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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

GIVE OUR SHIPS SPEED.

The officials who have been threatening to saddle us with slower battle ships than any we have yet had in our service at a time when all other naval powers are striving for more speed have begun to learn something at last. They have issued a circular informing prospective bidders that "the Department will, in awarding contracts for the construction of battle ships 10, 11 and 12, give preference, other things being equal, to such bids as offer to guarantee the highest rate of speed and greatest coal endurance, the total weights of engines, boilers and coal, and the spaces allowed therefor, to remain as now fixed by the circular defining the chief characteristics of said vessels and the Department plans and specifications."

That is well as far as it goes, but the Department ought to issue another circular, stating that no speed below eighteen knots will be accepted. Chief Engineer Melville declares that by using modern water-tube boilers and quadruple expansion engines he can obtain such a speed with less weight of machinery than has been allowed for the slow rate provided for in the original plans. There can be no possible excuse for a failure to modify the plans to obtain such results.

To build slow battle ships at this time would be not only senseless, but clearly illegal. The law authorizing the construction of these vessels provides that they shall have "the highest practicable speed for vessels of their class." Nobody at this day will pretend that fifteen knots, or even sixteen, is the highest practicable speed for a vessel of eleven thousand tons. To construct such a ship now would be a manifest violation of law.

When the editor of the Journal visited the Texas after the destruction of Cervera's fleet the first remark addressed to him by Captain Philip was:

What sort of ships do you fellows make out on the Pacific Coast?

The splendid performance of the Oregon had impressed every man in the fleet. All the ships fought well, but it was the vessels with speed that got the full benefit of the fight. The slower ones had no chance to win fame. But for the speed of the Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas two or three, if not all, of Cervera's ships would have escaped, and Santiago would have been a name of humiliation for the American navy instead of one of glory.

The Texas was the very first battle ship ever constructed for the United States navy; she is only a second class one at that, and she was built ten years ago on foreign plans that were out of date even then. Conceive our shame if our newest and greatest first class battle ships, the latest triumphs of American skill, should be unable to come within two knots of the speed of the little ten-year-old, second class, foreign-planned Texas!

WHERE IS THE APOLOGY EDITOR?

The New York Herald's "news service" continues to excite astonishment, if not admiration. Its unique triumphs are won almost daily now.

Its most conspicuous and latest feat was achieved on Friday last, when an elaborate account was given of a battle between General Garcia and a large force of Spaniards coming into Santiago to surrender to the American commander. This account of a practical attack on men who were virtually our prisoners was rich in details.

But there was not a word of truth in it. Nevertheless, no apology for charging the Cuban General with a crime and covering him with the undeserved humiliation of defeat has been offered by the Herald.

What has become of the apology editor?

When the Herald falsely announced the fall of Manila he was worked overtime and may have been permanently exhausted by his cerebral efforts. Or, since the Herald and the faking World have become partners in not getting the news, has the apology editor been lent to the World to square it with the public for having charged the Seventy-first Regiment, New York Volunteers, with cowardice at the battle of San Juan?

Though the Herald's "news service" can give elaborate reports of imaginary battles, it was not efficient enough to furnish the public with General Garcia's letter to General Shafter notifying him of the withdrawal of the Cuban army from co-operation with the American troops, or with General Shafter's reply thereto.

The Herald's fleet step ought to be to take its apology editor from the service of the World. These two papers are working and wrecking themselves together, but it may yet be possible to save one of them. Great faith should be placed in the apology editor. He is a sober as well as a phenomenally willing man. The Herald needs him to make amends to the slandered Garcia and to clear up the mystery of where the Herald's report of the destruction of Cervera's fleet was obtained. It is suspected that it came from no human source.

According to that marvelous story of the Herald, in the version of July 4, "our ships steamed past Morro into Santiago harbor. With every gun on every vessel firing on the fortifications the American armor-clads moved into the bay at sundown to do their share in capturing the city of Santiago and destroying the enemy."

Truth—Our fleet didn't enter Santiago harbor until sixteen days later, when the firing was all over.

And this valuable information about a naval movement that never happened any more than General Garcia's attack on Spanish prisoners did, came, it seems, from "the Herald's dispatch boat Golden Rod, off Santiago!"

From the same spectral craft next day came another, much fuller, entirely different and supernaturally inaccurate account of the work of the fleet.

"For a distance of half a dozen miles off shore," reported the eagle-eyed watcher—probably Colonel Redipe W. Theuz—on the Herald-World dispatch boat Golden Rod, "the vessels of Admiral Sampson's fleet lay lazily at anchor."

As the water off Santiago is about two miles deep, this, if true, would have been an anchorage exploit to beat the marine record. But as a matter of fact, the ships of Sampson's fleet included no anchoring among its precautions to prevent Cervera's escape. For weeks our war ships, under steam both night and day, had cruised back and forth, watching the harbor's exit as a cat does a rat hole.

Here are more wonders for the apology editor to straighten out, with heaven's help:

Herald—In a few moments it was seen that the vessel emitting such great clouds of smoke was the Cristobal Colon, Admiral Cervera's flagship. With a rush fully equal to that of the Spanish flagship the Almirante Oquendo came throbbing out toward the open sea. Behind her came the Viscaya, also at full speed, while the rear was brought up by the Infanta Maria Teresa and the two torpedo boat destroyers.

IS IT PEACE AT LAST?

The Spanish Government has given the first official indication that it has had enough of war. It has opened communications with the United States, through the French Ambassador at Washington, for the purpose of discussing terms of peace.

This overture will be met by the American people in a generous spirit. We never wanted war; we accepted it only because we could not secure redress for intolerable wrongs without it. Victory has not made us rapacious. We are ready to accept now the terms we should have demanded before Schley smashed Cervera's fleet and Toral surrendered his army.

Cuba must be free, without any conditions, any guaranty of the Spanish debt or any trace of a Spanish mortgage.

Spain must abandon all claim to the Philippines, Porto Rico, and every other spot on which the American flag flies. We shall decide what is to be done with the Philippines, but the one thing absolutely settled is that Spain is never again to have any share in controlling their destiny.

With these things understood the negotiation of a treaty of peace should be easy. The Spaniards will not find us hard in the settlement of details. We have no desire to crush them by the imposition of an indemnity that will drive them into bankruptcy. America is rich, and mercenary considerations have no place in this war. We began the contest to give peace and happiness to the oppressed and tortured Cubans. We have found our work broadening, until now we are pledged to secure the welfare of millions of unhappy souls in both hemispheres. Our obligations to these people must be carried out. Not for revenge on Spain, but for justice to the victims of her oppression we must refuse to restore to her a single acre we have wrested from her.

With Dewey at Manila, Shafter at Santiago, Miles landed in Porto Rico and our flag flying over the Ladronez, the basis of an agreement is simple. It is the recognition of accomplished facts. Spain was wise in deciding to appeal directly to the United States, instead of applying to European go-betweens, who, as a Spanish statesman well said, would be sure to charge a round broker's commission. The American demands are an irreducible minimum. The broker's commission would have to be paid by Spain, and she does well to dispense with the occasion for it. As it is, she will keep whatever we leave her; if she resorted to foreign intervention her troubles would be only begun when we were satisfied.

ADMIRAL DEWEY, THE HERO OF MANILA, TO THE JOURNAL.



Rear Admiral George Dewey.

All the later exploits of the war have not dimmed the glory of our first naval hero, the Victor of Manila. In yesterday's Journal appeared a remarkable interview with Admiral Dewey, obtained by Mr. John Barrett, late United States Minister to Siam, and now the Journal's Commissioner with the American fleet in the Philippines.

The Admiral acknowledged the compliments paid him in this hearty way:

I feel myself very kindly disposed to the Journal for its celebration, of which it informed me by wire, at the same time sending its congratulations, and if I failed to acknowledge it by telegraph it was due to the amount of work on my hands at the moment.

Since then I believe I have acknowledged the Journal's action by letter. You are at liberty to express my thanks and those of the fleet for the Journal's interest. The original telegram was read to the men at quarters, as were the other important messages of congratulation.

While they are watching Santiago and Porto Rico the American people have not forgotten Manila. The situation there is more complicated and more dangerous than anywhere else. In the West Indies there is a simple question of fighting Spaniards. In the Philippines we have all the great powers of Europe to watch, with naval forces stronger than our own, not to speak of a formidable body of victorious insurgents. It is a case in which diplomatic ability is as important as military skill.

Fortunately the chancelleries of Europe do not possess a better diplomatist than George Dewey.

Herald—Cervera, on the Cristobal Colon, made the longest run toward liberty.

Truth, per Sampson's report—Cervera was on the Maria Teresa.

Herald—Every vessel in Admiral Sampson's fleet went through the fierce engagement without injury.

Sampson's report—Several of the ships were struck, the Brooklyn more often than the others, but very slight material injury was done, the greatest being aboard the Iowa.

Herald—Commodore Schley ordered the Massachusetts and Oregon to follow the Colon.

Sampson's report—The Massachusetts, which, according to routine, was sent that morning to coal at Guantanamo. Like the others had spent weary nights upon the work, and deserved a better fate than to be absent that morning.

Herald—Scattered along the shore for a distance of ten miles lie the ships of Admiral Cervera's fleet.

Schley's report—Fifty miles.

Herald—The Golden Rod was close enough to see that the thick smoke did not hide. She was too close sometimes for comfort.

Truth—The Golden Rod was not there at all. The Herald either faked its dispatch in its own office or a correspondent who did not see the battle and got confused accounts of it from others, patched up the preposterous report which the Herald gave to the public as news.

The Journal urges the Herald to reform. Inventing battles by land, capturing hostile cities with fleets anchored in two miles of water, and manufacturing reports of real actions at which no Herald correspondents are present, are not merely wicked, but foolish. No newspaper can hope to keep alive and well which commits such crimes and follies.

Look at what is left of the World.

THE MOTHER OF A HERO.

It is glorious to be a nation's hero. The man who by some bold stroke of speech or action has suddenly raised himself honorably above the great masses of men, whose ears are saluted by the thunders of a nation's applause, whose heart is stirred by the evidences on every hand of the affection and the admiration of the people, has every reason to be happy. A lifetime spent in earnest striving to attain such eminence were none too much. How happy, then, is he to whom it comes early in life, while yet the parents, whose loving care and thoughtful sacrifice fitted him for the battle of life, live to rejoice with him in victory.

And the mother! She who for long years directed gently but firmly the childish mind into those channels of application which lead to certain triumph. How ineffable her joy when the son fulfills her fondest dreams, when she sees the man achieving all that she had hoped for the boy.

The mother of Lieutenant Hobson knows now the purest joy that may enter a woman's heart. No victory that she could win for herself could be half so dear as this that her son has won for her. The triumphs of the "advanced" women pale before hers. She may be unknown to the ranks of suffragists and reformers, but she is known to the world as the mother of a hero.

Could there be any triumph more glorious? And can there be any thought that to the achievement of Lieutenant Hobson the mother who brought him up was not the chief contributor?



Hon. John Barrett, Journal Commissioner at Manila.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

JOHN SHERMAN BELIEVES that "General Garcia should have been invited to the surrender of Santiago, and if he was not, a blunder was made." It is a blunder that will not be repeated. The American people will take care of that.

SUPPOSE LAFAYETTE, with his Frenchmen, after the victory at Yorktown, had captured the city of New York, and left in power here the Tory officials and the judges appointed under British authority, what would our ancestors have said and done? Would they have been as moderate in their remonstrances as Garcia was to Shafter?

THE CAPTAIN OF THE late Spanish cruiser Alphonso XII. says the "Americans are not Christians of the earth." The sneer is revoltingly blasphemous. Americans are not inclined to arrogate to themselves divine qualities—neither are they given to accepting meekly the Spanish epithet of "piga."

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE POLICE FORCE in the Tenderloin has given orders to arrest every woman found wearing a bicycle costume without the chaperonage of a bicycle or a check. It is a delight to live in a town where nobody has to mind his own business, the police relieving him of that responsibility, but there are occasions on which this paternal care is carried to an extreme. Still, it is gratifying to know that New York has reached such an idyllic state of virtue that the guardians of morals can find nothing worse than short skirts to disturb their pure minds about.

THE AMERICAN FLAG has gone up in Porto Rico. And where the American flag goes up nowadays it has a way of staying.

SPAIN WANTS PEACE. So do we. The only question is whether Spain wants it badly enough yet to come to our terms. If she doesn't now she will soon.

SOME COMMENTS BY CONTEMPORARIES ON THE WORLD'S SLANDER OF THE 71ST REGIMENT

[From the Evening Sun, yesterday.] WATCHING THE WORLD SQUIRM. "That's a very cheap way of trying to dodge anticipated libel suits," said Private Alton Moore, of the 71st Regiment, New York Volunteers, when he glanced at a copy of the World which was handed to him to-day while he was lying in the convalescent pavilion of Bellevue Hospital. The article referred to was an offer in large display type of the World to start a fund for the erection of a monument to the gallant men of the 71st who died at the front. The World offered to subscribe \$1,000. It published a letter signed "A Reader of the World," in which it said that the World ought to give the people of the city an opportunity to subscribe a sum of money sufficient to build a shaft that will be a credit to the city, etc. "The World can well afford to subscribe \$1,000 to start such a fund," said the member of the Seventy-first, "after the despicable attack it made on the integrity and bravery of our regiment. Of course, no member of the Seventy-first Regiment believes that any 'Reader of the World' ever wrote that letter, unless it was one of the editors who is paid to read the paper. It looks like a sneaking attempt of that paper to retrieve what it lost by its attacks on our regiment. It will not do for the World at this late date to try to shift the responsibility of its assault upon the good name of our regiment. No matter what it may say, the members of the Seventy-first will not soon forget the words of the World's own special correspondent, Sydney Scott, which the World displayed with such gusto in large type: 'The spirit of the men in the trenches is improving daily. It never was low, except in the case of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers.' "These words, together with the direct accusation of cowardice on the part of the officers of our regiment, were published in the World on July 11. It subsequently quoted two officers, and incorrectly, too, trying to back up the baseless accusation of its own correspondent. It was not until the regulars who saw us under fire came out and denied the truth of the World's charges and the business interests of the paper began to suffer that the World attempted to retract its cruel attacks. "You don't believe, then, that the World is sincere in its efforts to raise a monument to the Seventy-first men, whom it called cowards just one week ago?" was asked by one of Moore's visitors. "I certainly do not believe it," was the reply. "There are, however, a great many generous citizens who, not fully understanding the motives which prompt that paper to make the offer to handle the people's money, may contribute to a fund for a shaft to the memory of the men from this city who died in battle at Santiago. I shall watch with interest the list as made up in the World office. When the people of this city wish to erect a monument to the memory of the men from here at the front it will not be necessary to get the permission of a newspaper which has so grossly libeled the first New York regiment to set foot on Cuban soil. Nor will the person proposing such a thing be ashamed to sign his name to the letter. "When the higher officials of our regiment return to this city, I haven't the slightest doubt that they will bring libel suits against the World for its malicious and untruthful charges against the 71st. Can be no greater crime in time of war than to rob a soldier of his honor. That's what the World tried to do. No member of the Seventy-first will let the paper get off its return from the war, and no friend of the Seventy-first will ever place the slightest confidence in anything the World says or does. The Seventy-first New York boys are trying to wriggle out of its baseless accusations. The highest duty of a soldier is to obey the orders of his superiors. That is what the men and officers of the Seventy-first did. When they parted their ranks to let two regiments of regulars go by to points to which the regulars had been ordered, they did the only thing they could do—obeyed orders. "We let the regulars through, as ordered, but it was not long before we ourselves advanced under the orders of our own officers to the firing line, and the charge up that hill at San Juan by the Seventy-first, with such fearful loss of life, but with vic-

THE DREYFUS SCANDAL BLAZING OUT AGAIN.

English Newspapers Charge the French Government with Again Evading the Production of the Promised Proofs.

London, July 15.—The smoldering embers of the "Affaire Dreyfus" have again burst into flame, which the new Government of France finds it as hopeless to try to stamp out, as did its predecessor. The blaze is being assiduously fanned by the English newspapers in particular, and the continental press in general, and another great conflagration is imminent. The Government depended on a coup. The sentence of Zola and the editor of the Aurore was followed by Cavaignac's declaration in the Senate and the arrest of Picquart, Esterhazy and Mme. Pays. The Minister of War ascended the rostrum to demonstrate once and for all to France and the world that the unhappy prisoner of the Ile du Diabie had been definitely proved guilty of the crime of treason after a fair trial.

THE TRIAL PROVED AN UNFAIR ONE. He proved conclusively to all unprejudiced persons that he Dreyfus guilty or innocent, his trial was not a fair one. The Minister based his argument upon certain documents, as to the source and accuracy of which every one of official circles is kept in the dark, and which were not shown either to Dreyfus or his counsel, and asks the world to take his (the Minister's) word for it that they furnished absolute proof of the prisoner's guilt.

Put plainly and simply the facts are these: The French Government, through its spokesmen, asks the world to believe that there are a thousand documents—a whole ocean of irrefutable proofs of this unhappy officer's treason. If so, nothing can be easier than to settle the whole ugly business by trying him. But in his obvious anxiety to avoid that result, the Minister produces three documents as the pick of the bundle, and the world can judge of them. The Chronicle, which has taken a leading part in the exploiting of the Dreyfus case, says on this point:

LOOKS AS IF THE CONFESSION WAS MANUFACTURED.

We assure French men that no one attaches the smallest value to them as proof against the accused. No one is allowed to see

whether they are forgeries. No one knows even where this "Canaille de Dreyfus" group of papers came from. For anything we know, they may be nothing more than fresh leaves from the budget of Esterhazy and his gang. To bolster up the obvious weakness of the direct case, there is a second line of argument to the effect that Dreyfus confessed. But there again the alleged proofs are hopelessly flimsy, and his own avowed protestations of innocence are in the minds of everybody. We are sorry to say it, but it appears at present more probable that this story of the alleged confession is an invention manufactured for the use of evading the plain necessity of actual proof.

During the trial of Zola, while the Dreyfus excitement was at its highest pitch the answer of every Frenchman to the foreigner who inquired: why, if Dreyfus has been actually proved guilty by the court-martial, the Government did not make the proceedings public and allay this agitation, was:

NEEDED THE JEWS' MONEY.

"The Government needs the money of the Jews for the elections. They will subscribe heavily with a view to influencing the ministers for a revision of the trial of Dreyfus, whereas, if the matter was definitely ended, the Jews would keep their money in their pockets. After the elections the Government will make public the evidence of the court-martial, and every one will know that Dreyfus was really guilty of treason."

The elections have come, and a new ministry has been installed, and the promised revelations turn out to be the flimsiest ever offered to palliate a Governmental blunder. Is the French Government strong enough to apply the closure to the "Affaire Dreyfus," with the public opinion and the press of the rest of the civilized world arrayed against it? That will be determined by the trial of ex-Colonel Picquart, who is charged with treason in making public official documents of the War Office that tended to prove Dreyfus's innocence. If Picquart is "railroaded" without effective protest, the "Affaire Dreyfus" may be considered to be at an end for all except those unhappy persons who are personally involved in it.

FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

NEWS OF OUR HIGHEST CIRCLES—BY CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

There is only one very gay place along the coast, and that is Southampton. There it is positively giddy at the week end, but rather "henry" at any other time.

Jimmy Brees and his crowd are making things quite lively during those days, and then one has Albert Stevens, who is nothing if not ultra British and picturesque. His golf togs are the wonder of the Shinnecock Hills and his famous ties are plinker and brighter than ever. His recent fall in the middle of the road, from which he was picked up insensible, has hurt his knee cap so that he limps about in regulation Prince of Wales fashion.

The sentiment at Southampton, you know, is equally divided between golf and bathing and dancing twice a week at the club and ever so many little informal dinners.

There is still friction between the Brees element and the Betts contingent, which represents the older element.

THE NEW AND THE OLD. Southampton has now these separate and distinct sets, and there is holy war in the air, which is a distinctly lively factor in the existence at this place.

The Breeses, however, are far ahead, as this past week they entertained the Vanderbilts in the shape of Mr. and Mrs. Seward Webb. This was the first protracted stay of any member of that august family at Southampton and their visit was regarded quite in the light of a royal event. In fact, the entertaining of the Webbs was almost as great a hullabaloo as has been stirred up at Newport by the Count of Turin.

Southampton has a few men here and there who are steady, and it goes on the even tenor of its way,

neither wildly hilarious nor absolutely funeral, and so in contrast to Newport, the Pier and Bar Harbor it is as a perfect maelstrom of gaiety and wild abandon.

HADIK SAFELY DISPOSED OF.

And after all Count Hadik-Futak is to be married and to an heiress. A fellow feels relieved that he has not snapped up an American beauty with a fortune, and one really hopes that he has placed himself well with a foreign heiress. Futak was all right in his way, only impetuous. At last, after his Summer at Newport with his traps and all that kind of thing and his dance in New York and his unsuccessful wooing of an heiress of the West one did hear—these are all old stories.

Of the foreign noblemen who came over that year Castellane was the only one who caught a prize, "Hardtack," as he used to be called, was unfortunate and his return to his native land was sudden and unexpected.

CERVERA IN THE WAINWRIGHT MANSION. With him the yogue for Continental nobility had a quietus only to be awakened this year by the Belgian and Italian princes and their suites.

An odd coincidence of the war is the fact that the mansion at Annapolis, which is now serving as a prison for Admiral Cervera, was for some years the residence of Lieutenant Wainwright, whose intrepid bravery led to the surrender. That captor and captive should within a few years have lived in the same residence is certainly remarkable. The house itself is an old-fashioned, roomy structure, and it has been a great favorite with the professors and officers stationed at Annapolis. Within its walls have taken place many remarkable entertainments.

MARK TWAIN UNDERGOES AN APPETITE CURE.

Mark Twain's latest European exploit is to be treated at an "appetite cure" in Bohemia. He does justice to this institution in the August Cosmopolitan. When he arrived the doctor looked him over.

"The mere sight of food offends you, does it?" said the doctor.

"More; it revolts me," said Mark.

The doctor considered awhile, then got out a long menu and ran his eye slowly down it.

"I think," said he, "that what you need to eat is—barber, choose for yourself."

"I glanced at the list, and my stomach threw a hand-spring. Of all the barbarous layouts that were ever contrived this was the most atrocious. At the top stood 'tough, underdone, overripe, garnished with garlic,' half-way down the bill stood 'young cat, old cat, scrambled cat'; at the bottom stood 'sailor boots, softened with tallow—served raw.' The wide intervals of the bill were packed with dishes calculated to insult a cannibal."

The doctor did not press him to eat, but invited him to go to his room. When they got him there they locked him in and left him.

CAVIAR AND TAR.

"When I had been without food forty-five hours," says the patient, "I ran eagerly to the bell and ordered the second dish in the bill, which was a sort of dumplings containing a compost made of caviar and tar."

"It was refused me. During the next fifteen hours I visited the bell every now and then and ordered a dish that was further down the list. Always a

refusal. But I was conquering prejudice after prejudice right along; I was making sure progress; I was cheeping up on No. 15 with deadly certainty, and my heart beat faster and faster, my hopes rose higher and higher.

"At last when food had not passed my lips for sixty hours, victory was mine, and I ordered No. 15: 'Soft-balled Spring chicken—in the egg, six dozen, hot and fragrant!'"

Then the head of the institution appeared on the scene.

IT'S A CURE!

"It's a cure, it's a cure!" said he. "I knew I could do it. Dear sir, my grand system never fails—never. You've got your appetite back—you know you have; say it and make me happy."

"Bring on your cartious—I can eat anything in the bill!"

"Oh, this is noble, this is splendid—but I knew I could do it, the system never fails. How are the birds?"

"Never was anything so delicious in the world; and yet as a rule I don't care for game. But don't interrupt me, don't—I can't spare my mouth, I really can't."

"Then the doctor said:

"The cure is perfect. There is no more doubt nor danger. Let the poultry alone; I can trust you with a beefsteak, now."

"The beefsteak came—as such as a basketful of it—with potatoes, and Vienna bread and coffee; and I ate a meal then that was worth all the costly preparation I had made for it. And dripped tears of gratitude into the gravy all the time—gratitude to the doctor for putting a little plain common sense into me, when I had been empty of it so many, many years."

Calls It Splendid Gallantry.

(From a staff correspondent of the Mail and Express, dated Santiago, July 8.)

It will be many a day before those who saw that gallant charge of American troops forget to dwell with admiration upon it.

I tried to give it adequate description in my previous letter, but, as I said then, it is beyond the power of pen or brush to do so. The Seventy-first New York boys, the heroism of the men of the Sixth, Sixteenth and Twenty-fourth Infantry, or the three cavalry regiments that fought through the whole forty-eight hours almost without rest or food.

It would be idle to attempt to single out companies or even regiments for gallantry. In facing the Spanish intrenchments. The battle line, if one ever existed, which I doubt, was made up of men from every regiment, each fighting in his own way, and not until the cessation of firing on Sunday morning was any way found of bringing whole regiments together, or getting the slightest order out of the confusion.