonstration in front of Santiago, to draw the fire of the enemy and locate his position. Two companies of colored soldiers (25th Infantry) were selected for this purpose, actually deployed as skirmishers and started in advance. General Shafter, watching the movement from a distant hill, saw that such a movement meant to sacrifice those men, without any or much good resulting, therefore



had them recalled. Had the movement been completed it is probable that not a man would have escaped death or serious wounds. When the news came that General Toral had decided to surrender, the 25th Infantry was a thousand yards or more nearer the city of Santiago than any regiment in the army, having entrenched themselves along the railroad leading into the city.



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The following enlisted men of the 25th Infantry were commissioned for their bravery at El Caney: First Sergeant Andrew J. Smith, First Sergeant Macon Russell, First Sergeant Wyatt Huffman and Sergeant Wm. McBryar. Many more were recommended, but failed to receive commissions. It is a strange incident that all the above-named men are native North Carolinians, but First Sergeant Huffman, who is from Tennessee.

The Negro played a most important part in the Spanish-American war. He was the first to move from the west; first at Camp Thomas Chickamauga Park, Ga.; first in the jungle of Cuba; among the first killed in battle; first in the block-house at El Caney, and nearest to the enemy when he surrendered.

Frank W. Pullen, Jr.,

Ex-Sergeant-Major 25th U.S. Infantry.

Enfield, N.C., March 23, 1899.

BUFFALO TROOPERS, THE NAME BY WHICH NEGRO SOLDIERS ARE KNOWN.

They Comprise Several of the Crack Regiments in Our Army-The Indians Stand in Abject Terror of them-Their Awful Yells Won a Battle with the Redskins.

"It is not necessary to revert to the Civil war to prove that American Negroes are faithful, devoted wearers of uniforms," says a Washington man, who has seen service in both the army and the navy. "There are at the present time four regiments of Negro soldiers in the regular army of the United States-two outfits of cavalry and two of infantry. All four of these regiments have been under fire in important Indian campaigns, and there is yet to be recorded a single instance of a man in any of the four layouts showing the white feather, and the two cavalry regiments of Negroes have, on several occasions, found themselves in very serious situations. While the fact is well known out on the frontier, I don't remember ever having seen it mentioned back here that an American Indian has a deadly fear of an American Negro. The most utterly reckless, dare-devil savage of the copper hue stands literally in awe of a Negro, and the blacker the Negro the more the Indian quails. I can't understand why this should be, for the Indians decline to give their reasons for fearing the black men, but the fact remains that even a very bad Indian will give the mildest-mannered Negro imaginable all the room he wants, and to spare, as any old regular army soldier who has frontiered will tell you. The Indians, I fancy, attribute uncanny and eerie qualities to the blacks."

"The cavalry troop to which I belonged soldiered alongside a couple of troops of the 9th Cavalry, a black regiment, up in the Sioux country eight or nine years ago. We were performing chain guard, hemming-in duty, and it was our chief business to prevent the



savages from straying from the reservation. We weren't under instructions to riddle them if they attempted to pass our guard posts, but were authorized to tickle them up to any reasonable extent, short



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of maiming them, with our bayonets, if any of them attempted to bluff past us. Well, the men of my troop had all colors of trouble while on guard in holding the savages in. The Ogalallas would hardly pay any attention to the white sentries of the chain guard, and when they wanted to pass beyond the guard limits they would invariably pick out a spot for passage that was patrolled by a white 'post-humper.' But the guards of the two black troops didn't have a single run-in with the savages. The Indians made it a point to remain strictly away from the Negro soldiers' guard posts. Moreover, the black soldiers got ten times as much obedience from the Indians loafing around the tepees and wickleups as did we of the white outfit. The Indians would fairly jump to obey the uniformed Negroes. I remember seeing a black sergeant make a minor chief go down to a creek to get a pail of water—an unheard of thing, for the chiefs, and even the ordinary bucks among the Sioux, always make their squaws perform this sort of work. This chief was sunning himself, reclining, beside his tepee, when his squaw started with the bucket for the creek some distance away. The Negro sergeant saw the move. He walked up to the lazy, grunting savage.”

“Look a-yeah, yo' spraddle-nosed, yalluh voodoo nigguh,' said the black sergeant—he was as black as a stovepipe—to the blinking chief, 'jes' shake yo' no-count bones an' tote dat wattuh yo'se'f. Yo' ain' no bettuh to pack wattuh dan Ah am, yo' heah me.”

“The heap-much Indian chief didn't understand a word of what the Negro sergeant said to him, but he understands pantomime all right, and when the black man in uniform grabbed the pail out of the squaw's hand and thrust it into the dirty paw of the chief the chief went after that bucket of water, and he went a-loping, too.”

[Illustration.]

“The Sioux will hand down to their children's children the story of a charge that a couple of Negro cavalry troops made during the Pine Ridge troubles. It was of the height of the fracas, and the bad Indians were regularly lined up for battle. Those two black troops were ordered to make the initial swoop upon them. You know the noise one black man can make when he gets right down to the business of yelling. Well, these two troops of blacks started their terrific whoop in unison when they were a mile away from the waiting Sioux, and they got warmed up and in better practice with every jump their horses made. I give you my solemn word that in the ears of us of the white outfit, stationed three miles away, the yelps those two Negro troops of cavalry gave sounded like the carnival whooping of ten thousand devils. The Sioux weren't scared a little bit by the approaching clouds of alkali dust, but, all the same, when the two black troops were more than a quarter of a mile away the Indians broke and ran as if the old boy himself were after them, and it was then an easy matter to round them up and disarm them. The chiefs afterward confessed that they were scared out by the awful howling of the black soldiers.”



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“Ever since the war the United States navy has had a fair representation of Negro bluejackets, and they make first-class naval tars. There is not a ship in the navy to-day that hasn't from six to a dozen, anyhow, of Negroes on its muster rolls. The Negro sailors' names very rarely get enrolled on the bad conduct lists. They are obedient, sober men and good seamen. There are many petty officers among them.”—*The Planet*.

THE CHARGE OF THE “NIGGER NINTH” ON SAN JUAN HILL.

BY GEORGE E. POWELL

Hark! O'er the drowsy trooper's dream,
There comes a martial metal's scream,
That startles one and all!
It is the word, to wake, to die!
To hear the foeman's fierce defy!
To fling the column's battle-cry!
The “boots and saddles” call.

The shimmering steel, the glow or morn,
The rally-call of battle-horn,
Proclaim a day of carnage, born
For better or for ill.
Above the pictured tentage white,
Above the weapons glinting bright,
The day god casts a golden light
Across the San Juan Hill.

“Forward!” “Forward!” comes the cry,
As stalwart columns, ambling by,
Stride over graves that, waiting, lie
Undug in mother earth!
Their goal, the flag of fierce Castile
Above her serried ranks of steel,
Insensate to the cannon's peal
That gives the battle birth!

As brawn as black—a fearless foe;
Grave, grim and grand, they onward go,
To conquer or to die!
The rule of right; the march of might;
A dusky host from darker night,



Responsive to the morning light,
To work the martial will!
And o'er the trench and trembling earth,
The morn that gives the battle birth
Is on the San Juan Hill!

Hark! sounds again the bugle call!
Let ring the rifles over all,
To shriek above the battle-pall
The war-god's jubilee!
Their's, were bondmen, low, and long;
Their's, once weak against the strong;
Their's, to strike and stay the wrong,
That strangers might be free!

And on, and on, for weal or woe,
The tawny faces grimmer go,
That bade no mercy to a foe
That pitties but to kill.
"Close up!" "Close up!" is heard, and said,
And yet the rain of steel and lead
Still leaves a livid trail of red
Upon the San Juan Hill!

"Charge!" "Charge!" The bugle peals again;
'Tis life or death for Roosevelt's men!—
The Mausers make reply!
Aye! speechless are those swarthy sons,
Save for the clamor of the guns—
Their only battle-cry!
The lowly stain upon each face,
The taunt still fresh of prouder race,
But speeds the step that springs a pace,
To succor or to die!



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With rifles hot—to waist-band nude;
The brawn beside the pampered dude;
The cowboy king—one grave—and rude—
 To shelter him who falls!
One breast—and bare,—howe'er begot,
The low, the high—one common lot:
The world's distinction all forgot
 When Freedom's bugle calls!

No faltering step, no fitful start;
None seeking less than all his part;
One watchward springing from each heart,—
 Yet on, and onward still!
The sullen sound of tramp and tread;
Abe Lincoln's flag still overhead;
They followed where the angels led
 The way, up San Juan Hill!

And where the life stream ebbs and flows,
And stains the track of trenchant blows
 That met no meaner steel,
The bated breath—the battle yell—
The turf in slippery crimson, tell
Where Castile's proudest colors fell
 With wounds that never heal!

Where every trooper found a wreath
Of glory for his sabre sheath;
 And earned the laurels well;
With feet to field and face to foe,
In lines of battle lying low,
 The sable soldiers fell!

And where the black and brawny breast
Gave up its all—life's richest, best,
To find the tomb's eternal rest
 A dream of freedom still!
A groundless creed was swept away,
With brand of "coward"—a time-worn say—
And he blazed the path a better way
 Up the side of San Juan Hill!
For black or white, on the scroll of fame,
The blood of the hero dyes the same;
And ever, ever will!



Sleep, trooper, sleep; thy sable brow,
Amid the living laurel now,
Is wound in wreaths of fame!
Nor need the graven granite stone,
To tell of garlands all thine own—
To hold a soldier's name!

[In the city of New Orleans, in 1866, two thousand two hundred and sixty-six ex-slaves were recruited for the service. None but the largest and blackest Negroes were accepted. From these were formed the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry, and the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry. All four are famous fighting regiments, yet the two cavalry commands have earned the proudest distinction. While the record of the Ninth Cavalry, better known as the "Nigger Ninth," in its thirty-two years of service in the Indian wars, in the military history of the border, stands without a peer; and is, without exception, the most famous fighting regiment in the United States service.]—Author.

[Illustration: COLONEL THEODORE B. ROOSEVELT.]

CHAPTER IV.

COLONEL THEODORE B. ROOSEVELT, NOW GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, WHO LED THE ROUGH RIDERS, TELLS OF THE BRAVERY OF NEGRO SOLDIERS.

When Colonel Theodore Roosevelt returned from the command of the famous Rough Riders, he delivered a farewell address to his men, in which he made the following kind reference to the gallant Negro soldiers:



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“Now, I want to say just a word more to some of the men I see standing around not of your number. I refer to the colored regiments, who occupied the right and left flanks of us at Guasimas, the Ninth and Tenth cavalry regiments. The Spaniards called them ‘Smoked Yankees,’ but we found them to be an excellent breed of Yankees. I am sure that I speak the sentiments of officers and men in the assemblage when I say that between you and the other cavalry regiments there exists a tie which we trust will never be broken.”—*Colored American*.

* * * * *

The foregoing compliments to the Negro soldiers by Colonel Roosevelt started up an avalanche of additional praise for them, out of which the fact came, that but for the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry (colored) coming up at Las Guasimas, destroying the Spanish block house and driving the Spaniards off, when Roosevelt and his men had been caught in a trap, with a barbed-wire fence on one side and a precipice on the other, not only the brave Capron and Fish, but the whole of his command would have been annihilated by the Spanish sharpshooters, who were firing with smokeless powder under cover, and picking off the Rough Riders one by one, who could not see the Spaniards. To break the force of this unfavorable comment on the Rough Riders, it is claimed that Colonel Roosevelt made the following criticism of the colored soldiers in general and of a few of them in particular, in an article written by him for the April Scribner; and a letter replying to the Colonel’s strictures, follows by Sergeant Holliday, who was an “eye-witness” to the incident:

Colonel Roosevelt’s criticism was, in substance, that colored soldiers were of no avail without white officers; that when the white commissioned officers are killed or disabled, colored non-commissioned officers could not be depended upon to keep up a charge already begun; that about a score of colored infantrymen, who had drifted into his command, weakened on the hill at San Juan under the galling Spanish fire, and started to the rear, stating that they intended finding their regiments, or to assist the wounded; whereupon he drew his revolver and ordered them to return to ranks and there remain, and that he would shoot the first man who didn’t obey him; and that after that he had no further trouble.

Colonel Roosevelt is sufficiently answered in the following letter of Sergeant Holliday, and the point especially made by many eye-witnesses (white) who were engaged in that fight is, as related in Chapter V, of this book, that the Negro troops made the charges both at San Juan and El Caney after nearly all their officers had been killed or wounded. Upon what facts, therefore, does Colonel Roosevelt base his conclusions that Negro soldiers will not fight without commissioned officers, when the only real test of this question happened around Santiago and showed just the contrary of what he states? We prefer to take the results at El Caney and San Juan as against Colonel Roosevelt’s imagination.

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COLONEL ROOSEVELT'S ERROR.

TRUE STORY OF THE INCIDENT HE MAGNIFIED TO OUR HURT—THE WHITE OFFICERS' HUMBUG SKINNED OF ITS HIDE BY SERGEANT HOLLIDAY—UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

To the Editor of the New York Age:

Having read in *The Age* of April 13 an editorial entitled "Our Troops in Cuba," which brings to my notice for the first time a statement made by Colonel Roosevelt, which, though in some parts true, if read by those who do not know the exact facts and circumstances surrounding the case, will certainly give rise to the wrong impression of colored men as soldiers, and hurt them for many a day to come, and as I was an eye-witness to the most important incidents mentioned in that statement, I deem it a duty I owe, not only to the fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers of those soldiers, and to the soldiers themselves, but to their posterity and the race in general, to be always ready to make an unprejudiced refutation of such charges, and to do all in my power to place the colored soldier where he properly belongs—among the bravest and most trustworthy of this land.

In the beginning, I wish to say that from what I saw of Colonel Roosevelt in Cuba, and the impression his frank countenance made upon me, I cannot believe that he made that statement maliciously. I believe the Colonel thought he spoke the exact truth. But did he know, that of the four officers connected with two certain troops of the Tenth Cavalry one was killed and three were so seriously wounded as to cause them to be carried from the field, and the command of these two troops fell to the first sergeants, who led them triumphantly to the front? Does he know that both at Las Guasima and San Juan Hill the greater part of troop B, of the Tenth Cavalry, was separated from its commanding officer by accidents of battle and was led to the front by its first sergeant?

When we reached the enemy's works on San Juan Hill our organizations were very badly mixed, few company commanders having their whole companies or none of some body else's company. As it was, Capt. Watson, my troop commander, reached the crest of the hill with about eight or ten men of his troop, all the rest having been accidentally separated from him by the thick underbrush during the advance, and being at that time, as was subsequently shown to be the firing line under some one else pushing to the front. We kept up the forward movement, and finally halted on the heights overlooking Santiago, where Colonel Roosevelt, with a very thin line had preceded us, and was holding the hill. Here Captain Watson told us to remain while he went to another part of the line to look for the rest of his troop. He did not come to that part of the field again.



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The Colonel made a slight error when he said his mixed command contained some colored infantry. All the colored troops in that command were cavalry men. His command consisted mostly of Rough Riders, with an aggregate of about one troop of the Tenth Cavalry, a few of the Ninth and a few of the First Regular Cavalry, with a half dozen officers. Every few minutes brought men from the rear, everybody seeming to be anxious to get to the firing line. For a while we kept up a desultory fire, but as we could not locate the enemy (he all the time keeping up a hot fire on our position), we became disgusted, and lay down and kept silent. Private Marshall was here seriously wounded while standing in plain view of the enemy, trying to point them out to his comrades.

There were frequent calls for men to carry the wounded to the rear, to go for ammunition, and as night came on, to go for rations and entrenching tools. A few colored soldiers volunteered, as did some from the Rough Riders. It then happened that two men of the Tenth were ordered to the rear by Lieutenant Fleming, Tenth Cavalry, who was then present with part of his troop, for the purpose of bringing either rations or entrenching tools, and Colonel Roosevelt seeing so many men going to the rear, shouted to them to come back, jumped up and drew his revolver, and told the men of the Tenth that he would shoot the first man who attempted to shirk duty by going to the rear, that he had orders to hold that line and he would do so if he had to shoot every man there to do it. His own men immediately informed him that "you won't have to shoot those men, Colonel. We know those boys." He was also assured by Lieutenant Fleming, of the Tenth, that he would have no trouble keeping them there, and some of our men shouted, in which I joined, that "we will stay with you, Colonel." Everyone who saw the incident knew the Colonel was mistaken about our men trying to shirk duty, but well knew that he could not admit of any heavy detail from his command, so no one thought ill of the matter. Inasmuch as the Colonel came to the line of the Tenth the next day and told the men of his threat to shoot some of their members and, as he expressed it, he had seen his mistake and found them to be far different men from what he supposed. I thought he was sufficiently conscious of his error not to make a so ungrateful statement about us at a time when the Nation is about to forget our past service.

Had the Colonel desired to note the fact, he would have seen that when orders came the next day to relieve the detachment of the Tenth from that part of the field, he commanded just as many colored men at that time as he commanded at any other time during the twenty-four hours we were under his command, although colored as well as white soldiers were going and coming all day, and they knew perfectly well where the Tenth Cavalry was posted, and that it was on a line about four hundred yards further from the enemy than Colonel Roosevelt's line. Still when they obtained permission to go to the rear, they almost invariably came back to the same position. Two men of my troop were wounded while at the rear for water and taken to the hospital and, of course, could not come back.

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Our men always made it a rule to join the nearest command when separated from our own, and those who had been so unfortunate as to lose their way altogether were, both colored and white, straggling up from the time the line was established until far into the night, showing their determination to reach the front.

In explaining the desire of our men in going back to look for their comrades, it should be stated that, from the contour of the ground, the Rough Riders were so much in advance of the Tenth Cavalry that, to reach the latter regiment from the former, one had really to go straight to the rear and then turn sharply to the right; and further, it is a well known fact, that in this country most persons of color feel out of place when they are by force compelled to mingle with white persons, especially strangers, and although we knew we were doing our duty, and would be treated well as long as we stood to the front and fought, unfortunately some of our men (and these were all recruits with less than six months' service) felt so much out of place that when the firing lulled, often showed their desire to be with their commands. None of our older men did this. We knew perfectly well that we could give as much assistance there as anywhere else, and that it was our duty to remain until relieved. And we did. White soldiers do not, as a rule, share this feeling with colored soldiers. The fact that a white man knows how well he can make a place for himself among colored people need not be discussed here.

I remember an incident of a recruit of my troop, with less than two months' service, who had come up to our position during the evening of the 1st, having been separated from the troop during the attack on San Juan Hill. The next morning, before the firing began, having seen an officer of the Tenth, who had been sent to Colonel Roosevelt with a message, returning to the regiment, he signified his intention of going back with him, saying he could thus find the regiment. I remonstrated with him without avail and was only able to keep him from going by informing him of the Colonel's threat of the day before. There was no desire on the part of this soldier to shirk duty. He simply didn't know that he should not leave any part of the firing line without orders. Later, while lying in reserve behind the firing line, I had to use as much persuasion to keep him from firing over the heads of his enemies as I had to keep him with us. He remained with us until he was shot in the shoulder and had to be sent to the rear.

I could give many other incidents of our men's devotion to duty, of their determination to stay until the death, but what's the use? Colonel Roosevelt has said they shirked, and the reading public will take the Colonel at his word and go on thinking they shirked. His statement was uncalled for and uncharitable, and considering the moral and physical effect the advance of the Tenth Cavalry had in weakening the forces opposed to the Colonel's regiment, both at La Guasima and San Juan Hill, altogether ungrateful, and has done us an immeasurable lot of harm.

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And further, as to lack of qualifications for command, I will say that when our soldiers, who can and will write history, sever their connections with the Regular Army, and thus release themselves from their voluntary status of military lockjaw, and tell what they saw, those who now preach that the Negro is not fit to exercise command over troops, and will go no further than he is led by white officers, will see in print held up for public gaze, much to their chagrin, tales of those Cuban battles that have never been told outside the tent and barrack room, tales that it will not be agreeable for some of them to hear. The public will then learn that not every troop or company of colored soldiers who took part in the assaults on San Juan Hill or El Caney was led or urged forward by its white officer.

It is unfortunate that we had no colored officers in that campaign, and this thing of white officers for colored troops is exasperating, and I join with *The Age* in saying our motto for the future must be: "No officers, no soldiers."

PRESLEY HOLLIDAY,

Sergeant Troop B, Tenth Cavalry.

Fort Ringgold, Texas, April 22, 1899.

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JACOB A. RIIS in *The Outlook* gives the following interesting reading concerning the colored troopers in an article entitled "Roosevelt and His Men":

[Illustration: GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.]

"It was one of the unexpected things in this campaign that seems destined to set so many things right that out of it should come the appreciation of the colored soldier as man and brother by those even who so lately fought to keep him a chattel. It fell to the lot of General 'Joe' Wheeler, the old Confederate warrior, to command the two regiments of colored troops, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and no one will bear readier testimony than he to the splendid record they made. Of their patience under the manifold hardships of roughing it in the tropics, their helpfulness in the camp and their prowess in battle, their uncomplaining suffering when lying wounded and helpless. Stories enough are told to win for them fairly the real brotherhood with their white-skinned fellows which they crave. The most touching of the many I heard was that of a Negro trooper, who, struck by a bullet that cut an artery in his neck, was lying helpless, in danger of bleeding to death, when a Rough Rider came to his assistance. There was only one thing to be done—to stop the bleeding till a surgeon came. A tourniquet could not be applied where the wound was. The Rough Rider put his thumb on the artery and held it there while he waited. The fighting drifted away over the hill. He followed his comrades with longing eyes till the last was lost to sight. His place was there, but if he



abandoned the wounded cavalryman it was to let him die. He dropped his gun and stayed. Not until the battle was won did the surgeon come that way, but the trooper's life was saved. He told of it in the hospital with tears in his voice: 'He done that to me, he did; stayed by me an hour and a half, and me only a nigger.'"



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GENERAL NELSON A. MILES PAYS A TRIBUTE TO THE NEGRO SOLDIERS.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States spoke at the Peace Jubilee at Chicago, October 11th, and said:

“While the chivalry of the South and the yeomanry of the North vied with their devotion to the cause of their country and in their pride in its flag which floated over all, it’s a glorious fact that patriotism was not confined to any one section or race for the sacrifice, bravery and fortitude. The white race was accompanied by the gallantry of the black as they swept over entrenched lines and later volunteered to succor the sick, nurse the dying and bury the dead in the hospitals and the Cuban camps.”

“This was grandly spoken, and we feel gratified at this recognition of the valor of one of the best races of people the world has ever seen.”

“We are coming, boys; it’s a little slow and tiresome, but we are coming.”—*Colored American*.

At a social reunion of the Medal of Honor Legion held a few evenings since to welcome home two of their members, General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the army of the United States, and Colonel M. Emmett Urell, of the First District Columbia Volunteers, in the course of his remarks, General Miles paid the finest possible tribute to the splendid heroism and soldierly qualities evidenced by the men of the 9th and 10th Cavalry, and 24th and 25th United States Infantry in the late Santiago campaign, which he epitomized as “without a parallel in the history of the world.”

At the close of his remarks, Major C.A. Fleetwood, the only representative of the race present, in behalf of the race extended their heartfelt and warmest thanks for such a magnificent tribute from such a magnificent soldier and man.—*Colored American*.

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CLEVELAND MOFFITT, IN LESLIE’S WEEKLY, DESCRIBES THE HEROISM OF A “BLACK COLOR BEARER.”

“Having praised our war leaders sufficiently, in some cases more than sufficiently (witness Hobson), let us give honor to some of the humbler ones, who fought obscurely, but did fine things nevertheless.”

[Illustration: SERGEANT BERRY, The first soldier who reached the Block House on San Juan Hill and hoisted the American flag in a hail of Spanish bullets.]



“There was Sergeant Berry, for instance, of the Tenth Cavalry, who might have boasted his meed of kisses, too, had he been a white man. At any rate, he rescued the colors of a white regiment from unseemly trampling and bore them safely through the bullets to the top of San Juan hill. Now, every one knows that the standard of a troop is guarded like a man’s own soul, or should be, and how it came that this Third Cavalry banner was lying on the ground that day is something that may never be rightly known. Some white man had left it there, many white men had let it stay there, but Berry, a black man, saw it fluttering in shame and paused in his running long enough to catch it up and lift it high overhead beside his own banner—for he was a color-bearer of the Tenth.”



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“Then, with two flags flying above him, and two heavy staves to bear, this powerful negro (he is literally a giant in strength and stature) charged the heights, while white men and black men cheered him as they pressed behind. Who shall say what temporary demoralization there may have been in this troop of the Third at that critical moment, or what fresh courage may have been fired in them by that black man’s act! They say Berry yelled like a demon as he rushed against the Spaniards, and I, for one, am willing to believe that his battle-cry brought fighting energy to his own side as well as terror to the enemy.”

“After the fight one of the officers of the Third Cavalry sought Berry out and asked him to give back the trophy fairly won by him, and his to keep, according to the usages of war. And the big Negro handed back the banner with a smile and light word. He had saved the colors and rallied the troop, but it didn’t matter much. They could have the flag if they wanted it.”

“There are some hundreds of little things like this that we might as well bear in mind, we white men, the next time we start out to decry the Negro!”

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PRESIDENT MCKINLEY RECOGNIZES THE WORTH OF NEGRO SOLDIERS BY PROMOTION.

PROMOTIONS FOR COLORED SOLDIERS.

Washington, July 30.—Six colored non-commissioned officers who rendered particularly gallant service in the actions around Santiago on July 1st and 2d have been appointed second lieutenants in the two colored immune regiments recently organized under special act of Congress. These men are Sergeants William Washington, Troop F, and John C. Proctor, Troop I, of the 9th Cavalry, and Sergeants William McBryar, Company H; Wyatt Hoffman, Company G; Macon Russell, Company H, and Andrew J. Smith, Company B, of the 25th Infantry, commanded by Colonel Daggett. Jacob C. Smith, Sergeant Pendergrass, Lieutenant Ray, Sergeant Horace W. Bivins, Lieutenant E.L. Baker, Lieutenant J.H. Hill, Lieutenant Buck.—*N.Y. World.*

These promotions were made into the volunteer regiments, which were mustered out after the war, thus leaving the men promoted in the same rank they were before promotion if they chose to re-enlist in the regular army. They got no permanent advancement by this act of the President, but the future may develop better things for them.

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COMPETENT TO BE OFFICERS—THE VERDICT OF GENERAL THOMAS J. MORGAN, AFTER A STUDY OF THE NEGRO'S QUALITY AS A SOLDIER.

COLOR LINE IN THE ARMY—DIFFICULTY IN MAKING AFRO-AMERICAN COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—HEROISM ON THE FIELD SURE TO REAP REWARD—MORGAN PREFERS NEGRO TROOP TO THE WHITES.

General Thomas J. Morgan belongs to that class of Caucasian observers who are able to think clearly upon the Negro problem in all of its phases, and who have not only the breadth of intelligence to form just and generous opinions, but who possess that rarer quality, the courage to give them out openly to the country. General Morgan contributes the following article to the *New York Independent*, analyzing the motives which underlie the color line in the army.

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[Illustration: GENERAL, THOMAS J. MORGAN, LL.D., Who says Negroes are Competent to be Officers in the Army.]

He has had wide experience in military affairs, and his close contact with Negro soldiers during the civil war entitles him to speak with authority. General Morgan says:

“The question of the color line has assumed an acute stage, and has called forth a good deal of feeling. The various Negro papers in the country are very generally insisting that if the Negro soldiers are to be enlisted, Negro officers should be appointed to command them. One zealous paper is clamoring for the appointment, immediately, by the President, of a Negro Major-General. The readers of *The Independent* know very well that during the civil war there were enlisted in the United States army 200,000 Negro soldiers under white officers, the highest position assigned to a black man being that of first sergeant, or of regimental sergeant-major. The Negroes were allowed to wear chevrons, but not shoulder straps or epaulets. Although four Negro regiments have been incorporated in the regular army, and have rendered exceptionally effective service on the plains and elsewhere for a whole generation, there are to-day no Negro officers in the service. A number of young men have been appointed as cadets at West Point, but the life has not been by any means an easy one. The only caste or class with caste distinctions that exists in the republic is found in the army; army officers are, par excellence, the aristocrats; nowhere is class feeling so much cultivated as among them; nowhere is it so difficult to break down the established lines. Singularly enough, though entrance to West Point is made very broad, and a large number of those who go there to be educated at the expense of the Government have no social position to begin with, and no claims to special merit, and yet, after having been educated at the public expense, and appointed to life positions, they seem to cherish the feeling that they are a select few, entitled to special consideration, and that they are called upon to guard their class against any insidious invasions. Of course there are honorable exceptions. There are many who have been educated at West Point who are broad in their sympathies, democratic in their ideas, and responsive to every appeal of philanthropy and humanity; but the spirit of West Point has been opposed to the admission of Negroes into the ranks of commissioned officers, and the opposition to the commissioning of black men emanating from the army will go very far toward the defeat of any project of that kind.”



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“To make the question of the admission of Negroes into the higher ranks of commissioned officers more difficult is the fact that the organization of Negro troops under the call of the President for volunteers to carry on the war with Spain, has been left chiefly to the Governors of states. Very naturally the strong public sentiment against the Negro, which obtains almost universally in the South, has thus far prevented the recognition of his right to be treated precisely as the white man is treated. It would be, indeed, almost revolutionary for any Southern Governor to commission a Negro as a colonel of a regiment, or even a captain of a company. (Since this was written two Negro colonels have been appointed—in the Third North Carolina and Eighth Illinois.) Even where there are exceptions to this rule, they are notable exceptions. Everywhere through the South Negro volunteers are made to feel that they are not upon the same plane as white volunteers.”

“In a recent conversation with the Adjutant General of the army, I was assured by him that in the organization of the ten regiments of immunes which Congress has authorized, the President had decided that five of them should be composed of Negroes, and that while the field and staff officers and captains are to be white, the lieutenants may be Negroes. If this is done it will mark a distinct step in advance of any taken hitherto. It will recognize partially, at least, the manhood of the Negro, and break down that unnatural bar of separation now existing. If a Negro is a lieutenant, he will command his company in the absence of the captain. He can wear epaulets, and be entitled to all the rights and privileges ‘of an officer and a gentleman;’ he is no longer doomed to inferiority. In case of battle, where bullets have no respect of persons, and do not draw the line at color, it may easily happen that a regiment or battalion will do its best work in the face of the enemy under the command of a Negro chief. Thus far the Government has been swift to recognize heroism and efficiency, whether performed by Commodore Dewey at Manila or Lieutenant Hobson at Santiago, and it can hardly be otherwise than that it will be ready to recognize exceptional prowess and skill when performed by a Negro officer.”

“All, perhaps, which the Negroes themselves, or their friends, have a right to ask in their behalf is, that they shall have a chance to show the stuff they are made of. The immortal Lincoln gave them this chance when he admitted them to wear the blue and carry a musket; and right manfully did they justify his confidence. There was not better fighting done during the civil war than was done by some of the Negro troops. With my experience, in command of 5,000 Negro soldiers, I would, on the whole, prefer, I think, the command of a corps of Negro troops to that of a corps of white troops. With the magnificent record of their fighting qualities on many a hard-contested field, it is not unreasonable to ask that a still further opportunity shall be extended to them in commissioning them as officers, as well as enlisting them as soldiers.”



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“Naturally and necessarily the question of fitness for official responsibility is the prime test and ought to be applied, and if Negroes cannot be found of sufficient intelligence or preparation for the duties incumbent on army officers, nobody should object to the places being given to qualified white men. But so long as we draw no race line of distinction as against Germans or Irishmen, and institute no test of religion, politics or culture, we ought not to erect an artificial barrier of color. If the Negroes are competent they should be commissioned. If they are incompetent they should not be trusted with the grave responsibilities attached to official position. I believe they are competent.”

[Illustration: GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, OF THE CUBAN ARMY.]

CHAPTER V.

MANY TESTIMONIALS IN BEHALF OF THE NEGRO SOLDIERS.

A SOUTHERNER'S STATEMENT, THAT THE NEGRO CAVALRY SAVED THE
“ROUGH RIDERS.”

Some of the officers who accompanied the wounded soldiers on the trip north give interesting accounts of the fighting around Santiago. “I was standing near Captain Capron and Hamilton Fish, Jr.,” said a corporal to the Associated Press correspondent to-night, “and saw them shot down. They were with the Rough Riders and ran into an ambush, though they had been warned of the danger. If it had not been for the Negro Cavalry the Rough Riders would have been exterminated. I am not a Negro lover. My father fought with Mosby's Rangers, and I was born in the South, but the Negroes saved that fight, and the day will come when General Shafter will give them credit for their bravery.”—*Asso. Press.*

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RECONCILIATION.

“Members of our regiment kicked somewhat when the colored troops were sent forward with them, but when they saw how the Negroes fought they became reconciled to the situation and some of them now say the colored brother can have half of their blankets whenever they want them.”

The above is an extract from a communication to the Daily Afternoon Journal, of Beaumont, Tex., written by a Southern white soldier: “Straws tell the way the wind blows,” is a hackneyed expression, but an apt illustration of the subject in hand. It has been hinted by a portion of the Negro press that when the war ended, that if there is to be the millennium of North and South, the Negroes will suffer in the contraction. There is no reason to encourage this pessimistic view, since it is so disturbing in its nature, and since it is in the province of the individuals composing the race to create a future to

more or less extent. The wedge has entered; it remains for the race to live up to its opportunities. The South already is making concessions. While concessions are apt to be looked upon as too patronizing, and not included in the classification of rights in

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common, yet in time they amount to the same. The mere statement that “the colored brother can have half of their blankets whenever they want them,” while doubtless a figure of speech, yet it signifies that under this very extreme of speech an appreciable advance of the race. It does not mean that there is to be a storming of the social barriers, for even in the more favored races definite lines are drawn. Sets and circles adjust such matters. But what is desired is the toleration of the Negroes in those pursuits that the people engage in or enjoy in general and in common. It is all that the American Negro may expect, and it is safe to say that his ambitions do not run higher, and ought not to run higher. Money and birth in themselves have created some unwritten laws that are much stronger than those decreed and promulgated by governments. It would be the height of presumption to strike at these, to some extent privileged classes. It is to be hoped that the good fortunes of war will produce sanity and stability in the race, contending for abstract justice.—*Freeman*.

The testimony continues:

Private Smith of the Seventy-first Volunteers, speaking about the impression his experience at Santiago had made upon him, said:

“I am a Southerner by birth, and I never thought much of the colored man. But, somewhat, now I feel very differently toward them, for I met them in camp, on the battle field and that’s where a man gets to know a man. I never saw such fighting as those Tenth Cavalry men did. They didn’t seem to know what fear was, and their battle hymn was, ‘There’ll be a hot time in the old town to-night. That’s not a thrilling hymn to hear on the concert stage, but when you are lying in a trench with the smell of powder in your nose and the crack of rifles almost deafening you and bullets tearing up the ground around you like huge hailstones beating down the dirt, and you see before you a blockhouse from which there belches fourth the machine gun, pouring a torrent of leaden missiles, while from holes in the ground you see the leveled rifles of thousands of enemies that crack out death in ever-increasing succession and then you see a body of men go up that hill as if it were in drill, so solid do they keep their formation, and those men are yelling, ‘There’ll be a hot time in the old town to-night,’ singing as if they liked their work, why, there’s an appropriateness in the tune that kind of makes your blood creep and your nerves to thrill and you want to get up and go ahead if you lose a limb in the attempt And that’s what those ‘niggers’ did. You just heard the Lieutenant say, ‘Men, will you follow me?’ and you hear a tremendous shout answer him, ‘You bet we will,’ and right up through that death-dealing storm you see men charge, that is, you see them until the darned Springfield rifle powder blinds you and hides them.”



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“And there is another thing, too, that teaches a man a lesson. The action of the officers on the field is what I speak of. Somehow when you watch these men with their gold braid in armories on a dance night or dress parade it strikes you that they are a little more handsome and ornamental than they are practical and useful. To tell the truth, I didn’t think much of those dandy officers on parade or dancing round a ball room. I did not really think they were worth the money that was spent upon them. But I just found it was different on the battlefield, and they just knew their business and bullets were a part of the show to them.”

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NEGRO SOLDIERS.

The Charleston News and Courier says:

It is not known what proportion of the insurgent army is colored, but the indications are that the proportion of the same element in the volunteer army of occupation will be small.

On the basis of population, of course one-third of the South’s quota should be made up of colored, and it is to be remembered that they made good soldiers and constitute a large part of the regular army. There were nearly 250,000 of them in service in the last war.

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THE NEGRO AS A SOLDIER—HIS GOOD MARKSMANSHIP—THE FIGHT AT EL CANEY—“WOE TO SPANISH IN RANGE.”

There has been hitherto among the officers of the army a certain prejudice against serving in the Negro regiments. But the other day a Lieutenant in the Ninth Infantry said enthusiastically:

“Do you know, I shouldn’t want anything better than to have a company in a Negro regiment? I am from Virginia, and have always had the usual feeling about commanding colored troops. But after seeing that charge of the Twenty-fourth up the San Juan Hill, I should like the best in the world to have a Negro company. They went up that incline yelling and shouting just as I used to hear when they were hunting rabbits in Virginia. The Spanish bullets only made them wilder to reach the trenches.”

[Illustration: FIRST PAY-DAY IN CUBA FOR THE NINTH AND TENTH CAVALRY.]

Officers of other regiments which were near the Twenty-fourth on July 1 are equally strong in their praise of the Negroes. Their yells were an inspiration to their white comrades and spread dismay among the Spaniards. A Captain in a volunteer regiment



declares that the Twenty-fourth did more than any other to win the day at San Juan. As they charged up through the white soldiers their enthusiasm was spread, and the entire line fought the better for their cheers and their wild rush.

Spanish evidence to the effectiveness of the colored soldiers is not lacking. Thus an officer who was with the troops that lay in wait for the Americans at La Quasina on June 24th, said:

“What especially terrified our men was the huge American Negroes. We saw their big, black faces through the underbrush, and they looked like devils. They came forward under our fire as if they didn’t the least care about it.”



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THE CHARGE AT EL CANEY.

It was the Tenth Cavalry that had this effect on the Spaniards. At San Juan the Ninth Cavalry distinguished itself, its commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, being killed. The fourth of the Negro regiments, the Twenty-fifth Infantry, played an especially brilliant part in the battle of El Caney on July 1st. It was held in reserve with the rest of Colonel Miles' brigade, but was ordered to support General Lawton's brigade toward the middle of the day. At that hour marching was an ordeal, but the men went on at a fast pace. With almost no rest they kept it up until they got into action. The other troops had been fighting hard for hours, and the arrival of the Twenty-fifth was a blessing. The Negroes went right ahead through the tired ranks of their comrades. Their charge up the hill, which was surmounted by Spanish rifle pits and a stone fort, has been told. It was the work of only a part of the regiment, the men coming chiefly from three companies. Colonel Milts had intended having his whole brigade make the final charge, but the Twenty-fifth didn't wait for orders. It was there to take that hill, and take the hill it did.

One of the Spanish officers captured there seemed to think that the Americans were taking an unfair advantage of them in having colored men who fought like that. He had been accustomed to the Negroes in the insurgent army, and a different lot they are from those in the United States army.

"Why," he said ruefully, "even your Negroes fight better than any other troops I ever saw."

The way the Negroes charged up the El Caney and San Juan hills suggested inevitably that their African nature has not been entirely eliminated by generations of civilization, but was bursting forth in savage yells and in that wild rush some of them were fairly frantic with the delight of the battle. And it was no mere craziness. They are excellent marksmen, and they aim carefully and well. Woe to the Spaniards who showed themselves above the trenches when a colored regiment was in good range.

MAGNIFICENT SHOWING MADE BY THE NEGROES—THEIR SPLENDID COURAGE AT SANTIAGO THE ADMIRATION OF ALL OFFICERS.

They were led by Southern Men—Black Men from the South Fought Like Tigers and end a Question often debated—In only One or Two Actions of the Civil War was there such a loss of Officers as at San Juan.

[TELEGRAM TO COMMERCIAL.]

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1898.

Veterans who are comparing the losses at the battle of San Juan, near Santiago, last Friday, with those at Big Bethel and the first Bull Run say that in only one or two actions of the late war was there such a loss in officers as occurred at San Juan hill.



The companies of the Twenty-fourth Infantry are without officers. The regiment had four captains knocked down within a minute of each other. Capt. A.C. Ducat was the first officer hit in the action, and was killed instantly. His second lieutenant, John A. Gurney, a Michigan man, was struck dead at the same time as the captain, and Lieutenant Henry G. Lyon was left in command of Company D, but only for a few minutes, for he, too, went down. Liscum, commanding the regiment, was killed.



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NEGROES FIGHT LIKE TIGERS.

Company F, Twenty-fourth Infantry, lost Lieutenant Augustin, of Louisiana, killed, and Captain Crane was left without a commissioned officer. The magnificent courage of the Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas Negroes, which make up the rank and file of this regiment, is the admiration of every officer who has written here since the fight. The regiment has a large proportion of Southern-born officers, who led their men with more than usual exposure. These men had always said the Southern Negro would fight as staunchly as any white man, if he was led by those in whom he had confidence. The question has often been debated in every mess of the army. San Juan hill offered the first occasion in which this theory could be tested practically, and tested it was in a manner and with a result that makes its believers proud of the men they commanded. It has helped the morale of the four Negro regiments beyond words. The men of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, particularly, and their comrades of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry as well, are proud of the record they made.

THEY NEVER WAVERED.

The Twenty-fourth took the brunt of the fight, and all through it, even when whole companies were left without an officer, not for a moment were these colored soldiers shaken or wavering in the face of the fierce attack made upon them. Wounded Spanish officers declare that the attack was thus directed because they did not believe the Negro would stand up against them and they believed there was the faulty place in the American line. Never were men more amazed than were the Spanish officers to see the steadiness and cool courage with which the Twenty-fourth charged front forward on its tenth company (a difficult thing to do at any time), under the hottest fire. The value of the Negro as a soldier is no longer a debatable question.

It has been proven fully in one of the sharpest fights of the past three years.

* * * * *

"OUR BOYS," THE SOLDIERS.

"What Army Officers and Others Have to Say of the Negroes Conduct in War"—"Give Honor to Whom Honor is Due"—"Acme of Bravery."

It has been said, "Give honor to whom honor is due," and while it is just and right that it should be so, there are times, however, when the "honor" due is withheld. Ever since the battle of San Juan Hill at Santiago de Cuba nearly every paper in the land has had nothing but praise for the bravery shown by the "Rough Riders," and to the extent that, not knowing the truth, one would naturally arrive at the conclusion that the "Rough Riders" were "the whole thing." Although sometimes delayed, the truth, like murder, "will out." It is well enough to praise the "Rough Riders" for all they did, but why not divide

honors with the other fellows who made it possible for them, the “Rough Riders,” to receive praise, and be honored by a generous and valorous loving nation?

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After the battles of El Caney and San Juan Hill, many wounded American soldiers who were able to travel were given furloughs to their respective homes in the United States, and Lieutenant Thomas Roberts, of this city, was one of them. Shortly after Lieutenant Roberts arrived in the city he was interviewed by a representative of the *Illinois State Register*, to whom he gave a description of the battle of July 1st. He said: "On the night of June 30th the second squadron of the Tenth Cavalry did outpost duty. Daylight opened on the soon-to-be blood-sodden field on July 1st, and the Tenth was ordered to the front. First went the first squadron, followed soon after by the second, composed of Troops G, I, B and A. The Tenth Cavalry is composed of Negroes, commanded by white officers, and I have naught but the highest praise for the swarthy warriors on the field of carnage. Led by brave men, they will go into the thickest of the fight, even to the wicked mouths of deadly cannon, unflinchingly."

Lieutenant Roberts says further that "at 9 o'clock on the morning of July 1st the order came to move. Forward we went, until we struck a road between two groves, which road was swept by a hail of shot and shell from Spanish guns. The men stood their ground as if on dress parade. Single file, every man ready to obey any command, they bade defiance to the fiercest storm of leaden hail that ever hurtled over a troop of United States cavalry. The order came, 'Get under cover,' and the Seventy-first New York and the Tenth Cavalry took opposite sides of the road and lay down in the bushes. For a short time no orders came, and feeling a misapprehension of the issue, I hastened forward to consult with the first lieutenant of the company. We found that through a misinterpreted order the captain of the troop and eight men had gone forward. Hastening back to my post I consulted with the captain in the rear of Troop G, and the quartermaster appeared upon the scene asking the whereabouts of the Tenth Cavalry. They made known their presence, and the quartermaster told them to go on, showing the path, the quartermaster led them forward until the bend in the San Juan River was reached. Here the first bloodshed in the Tenth occurred, a young-volunteer named Baldwin fell, pierced by a Spanish ball."

An aide hastened up and gave the colonel of the regiment orders to move forward. The summit of the hill was crowned by two block-houses, and from these came an unceasing fire. Lieutenant Roberts said he had been lying on the ground but rose to his knees to repeat an order, "Move forward," when a mauser ball struck him in the abdomen and passed entirely through his body. Being wounded, he was carried off of the field, but after all was over, Lieutenant Roberts says it was said (on the quiet, of course) that "the heroic charge of the Tenth Cavalry saved the 'Rough Riders' from destruction." Lieutenant Roberts says he left Cuba on the 12th of July for Fort Monroe, and that a wounded Rough Rider told him while coming over that "had it not been for the Tenth Cavalry the Rough Riders would never passed through the seething cauldron of Spanish missiles." Such is the statement of one of Springfield's best citizens, a member of the Tenth Cavalry, United States regulars.

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[Illustration: FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.]

Some days later, Lieutenant Roberts had occasion to visit Chicago and Fort Sheridan, and while there he was interviewed by a representative of the Chicago Chronicle, to whom he related practically the same story as above stated, "You probably know my regiment is made up exclusively of Negroes except for the commissioned officers, and I want to say right here that those men performed deeds of heroism on that day which have no parallel in the history of warfare. They were under fire from six in the morning until 1:30 in the afternoon, with strict orders not to return the hail of lead, and not a man in those dusky ranks flinched. Our brigade was instructed to move forward soon after 1 o'clock to assault the series of blockhouses which was regarded as impregnable by the foreign attaches. As the aide dashed down our lines with orders from headquarters the boys realized the prayed-for charge was about to take place and cheered lustily. Such a charge! Will I ever forget that sublime spectacle? There was a river called San Juan, from the hill hard by, but which historians will term the pool of blood. Our brigade had to follow the course of that creek fully half a mile to reach the point selected for the grand attack. With what cheering did the boys go up that hill! Their naked bodies seemed to present a perfect target to the fire of the dons, but they never flinched. When the command reached the famous stone blockhouse it was commanded by a second sergeant, who was promoted on the field of battle for extraordinary bravery. San Juan fell many minutes before El Caney, which was attacked first, and I think the Negro soldiers can be thanked for the greater part of that glorious work. All honor to the Negro soldiers! No white man, no matter what his ancestry may be, should be ashamed to greet any of those Negro cavalymen with out-stretched hand. The swellest of the Rough Riders counted our troopers among their best friends and asked them to their places in New York when they returned, and I believe the wealthy fellows will prove their admiration had a true inspiration."

Thus we see that while the various newspapers of the country are striving to give the Rough Riders first honors, an honest, straightforward army officer who was there and took an active part in the fight, does not hesitate to give honor to whom honor is due, for he says, "All honor to the Negro soldiers," and that it was they who "saved the Rough Riders from destruction." And right here I wish to call the reader's attention to another very important matter and that is, while it has been said heretofore that the Negro soldier was not competent to command, does not the facts in the case prove, beyond a doubt, that there is no truth in the statement whatever? If a white colonel was "competent" to lead his command into the fight, it seems that a colored sergeant was competent extraordinary, for he not only went into the fight, but he, and his command, "done something," done the enemy out of the trenches, "saved the Rough Riders from destruction," and planted the Stars and Stripes on the blockhouse.



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Just before the charge, one of the foreign attaches, an Englishman, was heard to say that he did not see how the blockhouse was to be reached without the aid of cannon; but after the feat had been accomplished, a colored soldier said, "We showed him how."

Now that the colored soldier has proven to this nation, and the representatives of others, that he can, and does fight, as well as the "other fellow," and that he is also "competent" to command, it remains to be seen if the national government will give honor to whom honor is due, by honoring those deserving, with commissions.

Under the second call for volunteers by the President, the State of Illinois raised a regiment of colored soldiers, and Governor Tanner officered that regiment with colored officers from colonel down; and that, as you might say, before they had earned their "rank." Now the question is, can the national government afford to do less by those, who have earned, and are justly entitled to, a place in the higher ranks? We shall see.

C.F. ANDERSON.

Springfield, Ill.

* * * * *

COLORED FIGHTERS AT SANTIAGO.

Testimony is multiplying of the bravery of the colored troops at Santiago de Cuba July 1st and 2d, 1898.

Testimony is adduced to show that these "marvels of warfare" actually fought without officers and executed movements under a galling fire which would have puzzled a recruit on parade ground. The Boston Journal of the 31st, in its account, gives the following interview-Mason Mitchell (white) said:

"We were in a valley when we started, but made at once for a trail running near the top of a ridge called La Quasina, several hundred feet high, which, with several others parallel to it, extended in the direction of Santiago. By a similar trail near the top of the ridge to our right several companies of Negro troopers of the Ninth and Tenth United States Cavalry marched in scout formation, as we did. We had an idea about where the Spaniards were and depended upon Cuban scouts to warn us but they did not do it. At about 8:30 o'clock in the morning we met a volley from the enemy, who were ambushed, not only on our ridge, but on the one to the right, beyond the Negro troops, and the Negro soldiers were under a cross fire. That is how Capt. Capron and Hamilton Fish were killed."

It says: "Handsome young Sergt. Stewart, the Rough Rider protege of Henry W. Maxwell, when he was telling of the fight in the ambush, gave it as his opinion that the Rough Riders would have been whipped out if the Tenth Cavalry (colored) had not



come up just in time to drive the Spaniards back. 'I'm a Southerner, from New Mexico, and I never thought much of the 'nigger' before. Now I know what they are made of. I respect them. They certainly can fight like the devil and they don't care for bullets any more than they do for the leaves that shower down on them. I've changed my opinion of the colored folks, for all of the men that I saw fighting, there were none to beat the Tenth Cavalry and the colored infantry at Santiago, and I don't mind saying so.'"



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The description which follows is interesting: "It was simply grand to see how those young fellows, and old fellows, too, men who were rich and had been the petted of society in the city, walk up and down the lines while their clothes were powdered by the dust from exploding shells and torn by broken fragments cool as could be and yelling to the men to lay low and take good aim, or directing some squad to take care of a poor devil who was wounded. Why, at times there when the bullets were so thick they mowed the grass down like grass cutters in places, the officers stood looking at the enemy through glasses as if they were enjoying the scene, and now and then you'd see a Captain or a Lieutenant pick up a gun from a wounded or dead man and blaze away himself at some good shot that he had caught sight of from his advantage point. Those sights kind of bring men together and make them think more of each other. And when a white man strayed from his regiment and falls wounded it rather affects him to have a Negro, shot himself a couple of times, take his carbine and make a splint of it to keep a torn limb together for the white soldier, and then, after lifting him to one side, pick up the wounded man's rifle and go back to the fight with as much vigor as ever. Yes, sir, we boys have learned something down there, even if some of us were pretty badly torn for it."

Another witness testifies: "Trooper Lewis Bowman, another of the brave Tenth Cavalry, had two ribs broken by a Spanish shell while before San Juan. He told of the battle as follows:"

"The Rough Riders had gone off in great glee, bantering up and good-naturedly boasting that they were going ahead to lick the Spaniards without any trouble, and advising us to remain where we were until they returned, and they would bring back some Spanish heads as trophies. When we heard firing in the distance, our Captain remarked that some one ahead was doing good work. The firing became so heavy and regular that our officers, without orders, decided to move forward and reconnoitre. When we got where we could see what was going on we found that the Rough Riders had marched down a sort of canon between the mountains. The Spaniards had men posted at the entrance, and as soon as the Rough Riders had gone in had about closed up the rear and were firing upon the Rough Riders from both the front and rear. Immediately the Spaniards in the rear received a volley from our men of the Tenth Cavalry (colored) without command. The Spaniards were afraid we were going to flank them, and rushed out of ambush, in front of the Rough Riders, throwing up their hands and shouting, 'Don't shoot; we are Cubans.'"

"The Rough Riders thus let them escape, and gave them a chance to take a better position ahead. During all this time the men were in all the tall grass and could not see even each other and I feared the Rough Riders in the rear shot many of their men in the front, mistaking them for Spanish soldiers. By this time the Tenth Cavalry had fully taken in the situation, and, adopting the method employed in fighting the Indians, were able to turn the tide of battle and repulse the Spaniards."

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He speaks plainly when he says:

“I don’t think it an exaggeration to say that if it had not been for the timely aid of the Tenth Cavalry (colored) the Rough Riders would have been exterminated. This is the unanimous opinion, at least, of the men of the Tenth Cavalry. I was in the fight of July 1, and it was in that fight that I received my wound. We were under fire in that fight about forty-eight hours, and were without food and with but little water. We had been cut off from our pack train, as the Spanish sharpshooters shot our mules as soon as they came anywhere near the lines, and it was impossible to move supplies. Very soon after the firing began our Colonel was killed, and the most of our other officers were killed or wounded, so that the greater part of that desperate battle was fought by some of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry without officers; or, at least, if there were any officers around, we neither saw them nor heard their commands. The last command I heard our Captain give was:”

“Boys, when you hear my whistle, lie flat down on the ground.”

“Whether he ever whistled or not I do not know. The next move we made was when, with a terrific yell, we charged up to the Spanish trenches and bayoneted and clubbed them out of their places in a jiffy. Some of the men of our regiment say that the last command they heard was: ‘To the rear!’ But this command they utterly disregarded and charged to the front until the day was won, and the Spaniards, those not dead in the trenches, fled back to the city.”

[Illustration: CUBANS FIGHTING FROM TREE TOPS.]

But a colored man, Wm. H. Brown, a member of the Tenth Cavalry, said:

“A foreign officer, standing near our position when we started out to make that charge, was heard to say; ‘Men, for heaven’s sake, don’t go up that hill! It will be impossible for human beings to take that position! You can’t stand the fire!’ Notwithstanding this, with a terrific yell we rushed up the enemy’s works, and you know the result. Men who saw him say that when this officer saw us make the charge he turned his back upon us and wept.”

“And the odd thing about it all is that these wounded heroes never will admit that they did anything out of the common. They will talk all right about those ‘other fellows,’ but they don’t about themselves, and were immensely surprised when such a fuss was made over them on their arrival and since. They simply believed they had a duty to perform and performed it.”—Planet.

* * * * *

OUR COLORED SOLDIERS.



A FEW OF THE INTERESTING COMMENTS ON THE DEEDS PERFORMED BY THE BRAVE BOYS OF THE REGULAR ARMY—SAVED THE LIFE OF HIS LIEUTENANT BUT LOST HIS OWN.

“The Ninth and Tenth Cavalry are composed of the bravest lot of soldiers I ever saw. They held the ground that Roosevelt retreated from and saved them from annihilation.”



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To a Massachusetts soldier in another group of interviewers, the same question was put: "How about the colored soldiers?"

"They fought like demons," came the answer.

"Before El Caney was taken the Spaniards were on the heights of San Juan with heavy guns. All along our line an assault was made and the enemy was holding us off with terrible effect. From their blockhouse on the hill came a magazine of shot. Shrapnell shells fell in our ranks, doing great damage. Something had to be done or the day would have been lost. The Ninth and part of the Tenth Cavalry moved across into a thicket near by. The Spaniards rained shot upon them. They collected and like a flash swept across the plains and charged up the hill. The enemy's guns were used with deadly effect. On and on they went, charging with the fury of madness. The blockhouse was captured, the enemy fled and we went into El Caney."

In another group a trooper from an Illinois regiment was explaining the character of the country and the effect of the daily rains upon the troops. Said he:

"Very few colored troops are sick. They stood the climate better and even thrived on the severity of army life."

Said he: "I never had much use for a 'nigger' and didn't want him in the fight. He is all right, though. He makes a good soldier and deserves great credit."

Another comrade near by related the story as told by a cavalry lieutenant, who with a party reconnoitered a distance from camp. The thick growth of grass and vines made ambuscading a favorite pastime with the Spaniards. With smokeless powder they lay concealed in the grass. As the party rode along the sharp eye of a colored cavalryman noticed the movement of grass ahead. Leaning over his horse with sword in hand he plucked up an enemy whose gun was levelled at the officer. The Spaniard was killed by the Negro who himself fell dead, shot by another. He had saved the life of his lieutenant and lost his own.

A comrade of the Seventeenth Infantry gave his testimony. Said he:

"I shall never forget the 1st of July. At one time in the engagement of that day the Twenty-first Infantry had faced a superior force of Spaniards and were almost completely surrounded. The Twenty-fourth Infantry, of colored troops, seeing the perilous position of the Twenty-first, rushed to the rescue, charged and routed the enemy, thereby saving the ill-fated regiment."

Col. Joseph Haskett, of the Seventeenth regular Infantry, testifies to the meritorious conduct of the Negro troops. Said he:



“Our colored soldiers are 100 percent superior to the Cuban. He is a good scout, brave soldier, and not only that, but is everywhere to be seen building roads for the movement of heavy guns.”

Among the trophies of war brought to Old Point were a machete, the captured property of a colored trooper, a fine Spanish sword, taken from an officer and a little Cuban lad about nine years old, whose parents had bled for Cuba. His language and appearance made him the cynosure of all eyes. He was dressed in a little United States uniform and had pinned to his clothing a tag which read: “Santiago buck, care of Col. C.L. Wilson, Manhattan Club, New York.” His name is Vairrames y Pillero.



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He seemed to enjoy the shower of small coin that fell upon him from the hotels. His first and only English words were "Moocha Moona."

These fragments were gathered while visiting at Old Point Comfort recently. They serve to show the true feeling of the whites for their brave black brother.

A.E. MEYZEEK, in the Freeman.

Louisville, Ky.

BLACK SOLDIER BOYS.

The following is what the New York Mail and Express says respecting the good services being rendered by our black soldier boys:

"All honors to the black troopers of the gallant Tenth! No more striking example of bravery and coolness has been shown since the destruction of the Maine than by the colored veterans of the Tenth Cavalry during the attack upon Caney on Saturday. By the side of the intrepid Rough Riders they followed their leader up the terrible hill from whose crest the desperate Spaniards poured down a deadly fire of shell and musketry. They never faltered. The tents in their ranks were filled as soon as made. Firing as they marched, their aim was splendid, their coolness was superb, and their courage aroused the admiration of their comrades. Their advance was greeted with wild cheers from the white regiment's, and with an answering shout they pressed onward over the trenches they had taken close in the pursuit of the retreating enemy. The war has not shown greater heroism. The men whose own freedom was baptized with blood have proved themselves capable of giving up their lives that others may be free. To-day is a glorious Fourth for all races 'of people in this great land."

* * * * *

THEY NEVER FALTERED.

The test of the Negro soldier has been applied and today the whole world stands amazed at the valor and distinctive bravery shown by the men, who, in the face of a most galling fire, rushed onward while shot and shell tore fearful gaps in their ranks. These men, the Tenth Cavalry, did not stop to ask was it worth while for them to lay down their lives for the honor of a country that has silently allowed her citizens to be killed and maltreated in almost every conceivable way; they did not stop to ask would their death bring deliverance to their race from mob violence and lynching. They saw their duty and did it! The New York Journal catches inspiration from the wonderful courage of the Tenth Cavalry and writes these words:

"The two most picturesque and most characteristically American commands in General Shafter's army bore off the great honors of a day in which all won honor."



“No man can read the story in to-day’s Journal of the ‘Rough Riders’ charge on the blockhouse at El Caney of Theodore Roosevelt’s mad daring in the face of what seemed certain death without having his pulses beat faster and some reflected light of the fire of battle gleam from his eyes.”

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“And over against this scene of the cowboy and the college graduate, the New York man about town and the Arizona bad man united in one coherent war machine, set the picture of the Tenth United States Cavalry—the famous colored regiment. Side by side with Roosevelt’s men they fought—these black men. Scarce used to freedom themselves, they are dying that Cuba may be free. Their marksmanship was magnificent, say the eye witnesses. Their courage was superb. They bore themselves like veterans, and gave proof positive that out of nature’s naturally peaceful, careless and playful military discipline and an inspiring cause can make soldiers worthy to rank with Caesar’s legions or Cromwell’s army.”

“The Rough Riders and the Black Regiment. In those two commands is an epitome of almost our whole national character.”

THE NEGRO AS A SOLDIER.

HIS GOOD NATURE—HIS KINDHEARTEDNESS—EQUALLY AVAILABLE IN
INFANTRY OR
CAVALRY.

The good nature of the Negro soldier is remarkable. He is always fond of a joke and never too tired to enjoy one. Officers have wondered to see a whole company of them, at the close of a long practice march, made with heavy baggage, chasing a rabbit which some one may have started. They will run for several hundred yards whooping and yelling and laughing, and come back to camp feeling as if they had had lots of fun, the white soldier, even if not tired, would never see any joke in rushing after a rabbit. To the colored man the diversion is a delight.

In caring for the sick, the Negro’s tenderheartedness is conspicuous. On one of the transports loaded with sick men a white soldier asked to be helped to his bunk below. No one of his color stirred, but two Negro convalescents at once went to his assistance. When volunteers were called for to cook for the sick, only Negroes responded. They were pleased to be of service to their officers. If the Captain’s child is ill, every man in the company is solicitous; half of them want to act as nurse. They feel honored to be hired to look after an officer’s horse and clothing. The “striker” as he is called, soon gets to look on himself as a part of his master; it is no “Captain has been ordered away,” but “We have been ordered away.” Every concern of his employer about which he knows interests him, and a slight to his superior is vastly more of an offence than if offered to himself. Indeed, if the army knew how well officers of the colored regiments are looked after by their men, there would be less disinclination to serve in such commands. After years with a Negro company, officers find it difficult to get along with white soldiers. They must be much more careful to avoid hurting sensibilities, and must do without many little services to which they have been accustomed.

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MRS. PORTER'S RIDE TO THE FRONT.

For many years she has known and admired Miss Barton and against the advice of her friends had resolved to help Miss Barton in her task of succoring the sufferers in Cuba.

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During the second day's fighting Mrs. Porter, escorted by a general whom she has known for many years, rode almost to the firing line. Bullets whistled about her head, but she rode bravely on until her curiosity was satisfied. Then she rode leisurely back to safety. She came back filled with admiration of the colored troops. She described them as being "brave in battle, obedient under orders and philosophical under privations."

Thanks to Mrs. Porter, the wife of the President's private secretary. Mrs. Porter is one of heaven's blessings, sent as a messenger of "The Ship" earth, to testify in America what she saw of the Negro troops in Cuba.

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THE INVESTMENT OF SANTIAGO AND SURRENDER.

(As Presented in the N.Y. World.)

General Shafter put a human rope of 22,400 men around Santiago, with its 26,000 Spanish soldiers, and then Spain succumbed in despair. In a semi-circle extending around Santiago, from Daliquiri on the east clear around to Cobre on the west, our troops were stretched a cordon of almost impenetrable thickness and strength. First came General Bates, with the Ninth, Tenth, Third, Thirteenth, Twenty-first and Twenty-fourth U.S. Infantry. On his right crouched General Sumner, commanding the Third, Sixth and Ninth U.S. Cavalry. Next along the arc were the Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth U.S. Infantry under General Chaffee. Then, advantageously posted, there were six batteries of artillery prepared to sweep the horizon under direction of General Randolph. General Jacob Kent, with the Seventy-first New York Volunteers and the Sixth and Sixteenth U.S. Infantry, held the centre. They were flanked by General Wheeler and the Rough Riders, dismounted; eight troops of the First U.S. Volunteers, four troops of the Second U.S. Cavalry, four light batteries, two heavy batteries and then four more troops of the Second U.S. Cavalry.

Santiago's Killed and Wounded Compared With Historic Battles.

Battle; Men Engaged.; Killed and Wounded.; Per Ct. Lost.

Agincourt; 62,000; 11,400; .18
Alma; 103,000; 8,400; .08
Bannockburn; 135,000; 38,000; .28
Borodino; 250,000; 78,000; .31
Cannae; 146,000; 52,000; .34
Cressy; 117,000; 31,000; .27
Gravelotte; 396,000; 52,000; .16
Sadowa; 291,000; 33,000; .11
Waterloo; 221,000; 51,000; .23



Antietam; 87,000; 31,000; .29
Austerlitz; 154,000; 38,000; .48
Gettysburg; 185,000; 34,000; .44
Sedan; 314,000; 47,000; .36
Santiago; 22,400; 1,457; .07
El Caney; 3,300; 650; .19
San Juan; 6,000; 745; .12
Aguadores; 2,400; 62; .02

[Illustration: INVESTMENT OF SANTIAGO BY U.S. ARMY.]

General Lawton, with the Second Massachusetts and the Eighth and Twenty-second U.S. Infantry, came next. Then General Duffield's command, comprising the volunteers from Michigan (Thirty-third and Third Regiments), and the Ninth Massachusetts, stretched along until Gen. Ludlow's men were reached. These comprised the First Illinois, First District of Columbia, Eighth Ohio, running up to the Eighth and Twenty-second Regulars and the Bay State men. Down by the shore across from Morro and a little way inland Generals Henry and Garretson had posted the Sixth Illinois and the crack Sixth Massachusetts, flanking the railroad line to Cobre.



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SCENES OF THE FINAL SURRENDER.

When reveille sounded Sunday morning half the great semi-lunar camp was awake and eager for the triumphal entrance into the city. Speculation ran rife as to which detachment would accompany the General and his staff into Santiago. The choice fell upon the Ninth Infantry. Shortly before 9 o'clock General Shafter left his headquarters, accompanied by Generals Lawton and Wheeler, Colonels Ludlow, Ames and Kent, and eighty other officers. The party walked slowly down the hill to the road leading to Santiago, along which they advanced until they reached the now famous tree outside the walls, under which all negotiations for the surrender of the city had taken place. As they reached this spot the cannon on every hillside and in the city itself boomed forth a salute of twenty-one guns, which was echoed at Siboney and Aserradero.

The soldiers knew what the salute meant, and cheer upon cheer arose and ran from end to end of the eight miles of the American lines. A troop of colored cavalry and the Twenty-fifth colored infantry then started to join General Shafter and his party.

The Americans waited under the tree as usual, when General Shafter sent word to General Toral that he was ready to take possession of the town. General Toral, in full uniform, accompanied by his whole staff, fully caparisoned, shortly afterward left the city and walked to where the American officers were waiting their coming. When they reached the tree General Shafter and General Toral saluted each other gravely and courteously. Salutes were also exchanged by other American and Spanish officers. The officers were then introduced to each other. After this little ceremony the two commanding generals faced each other and General Toral, speaking in Spanish, said:

"Through fate I am forced to surrender to General Shafter, of the American Army, the city and the strongholds of Santiago."

General Toral's voice grew husky as he spoke, giving up the town and the surrounding country to his victorious enemy. As he finished speaking the Spanish officers presented arms.

General Shafter, in reply, said:

"I receive the city in the name of the government of the United States."

General Toral addressed an order to his officers in Spanish and they wheeled about, still presenting arms, and General Shafter and the other American officers with the cavalry and infantry followed them, walked by the Spaniards and proceeded into the city proper.

The soldiers on the American line could see quite plainly all the proceedings. As their commander entered the city they gave voice to cheer after cheer.



Although no attempt was made to humiliate them the Spanish soldiers seemed at first to feel downcast and scarcely glanced at their conquerors as they passed by, but this apparent depth of feeling was not displayed very long. Without being sullen they appeared to be utterly indifferent to the reverses of the Spanish arms, but it was not long ere the prospect of regulation rations and a chance to go to their homes made them almost cheerful. All about the filthy streets of the city the starving refugees: could be seen, gaunt, hollow-eyed, weak and trembling.



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The squalor in the streets was dreadful. The bones of dead horses and other animals were bleaching in the streets and buzzards almost as tame as sparrows hopped aside as passers-by disturbed them. There was a fetid smell everywhere and evidences of a pitiless siege and starvation on every hand.

The palace was reached soon after 10 o'clock. Then, General Toral introduced General Shafter and the other officials to various local dignitaries and a scanty luncheon, was brought. Coffee, rice, wine and toasted cake were the main condiments.

Then came the stirring scene in the balcony which every one felt was destined to become notably historic in our annals of warfare, and the ceremony over, General Shafter withdrew to our own lines and left the city to General McKibbin and his police force of guards and sentries. The end had come. Spain's haughty ensign trailed in the dust; Old Glory, typifying liberty and the pursuit of happiness untrammelled floated over the official buildings from Fort Morro to the Plaza de Armas—the investment of Santiago de Cuba was accomplished.

CHAPTER VI.

NO COLOR LINE DRAWN IN CUBA.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION-CONDITION IN THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES-AMERICAN PREJUDICE CANNOT EXIST THERE-A CATHOLIC PRIEST VOUCHES FOR THE ACCURACY OF STATEMENT.

The article we reprint from the New York Sun touching the status of the Colored man in Cuba was shown to Rev. Father Walter R. Yates, Assistant pastor of St. Joseph's Colored Church.

A Planet reporter was informed that Father Yates had resided in that climate for several years and wished his views.

"The Sun correspondent is substantially correct," said the Reverend gentleman. "Of course, the article is very incomplete, there are many omissions, but that is to be expected in a newspaper article."

It would take volumes to describe the achievements of men of the Negro, or as I prefer to call it, the Aethiopic Race, not only in Cuba, but in all the West Indies, Central and South America, and in Europe especially in Sicily, Spain and France.

"By achievements I mean success in military, political, social, religious and literary walks of life. The only thing I see to correct in the Sun's article, continued the Father, is in regard to population. 'A Spanish official told me that the census figures were notoriously misleading. The census shows less than one-third colored. That is said not



to be true. As soon as a man with African blood, whether light or dark, acquires property and education, he returns himself in the census as white. The officials humor them in this petty vanity. In fact it's the most difficult thing in the world to distinguish between races in Cuba. Many Spaniards from Murcia, for instance, of undoubted noble lineage are darker than Richmond mulattoes.”

[Illustration: GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR.]



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May I ask you, Father Yates, to what do you ascribe the absence of Race prejudice in Cuba?

“Certainly. In my humble opinion it is due to Church influence. We all know the effect on our social life of our churches. Among Catholics all men have always been on equal footing at the Communion rail. Catholics would be unworthy of their name, *i.e.* Catholic or universal were it not so.”

“Even in the days when slavery was practised this religious equality and fellowship was fully recognized among Catholics.”

Did you know there is an American Negro Saint? He was born in Colon, Central America, and is called Blessed Martin De Porres. His name is much honored in Cuba, Peru, Mexico and elsewhere. He wore the white habit of a Dominican Brother. The Dominicans are called the Order of Preachers.

Christ Died for All. Father Donovan has those words painted in large letters over the Sanctuary in St. Joseph’s Church. It is simply horrible to think that some self-styled Christian sectarians act as if Christ died for white men only.

Matanzas, Cuba, Jan. 20.—Not least among the problems of reconstruction in Cuba is the social and political status of the colored “man and brother.” In Cuba the shade of a man’s complexion has never been greatly considered, and one finds dusky Othellos in every walk of life. The present dispute arose when a restaurant keeper from Alabama refused a seat at his public table to the mulatto Colonel of a Cuban regiment. The Southerner was perfectly sincere in the declaration that he would see himself in a warmer climate than Cuba before he would insult his American guests “by seating a ‘nigger’ among them!” To the Colonel it was a novel and astonishing experience, and is of course deeply resented by all his kind in Cuba, where African blood may be found, in greater or less degree, in some of the richest and most influential families of the island.

COLORED BELLES THERE.

In Havana you need not be surprised to see Creole belles on the fashionable Prado—perhaps Cuban-Spanish. Cuban-English or Cuban-German blondes—promenading with Negro officers in gorgeous uniforms; or octoroon beauties with hair in natural crimp, riding in carriages beside white husbands or lighting up an opera box with the splendor of their diamonds. There was a wedding in the old cathedral the other day, attended by the elite of the city, the bride being the lovely young daughter of a Cuban planter, the groom a burly Negro. Nobody to the manor born has ever dreamed of objecting to this mingling of colors; therefore when some newly arrived foreigner declares that nobody but those of his own complexion shall eat in a public dining room, there is likely to be trouble.

THE WAR BEGAN.



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When the war began the population of Cuba was a little more than one-third black; now the proportion is officially reckoned as 525,684 colored, against 1,631,600 white. In 1898 two Negroes were serving as secretaries in the Autonomist Cabinet. The last regiment that Blanco formed was of Negro volunteers, to whom he paid—or, rather, promised to pay, which is quite another matter, considering Blanco's habit—the unusual hire of \$20 a month, showing his appreciation of the colored man as a soldier. If General Weyler evinced any partiality in Cuba, it was for the black Creole. During the ten years' war, his cavalry escort was composed entirely of colored men. Throughout his latest reign in the island he kept black soldiers constantly on guard at the gates of the government palace. While the illustrated papers of Spain were caricaturing: the insurgents as coal-black demons with horns and forked toe nails, burning canefields and butchering innocent Spaniards, the Spanish General chose them for his bodyguards.

[Illustration: CUBAN WOMAN CAVALRY.]

ONE OF THE GREATEST GENERALS.

One of the greatest Generals of the day, considering the environment, was Antonio Maceo, the Cuban mulatto hero, who, for two years, kept the Spanish army at bay or led them a lively quickstep through the western provinces to the very gates of Havana. As swift on the march as Sheridan or Stonewall Jackson, as wary and prudent as Grant himself, he had inspirations of military genius whenever a crisis arose. It is not generally known that Martinez Campos, who owed his final defeat at Colisea to Maceo, was a second cousin of this black man. Maceo's mother, whose family name was Grinan, came from the town of Mayari where all the people have Indian blood in their veins. Col. Martinez del Campos, father of General Martinez Campos, was once Military Governor of Mayari. While there he loved a beautiful girl of Indian and Negro blood, who belonged to the Grinan family, and was first cousin to Maceo's mother. Martinez Campos, Jr., the future General and child of the Indian girl was born in Mayari. The Governor could not marry his sweetheart, having a wife and children in Spain, but when he returned to the mother country he took the boy along. According to Spanish law, the town in which one is baptized is recognized as his legal birthplace, so it was easy enough to legitimize the infant Campos. He grew up in Spain, and when sent to Cuba as Captain-General, to his everlasting credit be it said, that one of his first acts was to hunt up his mother. Having found her, old and poor, he bought a fine house in Campo Florida, the aristocratic suburb of Havana, established her there and cared for her tenderly till she died. The cousins, though on opposite sides of the war, befriended each other in many instances, and it is said that more than once Captain-General Campos owed his life to his unacknowledged relative.

HIS BROTHER CAPTURED.

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The latter's half brother, Jose Maceo, was captured early in the war and sent to the African prison, Centa; whence he escaped later on with Quintin Bandera and others of his staff. The last named Negro Colonel is to-day a prominent figure. "Quintin Bandera" means "fifteen flags," and the appellation was bestowed upon him by his grateful countrymen after he had captured fifteen Spanish ensigns. Everybody seems to have forgotten his real name, and Quintin Bandera he will remain in history. While in the African penal settlement the daughter of a Spanish officer fell in love with him. She assisted in his escape and fled with him to Gibraltar. There he married his rescuer. She is of Spanish and Moorish descent, and is said to be a lady of education and refinement. She taught her husband to read and write and feels unbounded pride in his achievements.

The noted General Jesus Rabi, of the Cuban Army, is of the same mixed blood as the Maceos. Another well-known Negro commander is General Flor Crombet, whose patriotic deeds have been dimmed by his atrocious cruelties. Among all the officers now swarming Havana none attracts more admiring attention than General Ducasse, a tall, fine-looking mulatto, who was educated at the fine military school of St. Cyr. He is of extremely polished manners and undeniable force of character, can make a brilliant address and has great influence among the masses. To eject such a man as he from a third rate foreign restaurant in his own land would be ridiculous. His equally celebrated brother, Col. Juan Ducasse, was killed last year in the Pinar del Rio insurrection.

COLORED MEN'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

Besides these sons of Mars, Cuba has considered her history enriched by the achievements of colored men in peaceful walks of life. The memory of Gabriel Concepcion de la Valdez the mulatto poet, is cherished as that of a saint. He was accused by the Spanish government of complicity in the slave insurrection of 1844 and condemned to be shot in his native town, Matanzas. One bright morning in May he stood by the old statue of Ferdinand VII. in the Plaza d'Armas, calmly facing a row of muskets, along whose shining barrels the sun glinted. The first volley failed to touch a vital spot. Bleeding from several wounds, he still stood erect, and, pointing to his heart, said in a clear voice, "Aim here!" Another mulatto author, educator and profound thinker was Antonio Medina, a priest and professor of San Basilio the Greater. He acquired wide reputation as a poet, novelist and ecclesiastic, both in Spain and Cuba, and was selected by the Spanish Academy to deliver the oration on the anniversary of Cervantes' death in Madrid. His favorite Cuban pupil was Juan Gaulberto Gomez, the mulatto journalist, who has been imprisoned time and again for offences against the Spanish press laws. Senor Gomez, whose home is in Matanzas, is now on the shady side of 40, a spectacled and scholarly looking man. After the peace of Zanjon he collaborated in the periodicals published by the Marquis of Sterling. In '79 he founded in Havana, the newspaper La Fraternidad, devoted to the interest of the colored race. For a certain fiery editorial he was deported to Centa and kept there two years. Then he went to

Madrid and assumed the management of La Tribuna and in 1890 returned to Havana and resumed the publication of La Fraternidad.



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ANOTHER EXILE.

Another beloved exile from the land of his birth is Senor Jose White. His mother was a colored woman of Matanzas. At the age of 16 Jose wrote a mass for the Matanzas orchestra and gave his first concert. With the proceeds he entered the Conservatory of Paris, and in the following year won the first prize as violinist among thirty-nine contestants. He soon gained an enviable reputation among the most celebrated European violinists, and, covered with honors, returned to Havana in January of '75. But his songs were sometimes of liberty, and in June of the same year the Spanish government drove him out of the country. Then he went to Brazil, and is now President of the Conservatory of Music of Rio Janeiro.

One might go on multiplying similar incidents. Some of the most eminent doctors, lawyers and college professors in Cuba are more or less darkly "colored." In the humble walks of life one finds them everywhere, as carpenters, masons, shoemakers and plumbers. In the few manufactories of Cuba a large proportion of the workmen are Negroes especially in the cigar factories. In the tanneries of Pinar del Rio most of the workmen are colored, also in the saddle factories of Havana, Guanabacoa, Cardenas and other places. Although the insurgent army is not yet disbanded, the sugar-planters get plenty of help from their ranks by offering fair wages.—New York Sun.

FACTS ABOUT PORTO RICO TOLD IN SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

Porto Rico, the beautiful island which General Miles is taking under the American flag, has an area of 3,530 square miles. It is 107 miles in length and 37 miles across. It has a good telegraph line and a railroad only partially completed.

The population, which is not made up of so many Negroes and mulattoes as that of the neighboring islands, is about 900,000. Almost all of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics.

It is a mountainous island, and contains forty seven navigable streams. The roads are merely paths beaten down by cattle.

Exports in 1887 were valued at \$10,181,291; imports, \$10,198,006.

Gold, copper, salt, coal and iron abound.

The poorer classes live almost entirely on a variety of highland rice, which is easily cultivated, as it requires no flooding.

One of the principal industries is grazing. St. Thomas is the market for fresh meat.

Corn, tobacco, sugar, coffee, cotton and potatoes constitute the principal crops.



There are no snakes, no beasts of prey, no noxious birds nor insects in the island.

The trees and grass are always green.

Rats are the great foe of the crops.

The natives often live to be one hundred years old.

The most beautiful flower on the island is the ortegon, which has purple blossoms a yard long.

Hurricanes are frequent on the north coast and very destructive.

Mosquitoes art the pest of the island.



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Spanish is the language spoken, and education is but little esteemed.

Every man, no matter how poor, owns a horse and three or four gamecocks.

The small planter is called "Xivaro." He is the proud possessor of a sweet-heart, a gamecock, a horse, a hammock, a guitar and a large supply of tobacco. He is quick tempered but not revengeful, and he is proverbially lazy.

Hospitality is the rule of the island. The peasants are astonished and hurt when offered money by travellers. San Juan Harbor is one of the best in the West Indies, and is said to be the third most strongly fortified town in the world, Halifax being the strongest and Cartagena, Spain, the second.

Ponce de Leon, between 1509 and 1518 killed off the natives.

The De Leon palace, built in 1511, is of great interest to tourists.

The climate is warm but pleasant. At night thick clothing is found comfortable.

All visiting and shopping are done after sundown.

Slavery was abolished in 1873.

The women are rather small and delicately formed. Many of them are pretty and they are all given to flirtation.

Men and women ride horseback alike. Wicker baskets to carry clothes or provisions, are hung on either side of the horse's shoulders. Back of these baskets the rider sits.

It is the custom of travellers on horseback to carry a basket handled sword a yard and a quarter long, more as an ornament than as a means of defense.

The observance of birthdays is an island fashion that is followed by every one.

A Governor, appointed by the Crown, manages affairs. His palace is at San Juan, the capital, a town that has 24,000 inhabitants.

Upon the Rio Grande are prehistoric monuments that have attracted the attention of archaeologists.

Following the Spanish custom, men are imprisoned for debt.

In the towns houses are built with flat roofs, both to catch water and to afford the family a small roof garden.



All planters have town houses where they bring their families during the carnival season.

San Juan is filled with adventurers, gamblers, speculators and fugitives from justice.—
New York World.

CHAPTER VII.

LIST OF COLORED REGIMENTS THAT DID ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR,—AND VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS.

Regulars.—Section 1104 of the Revised Statutes of the United States Congress provides that “the enlisted men of two regiments of Cavalry shall be colored men,” and in compliance with this section the War Department maintains the organization of the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, both composed of colored men with white officers.

Section 1108 of the Revised Statutes of Congress provides that “the enlisted men of two regiments of Infantry shall be colored men;” and in compliance with this section the War Department maintains the organization of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry, both composed of colored men with white officers.



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The above regiments were the only colored troops that were engaged in active service in Cuba. There is no statute requiring colored artillery regiments to be organized, and there are therefore none in the regular army.

* * * * *

A LIST OF THE VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS.

Third North Carolina—All colored officers.

Sixth Virginia—White officers, finally, the colored officers resigned “under pressure,” after which there was much trouble with the men, as they claimed to have enlisted with the understanding that they were to have colored officers.

[Illustration: OFFICERS OF THE NINTH OHIO—LIEUTENANT YOUNG IN THE CENTER.]

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Ninth Ohio—All colored officers; Col. Chas. Young, graduate of West Point.

Twenty-third Kansas—Colored officers.

Eighth Illinois—Under colored officers, and did police duty at San Luis, Cuba.

Seventh U.S. Volunteers.

Tenth U.S. Volunteers.

Eighth U.S. Volunteers.

Ninth U.S. Volunteers.

The conduct of the colored volunteers has been harshly criticised, and it is thought by some that the conduct of the volunteers has had some influence in derogation of the good record made by the regulars around Santiago. This view, however, we think unjust, and ill-founded. There was considerable shooting of pistols and drunkenness among some regiments of volunteers, and it was not confined by any means to those of the colored race. The white volunteers were as drunk and noisy as the colored, and shot as many pistols.

The Charlotte Observer has the following editorial concerning some white troops that passed through Charlotte, N.C.:



“Mustered-out West Virginia and New York volunteer soldiers who passed through this city Saturday night, behaved on the train and here like barbarians, disgracing their uniforms, their States and themselves. They were drunk and disorderly, and their firing of pistols, destruction of property and theft of edibles was not as bad as their outrageous profanity and obscenity on the cars in the hearing of ladies. Clearly they are brutes when sober and whiskey only developed the vileness already in them.”

By a careful comparison of the reports in the newspapers, we see a slight excess of rowdyism on the part of the whites, but much less fuss made about it. In traveling from place to place if a white volunteer company fired a few shots in the air, robbed a fruit stand, or fussed with the by standers at railroad stations or drank whiskey at the car windows, the fact was simply mentioned in the morning papers, but if a Negro company fired a pistol a telegram was sent ahead to have mobs in readiness to “do up the niggers” at the next station, and at one place in Georgia the militia was called out by a telegram sent ahead, and discharged a volley into the car containing white officers and their families, so eager were they

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to “do up the nigger.” At Nashville the city police are reported to have charged through the train clubbing the colored volunteers who were returning home, and taking anything in the shape of a weapon away from them by force. In Texarcana or thereabouts it was reported that a train of colored troopers was blown up by dynamite. The Southern mobs seemed to pride themselves in assaulting the colored soldiers.

While the colored volunteers were not engaged in active warfare, yet they attained a high degree of discipline and the CLEANEST AND MOST ORDERLY CAMP among any of the volunteers was reported by the chief sanitary officer of the government to be that of one of the colored volunteer regiments stationed in Virginia. It is to be regretted that the colored volunteers, especially those under Negro officers, did not have an opportunity to show their powers on the battlefield, and thus demonstrate their ability as soldiers, and so refreshing the memory of the nation as to what Negro soldiers once did at Ft. Wagner and Milikin’s Bend. The volunteer boys were ready and willing and only needed a chance to show what they could do.

POLICED BY NEGROES.

WHITE IMMUNES ORDERED OUT OF SANTIAGO, AND A COLORED REGIMENT PLACED IN CHARGE.

Washington, D.C., August 17, 1898.

Editor Colored American: The Star of this city published the following dispatch in its issue of the 16th inst. The Washington Post next morning published the same dispatch, omitting the last paragraph; and yet the Post claims to publish the news, whether pleasing or otherwise. The selection of the 8th Illinois colored regiment for this important duty, to replace a disorderly white regiment, is a sufficient refutation of a recent editorial in the Post, discrediting colored troops with colored officers. The Eighth Illinois is a colored regiment from Colonel down. The Generals at the front know the value of Negro troops, whether the quill-drivers in the rear do or not.

CHARLES R. DOUGLASS.

The following is the dispatch referred to by Major Douglass. The headlines of the Star are retained.

IMMUNES MADE TROUBLE—GENERAL SHAFER ORDERS THE SECOND REGIMENT OUTSIDE THE CITY OF SANTIAGO—COLORED TROOPS FROM ILLINOIS ASSIGNED TO THE DUTY OF PRESERVING ORDER AND PROPERTY.



Santiago de Cuba, Aug. 16.—General Shafter to-day ordered the Second Volunteer Regiment of Immunes to leave the city and go into camp outside.

The regiment had been placed here as a garrison, to preserve order and protect property. There has been firing of arms inside of the town by members of this regiment, without orders, so far as known. Some of the men have indulged in liquor until they have verged upon acts of license and disorder. The inhabitants in some quarters have alleged loss of property by force and intimidation, and there has grown up a feeling of uneasiness, if not alarm, concerning them. General Shafter has, therefore, ordered this regiment into the hills, where discipline can be more severely maintained.



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In place of the Second Volunteer Immune Regiment, General Shafter has ordered into the city the Eighth Illinois Volunteer Regiment of colored troops, in whose sobriety and discipline he has confidence, and of whose sturdy enforcement of order no doubt is felt by those in command.

* * * * *

SKETCH OF SIXTH VIRGINIA VOLUNTEERS.

The Sixth Virginia Volunteer Infantry, U.S.V., consisted of two battalions, first and second Battalion Infantry Virginia Volunteers (State militia), commanded respectively by Maj. J.B. Johnson and Maj. W.H. Johnson. In April, 1898, the war cloud was hanging over the land. Governor J. Hoge Tyler, of Virginia, under instructions from the War Department, sent to all Virginia volunteers inquiring how many men in the respective commands were willing to enlist in the United States volunteer service in the war against Spain.

How many would go in or out of the United States.

* * * * *

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA,

Adjutant-General's Office, Richmond, Va., April 19th, 1898.

General Order No. 8.

I. Commanding officers of companies of Virginia Volunteers will, immediately, upon the receipt by them of this order, assemble their respective companies and proceed to ascertain and report direct to this office, upon the form herewith sent and by letter, what officers and enlisted men of their companies will volunteer for service in and with the volunteer forces of the United States (not in the regular army) with the distinct understanding that such volunteer forces, or any portion thereof, may be ordered and required to perform service either in or out of the United States, and that such officer or enlisted man, so volunteering, agrees and binds himself to, without question, promptly obey all orders emanating from the proper officers, and to render such service as he may be required to perform, either within or beyond the limits of the United States.

[Illustration: MAJOR JOHN R. LYNCH, PAYMASTER IN U.S. ARMY]

II. The Brigade Commander and the Regimental and Battalion Commanders will, without delay, obtain like information and make, direct to this office, similar reports, to those above required, with regard to their respective field, staff and non-commissioned staff officers and regimental or battalion bands, adopting the form herewith sent to the regiments.

III. By reason of the necessity in this matter, this order is sent direct, with copies to intermediate commanders.

By order of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief. WM. NALLE, Adjutant-General.

* * * * *

The companies of the First Battalion of Richmond and Second Battalion of Petersburg and Norfolk were the first to respond to the call and express a readiness to go anywhere in or out of the States with their own officers, upon these conditions they were immediately accepted, and the following order was issued:



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COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, Adjutant-General's Office, Richmond, Va., April 23, 1898. General Orders No. 9.

The commanding officers of such companies as will volunteer for service in the volunteer army of the United States will at once proceed to recruit their respective companies to at least eighty-four enlisted men. Any company volunteering as a body, for such service, will be mustered in with its own officers.

By order of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief. (Signed) W. NALLE, Adjutant-General.

* * * * *

Under date of June 1, 1898, S.O. 59, A.G.O., Richmond, Va., was issued directly to the commanding officers of the First and Second Battalion (colored), who had been specially designated by the President in his call, ordering them to take the necessary steps to recruit the companies of the respective battalions to eighty-three men per company, directing that care be taken, to accept only men of good repute and able-bodied, and that as soon as recruited the fact should be reported by telegraph to the Adjutant-General of the State.

July 15th, 1898, Company "A," Attucks Guard, was the first company to arrive at Camp Corbin, Va., ten miles below Richmond. The company had three officers; Capt. W.A. Hawkins, First Lieutenant J.C. Smith, Lieutenant John Parham.

The other companies followed in rapid succession. Company "B" (Carney Guard), Capt. C.B. Nicholas; First Lieutenant L.J. Wyche, Second Lieutenant J.W. Gilpin. Company "C" (State Guard), Capt. B.A. Graves; First Lieutenant S.B. Randolph, Second Lieutenant W.H.

Anderson. Company "D" (Langston Guard), Capt. E.W. Gould; First Lieutenant Chas. H. Robinson, Second Lieutenant Geo. W. Foreman. Company "E" (Petersburg Guard), Capt. J.E. Hill; First Lieutenant J.H. Hill, Second Lieutenant Fred. E. Manggrum. Company "F" (Petersburg), Capt. Pleasant Webb; First Lieutenant Jno. K. Rice, Second Lieutenant Richard Hill. Company "G," Capt. J.A. Stevens; First Lieutenant E. Thomas Walker, Second Lieutenant David Worrell. Company "H," Capt. Peter Shepperd, Jr.; First Lieutenant Jas. M. Collins, Second Lieutenant Geo. T. Wright. The regiment consisted of only eight companies, two battalions, commanded respectively by Major J.B. Johnson and Maj. W.H. Johnson, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Rich'd C. Croxton, of the First United States Infantry. First Lieutenant Chas. R. Alexander was Surgeon. Second Lieutenant Allen J. Black, Assist Subsistence.

Lieutenant W.H. Anderson, Company "C," was detailed as Adjutant, Ordinance Officer and Mustering Officer.

Lieutenant J.H. Gilpin, Company "B," was detailed as Quartermaster and Commissary of Subsistence.



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On Monday, September 12, 1898, the command left Camp Corbin, Va., and embarked for Knoxville, Tenn., about 10 o'clock, the men traveling in day coaches and the officers in Pullman sleepers. The train was in two sections. Upon arrival at Knoxville the command was sent to Camp Poland, near the Fourteenth Michigan Regiment, who were soon mustered out. A few days after the arrival of the Sixth Virginia the Third North Carolina arrived, a full regiment with every officer a Negro. While here in order to get to the city our officers, wagons and men had to pass the camp of the First Georgia Regiment, and it was quite annoying to have to suffer from unnecessary delays in stores and other things to which the men were subject.

After the review by General Alger, Secretary of War, the Colonel of the Sixth Virginia received permission from headquarters of Third Brigade, Second Division, First Army Corps, General Rosser commanding, to move the camp to a point nearer the city, which was granted. Soon after the arrival of the Third North Carolina Regiment the First Georgia seemed disposed to attack the colored soldiers, so on a beautiful September evening some shots were fired into their camp by the First Georgia men and received quick response. After the little affair four Georgians were missing. The matter was investigated, the First Georgia was placed under arrest.

After the removal to a new portion of Camp Poland orders were received from the headquarters First Army Corps, Lexington, Ky., ordering a board of examiners for the following officers of the Sixth Virginia: Maj. W.H. Johnson; Second Battalion, Capt. C.B. Nicholas, Capt. J.E. Hill, Capt. J.A.C. Stevens, Capt. E.W. Gould, Capt. Peter Shepperd, Jr., Lieutenants S.B. Randolph, Geo. T. Wright and David Worrell for examination September 20, 1898, each officer immediately tendered his resignation, which was at once accepted by the Secretary of War.

[Illustration: MAJOR R.R. WRIGHT, PAYMASTER IN U.S. ARMY.]

Under the rules governing the volunteer army, when vacancies occurred by death, removal, resignation or otherwise, the Colonel of a regiment had the power to recommend suitable officers or men to fill the vacancies by promotions, and the Governor would make the appointment with the approval of the Secretary of War. Many of the men had high hopes of gaining a commission; many of the most worthy young men of the State, who left their peaceful vocations for the rough service of war, for they were, students, bookkeepers, real estate men, merchants, clerks and artists who responded to their country's call—all looking to a much desired promotion. But after many conflicting stories as to what would be done and much parleying on the part of the recommending power, who said that there was none in the regiment qualified for the promotion. And thereupon the Governor appointed white officers to fill the vacancies created. A copy of the following was sent to the Governor of Virginia through "military channels" but never reached him; also to the Adjutant General of the army through military channels:

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Sixth Virginia Volunteer Infantry, Second Battalion, Colored, Camp Poland, Tenn.,
October 27th, 1898.

To the Adjutant General, U.S. Army, Washington, D.C.

Sir—We, the undersigned officers of the Sixth Virginia Volunteer Infantry, stationed at
Camp Poland, Knoxville, Tenn., have the honor to respectfully submit to you the
following:

Nine officers of this command who had served the state militia for a period ranging from
five to twenty years were ordered examined. They resigned for reasons best known to
themselves. We the remaining officers were sanguine that Negro officers would be
appointed to fill these vacancies, and believe they can be had from the rank and file, as
the men in the various companies enlisted with the distinct understanding that they
would be commanded by Negro officers. We now understand through various sources
that white officers have been, or are to be, appointed to fill these vacancies, to which we
seriously and respectfully protest, because our men are dissatisfied. The men feel that
the policy inaugurated as to this command should remain, and we fear if there is a
change it will result disastrously to one of the best disciplined commands in the
volunteer service. They are unwilling to be commanded by white officers and object to
do what they did not agree to at first. That is to be commanded by any other than
officers of the same color. We furthermore believe that should the appointments be
confirmed there will be a continual friction between the officers and men of the two
races as has been foretold by our present commanding officer. We express the
unanimous and sincere desire of seven hundred and ninety-one men in the command to
be mustered out rather than submit to the change.

We therefore pray that the existing vacancies be filled from the rank and file of the
command or by men of color. To all of which we most humbly pray.

(Signed)

J.B. JOHNSON, Major 6th Va. Vol. Inf. PLEASANT WEBB, Capt. 6th Va. Vol Inf.
BENJ. A. GRAVES, Capt. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. JAS. C. SMITH, 6th Va. Vol. Inf., 1st Lt.
L.J. WYCHE, 1st Lt. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. CHAS. H. ROBINSON, 1st Lt. 6th Va. Vol.
JOHN H. HILL, 1st Lt. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. JNO. K. RICE, 1st Lt. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. EDWIN
T. WALKER, 1st Lt. 6th Va. Vol.. C.R. ALEXANDER, 1st. Lt. and Sarg. 6th Va. Vol.
Inf. JOHN PARHAM, 2nd Lt. 6th. Va. Vol. Inf. JAS. ST. GILPIN, 2nd Lt. 6th Va. Vol.
Inf. W.H. ANDERSON, 2nd Lt. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. GEORGE W. FOREMAN. 2nd Lt. 6th
Va. Vol. Inf. FREDERICK E. MANGGRUM, 2nd Lt. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. RICHARD HILL,
2nd Lt. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. JAMES M. COLLIN, 2nd Lt. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. FIRST
ENDORSEMENT. Headquarters 6th Va. Vol. Inf. Second Battalion, Colored, Camp
Poland, Tenn., Oct. 28, if Respectfully forwarded.

I have explained to the officers who signed this paper that their application is absurd, but they seem unable to see the points involved.



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The statement within that 791 men prefer to be mustered out rather than serve under white officers is based upon the alleged reports that each First Sergeant stated to his Captain that all the men of the company were of that opinion. The statement that the men "enlisted with the understanding that they would be commanded entirely by Negro officers," seems to be based upon the fact that when these companies were called upon by the State authorities they volunteered for service, *etc.*, "with our present officers." These officers (9 of them) have since resigned and their places filled by the Governor of Virginia with white officers.

These latter have not yet reported for duty.

Further comment seems as unnecessary as the application itself is useless.

(Signed) R.C. CROXTON,

Lt. Col. 6th Va. Vol. Inf. Com'd'g.

* * * * *

SECOND ENDORSEMENT.

Headquarters Third Brigade, Second Division, First Army Corps, Camp Poland, Tenn., Oct. 29, 1898.

Respectfully forwarded. Disapproved as under the law creating the present volunteer forces the Governor of Virginia is the only authority who can appoint the officers of the 6th Va. Vol. Inf.

(Signed) JAMES H. YOUNG.

Col. Third N.C. Vol. Inf. Com'd'g. Brigade.

THIRD ENDORSEMENT.

Headquarters Second Division, First Army Corps,
Camp Poland, Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 31, 1898.

Respectfully returned to the Commanding General, Third Brigade.

The enclosed communication is in form and substance so contrary to all military practice and traditions that it is returned for file at Regimental Headquarters, 6th Va. Vol. Infantry.

By command of Colonel KUERT.



(Signed) LOUIS V. CAZIARC,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

* * * * *

FOURTH ENDORSEMENT. Headquarters Third Brigade,
Second Division, First Army Corps.
Respectfully transmitted to C.O., 6th Virginia, inviting attention to
preceding Inst.

By order of Colonel YOUNG.

(Signed) A.B. COLLIER,

Captain Assistant Adjutant-General.

* * * * *

A NEW LIEUTENANT FOR THE 6TH VIRGINIA.

October 31st, 1898, the monthly muster was in progress. There appeared in the camp a new Lieutenant—Lieut. Jno. W. Healey—formerly Sergeant-Major in the regular army. This was the first positive evidence that white officers would be assigned to this regiment. This was about 9 o'clock in the morning, and at Knoxville later in the day, there were more arrivals. Then it was published that the following changes and appointments were made:



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Company "D," First Battalion, was transferred to the Second Battalion; Company "F," of the Second Battalion, transferred to the First Battalion. Major E.E. Cobell, commanding Second Battalion. Captain R.L.E. Masurier, commanding Company "D." Captain W. S. Faulkner, commanding Company "E." Captain J. W. Bentley, commanding Company "G." Captain S.T. Moore, commanding Company "H." First Lieutenant Jno. W. Healey to Company "H." First Lieutenant A.L. Moncure to Company "G." Second Lieutenant Geo. W. Richardson, Company "G." First Lieutenant Edwin T. Walker transferred to Company "C." November 1st officers attempted to take charge of the men who offered no violence at all, but by their manner and conduct it appeared too unpleasant and unsafe for these officers to remain, so tendered their resignations, but they were withheld for a day.

The next day, November 2, 1898, it was thought best that the colored Captains and Lieutenants would drill the companies at the 9 o'clock drill. While on the field "recall" was sounded and the companies were brought to the headquarters and formed a street column. General Bates, commanding the Corps and his staff; Col. Kuert, commanding the Brigade and Brigade staff; Maj. Louis V. Caziarc, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieut. Col. Croxton and Maj. Johnson were all there and spoke to the men. Colonel Kuert said: "Gentlemen, as commanding officer of the Brigade, I appear before you to-day asking you to do your duty; to be good soldiers, to remember your oath of enlistment, and to be careful as to the step you take, for it might cost you your life; that there are enough soldiers at my command to force you into submission should you resist. No, if you intend to accept the situation and submit to these officers placed over you, at my command, you come to a right shoulder, and if you have any grievance imaginary or otherwise present through proper military channels, and if they are proper, your wrongs will be adjusted."

"Right shoulder, Arms." Did not a man move. He then ordered them to be taken back to their company street and to "stack arms."

Before going to the company streets Major Caziarc spoke to the men as follows: "Forty years ago no Negro could bear arms or wear the blue. You cannot disgrace the blue, but can make yourselves unworthy to wear it."

Then Maj. J.B. Johnson spoke to the men and urged upon them to keep in mind the oath of enlistment (which he read to them), in which they swore that they would "obey all officers placed over them;" that since the appointments had been made there was nothing for them to do but to accept the situation. At the conclusion of Maj. Johnson's talk to the men, Private Badger, Regimental Tailor, stepped to the front and gave the "rifle salute" and asked permission to say a word. It was granted. He said: "When we enlisted we understood that we would go with our colored officers anywhere in or out of this country, and when vacancies occurred



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we expected and looked for promotion as was the policy of the Governor of Virginia toward other Virginia Regiments.” He was told that if the men had any grievance they could present it through military channels and it would be looked into. They never accepted Maj. Johnson’s advice—returned to their company streets and were allowed to keep their guns. The Ordnance Officer was ordered to take all ammunition to the camp of the Thirty-first Michigan and place it in the guard-house.

The men had the freedom and pass privilege to and from the city.

[Illustration: MAJOR J.B. JOHNSON, OF THE SIXTH VIRGINIA COLORED VOLUNTEERS.]

November 19th the command was ordered to Macon, Ga., arriving at Camp Haskell next day, with 820 men and 27 officers.

Near the camp of the Sixth Virginia was that of the Tenth Immune Regiment, in which were many Virginia boys, some of whom had been members of some of the companies of the Sixth.

Some irresponsible persons cut down a tree upon which several men had been lynched. The blame naturally fell upon the Sixth Virginia. The regiment was placed under arrest and remained so for nineteen days. The first day the Third Engineers guarded the camp, but General Wilson, the Corps commander, removed them and put colored soldiers to guard them. On the night of November 20th, at a late hour, the camp was surrounded by all the troops available while the men were asleep and the regiment was disarmed.

While all this was going on the Thirty-first Michigan Regiment had been deployed into line behind a hill on the north and the Fourth Tennessee had been drawn up in line on the east side of the camp ready to fire should any resistance be offered.

The men quietly submitted to this strange procedure, and did not know that Gatling guns had been conveniently placed at hand to mow them down had they shown any resistance. The Southern papers called them the mutinous Sixth, and said and did every thing to place discredit upon them.

They were reviewed by General Breckinridge, General Alger, Secretary of War, and President McKinley, who applauded them for their fine and soldierly appearance.



COMMENTS ON THE THIRD NORTH CAROLINA REGIMENT.

Of all the volunteer regiments the Third North Carolina seemed to be picked out as the target for attack by the Georgia newspapers. The Atlanta Journal, under large headlines, "A Happy Riddance," has the following to say when the Third North Carolina left Macon. But the Journal's article was evidently written in a somewhat of a wish-it-was-so-manner, and while reading this article we ask our readers to withhold judgment until they read Prof. C.F. Meserve on the Third North Carolina, who wrote after investigation.

The Journal made no investigation to see what the facts were, but dwells largely on rumors and imagination. It will be noted that President Meserve took the pains to investigate the subject before writing about it.



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The Atlanta Journal says:

A HAPPY RIDDANCE.

The army and the country are to be congratulated on the mustering out of the Third North Carolina Regiment.

A tougher and more turbulent set of Negroes were probably never gotten together before. Wherever this regiment went it caused trouble.

While stationed in Macon several of its members were killed, either by their own comrades in drunken brawls or by citizens in self-defense.

Last night the mustered-out regiment passed through Atlanta on its way home and during its brief stay here exhibited the same ruffianism and brutality that characterized it while in the service. But for the promptness and pluck of several Atlanta policemen these Negro ex-soldiers would have done serious mischief at the depot. Those who undertook to make trouble were very promptly clubbed into submission, and one fellow more obstreperous than the rest, was lodged in the station house.

With the exception of two or three regiments the Negro volunteers in the recent war were worse than useless. The Negro regulars, on the contrary, made a fine record, both for fighting and conduct in camp.

[Illustration: THIRD NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS AND OFFICERS.]

The mustering out of the Negro volunteers should have begun sooner and have been completed long ago.

* * * * *

WHAT PRESIDENT CHARLES FRANCIS MESERVE SAYS.

President Charles Francis Meserve, of Shaw University, says:

"I spent a part of two days the latter part of December at Camp Haskell, near Macon, Ga., inspecting the Third North Carolina colored regiment and its camp and surroundings. The fact that this regiment has colored officers and the knowledge that the Colonel and quite a number of officers, as well as many of the rank and file, were graduates or former students of Shaw University, led me to make a visit to this regiment, unheralded and unannounced. I was just crossing the line into the camp when I was stopped by a guard, who wanted to know who I was and what I wanted. I told him I was a very small piece of Shaw University, and that I wanted to see Col. Young. After that sentence was uttered, and he had directed me to the headquarters of the colonel, the



regiment and the camp might have been called mine, for the freedom of everything was granted me.”

The camp is admirably located on a sandy hillside, near pine woods, and is dry and well-drained. It is well laid out, with a broad avenue in the centre intersected by a number of side streets. On one side of the avenue are the tents and quarters of the men and the canteen, and on the opposite side the officers' quarters, the hospital, the quartermasters stores, the Y.M.C.A. tent, *etc.*



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Although the weather was unfavorable, the camp was in the best condition, and from the standpoint of sanitation was well-nigh perfect. I went everywhere and saw everything, even to the sinks and corral. Part of the time I was alone and part of the time an officer attended me. There was an abundant supply of water from the Macon water works distributed in pipes throughout the camp. The clothing was of good quality and well cared for. The food was excellent, abundant in quantity and well prepared. The beef was fresh and sweet, for it had not been "embalmed." The men were not obliged to get their fresh meat by picking maggots out of dried apples and dried peaches as has been the case sometimes in the past on our "Wild West Frontier." There were potatoes, Irish and sweet, navy beans, onions, meat, stacks of light bread, canned salmon, canned tomatoes, *etc.* These were not all served at one meal, but all these articles and others go to make up the army ration list.

The spirit and discipline of officers and men was admirable, and reflected great credit upon the Old North State. There was an enthusiastic spirit and buoyancy that made their discipline and evolutions well nigh perfect. The secret of it all was confidence in their leader. They believe in their colonel, and the colonel in turn believes in his men. Col. James H. Young possesses in a marked degree a quality of leadership as important as it is rare. He probably knows by name at least three-quarters of his regiment, and is on pleasant terms with his staff and the men in the ranks, and yet maintains a proper dignity, such as befits his official rank.

[Illustration: PROF. CHARLES F. MESERVE, OF SHAW UNIVERSITY, RALEIGH, N.C. (Who investigated and made report on the Third N.C. Volunteers.)]

On the last afternoon of my visit of inspection Col. Young ordered the regiment drawn up in front of his headquarters, and invited me to address them. The Colonel and his staff were mounted, and I was given a position of honor on a dry goods box near the head of the beautiful horse upon which the Colonel was mounted. Besides Colonel James H. Young, of Raleigh, were near me Lieutenant Colonel Taylor, of Charlotte; Major Walker, of Wilmington; Major Hayward, of Raleigh; Chief Surgeon Dellinger, of Greensboro; Assistant Surgeons Pope, of Charlotte, and Alston, of Asheville; Capt. Durham, of Winston; Capt. Hamlin, of Raleigh; Capt. Hargraves, of Maxton; Capt. Mebane, of Elizabeth City; Capt. Carpenter, of Rutherfordton; Capt. Alexander, of Statesville; Capt. Smith, of Durham; Capt. Mason, of Kinston; who served under Colonel Shaw at Fort Wagner; Capt. Leatherwood, Asheville; Capt. Stitt, of Charlotte; Capt. York, of Newbern; and Quartermaster Lane, of Raleigh. That highly respected citizen of Fayetteville, Adjutant Smith, was in the hospital suffering from a broken leg. I told them they were on trial, and the success or failure of the experiment must be determined by themselves alone; that godliness, moral character, prompt and implicit obedience, as well as bravery and unflinching courage, were necessary attributes of the true soldier.



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The Y.M.C.A. tent is a great blessing to the regiment, and is very popular, and aids in every possible way the work of Chaplain Durham.

The way Col. Young manages the canteen cannot be too highly recommended. Ordinarily the term canteen is another name for a drinking saloon, though a great variety of articles, such as soldiers need, are on sale and the profits go to the soldiers. But the canteen of the Third North Carolina is a dry one. By that I mean that spiritous or malt liquors are not sold. Col. Young puts into practice the principles that have always characterized his personal habits, and with the best results to his regiment.

I had the pleasure of meeting Capt. S. Babcock, Assistant Adjutant General of the Brigade, who has known this regiment since it was mustered into the service. He speaks of it in the highest terms. I also met Major John A. Logan, the Provost Marshal, and had a long interview with him. He said the Third North Carolina was a well-behaved regiment and that he had not arrested a larger per cent of men from this regiment than from any other regiment, and that I was at liberty to publicly use this statement.

While in the sleeper on my way home I fell in with Capt. J.C. Gresham, of the Seventh Cavalry. Capt. Gresham is a native of Virginia, a graduate of Richmond College and West Point, and has served many years in the regular army. He was with Colonel Forsyth in the battle with the Sioux at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. I had met him previously, when I was in the United States Indian service in Kansas. He informed me that he mustered in the first four companies of the Third North Carolina, and the Colonel and his staff, and that he had never met a more capable man than Colonel Young.

The Third North Carolina has never seen active service at the front, and, as the Hispano-American war is practically a closed chapter, it will probably be mustered out of the service without any knowledge of actual warfare. I thought, however, as I stood on the dry goods box and gave them kindly advice, and looked down along the line, that if I was a soldier in a white regiment and was pitted against them, my regiment would have to do some mighty lively work to "clean them out."

CHARLES FRANCIS MESERVE.

Shaw University,

Raleigh, N.C., Jan. 25, 1899.

[Illustration: MR. JUDSON W. LYONS, REGISTER OF THE TREASURY, AND SIGNS U.S. "GREENBACKS" TO MAKE THEM GOOD.]



CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE RACE,

John C. Dancy, re-appointed Collector of Port Wilmington, N.C. Salary \$3,000.

The appointment of Prof. Richard T. Greener, of New York, as Consul to Vladivostock.

Hon. H.P. Cheatham, appointed as Register of Deeds of the District of Columbia.
Salary \$4,000.

Hon. George H. White elected to Congress from the Second Congressional District of North Carolina, the only colored Representative in that body.

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The Cotton Factory at Concord, N.C., built and operated by colored people, capitalized at \$50,000, and established a new line of industry for colored labor, is one of the interesting items showing the progress of the colored race in America.

B.K. Bruce re-appointed Register of the Treasury, and on his death Mr. Judson W. Lyons, of Augusta, Georgia, became his successor, and now has the honor of making genuine Uncle Sam's greenback by affixing thereto his signature. Salary \$4,500.

Bishop H.M. Turner visits Africa and ordains an African Bishop, J.H. Dwane, Vicar of South Africa, with a conference composed of a membership of 10,000 persons. This act of the Bishop is criticised by some of the Bishops and members of the A.M.E. Church in America on the grounds that Bishop Turner was acting without authority in making this appointment.

Mr. James Deveaux, Collector of Port, Brunswick, Ga.; H.A. Rucker, Collector of Internal Revenue for Georgia, \$4,500 (the best office in the State); Morton, Postmaster at Athens, Ga., \$2,400; Demas, naval officer at New Orleans, \$5,000; Lee, Collector of port at Jacksonville, \$4,000 (the best office in that State); Hill, Register of the Land Office in Mississippi, \$3,000; Leftwich, Register of the Land Office in Alabama, \$3,000; Casline, Receiver of Public Moneys in Alabama, \$2,000; Jackson, Consul at Calais, \$2,500; Van Horn, Consul in the West Indies, \$2,500; Green, Chief Stamp Division, Postoffice Department, \$2,000.

MISS ALBERTA SCOTT AND OTHERS,

Miss Alberta Scott is the first Negro girl to be graduated from the Harvard annex. Her classmates and the professors of the institution have congratulated her in the warmest terms and in the literary and the language club of Boston her achievement of the M.A. degree has been spoken of with high praise. Miss Scott is but the fifth student of the Negro race to obtain this honor at the colleges for women in Massachusetts. Two received diplomas from Wellsley, one from Smith College and one from Vassar. Miss Scott is 20 years old. She was born in Richmond, Va., having graduated from the common schools in Boston. Miss Scott's teachers spoke so encouragingly of her work that the girl was determined to have a college education. She paid particular attention to the study of language and literature, and she is now a fluent linguist and a member of the Idier and German clubs. She has contributed considerably to college and New England journals.

[Illustration: THE GARNES FAMILY.]

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GARNES FAMILY.



A picture of which is herein placed, will do much to confound those bumptious sociologists who make haste to rush into print with statistics purporting to show that the Negro Race in America is “fast dying out.” The aim of this class of people seems to be to show that the Negro Race withers under the influence of freedom, which is by no means true. It is possibly true that filth and disease does its fatal work in the Negro Race, the same as in other races among the filthy and corrupt, but the filthy and corrupt in the Negro Race, as a class, are growing fewer every year—for which we can thank the philanthropy of the American people who are doing something to better the condition of the Negro rather than hurling at him enervating criticisms and complaints.



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“Their home is at Brodie, in the country, about twenty miles from Henderson, N.C. The father’s name is Gillis Garnes. He is about fifty years of age, and the mother says she is about forty-eight. The oldest child is a daughter, aged twenty-eight, and the youngest is also a daughter, three years of age; that you see seated in her mother’s arms. They are all Baptists and thirteen of the family are members of the church. I had this photograph taken at Henderson, on April 8th. There are seventeen children, all living, of the same father and mother. A.J. Garnes spends quite a part of the time in teaching in his native county. When he is not teaching he is at home, and every evening has a school made up of children of the family. A.J. Garnes is the tall young man in the background at the right, who is a former student of Shaw University, as well as one of the sisters represented in the picture.”—*Prof. Charles F. Meserve, in the Baptist Home Mission Monthly.*

“A COLORED WONDER” ON THE BICYCLE.

New York, August 27.—Major Taylor, the colored cyclist, met and defeated “Jimmy” Michael, the little Welshman, in a special match race, best two out of three, one mile pace heats, from a standing start at Manhattan Beach Cycle track this afternoon.

Michael won the first heat easily, as Taylor’s pacing quint broke down in the final lap, but on the next two heats Michael was so badly beaten and distanced that he quit each time in the last lap.

MARVELOUS WORK.

Taylor’s work was wonderful, both from a racing and time standpoint, and he established a new world’s record which was absolutely phenomenal, covering the third heat in 1:41 2-5.

Michael was hissed by the spectators as he passed the stand, dispirited and dejected by Taylor’s overwhelming victory.

Immediately after the third heat was finished, and before the time was announced, William A. Bradley, who championed the colored boy during the entire season, issued a challenge to race Taylor against Michael for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side at any distance up to one hundred miles.

THE COLORED YOUTH LIONIZED.

This declaration was received with tumultuous shouts by the assemblage, and the colored victor was lionized when the time was made known.

Edouard Taylore, the French rider, held the world’s record of 1:45 3-5 for the distance in a contest paced from a standing start.



[Illustration: COLEMAN COTTON MILL.]

THE WORLD'S RECORD LOWERED.

The world's record against time from a standing start, made by Platt Betts, of England, was 1:43 2-5. Michael beat Taylore's record by 1 2-5 seconds in the first heat, but Major Taylor wiped this out and tied Betts' record against time in the second heat. As Taylor was on the outside for nearly two and a half laps, it was easily seen that he rode more than a mile in the time, and shrewd judges who watched the race said that he would surely do better on the third attempt.



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PALE AS A CORPSE.

That he fully justified this belief goes without saying.

The Welsh rider was pale as a corpse when he jumped off his wheel and had no excuse to make for his defeat. Taylor's performance undoubtedly stamps him as the premier 'cycle sprinter of the world, and, judging from the staying qualities he exhibited in his six days' ride in the Madison Square Garden, the middle distance championship may be his before the end of the present season.

A NEGRO MILLIONAIRE FOUND AT LAST.

After a search of many years, at last a Negro millionaire, yes, a multi-millionaire has been found. He resides in the city of Guatemala, and is known as Don Juan Knight. It is said he is to that country what Huntington and other monied men are to this country. He was born a slave in the State of Alabama. He owns gold mines, large coffee and banana farms, is the second largest dealer in mahogany in the world, owns a bank and pays his employees \$200,000 a year. His wealth is estimated at \$70,000,000. He was the property of the Uptons, of Dadeville, Ala. He contributes largely to educational institutions, has erected hospitals, *etc.* He is sought for his advice by the government whenever a bond issue, *etc.*, is to be made. He lives in a palace and has hosts of servants to wait on his family. He married a native and has seven children. They have all been educated in this country. Two of his sons are in a military academy in Mississippi and one of his daughters is an accomplished portrait painter in Boston. He visited the old plantation where he was born recently and employed the son of his former master as foreman of his mines. Finding that the wife of his former master was sick and without money, he gave her enough money to live on the balance of her life. He employs more men than any other man in Guatemala and is the wealthiest one there.—Maxton Blade.

UNCLE SAM'S MONEY SEALER WHO COULD STEAL MILLIONS IF HE WOULD.

There is only one man in the United States who could steal \$10,000,000 and not have the theft discovered for six months.

This man has a salary of \$1,200 a year. He is a Negro and his name is John R. Brown.

Mr. Brown's interesting duty is to be the packer of currency under James F. Meline, the Assistant Treasurer of the United States, who, says that his is a place where automatic safeguards and checks fail, and where the government must trust to the honesty of the official.

All the currency printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is completed in the Treasury Building by having the red seal printed on it there. It comes to the Treasury Building in sheets of four notes each, and when the seal has been imprinted on the notes they are cut apart and put into packages to dry. John Brown's duty is to put up the packages of notes and seal them.

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[Illustration: MR. BROWN, THE COLORED MAN WHO PACKS AND SEALS THE MONEY OF THE UNITED STATES.]

Brown does his work in a cage at the end of the room in which the completion of the notes is accomplished—the room of the Division of Issues.

The notes are arranged in packages of one hundred before they are brought into the cage. Each package has its paper strap, on which the number and denomination is given in printed characters. Forty are put together in two piles of twenty each and placed on a power press. This press is worked by a lever, something like an old-style cotton press. There are openings above and below through which strings can be slipped after Brown has pulled the lever and compressed the package.

These strings hold the package together while stout manila paper is drawn around it. This paper is folded as though about a pound of tea and sealed with wax. Then a label is pasted on it, showing in plain characters what is within.

The packages are of uniform size and any variation from the standard would be noticed. But a dishonest man in Brown's position could slip a wad of prepared paper into one of the packages and put the notes into his pocket.

If he did this the crime might not be known for six months or a year, or even longer. Some day there would come from the Treasurer a requisition for a package of notes of a certain denomination. The doctored package would be opened and the shortage would be found. However, the Government has never had to meet this situation.

There have been only two men engaged in packing and sealing currency since the Treasury Department was organized.

John T. Barnes began the work. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention which nominated Lincoln and he received his appointment on the recommendation of Montgomery Blair in 1861. In 1862 he was assigned to making up the currency packages and fulfilled that duty until his death, in 1894. No mistake was ever discovered in his work, though he handled every cent of currency issued by the government for thirty-two years—so many millions of dollars that it would take a week to figure them up.

Mr. Barnes' duties were filled temporarily until November 1, when John R. Brown was appointed to the place.

Barnes at the time of his death was receiving only \$1,400 a year and Brown draws only \$1,200.

Ordinarily the Bureau of Engraving and Printing delivers to the Issue Division about fifty-six packages of paper money of 1,000 sheets each, four notes on a sheet, making,

when separated, 224,000 notes. These notes range in value from \$1 to \$20, and their aggregate is usually about \$1,000,000. The government, however, issues currency in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000. The largest are not printed often, because the amount issued is small.

If it could happen that 224,000 notes of \$1,000 each were received from the bureau in one day, the aggregate of value in the fifty-six packages would be \$224,000,000. As it is, a little more than 10 per cent, of this sum represents the largest amount handled in one day.

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That is, the packer has handled \$25,000,000 in a single day, and not one dollar has gone astray.

John R. Brown is a hereditary office-holder. His father was a trusted employee of the Treasurer's office for ten year prior to his death, in 1874. The son was appointed assistant messenger in 1872. He became a clerk through competitive examination and was gradually promoted.

[Illustration: GEN. PIO PILAR, In charge of the Insurgent forces which attacked the American troops.]

The man who has the largest interest in John Brown's integrity and care probably does not know Brown's name. Yet, if a thousand dollars was missing from one of the packages in the storage vault, Ellis H. Roberts, Treasurer of the United States, would have to make it good. Mr. Roberts has given a bond to the government in the sum of \$500,000. Twenty years hence the sureties on that bond could be held for a shortage in the Treasurer's office, if it could be traced back to Mr. Roberts' term.

Not one of the employees under Mr. Roberts gives a bond, though they handle millions every day. But the Treasurer's office is one which every responsible employee has been weighed carefully. Its clerks have been in service many years and have proved worthy of confidence.

HOWELLS DISCOVERS A NEGRO POET.

Mr. Paul Lawrence Dunbar has been until recently an elevator-boy in Dayton, Ohio. While engaged in the ups and downs of life in that capacity he has cultivated his poetical talents so successfully that his verse has found frequent admission into leading magazines. At last a little collection of these verses reached William Dean Howells, and Mr. Dunbar's star at once became ascendant. He is said to be a full-blooded Negro, the son of slave-parents, and his best work is in the dialect of his race. A volume of his poems is soon to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co. and in an introduction to it Mr. Howells writes as follows:

"What struck me in reading Mr. Dunbar's poetry was what had already struck his friends in Ohio and Indiana, in Kentucky and Illinois. They had felt as I felt, that however gifted his race had proven itself in music, in oratory, in several other arts, here was the first instance of an American Negro who had evinced innate literature. In my criticism of his book I had alleged Dumas in France, and had forgotten to allege the far greater Pushkin in Russia; but these were both mulattoes who might have been supposed to derive their qualities from white blood vastly more artistic than ours, and who were the creatures of an environment more favorable to their literary development. So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and American

civilization to feel the Negro life esthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him, and that his brilliant and unique achievement

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was to have studied the American Negro objectively, and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness. I said that a race which had come to this effect in any member of it had attained civilization in him, and I permitted myself the imaginative prophecy that the hostilities and the prejudices which had so long constrained his race were destined to vanish in the arts; that these were to be the final proof that God had made of one blood all nations of men. I thought his merits positive and not comparative; and I held that if his black poems had been written by a white man I should not have found them less admirable. I accepted them as an evidence of the essential unity of the human race, which does not think or feel black in one and white in another, but humanly in all."

The Bookman says of Mr. Dunbar:

"It is safe to assert that accepted as an Anglo-Saxon poet, he would have received little or no consideration in a hurried weighing of the mass of contemporary verse."

"But Mr. Dunbar, as his pleasing, manly, and not unrefined face shows, is a poet of the African race; and this novel and suggestive fact at once placed his work upon a peculiar footing of interest, of study, and of appreciative welcome. So regarded, it is a most remarkable and hopeful production."

[Illustration: PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR, THE NEGRO POET.]

We reproduce here one of Dunbar's dialect poems entitled
WHEN DE CO'N PONE'S HOT.

Dey is times in life when Nature
Seems to slip a cog an' go
Jes' a-rattlin' down creation,
Lak an ocean's overflow;
When de worl' jes' stahts a-spinnin'
Lak a picaninny's top,
An' you' cup o' joy is brimmin'
'Twel it seems about to slop.
An' you feel jes' lak a racah
Dat is trainin' fu' to trot—
When you' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When you set down at de table,
Kin' o' weary lak an' sad,



'An' you'se jest a little tiahed,
An' purhaps a little mad—
How you' gloom tu'ns into gladness,
How you' joy drives out de doubt
When de oven do' is opened
An' de smell comes po'in' out;
Why, de 'lectric light o' Heaven
Seems to settle on de spot,
When yo' mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot.

When de cabbage pot is steamin'
An' de bacon good an' fat,
When de chittlin's is a-sputter'n'
So's to show yo' whah dey's at;
Take away you sody biscuit,
Take away yo' cake an' pie.
Fu' de glory time is comin',
An' it's proachin' very nigh,
An' you' want to jump an' hollah,
Do you know you'd bettah not,
When you mammy ses de blessin'
An' de co'n pone's hot?



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I have heerd o' lots o' sermons,
An' I've heerd o' lots o' prayers;
An' I've listened to some singin'
Dat has tuck me up de stairs
Of de Glory Lan' an' set me
Jes' below de Mahster's th'one,
An' have lef my haht a singin'
In a happy aftah-tone.
But dem wu's so sweetly murmured
Seem to tech de softes' spot,
When my mammy ses de blessin'.
An de co'n pone's hot.
—Taken from the Literary Digest.

DISFRANCHISEMENT OF COLORED VOTERS.

While the Northern and Western portions of the United States were paying tributes to the valor of the Negro soldiers who fought for the flag in Cuba, the most intense feeling ever witnessed, was brewing in some sections of the South—notably in the North Carolina Legislature against the rights and privileges of Negro citizenship, which culminated in the passage of a “Jim Crow” car law, and an act to amend the Constitution so as to disfranchise the colored voters. It was noticeable, however, that although the “Jim Crow Car” law got through that body in triumph, yet the “Jim Crow Bed” law, which made it a felony for whites and colored to cohabit together DID NOT PASS.

[Illustration: FILIPINO LADY OF MANILA.]

The Washington Post, which cannot be rated as generally partial to the colored citizens of the Union, and which is especially vicious in its attacks on the colored soldiers, has the following to say as to the proposed North Carolina amendment, which is so well said that we insert the same in full as an indication to our people that justice is not yet dead—though seemingly tardy:

SUFFRAGE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

(Washington Post, Feb. 20, 1899.)

The amendment to the Constitution of North Carolina, which has for its object the limitation of the suffrage in the State, appears to have been modeled on the new Louisiana laws and operate a gross oppression and injustice. It is easy to see that the amendment is not intended to disfranchise the ignorant, but to stop short with the Negro; to deny to the illiterate black man the right of access to the ballot box and yet to leave the way wide open to the equally illiterate whites. In our opinion the policy thus

indicated is both dangerous and unjust. We expressed the same opinion in connection with the Louisiana laws, and we see no reason to amend our views in the case of North Carolina. The proposed arrangement is wicked. It will not bear the test of intelligent and impartial examination. We believe in this case, as in that of Louisiana, that the Federal Constitution has been violated, and we hope that the people of North Carolina will repudiate the blunder at the polls.



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We realize with sorrow and apprehension that there are elements at the South enlisted in the work of disfranchising the Negro for purposes of mere party profit. It has been so in Louisiana, where laws were enacted under which penniless and illiterate Negroes cannot vote, while the ignorant and vicious classes of whites are enabled to retain and exercise the franchise. So far as we are concerned—and we believe that the best element of the South in every State will sustain our proposition—we hold that, as between the ignorant of the two races, the Negroes are preferable. They are conservative; they are good citizens; they take no stock in social schisms and vagaries; they do not consort with anarchists; they cannot be made the tools and agents of incendiaries; they constitute the solid, worthy, estimable yeomanry of the South. Their influence in government would be infinitely more wholesome than the influence of the white sansculotte, the riff-raff, the idlers, the rowdies, and the outlaws. As between the Negro, no matter how illiterate he may be, and the “poor white,” the property-holders of the South prefer the former. Excepting a few impudent, half-educated, and pestiferous pretenders, the Negro masses of the South are honest, well-meaning, industrious, and safe citizens. They are in sympathy with the superior race; they find protection and encouragement with the old slave-holding class; if left alone, they would furnish the bone and sinew of a secure and progressive civilization. To disfranchise this class and leave the degraded whites in possession of the ballot would, as we see the matter, be a blunder, if not a crime.

The question has yet to be submitted to a popular vote. We hope it will be decided in the negative. Both the Louisiana Senators are on record as proclaiming the unconstitutionality of the law. Both are eminent lawyers, and both devoted absolutely to the welfare of the South. We can only hope, for the sake of a people whom we admire and love, that this iniquitous legislation may be overruled in North Carolina as in Louisiana.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINOS.

WHO AGUINALDO IS.

Emilio Aguinaldo was born March 22, 1869, at Cavite, Viejo.

When twenty-five years old he was elected Mayor of Cavite.

On August 21, 1896, Aguinaldo became leader of the insurgents. The revolution started on that day.



He fought four battles with the Spaniards and was victorious in all. He lost but ten men, to the Spaniards 125.

On December 24, 1897, a peace was established between Aguinaldo and the Spanish.

Aguinaldo received \$400,000, but the rest of the conditions of peace were never carried out.

In June last Aguinaldo issued a proclamation, expressing a desire for the establishment of a native administration in the Philippines under an American protectorate.

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In an interview with a World correspondent at that time he expressed himself as grateful to Americans.

In July he issued a proclamation fixing the 12th day of that month for the declaration of the independence of the Philippines.

In November Aguinaldo defied General Otis, refusing to release his Spanish prisoners.

The Cabinet on December 2 cabled General Otis to demand the release of the prisoners.

[Illustration: EMILIO AGUINALDO, MILITARY DICTATOR OF THE FILIPINOS.]

AGUINALDO THE MAN.

In his features, face and skull Aguinaldo looks more like a European than a Malay.

He is what would be called a handsome man, and might be compared with many young men in the province of Andalusia, Spain. If there be truth in phrenology he is a man above the common. Friends and enemies agree that he is intelligent, ambitious, far-sighted, brave, self-controlled, honest, moral, vindictive, and at times cruel. He possesses the quality which friends call wisdom and enemies call craft. According to those who like him he is courteous, polished, thoughtful and dignified; according to those who dislike him he is insincere, pretentious, vain and arrogant. Both admit him to be genial, generous, self-sacrificing, popular and capable in the administration of affairs. If the opinion of his foes be accepted he is one of the greatest Malays on the page of history. If the opinion of his friends be taken as the criterion he is one of the great men of history irrespective of race.—The Review of Reviews.

FACTS FROM FELIPE AGONCILLO'S LETTER IN LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

Sixty per cent, of the inhabitants can read and write.

The women in education are on a plane with the men.

Each town of 5,000 inhabitants has two schools for children of both sexes. The towns of 10,000 inhabitants have three schools. There are technical training schools in Manila, Iloilo, and Bacoler. "In these schools are taught cabinet work, silversmithing, lock-smithing, lithography, carpentering, machinery, decorating, sculpture, political economy, commercial law, book-keeping, and commercial correspondence, French and English; and there is one superior college for painting, sculpture and engraving. There



is also a college of commercial exports in Manila, and a nautical school, as well as a superior school of agriculture. Ten model farms and a meteorological observatory are conducted in other provinces, together with a service of geological studies, a botanical garden and a museum, a laboratory and military academy and a school of telegraphy.”

Manila has a girl's school (La Ascuncion) of elementary and superior branches, directed by French, English and Spanish mothers, which teaches French, English literature, arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, topography, physics, geology, universal history, geography, designing, music, dress-making and needle-work. The capital has besides a municipal school of primary instruction and the following colleges: Santa Ysabel, Santa Catolina, La Concordia, Santa Rosa de la Looban, a hospital of San Jose, and an Asylum of St. Vincent de Paul, all of which are places of instruction for children. There are other elementary schools in the State of Camannis, in Pasig, in Vigan and Jaro.

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The entire conduct of the civilization of the Philippines as well as local authorities are in the hands of the Philipinos themselves. They also had charge of the public offices of the government during the last century.

There is a medical school and a school for mid-wives.

“All the young people and especially the boys, belonging to well-to-do families residing in the other islands go to Manila to study the arts and learn a profession. Among the natives to be ignorant and uneducated, is a shameful condition of degradation.”

“The sons of the rich families began to go to Spain in 1854” to be educated.

[Illustration: FELIPE AGONCILLO Emissary of the Filipinos to the United States.]

When the Spaniards first went to the islands “they found the Philipinos enlightened and advanced in civilization.” “They had foundries for casting iron and brass, for making guns and powder. They had their special writing with two alphabets, and used paper imported from China and Japan.” This was in the early part of the sixteenth century. The Spanish government took the part of the natives against the imposition of exhorbitant taxes, and the tortures of the inquisition by the early settlers.

The highest civilization exists in the island of Luzon but in some of the remote islands the people are not more than “enlightened.” The population embraced in Anguinaldo’s dominion is 10,000,000, scattered over a territory in area approaching 200,000 square miles. The Americans up to this time have conquered only about 143 square miles of this territory.

What takes place in the South concerning the treatment of Negroes is known in the Philippines. The Philipino government on the 27th of February, 1899, issued from Hong Kong the following decree warning the Philipino people as follows:

“Manila has witnessed the most horrible outrages, the confiscation of the properties and savings of the people at the point of the bayonet, the shooting of the defenseless, accompanied by odious acts of abomination repugnant barbarism and social hatred, worse than the doings in the Carolinas.”

They are told of America’s treatment of the black population, and are made to feel that it is better to die fighting than become subject to a nation where, as they are made to believe, the colored man is lynched and burned alive indiscriminately. The outrages in this country is giving America a bad name among the savage people of the world, and they seem to prefer savagery to American civilization, such as is meted out to her dark-skinned people.

CHAPTER X.

RESUME.



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Should the question be asked “how did the American Negroes act in the Spanish-American war?” the foregoing brief account of their conduct would furnish a satisfactory answer to any fair mind. In testimony of their valiant conduct we have the evidence first, of competent eye witnesses; second, of men of the white race; and third, not only white race, but men of the Southern white race, in America, whose antipathy to the Negro “with a gun” is well known, it being related of the great George Washington, who, withal, was a slave owner, but mild in his views as to the harshness of that system—that on his dying bed he called out to his good wife: “Martha, Martha, let me charge you, dear, never to trust a ‘nigger’ with a gun.” Again we have the testimony of men high in authority, competent to judge, and whose evidence ought to be received. Such men as General Joseph Wheeler, Colonel Roosevelt, General Miles, President McKinley. If on the testimony of such witnesses as these we have not “established our case,” there must be something wrong with the jury. A good case has been established, however, for the colored soldier, out of the mouth of many witnesses. The colored troopers just did so well that praise could not be withheld from them even by those whose education and training had bred in them prejudice against Negroes. It can no longer be doubted that the Negro soldier will fight. In fact such has been their record in past wars that no scruples should have been entertained on this point, but the (late) war was a fresh test, the result of which should be enough to convince the most incredulous “Doubting Thomases.”

[Illustration: CONVENT AT CAVITE, WHERE AGUINALDO WAS PROCLAIMED PRESIDENT OF THE PHILIPPINE REPUBLIC (JUNE, 1898).]

The greater portion of the American people have confidence in the Negro soldier. This confidence is not misplaced—the American government can, in the South, organize an army of Negro soldiers that will defy the combined forces of any nation of Europe. The Negro can fight in any climate, and does not succumb to the hardships of camp life. He makes a model soldier and is well nigh invincible.

The Negro race has a right to be proud of the achievements of the colored troopers in the late Spanish-American war. They were the representatives of the whole race in that conflict; had they failed it would have been a calamity charged up to the whole race. The race's enemies would have used it with great effect. They did not fail, but did their duty nobly—a thousand hurrahs for the colored troopers of the Spanish-American war!!



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In considering their successful achievements, however, it is well to remember that there were some things the Negro had to forget while facing Spanish bullets. The Negro soldier in bracing himself for that conflict must needs forget the cruelties that daily go on against his brethren under that same flag he faces death to defend; he must forget that when he returns to his own land he will be met not as a citizen, but as a serf in that part of it, at least, where the majority of his people live; he must forget that if he wishes to visit his aged parents who may perhaps live in some of the Southern States, he must go in a "Jim Crow" car; and if he wants a meal on the way, he could only get it in the kitchen, as to insist on having it in the dining room with other travelers, would subject him to mob violence; he must forget that the flag he fought to defend in Cuba does not protect him nor his family at home; he must forget the murder of Frazier B. Baker, who was shot down in cold blood, together with his infant babe in its mother's arms, and the mother and another child wounded, at Lake City, S.C., for no other offense than attempting to perform the duties of Postmaster at that place—a position given him by President McKinley; he must forget also the shooting of Loftin, the colored Postmaster at Hagensville, Ga., who was guilty of no crime, but being a Negro and holding, at that place, the Postoffice, a position given him by the government; he must forget the Wilmington MASSACRE in which some forty or fifty colored people were shot down by men who had organized to take the government of the city in charge by force of the Winchester—where two lawyers and a half dozen or more colored men of business, together with such of their white friends as were thought necessary to get rid of, were banished from the city by a mob, and their lives threatened in the event of their return—all because they were in the way as Republican voters—"talked too much" or did not halt when so ordered by some members of the mob; they must forget the three hundred Negroes who were the victims of mob violence in the United States during the year 1898; they must forget that the government they fought for in Cuba is powerless to correct these evils, and does not correct them.

WHY THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT DOES NOT PROTECT ITS COLORED CITIZENS.

Is due to the peculiar and complicated construction of the laws relating to STATES RIGHTS. The power to punish for crimes against citizens of the different States is given by construction of the Constitution of the United States to the courts of the several States. The Federal authorities have no jurisdiction unless the State has passed some law abridging the rights of citizens, or the State government through its authorized agents is unable to protect its citizens, and has called on the national government for aid to that end, or some United States official is molested in

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the discharge of his duty. Under this subtle construction of the Constitution a citizen who lives in a State whose public opinion is hostile becomes a victim of whatever prejudice prevails, and, although the laws may in the letter, afford ample protection, yet those who are to execute them rarely do so in the face of a hostile public sentiment; and thus the Negroes who live in hostile communities become the victims of public sentiment. Juries may be drawn, and trials may be had, but the juries are usually white, and are also influenced in their verdicts by that sentiment which declares that "this is a white man's government," and a mistrial follows. In many instances the juries are willing to do justice, but they can feel the pressure from the outside, and in some instance the jurors chosen to try the cases were members of the mob, as in the case of the coroner's jury at Lake City.

It is the duty of a State Governor, when he finds public sentiment dominating the courts and obstructing justice, to interfere, and in case he cannot succeed with the sheriff and posse comitatus, then to invoke National aid. But this step has never yet been taken by any Governor of the States in the interest of Negro citizenship. Some of the State Governors have made some demonstration by way of threats of enforcing the law against those who organize mobs and take the law into their own hands; and some of the mob murderers have been brought to trial, which in most cases, has resulted in an acquittal for the reason that juries have as aforesaid, chosen to obey public sentiment, which is not in favor of punishing white men for lynching Negroes, rather than obey the law; and cases against the election laws and for molesting United States officials have to be tried in the district where these offences occur, and the juries being in sympathy with the criminals, usually acquit, or there is a mistrial because they cannot all agree.

THAT MOBOCRACY IS SUPREME in many parts of the Union is no longer a mooted question. It is a fact; and one that forebodes serious consequences, not only to the Negro but to any class of citizens who may happen to come into disfavor with some other class.

[Illustration: CHURCH OF SAN SEBASTIANO, MANILLA.]

WHAT THE NEGRO SHOULD do under such circumstances must be left to the discretion of the individuals concerned. Some advise emigration, but that is impracticable, en masse, unless some suitable place could be found where any considerable number might go, and not fare worse. The colored people will eventually leave those places where they are maltreated, but "whether it is better to suffer the ills we now bear than flee to those we know not of," is the question. The prevailing sentiment among the masses seems to be to remain for the present, where they are, and through wise action, and appeals to the Court of Enlightened Christian Sentiment, try to disarm the mob. There is no doubt a class of white citizens who regret such occurrences, and



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from their natural horror of bloodshed, and looking to the welfare and reputation of the communities in which such outrages occur, and feeling that withal the Negro makes a good domestic and farm hand, will, and do counsel against mob violence. In many places where mobs have occurred such white citizens have been invaluable aids in saving the lives of Negroes from mob violence; and trusting that these friends will increase and keep up their good work the Negro has seldom ever left the scene of mob violence in any considerable numbers, the home ties being strong, and he instinctively loves the scene of his birth. He loves the white men who were boys with him, whose faces he has smiled in from infancy, and he would rather not sever those friendly ties. A touching incident is related in reference to a colored man in a certain town where a mob was murdering Negroes right and left, who came to the door of his place of business, and seeing the face of a young white man whom he had known from his youth, asked protection home to his wife and five children; the reply came with an oath, "Get back into that house or I will put a bullet into you." The day before this these two men had been "good friends," had "exchanged cigars"-but the orders of the mob were stronger in this instance than the ties of long years of close friendship. Another instance, though, will show how the mob could not control the ties of friendship of the white for the black. It was the case of a colored man who was blacklisted by a mob in a certain city, and fled to the home of a neighboring white friend who kept him in his own house for several days until escape was possible, and in the meantime, summoned his white neighbors to guard the black man's family-threatening to shoot down the first member of the mob who should enter the gate, because, as he said, "you have no right to frighten that woman and her children to death." Such acts as this assures to the Negroes in places where feeling runs against them that perhaps they may be fortunate enough to escape the violence of this terrible race hatred that is now running riot in this country. In this connection it is well to remark that kindness will win in the long run with the Negro Race, and make them the white man's friend. Georgia and those States where Negroes are being burned are sowing to the wind and will ere long reap the whirlwind in the matter of race hatred. Criminal assaults were not characteristic of the Negro in the days of slavery, because as a rule there was friendship between master and slave-the slave was too fond of his master's family but to do otherwise than protect it; but the situation is changed-instead of kindness the Negro sees nothing but rebuff on every hand; he feels himself a hated and despised race without country or protection anywhere, and the brute-spirit rises in those, who, by their make-up and training, cannot keep it down-then follows murder, outrage, rape. It is true that only a few do these things,



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but those few are the natural products of the Southern system of oppression and the wonder is, when the question is viewed philosophically, that there are so few. The conclusion here reached is that Georgia will not get rid of her brutes by burning them and taking the charred embers home as relics, but rather by treating her Negro population with more kindness and showing them that there is some hope for Negro citizenship in that State. The Negroes know that white men have been known to rape colored girls, but that never has there been a suggestion of lynching or burning for that, and they feel despondent, for they know the courts are useless in such cases, and this jug-handle enforcement of lynch law is breeding its own bad fruits on the Negro race as well as making more brutal the whites. My advice, then, to our white friends is to try kindness as a remedy for rape in the South, and I am convinced of the force of this remedy from what I know of the occurrence of assaults and murders in those States where the Negroes are made to feel that they are citizens and are at home.

WHAT COURAGE! WHAT AN EXAMPLE OF FAITHFULNESS TO DUTY

Did the colored troopers exhibit in forgetting all these shortcomings to themselves and race of their own government when they made those daring charges on San Juan and El Caney!! They were possessed with large hearts and sublime courage. How they fought under such circumstances, none but a divine tongue can answer. It was a miracle, and was performed, no doubt, that good might come to the race in the shape of the testimonials given them as appears heretofore in this book. Their deeds must live in history as an honor to the Negro Race. Let them be taught to the children. Let it be said that the Negro soldier did his duty under the flag, whether that flag protects him or not. The white soldier fought under no such sad reflections—he did not, after a hard-fought battle, lie in the trenches at night and dream of his aged mother and father being run out of their little home into the wintry blasts by a mob who sought to “string them up” for circulating literature relating to the party of Wm. McKinley—the President of the United States—this was the colored soldiers’ dream, but he swore to protect the flag and he did it. The colored soldier has been faithful to his trust; let others be the same. If Negroes who have other trusts to perform, do their duty as well as the colored soldiers, there will be many revisions in the scale of public sentiment regarding the Negro Race in America—many arguments will be overthrown and the heyday towards Negro citizenship will begin to dawn—there are other battles than those of the militia.

THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM IS MAINLY IN THE RACE’S OWN HANDS

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They must climb up themselves with such assistance as they can get. The race has done well in thirty years of freedom, but it could have done better; banking on the progress already made the next thirty years will no doubt show greater improvement than the past—TIME, TIME, TIME, which some people seem to take so little into account, will be the great adjuster of all such problems in the future as it has been in the past. Many children of the white fathers of the present day will read the writing of their parents and wonder at their short-sightedness in attempting to fix the metes and bounds of the American Negro's status. We feel reluctant to prophesy, but this much we do say, that fifty years from now will show a great change in the Negro's condition in America, and many of those who now predict his calamity will be classed with the fools who said before the Negro was emancipated that they would all perish within ten years for lack of ability to feed and clothe themselves. The complaint now with many of those who oppose the Negro is not because he lacks ability, but rather because he uses too much and sometimes gets the situation that they want. This is pre-eminently so from a political standpoint and the reported arguments used to stir the poorer class of whites to rally against the Negroes in Wilmington during the campaign just before the late MASSACRE there in the fall of 1898, was a recital by impassioned orators of the fact that Negroes had pianos and servants in their houses, and lace curtains to their windows-this outburst being followed by the question, "HOW MANY OF YOU WHITE MEN CAN AFFORD TO HAVE THEM?" So as to the problem of the Negro's imbibing the traits of civilization, that point is settled by what he has already done, and the untold obstacles which are being constantly put in his way by those who fear his competition. The question then turns not so much on what shall be done with the Negro as upon WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE WHITE

Men who are so filled with prejudice that neither law nor religion restrains their bloody hands when the Negro refuses to get into what he calls "his place," which place is that of a menial; and often there seems no effort even to put the Negro in any particular place save the grave, as many of the lynchings and murders appear to be done either for the fun of shooting someone, or else with extermination in view. There is no attempt at a show of reason or right. The mob spirit is growing—prejudice is more intense. Formerly it was confined to the rabble, now it has taken hold of those of education, and standing. Red shirts have entered the pulpits, and it is a matter boasted of rather than condemned—the South is not the only scene of such outrages. Prejudice is not confined to one section, but is no doubt more intense in the Southern State, and more far-reaching in its effects, because it is there that the Negroes, by reason of the large numbers in proportion to the other inhabitants, come into political competition

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with the whites who revolt at the idea of Negro officers, whether they are elected by a majority of citizens or not. The whites seem bent on revolution to prevent the force and effect of Negro majorities. Whether public sentiment will continue to endorse these local revolutions is the question that can be answered only by time. Just so long as the Negro's citizenship is written in the Constitution and he believes himself entitled to it, just so long will he seek to exercise it. The white man's revolution will be needed every now and then to beat back the Negro's aspirations with the Winchester. The Negro race loves progress, it is fond of seeing itself elevated, it loves office for the honor it brings and the emoluments thereof, just as other progressive races do. It is not effete, looking back to Confucius; it is looking forward; it does not think its best days have been in the past, but that they are yet to come in the future; it is a hopeful race, teachable race; a race that absorbs readily the arts and accomplishments of civilization; a race that has made progress in spite of mountains of obstacles; a race whose temperament defied the worst evils of slavery, both African and American; a race of great vitality, a race of the future, a race of destiny.

In closing this resume of this little work it is proper that I should warn the younger members of the race against despondency, and against the looseness of character and habits that is singularly consequential of a despondent spirit. Do not be discouraged, give up, and throw away brilliant intellects, because of seeming obstacles, but rather resolve to BE SOMETHING AND DO SOMETHING IN SPITE OF OBSTACLES.

"It was not by tossing feather balls into the air that the great Hercules gained his strength, but by hurling huge bowlders from mountain tops 'that his name became the synonymn of manly strength.' So the harder the struggle the greater the discipline and fitness. If we cannot reach success in one way, let us try another. 'If the mountain will not come to Mahomet let Mahomet go to the mountain.'"

[Illustration: UNCLE SAM AND HIS NEW ACQUISITIONS.—(N.Y. WORLD.)]

THE SOUTH IS A GOOD PLACE FOR THE NEGRO TO LIVE, provided, however, the better class of citizens will rise up and demand that lynchings and mobs shall cease, and that the officers of the law shall do their duty without prejudice. The only way to suppress mob violence is to make punishment for the leaders in it, sure and certain. The reason we have mobs is because the leaders of them know they will not be punished. The enforcement of the law against lynchers will break it up.



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The white ministers should take up the cause of justice rather than endorse the red shirts, or carry a Winchester themselves. They should be the counselors of peace and not the advocates of bloodshed. Most of them, no doubt, do regret the terrible deeds committed by mobs on helpless and innocent people, but it is a question as to whether or not they would be suffered by public sentiment to “cry aloud” against them. It takes moral courage to face any evil, but it must be faced or dire consequences will follow of its own breeding. Our last word then, is an appeal to our BROTHERS IN WHITE, in the pulpit, that they should rally the people together for justice and; condemn mob violence. The Negroes do not ask social equality, but civil equality; let the false notions that confound civil rights with social rights be dispelled, and advocate the civil equality of all men, and the problem will be solved.

Edmund Burke says that “war never leaves where it found a nation.” applying this to the American nation with respect to the Negro it is to be hoped that the late war will leave a better feeling toward him, especially in view of the glorious record of the Negro soldiers who participated in that conflict.

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APPENDIX.



THE TWENTY-FOURTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

BY SERGEANT E.D. GIBSON.

The Twenty-fourth United States Infantry was organized by act of Congress July 28, 1866. Reorganized by consolidation of the 38th and 41st regiments of infantry, by act of Congress, approved March 3, 1869. Organization of regiment completed in September, 1869, with headquarters at Fort McKavett, Texas.

Since taking station at Fort McKavett, headquarters of the regiment have been at the following places:

1870-71, Fort McKavett, Tex.; 1872, Forts McKavett and Brown, Texas; 1873-74, Forts Brown and Duncan, Tex.; 1875-76, Fort Brown, Tex.; 1877-78, Fort Clark, Tex.; 1879, Fort Duncan, Tex.; 1880, Forts Duncan and Davis, Tex.; 1881-87, Fort Supply, Ind. Terr.; 1888, Forts Supply and Sill, Ind. Terr., and Bayard, N.M.; 1889 to 1896, Forts Bayard, N.M., and Douglas, Utah; 1897, Fort Douglas, Utah; 1898, Fort Douglas, Utah, till April 20, when ordered into the field, incident to the breaking out of the Spanish-American war. At Chickamauga Park, Ga., April 24 to 30; Tampa, Fla., May 2 to June 7; on board transport S.S. *City of Washington*, en route with expedition (Fifth Army Corps) to Cuba, from June 9 to 25; at Siboney and Las Guasimas, Cuba, from June 25 to 30; occupied the immediate block-house hill at Fort San Juan, Cuba, July 1 to 10, from which position the regiment changed



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to a place on the San Juan ridge about one-fourth of a mile to the left of the block-house, where it remained until July 15, when it took station at yellow fever camp, Siboney, Cuba, remaining until August 26, 1898; returned to the United States August 26, arriving at Montauk Pt., L.I., September 2, 1898, where it remained until September 26, when ordered to its original station, Fort Douglas, Utah, rejoining October 1, 1898.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

Colonel.—Henry B. Freeman, under orders to join.

Lieutenant-Colonel.—Emerson H. Liscum, Brig.-Gen. Vols. On sick leave from wounds received in action at Fort San Juan, Cuba, July 1, 1898.

Majors.—J. Milton Thompson, commanding regiment and post of Fort Douglas, Utah. Alfred C. Markley, with regiment, commanding post of Fort D.A. Russell, Wyoming.

Chaplain.—Allen Allenworth, Post Treasurer and in charge of schools.

Adjutant.—Joseph D. Leitch, recruiting officer at post.

Quartermaster.—Albert Laws.

On July 1, 1898, our regiment was not a part of the firing line, and was not ordered on that line until the fire got so hot that the white troops positively refused to go forward. When our commander, Lieutenant-Colonel E.H. Liscum, was ordered to go in he gave the command "forward, march," and we moved forward singing "Hold the Fort, for we are coming," and on the eastern bank of the San Juan river we walked over the Seventy-first New York Volunteer Infantry. After wading the river we marched through the ranks of the Thirteenth (regular) Infantry and formed about fifty yards in their front. We were then about six hundred yards from and in plain view of the block-house and Spanish trenches. As soon as the Spaniards saw this they concentrated all of their fire on us, and, while changing from column to line of battle (which took about eight minutes).

Illustration: A large size photo of above picture can be had on application to P.H. Bauer, Photographer, Leavenworth, Kansas. we lost one hundred and two men, and that place on the river to-day is called "bloody bend." We had only one advantage of the enemy—that was our superior marksmanship. I was right of the battalion that led the charge and I directed my line against the center of the trench, which was on a precipice about two hundred feet high.



Illustration: A large size photo of above picture can be had on application to P.H. Bauer, Photographer, Leavenworth, Kansas.

I was born December 4, 1852, in Wythe county, Virginia, and joined the army in Cincinnati, Ohio, November 22, 1869, and have been in the army continuously since. I served my first ten years in the Tenth Cavalry, where I experienced many hard fights with the Indians. I was assigned to the Twenty-fourth Infantry by request in 1880.

E.D. GIBSON,

Sergeant Co. G, 24th U.S. Infantry,

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PRESIDIO, CALIFORNIA.