

perate foe, for Spanish courage, too, has shown its gameness as it had done before on a thousand stricken fields. The tremendous ratio of losses among officers and enlisted men alike in the Seventy-first New York and the rough riders surpassed even that of the regulars. Perhaps the reason is that the latter troops, with their experience of the west and Indian fighting, knew better how to take advantage of the ground. But with all alike there shone the spirit of dashing, dauntless intrepidity. Military critics abroad praise enthusiastically the gallantry and elan of our fellows, while they take exception to the plan of battle which permitted the attack to be made with an insufficient siege train and a badly arranged co-operation of our fleet. Aftersight, however, is always shrewder than foresight. It is easy now for the military critic to pick flaws in the tactics or the strategy of Napoleon's most splendid operations. The genius of the battle chess game is merely he who makes the fewer mistakes.

Kaiser Wilhelm is so determined to have a finger in everything that he won't even let the dead alone in their coffins. The citizens of Dusseldorf had raised a large sum to erect a statue of the great poet, Heine. It was enough that Heine was the poet of the revolution, so the young emperor put his veto on it. It is a pity that there could not be a second Heine with such a subject for satire. It would give William a chance for immortality.

Dr. Chauncey Depew is not the president of a system of railroads for nothing. He knows how to keep the steam whistles tooting and how "to get there." His last role is that of political missionary to benighted France. He would be a successor to Henry Ward Beecher, who did so much by his tour as a lecturer in England in 1863 to turn the current of English opinion in our favor.

The French and German technical organs growl not a little over the success of American manufactures, especially of railway supplies, in China and the far east. Our foreign friends fancied that their treaties and concessions gave them the right of way, but Celestial eyes are wide open for excellence and cheapness.

If one or more of Cervera's shattered ships can be raised and effectually renovated for our own navy, it will be some small help in paying the expenses of the war. If even a steel shell is reasonably sound, American ingenuity will do the rest.

The Red Cross society is as zealous in saving life as our soldiers and sailors are in destroying it. Many wealthy and fashionable women are showing their war enthusiasm by entering its ranks as nurses.

Destruction of Cervera's Fleet.

No more striking proof of the supreme importance of coaling stations when naval war is conducted at a distance from the home base can be cited than the fate which dogged the finest of the Spanish fleets from the time of its departure from the Cape Verde islands to its final annihilation under Admiral Sampson's guns off Santiago. This superb squadron of four armored cruisers with attendant destroyers was for its size unsurpassed by any similar group of warships in the world. But it was driven straight to its death by lack of coal. Had it not been for this it never would have been "bottled up" in Santiago harbor. Had Cervera not been misinformed as to the conveniences of recoaling there it is doubtful if he would have sailed into that trap.

It is quite true that the protection of the harbor would have seriously embarrassed an American naval attack had not the imminent capture of Santiago by Shafter's land investment driven the Spanish admiral to a choice of evils. There was a bare chance of cutting his way through the American fleet, at least with one or two of his ships. But the terrific odds and the deadly service of the American guns sealed the fate of Cervera and his fine cruisers. All this would have been probably avoided had there been coaling facilities within easy reach. In any event, the radius of operation for the Spanish fleet would have been much greater and its threat of damage to us far more serious. Nobly as Sampson's fleet, under Commodore Schley in temporary command, vindicated American naval prowess on that fateful 3d of July, let us not grudge some tribute of admiration to Spanish gallantry. Like Montijo at Manila, Cervera and his captains fought their ships as long as a gun could be fired and finally beached them in flames. He only yielded to the inevitable. Spain, like China, sometimes rewards its unsuccessful commanders with death, and sullen threats of this kind have been heard from time to time during the present war. It is to be hoped that Cervera, when he is released from American captivity, will be accepted by his people at his genuine worth, even as Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley will be recognized by their people, as true heroes of the sea. Lieutenant Wainwright, who was also one of the heroes of the battle, not only illustrated American chivalry, but paid a just tribute in congratulating Admiral Cervera when he surrendered on his splendid and dashing, though futile, attempt.

England is in a furor of excitement over her new naval estimate. The American spectacle has made her effervesce. The new shipbuilding scheme involves the use of every government and private yard—1898-9 will be a year of unprecedented activity in strengthening naval

Marine Disaster.

The catastrophe of La Bourgogne, the French liner, added another to the awful roll of sea tragedies. Even in this age of perfected ocean travel, when human skill and prudence provide so ingeniously against the forces which conspire against man's safety on the tumbling main, the unexpected is forever happening. With eyes and ears intent on the affairs of war, anxious only in forecasting the miseries and triumphs of battlefields, this horror from an unthought of quarter struck with a more stunning shock. All the bloodshed of a desperate battle would not touch the sensibilities so closely. The feature of this tragedy which aggravates all the others is the conviction that it was not necessary, at least to the full extent of the actual facts. The habit of ocean liners in pushing their way at high speed has now illustrated afresh how custom will blunt the sense of danger, even when the responsibility of many human lives hangs in the balance.

That the French ship was proceeding at a speed of some 18 knots in a dense fog, which made all ordinary safeguards useless, suffices to brand the disaster as in part the result of recklessness. That so many other ships have been equally reckless with safety does not palliate the unlucky exception. In any case speed in a fog is little short of a crime. Another startling reflection grows from the evidences of lack of discipline among officers and crew. Captain Deloncle perished gallantly, it is true, and went down with his ship, but even in the short ten minutes which elapsed between the collision and the foundering resolute officers with a crew well in hand could have prevented the sickening horrors which ensued in the mad scramble for boats and saved many more lives. One can scarcely fancy such a carnival of crazy fear run amuck on a first class English or American steamship. Under similar conditions the familiar example of Anglo-Saxon discipline has been that of captain and officers, backed by crew, suppressing the disorder of fear by force of arms if need be. It is the confidence begotten by such experience which has made the English and American lines the models of the passenger service of the world. Of course no accident exactly repeats the conditions of any other. But there seems to have been nothing in the La Bourgogne affair which could not have been greatly alleviated in horror by executive courage and discipline.

It is a great pity that the disciples of the family vendetta, who still fill life with continuous tragedy in the mountains of West Virginia and eastern Kentucky, could not be gathered in a company for the forefront of military operations in Cuba. Their sharpshooting there would serve humanity, and the Spanish Mausers would also stand a chance of scoring on the side of philanthropy.