

SKETCH OF GENERAL GARCIA.

He is the Hero of the Hour After Years of Defeat—Story of His Life and Adventures of Intense Interest.

At last the Cuban insurgent comes to the front as a man of importance in the affairs of the United States. When General Serrano, commanding the army of invasion, with Admiral Garcia's son, landed in a small boat near Santiago and met General Garcia for the first time, Cuban history began a new chapter. He is the man now talked of for president of Cuba.

Richard Harding Davis, in his masterly description of the scene as recalled to the Herald, said it was a historical moment for the great generals. "They are grouped together under a sun so hot that it burns the eyes, on a high cliff overlooking a magnificent valley of royal palms, which meets motionless, a blue sea, broken only by the lines of white breakers on the shore, and which further out is broken again by the slow moving hulls of thirty transports and thirty ships of war."

"The three commanders are seated on boxes under the palm leaf roof of an open hut. One of them has a blue print map on his knees, and before they roll it up again the attack on Santiago will be decided upon and her fate sealed.

"Outside this hut are five negro sentries, naked to the waist, and on the open space about the hut are hundreds of the Cuban army officers, well armed and well uniformed, privates of every shade of skin, with every weapon made, and small laughing boys, armed with machetes or not armed at all."

"The palm leaf hut where the conference is taking place is open to the hot air at both ends, and on each side and standing about it or kneeling on the ground in order to obtain a better view are the strangest gathering of persons that this war has thrown together."

"Colonel John Jacob Astor is crowded by a black giant, with only a guard belt to cover his naked shoulders. There are also General Ludlow of the engineers, General Costello and Lieutenant Miles and Admiral Sampson's nephew."

"Colonel Goetzen, the German attaché, in a spotless white, and a Cuban officer, in a linen blouse and with bare feet, are talking in signs, and with them is Captain Lee, the British attaché, booted and spurred, with his glasses, helmet and imperial khaki."

"Captain Stewart Brice, in the uniform of the volunteer army—a blue jacket with breeches rolled above the knee—and a group of ensigns from the warships, act as a background for the principal actors, and still further back are the Cuban soldiers squatting on the ground, curious and interested, and showing their teeth in broad smiles of welcome and touching their straw hats when any of the American officers look their way."

"Any land would seem fair after a week on the troop ships, but there are few lands more fair than this one, and few places on it more beautiful than this camp of Garcia's, lying between the great mountains and the great sea, shaded by the royal palms and colored by the brilliant and scarlet flowers back of the great mountains and the great sea."

"At that moment Cortez at Santiago and General Blanco at Havana were the most deeply concerned Spaniards in all Cuba. The fate of Spain was being decided. The chief actor in the council of war, so far as the Cuban cause was concerned, was General Garcia. A great change had come to him since he was a hunted fugitive in the dark days of the revolution. Those who know him best acknowledge his lofty courage and commanding ability."

Richard Harding Davis described him as bidding goodby to the American general, "looking, with his beard and moustache of the third empire, like a marshal of France."

"What is the life history of this devoted patriot—this intrepid hero of Cuba's war for liberty?"

General Calixto Garcia, by birth a Cuban, formerly a resident of New York, is about 59 years old, decidedly military in pose and manner; his conversation always to the point and always brilliant. By profession a lawyer, he appears as one born to command—a man of big affairs who would carry out any enterprise with honor and success. Among his followers his word is law and his counsel is always sought and followed in grave emergencies.

He was one of the organizers of that first Cuban revolution of 1868. He met with his friends nightly at a farm owned by Donato Marmol, near the town of Holguin. The Cubans were already in revolt under Cespedes, and within two days Marmol and Garcia took up arms as one horn to command—extraordinary success attended them. Town after town surrendered, first Santa Rita, then Juguani, after hard fighting, with its 20,000 population. For his bravery Garcia was promoted brigadier general.

Later, when the provisional government, for some reason not clearly explained, removed Gomez, Garcia succeeded him. Finding that Juguani had, meanwhile, been retaken by the Spaniards, he proceeded to capture it again. He next took Holguin, the town where the revolution was originally organized. Other victories rapidly followed.

At the obstinate all day battle of Santa Maria, in 1869, he followed Von Moltke's tactics at Sedan—surrounded the enemy's army and forced the surrender of the Spaniards. They were well treated and given freedom.

So grateful were they for the unexpected clemency, that one of the officers, General Rosales, on returning to Spain, issued a pamphlet extolling the generosity of Garcia. By the victory of the general, the Cuban eagles, September, 1873, brought reverses.

In the presence of his main forces, Garcia, with his guard of twenty men, was surrounded by twenty men, and when, at the last moment, capture was inevitable, rather than surrender and die of torture, Garcia fired a pistol off in his mouth, and fell among his dead comrades. The Spaniards carried him to Manzanillo in triumph, also thinking him dead. To the amazement of the Spanish doctors and generals, Garcia revived, although the bullet had penetrated his palate, following the line of his nose, and emerging from the forehead.

It seemed a miracle that the general lived. Then it was equally surprising that, recovering, he escaped execution. But he was spared and imprisoned at Valencia and Santona, in Spain.

Fortunately for Garcia, Campos, governor general of Havana, was not vindictive, for when peace was declared in 1877, Premier Canales freed him, at the same time, from the terrible scar was inflicted by himself in 1874, when he was made a prisoner by the troops of Marshal Concha, and he preferred to be felled so sooner than go to the cruel chapel and vile garote that awaited most of the prisoners of war of any rank.

"The wound was so dangerous that the Spanish surgeons thought the Cuban leader could not live, and Mar-

shal Concha gave him an 'indulto'—a reprieve. When the creole recovered he was sent to Spain, to be kept under lock and key, and the government of Marshal Serrano treated him kindly except with what he would have received in the foul dungeon of the Cuban forts, where rats, damp and darkness made more Cubans die than ever court-martial.

"It is now a matter of history how this singular enthusiast actively co-operated in preparing the second rising in Cuba—how he joined the creoles when the struggle was almost hopeless, and how for months and weeks he defied the numerous columns and guerrillas of General Blanco in the mountains of the Oriente department until he himself confessed that he surrendered in order not to prolong a useless struggle detrimental to his native land."

"It seems incredible that the daring, restless, enthusiastic, fiery nature which such a career reveals, can be concealed under the modest, quiet bearing that certainly captivates sympathy even in strangers. Not a word of rancor for his victors, not an expression of imprudent hate or anger against his adversaries he fought for years, not an exclamation of the bitter creole animosity for Spaniards escaped from his grasp, not a single private sympathy for nearly three-quarters of an hour."

"Once only, our hostess having maliciously remarked that he was a conspicuous figure in Madrid, and had been such in two and he might be he himself confessed that he surrendered in order not to prolong a useless struggle detrimental to his native land."

"These are some of the qualifications that go to make up the character of the Cuban leader who has already won the confidence and respect of Shafter, Sampson and other high representatives of the United States army and navy. The old erroneous belief is passing away—that the Cuban insurgents are a band of ignorant half-breeds, with fanatical leaders, who might possibly figure in civil life as successful cigar dealers and managers of Cuban bars."

"Gathering around me the vast elements of our command, I will uphold the standard raised in 1868, determined to redeem by battle that battle lost two years ago. (The treaty of San Juan). It is not hate which guides me to war, but the great love which binds me to my side. The wish for peace leads us to war. The need of securing our property in the future compels us to destroy the same at present—to deprive Spain of this revenue, which would enable her to carry on the war for some time to come."

"We combat for freedom of the white and the negro, and there is not an honest heart who dares insult those who fight for liberty and honor."

"Our children shall live for something else than the Spaniard's yoke and the yoke of the republic, your old general, who has been in the front of the last rebellion; our soldiers are the soldiers of ten years, and our flag the flag of 'Yara.' The warriors of today shall not cease this war until the Cuban flag of revolution shall float over the Spanish fortresses."

"The country is helping us. Thousands of men are swelling our ranks, and the gates of the cities shall be opened to our arms because the people hate Spanish tyranny. If they are not opened we propose to wade through them in blood."

"Cuban history is written, and it will continue to be written. We come to die for you and our army. It will be written in history that when you could have been free you insulted your heroes, eulogized your assassins and remained voluntarily infamous."

In his address to the Cuban army, Garcia closed eloquently, thus: "Army of the republic, your old general comes to die by your side, if necessary. Let there be no armistices, no treaty, unless based on the recognition of our independence—free forever, or battling until free."

"If we die in the struggle we shall be dead, but our country shall live, and we shall be honored thereby."

"It is necessary to save our men from indignity, our women from outrage and dishonor, to save our children from the gallows and to make our country prosperous and great. To arms, veterans and Indians. I covet no glory, but I achieved by honored death! Let there not be rest for us until we pass the threshold of the palace, where our enemies forge our irons. Soldiers, to battle!"

Since then he has become a distinguished leader, proving himself worthy to share the laurels of victory with Gomez, the greatest Cuban general. Garcia's most important achievement, so far as direct results are concerned, was the capture of Guaimaro, in December, 1896. After a siege of twelve days he captured sixteen forts, one after another, finally forcing the surrender of the garrison, who took refuge in a large stone church in the center of the town. He opened on them with a couple of field pieces and speedily captured the forces, amounting to nearly 300 men and officers. There was much booty, consisting of Spanish gold, glory rifles, 200,000 rounds of ammunition, with machetes, and a large supply of clothing. The prisoners were well treated and soon allowed to go on parole. Again Garcia's humane generalship won him plaudits from the enemy.

His biographer, writing from Madrid, when Garcia was a political prisoner there in 1880, thus describes the general:

"Any one going to meet a chieftain famous in a war like that of Cuba, might suppose that he was going to see some fanatic who would be more like a panther at bay than anything else. It is difficult to imagine my surprise at finding myself in the presence of a well dressed, gentlemanly looking man, whose grizzly beard alone might lead any one to suppose that he was about 50 years of age."

"The manners and polite behavior of the celebrated 'guerrillero' might have graced any of the proudest salons of the greatest of castles, and he addressed our hostess with all the courtesy and gallantry of the creole cavalier."

"It was only when he turned around that a deep round scar between the eyebrows gave a strange appearance to the features illuminated with a pleasant smile. That terrible scar was inflicted by himself in 1874, when he was made a prisoner by the troops of Marshal Concha, and he preferred to be felled so sooner than go to the cruel chapel and vile garote that awaited most of the prisoners of war of any rank."

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THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

A Cool, Sturdy, Courageous, Independent Fighter, Differing Greatly From His European Brother.

(By Poulton Bigelow, Special Correspondent of the London Times.)

The American regular is different from anything I have yet encountered in the armies of Europe. The Russian has abundance of courage; the German is unequalled for discipline; the Frenchman is a lusty antagonist when all goes well, and of them all the Hungarian has the most dash and pluck combined. I leave out Tommy Atkins, for he is our first cousin. The American soldier is of a different composition from any of these. To get an idea of the American regular the European would have to make a composite picture containing something of the Boer of South Africa and something of the English officer who has seen rough work in India.

The ground element of the European soldier is the peasant. In America there are not and never have been peasants, and consequently our enlisted men have wholly lacked the element of the English soldier, who has seen rough work in India.

The American regular gets a minimum pay of \$12 a month—small, to be sure, considering the average rate of wages in civil life. Yet not only is it sufficient to attract good men to the service, but it holds them practically for life.

The quality which impressed me most in the regulars at Tampa was the average intelligence and good sense. Of course I do not compare them here with picked volunteers, but with troops of European armies. In America there are no guard or elite troops in the European sense, and one regiment of regulars is presumably just as good as any other, at least from the commanding general's point of view. I have never heard a regular officer curse a soldier, or even use offensive language to him; on the contrary, I have been struck by the wholesome relation between officers and men. I cannot say as much for certain volunteer regiments at Camp Alger.

I frequently observed that men accustomed to much liberty and a high standard of personal comfort are therefore more difficult to control than are troops like those of Russia, who are accustomed at home to be treated much like cattle.

My experience does not tally with this view. I could give several illustrations from the little that has happened to the United States in this war. For instance, I doubt if any troops in Europe were ever for so long a time compelled to live in discomfort so extreme and to undergo such a variety of the hardships of the campaign as the regulars about Tampa. I have already related much of what I saw while living in the camp, and do not propose to reopen that painful chapter.

During that time, however, I did not hear of any serious breach of discipline, nor of any serious quarrel, nor of any muttering among the men, but no attempt was made to influence headquarters. I moved freely among the companies in the regiment who guest I was, and the men had ample opportunity of ventilating their grievances. They were perhaps the largest number of men rather than expose themselves to the charge of worrying about matters of mere comfort. In some of the regiments where I happened to have the opportunity of noting the matter I found the average height of the men decidedly higher than what prevails in Europe. They have seen guard mounts five feet nine inches in height. Both officers and men seem to be decidedly superior in this respect to average foreign regiments I have seen.

The regulars have a certain esprit de corps, but it is not the esprit de corps of the Boer, on the other hand, typifies the element of silent, dogged, unpolished, clear-eyed, homespun, and cares less still for being governed against his will. The American soldier is governed by a set of rules, and these few are such as he can thoroughly understand. I was so fortunate as to accompany the first American expedition which had fighting with Spaniards on Cuban soil. The transport used carried a company of the First or Twenty-first United States regular infantry.

I made the reference to the composite picture of Boer and Englishman because the Boer officer represents the spirit of the enterprise, courage and high breeding. The Boer, on the other hand, typifies the element of silent, dogged, unpolished, clear-eyed, homespun, and cares less still for being governed against his will. The American soldier is governed by a set of rules, and these few are such as he can thoroughly understand. I was so fortunate as to accompany the first American expedition which had fighting with Spaniards on Cuban soil. The transport used carried a company of the First or Twenty-first United States regular infantry.

There was a moment when upon a dozen regulars stood alone upon the Cuban beach while the main body of the Spaniards were struggling through the surf to take off more men. But never was there among these or any of these who followed the slightest hesitation to follow the orders given by the officers. The words had not been recognized as obvious. There were not enough men to land, but they had enough to pick up the bodies of the men who had been killed on the beach. One shot from the shore could send the rotten old paddle-boat to the bottom in five fathoms of water, with no means of saving life except by swimming amid sharks and breakers.

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These were not picked men. They were taken as they happened to come. The commander did not ask for volunteers to start from Tampa, or even for the first landing party. He had to select men to pull the sweeps, not because any were more brave than the rest, but simply because of their knowledge of rowing. Every man who was in that fight on that day was intelligent enough to know that his chances of seeing home again were hopelessly small. The mere idea of landing fifty men on an unknown beach in the neighborhood of a strong garrison was enough to stamp the enterprise as equal in danger to that of Lieutenant Hobson, who corked the harbor of Santiago by sinking the Merrimac in the channel under the fire from the Spanish forts.

The secret of this peculiarly American attitude toward danger is in the habit our men have of acting individually. The American habitually takes care of himself, where the European is more apt to invoke the help of a policeman. The American of the western part of this country is not prone to risk his rights to the slow and fickle justice of the law courts, especially where the judge is suspected of political ambition. Consequently the American type includes a man who venerates the constitution of the United States in the abstract, but carries a six shooter in case of accident.

This forlorn hope of fifty men was attacked from an ambush by a force estimated at several hundred. It might have been several thousand for aught these men cared. They had a splendid opportunity for running away in a panic, they were in the thick forest, where they could see but little of the enemy and still less of their fellows. They had reason to think they might be cut off from their boats, and they knew that if they did not get away alive the boats on hand were not enough to hold them all. They were not fighting elbow to elbow, and they were not rattle of the enemy's bullets was painfully sharp and continuous.

Theoretically the German officer assumes that under such conditions men are apt to run away, that they must be held well in hand if they are to stand. In the case I am referring to not only were the men in an extended skirmish line through thick underbrush, but they knew that no reserves were on hand to support them, and moreover, they could expect no assistance from the transports, which were on the fact that those great cut-throat shot without danger of hitting their own men.

Russia has tried experiments with aluminum shoes on cavalry horses. A few horses in the Finnish dragoons were shod with one aluminum shoe and three iron shoes each, the former being on the forefoot in some cases and on the hind foot in others. The experiment lasted six weeks, and showed that the aluminum shoes lasted longer and preserved the foot better than the iron ones.

HAVANA JOURNALISM.

There is not a little rare and curious reading to be found in the occasional copies of the Havana newspapers that now and then drift through the blockade. Copies of La Esfera, recently received but already many days old, are particularly rich in oddities of Havana journalism.

One is immediately struck by the marvelous meagerness of the news relating to the war, but for this the cause is doubtless largely responsible. The only reference to the blockade in number one is a three line "official" notice that only two American ships are in sight of the port of Havana.

To make up for this, however, a leading article headed "Piracy of the Worst Kind" is devoted to the particulars of the capture of the steamer Argonauta, with Spanish officers and soldiers on board who, by the way, are simply described as "passengers."

After roundly denouncing the American officers and sailors as no better than pirates in the treatment of the passengers and crews of all captured vessels, of whom they are said to have spared neither men nor women, the article continues: "Let us tell what happened to the passengers on the Argonauta, on seizing the ship the enemy swarmed largely and in a hand, like fierce buccanniers and before taking charge of their prize, or even approaching the captain, hastened to loot the baggage of the passengers, plundering all alike of whatever money they had, either in their valises or on their persons. From a Portuguese they tore the rings from her fingers and robbed her of \$5,000 in gold and Spanish bank notes which she had in a satchel, which she attempted to conceal under her skirt."

"Having finished the work of pillage, the pirates cast loose of the ship's boats, into which they hustled all their prisoners, all the while heaping on them the grossest abuse and indignities. Before casting off the boat, not content with the infamies already committed, they turned the steam hose on their victims. How worthy these wretches of being officers in the navy of the country of Lincoln!"

The article closes with the comforting reflection that the nations of Europe will know of these "acts worthy of pirates, but unworthy of sailors who pretend to represent the honor of their nation."

A dispatch dated Matanzas and adorned with a rude cut of rifle shell, tells with whimsical particularity how the projectile fired from the American fleet was unearthed by a committee of distinguished citizens, who were appointed for the purpose. The narrative, which takes the form of a regular process verbal, describes minutely how the committee "proceeded to the extraction of the projectile," which fell, in connection with others, in the patio of No. 30 Calle de San Fernando. The "extraction" which it is declared was only accomplished with much labor, took place in the presence of sundry military dignitaries whose names are given.

Dewey's victory at Manila is disposed of in a four-line dispatch, dated Manila and headed, "The First Battle—The American Fleet Routed. The Cavite fleet has heroically fought the American fleet, which retired badly damaged." By way of preparing the public for the truth a paragraph in another column states that the "anxiety" in Madrid over the result of the battle.

Prices of all sorts of provisions are, of course, enormous, condensed milk being quoted at \$1 in gold per can. Curiously enough, however, we find an advertisement adorned with a picturesque cut of a mare donkey and foal, which states that "asses' milk, delivered at your residence, is now cheaper than ever." Little herds of asses milked from door to door are one of the most familiar sights in Havana.

The Spanish aristocratic cadets, selected from the upper classes. Sons of officers in service or retired constitute the majority, although any one who is in proper physical condition, a Roman Catholic and a Spanish subject is supposed to be eligible. Outside the sons of officers, however, one finds only the children of professional men in the list, occasionally the family of a tradesman being represented. This is far different from the United States, where the members of the Annapolis Naval academy come from all walks of life. As the navy is very popular with the people, there is a great demand for entrance, and the beginning of each school year finds far more applicants than can be accommodated at the training school. One of the reasons that the army and navy circles are so popular in the United States from a social standpoint, and officers are everywhere received with the utmost cordiality at festivities and other society events, is a very pleasing one. It is that at Madrid, Madrid, any of the larger cities, all of which have a numerous Spanish harbor in time of peace contain one or more warships, the officers being allowed ample time for recreation on shore. Another reason is that the number of practicing and legal practitioners is extremely small in Spain, and the opening for young men in this respect is very limited.

The question of caste, such an important part of the social system, degrades the young Spaniard from engaging in trade to the mercantile class, or the mercantile class. Even then many endeavor to avoid an occupation which they consider obnoxious, by entering the service. As the pay of officers is fairly good, and they are, of course, provided for at the expense of the government, the life of an officer in a garrison has many charms in time of peace. Consequently, it is not strange that the officers, as already intimated, represent the highest class of the Spanish people, and number not a few scions of nobility in their ranks.

It is announced that the annual harvest of flies is diminishing in number, and not less surprising in the reason therefor. A writer in the Electrical Review says: "Entomologists report that of late years the annual crop of flies is decreasing rapidly and steadily. The almost universal adoption of electric traction is credited with bringing about this desirable result. It has been shown that stables that which breed large numbers of flies, and as the street car horse has been emancipated the number of stables is consequently growing less, hence the failure of the fly to be born in multitudes as in the past."

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