

TRAMP OF THE WOUNDED

All Who Could Walk Had to Drag Themselves to the Sea.

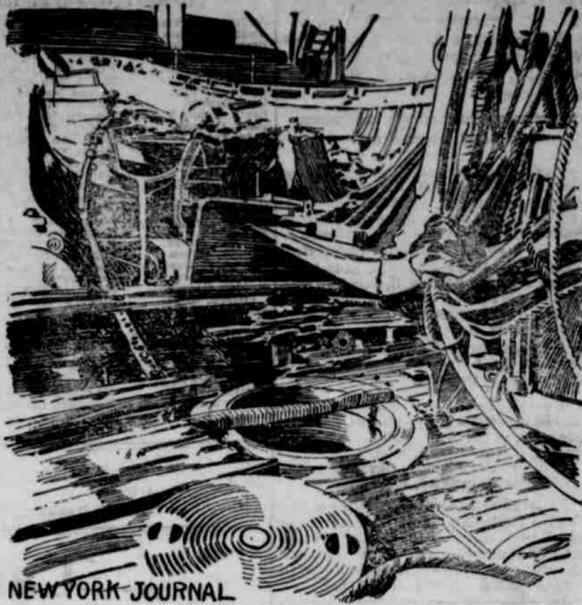
OUR MEN BORE IT LIKE HEROES.

Scenes Along the Path Where the Stricken Soldiers Plodded in the Moonlight Toward Siboney—Pure Grit and No Complaints—The Weakened Men Were Marks For Spanish Sharpshooters in the Trees.

The New York Sun's correspondent, writing under the date of July 6 from Siboney, Cuba, describes the scenes along the path where our wounded soldiers plodded toward the hospital at Siboney as follows:

Darkness had covered the first great battlefield of the Spanish-American war. The dead lay all about, unminded in the press to alleviate the wants of the wounded. Sorrow was everywhere, not because of defeat or disaster, for American valor had driven the enemy from their intrenchments in the face of a fire that might well have shattered the ranks of veteran soldiers, but because to these farmer boys, these mechanics, clerks, lawyers, dukes and millionaires, bred to the ways of peace, the shedding of so much blood seemed a terrible thing, in palliation of which a righteous war for a righteous cause was all but unjust. They were not used to war, with its bloody trail of shattered flesh and broken bones. It was all too horrible when robbed of its glamour by stern reality, and so, despite the victory of the day and the glory they had won, our soldiers were crushed and broken hearted by the loss that had been entailed.

And it was a terrible, pitiful sight that night. Wounded were everywhere, silently suffering. The shrieks and groans of which writers of other battlefields have been wont to make so much were missing. Men pierced through and through with Mauser bullets lay in the long grass of the fields where they had fallen or under the knife of the surgeon in the improvised hospitals without a murmur or a moan. They bore it like heroes, but the agony was all there. And those who saw it knew it. The pallid faces, contorted with suffering,



NEW YORK JOURNAL. EFFECT OF A SPANISH SHELL ON THE TEXAS.

When this shell struck the American battleship, Captain Philip was standing on the bridge. He immediately sent the officers with him to places of greater safety, but himself remained at his exposed post. This view of the damage to the Texas was taken looking toward the bow and shows how the planking of the superstructure was rent and torn. All of this part of the ship might have been shot away, however, without putting her out of action. The picture was taken July 4.

broken arms, with bullets through their chests, their thighs, their legs, crept slowly in with a patience that was marvelous.

From San Juan hill to Siboney the circuitous road made necessary by the mud and the mountains covers a distance of about eight miles. Formerly it was scarcely more than a mountain trail, sound enough under foot, but the traffic of the great army wagons has cut it all to pieces, and made it in the lower places all but impassable, especially in the rainy season, now on. It is not a pleasant course to travel at best, but suppose circumstances had brought you to take it this battle night. The moon is up, and in the open its silvery

and you answer. "I'll never get there tonight, but I'll try," he says, and on he limps.

Still you are in the open. The trees along the roadside are short. The sun has had a chance at the roadbed, and it is fairly dry. The walking is easy. By and by you reach a ford over a little stream. Here is the "bloody angle." The dead are all about. The wounded are clustered by the water. They are feverish. They lap it up gratefully, talking meanwhile of the day.

"We gave them h—, didn't we?" said a wounded volunteer to a passing regular.

"That's what we did, but they can fight some, too," was the reply.



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AMERICAN SOLDIER REPAIRING CUBAN'S GUN.

Our Cuban allies at Santiago have been much discussed, some army officers declaring that they were valuable aids and others asserting that the only things they were really willing to attack with vim and determination were the provisions of the American army. The Cubans were half starved and practically unclothed when Shafter reached Santiago. The shoes given them they wore tied around their necks by the strings, because shoes were too valuable to be worn on the feet. The accompanying sketch, made by a New York Herald artist in the field, shows an American soldier repairing the gun of a Cuban.

Guns opened the action in the morning. As you go on the road grows worse and more weird. Up hill and down again it runs, with mud a foot deep in places. The feet of the wounded wayfarers sink into the mire until some of them are helpless. They are grateful when you help them, and you push on.

It is more lonely now. There is no one within sight or sound either ahead or behind, and the road is once more open. You look across the nearby stubble at the woods beyond, and you wonder if here, too, there are Spanish sharpshooters waiting and watching. You hurry, and on either side through the palms there comes a crackling as of

the loss of blood that's killing me. How far is it now? Have we come to the hill where the rough riders fought?"

"Not yet," answers one of the soldiers, "but it is very near."

"Well, I'll get that far, anyway," is the man's response, and he struggles to his tired feet.

In the distance there can be heard the jingle of a bell. It comes closer and closer, and soon around a bend appears the head of a mule train carrying ammunition to the front. They will need it on the morrow. Behind come lumbering a half dozen wagons, carrying supplies, each with eight powerful mules hauling it through the miry road. The

into a thicket through which the sun never shines. The moon is drowned. It is as black as a cavern. Rocks, loose and jagged, fill the roadway and render the footing unsafe. Branches reach out from the brush and whip your face. It is uncanny. Strange insects are singing here and there, and far off you hear the call of the cuckoo which so often betokens the presence of Spaniards lying in wait for the invaders. Then there comes the answering cry still farther on, and you wonder what is going to happen to you. Your imagination grows vivid. Dark figures appear down the road. They look like men crouching. A dash of moonlight through a rift in the overhanging clouds of tropical foliage falls on the dewy blade of a palm and changes it into the gleaming bayonet of a Spanish soldier. The scenes of the bloody day just done have been such as unstring nerves, and while you chide yourself for your foolish fancies you hurry along, hurry along, hoping for the end.

And by and by it comes. You have reached the level sandy stretch behind the ridge on which sits Siboney, and rounding the end through the ravine which cuts down to the sea you have before you the tents and campfires of the soldiers at the base and the cottages of the Cubans. It has not been a pleasant journey, but you have seen one of the phases of warfare, and that is much.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Canadian Pacific railway earnings for the week ended July 21 were \$448,000; same period last year, \$489,000.

The New Chilean cruiser Almirante O'Higgins has arrived at Valparaiso.

R. E. Melvin, whose home was at Macomb, Ill., was killed by foul air while descending into the Gloriana mine at Cripple Creek.

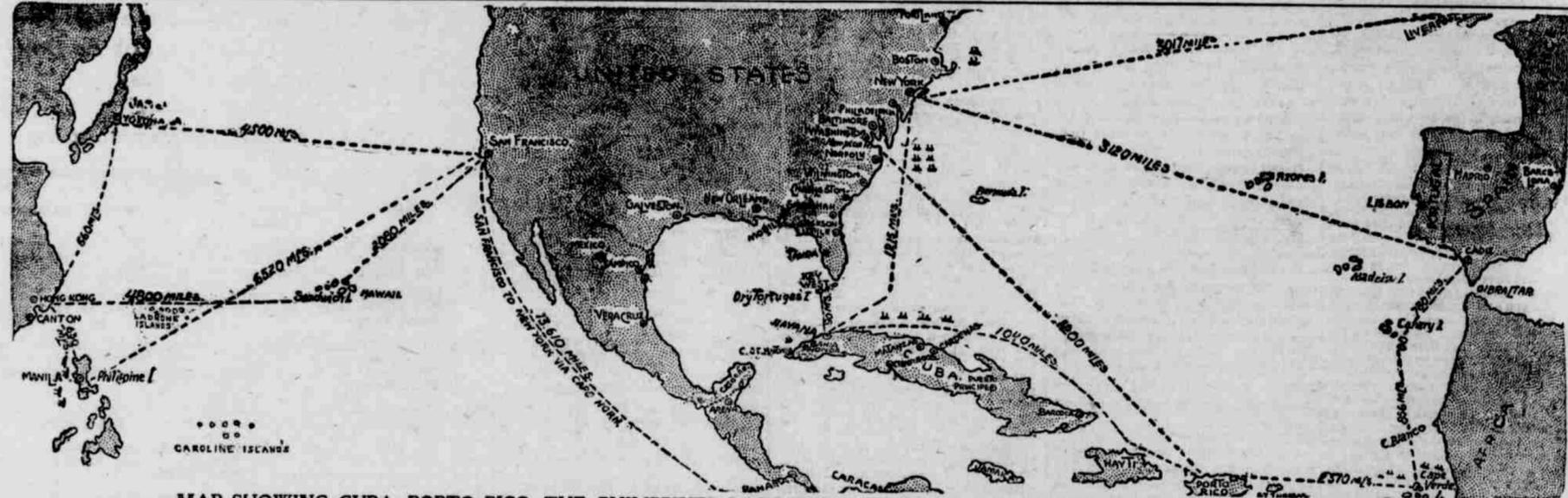
It is estimated that there are 240,000 women domestic servants in London, and that 10,000 of these are always out of situations or changing their places.

Calvin Stewart, 14 years old, was drowned while swimming in White river at Washington, Ind.

Sig. Ferdinando Boccini of Milan, Italy, has given \$80,000 to found a high school of commerce in Milan similar to those in Antwerp and Lyons.

Albert Seeley of Hebron, Ind., was shot and perhaps fatally wounded by William Sloan.

Prospero Scheaffino, Italian consul at Baltimore, has been knighted by King Humbert and made a chevalier of the Order of the Crown of Italy.



MAP SHOWING CUBA, PORTO RICO, THE PHILIPPINES, LADRONES, CAROLINES, CANARIES AND THE REPUBLIC OF HAWAII.

fold the story as plainly as though the pain were shrieked from a thousand throats and made it all the nobler.

What a journey it was that night from the firing line along the hill of San Juan, where our soldiers lay on their rifles, down the long, winding, muddy road to Siboney, where is the army's base! Here is the hospital to which all the wounded must come eventually if they be spared, and toward it, from the crack of the first rifle on this morning of the opening struggle until the night merged into another day, those not too badly crippled dragged their maimed and shattered selves in hope of aid. The field hospitals were overrun. The ambulances were crammed with men who could not walk. Supply and ammunition wagons had been called into service, but still they were not sufficient, and so poor luckless devils with

light clearly marks out your way. You start just at the base of that hill up which the Seventy-first New York charged so gallantly in the afternoon. Never mind the dead. Siboney must be reached before midnight, and the way is long. The road is level here and mainly in the open, so you push along quite rapidly. Before and behind and around you are the wounded plodding onward. Some of them speak to you.

"How far is it to Siboney?" asks one young fellow, with his left arm in a sling.

"Eight miles," you tell him.

"Thank God I have two good legs," he answers and keeps on.

But he has lost blood, and is weak. You pass him. Others are around. One big soldier is doubled over, making his way painfully.

"How far is it to Siboney?" he asks,

Past the first ford the road darkens and grows muddy. The trees are higher. They stretch back in forest grandeur a half a mile, and they are deathtraps. They hide the bitterest, the cruellest, the most uncivilized fighters in all Christendom, the Spanish guerrillas. They are up in the tree tops sharpshooting. Soldier or civilian, well or wounded, it matters not to them. A rifle cracks and a bullet whines by your head. You seek the cover by the roadside and make your way along as silently as possible. The wounded plod wearily on, some of them too weak to hide.

Every now and then you hear that one of them has been hit. Occasionally a soldier on watch fires back at the distant flash and for a moment you have peace. Past another ford you keep on your way, leaving behind you the hill of El Pozo, where Captain Grimes' field

branches being trodden underfoot. Your blood grows cold, and then you smile to yourself in a sickly sort of way as you realize that the land crabs are running from you. They are plainly to be seen in the road now, big fellows, blue and black and red and yellow. They hurl themselves hurriedly from danger in their peculiar awkward way, and you hate them, for you know that were you dead on that spot within an hour these vermin would have picked your skull as clean as vultures.

The never ending road still winds on through the wood with the wounded once more dotting it. Three of them are sitting on a boulder. Two of them have been shot in the arm, the other both in the shoulder and the thigh. He is weakening fast and the others are trying to cheer him up.

"It ain't the pain," he says, "it's

drivers curse and crack their whips. The mules struggle into a gallop and plunge down a hill. Soon the tinkle of the pack train's bell and then the thunder of the wagon wheels are lost. It is peaceful as though war did not exist. The land crabs flee in their fiendish way from before your feet and with half an hour of steady marching you stand on the rough riders' hill. To the right, just on the crown overlooking the valley to the south, are seven wooden slabs stuck into the earth side by side to mark where fell the first heroes in the campaign against Santiago. A wounded man is lying near the graves. He lifts his head at the approaching sounds.

"Played out," he says laconically.

"Shot in the shoulder. Finish the trip tomorrow."

No complaint, no regret, just grit. From this hill the road leads down

J. W. Hackard, aged 22, of Jefferson, Ind., was shot by Nelson Smith, aged 70. Smith had forbidden Hackard calling upon his granddaughter, and his order was ignored.

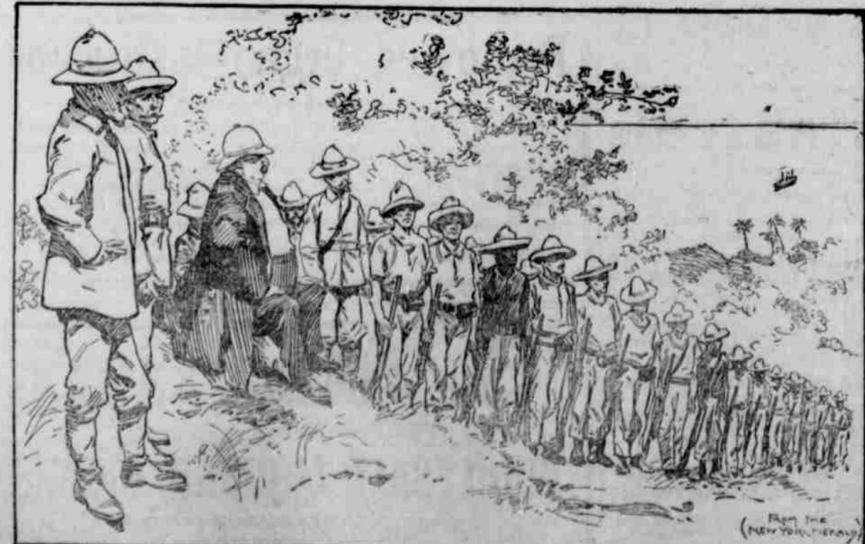
Mrs. A. C. Clas of Milwaukee was robbed of \$1,000 worth of diamonds, which she thinks were taken from her by a seeker after aims.

The Aurora Vapor Stove company of Cleveland, O., has assigned. Assets and liabilities, \$40,000 each.

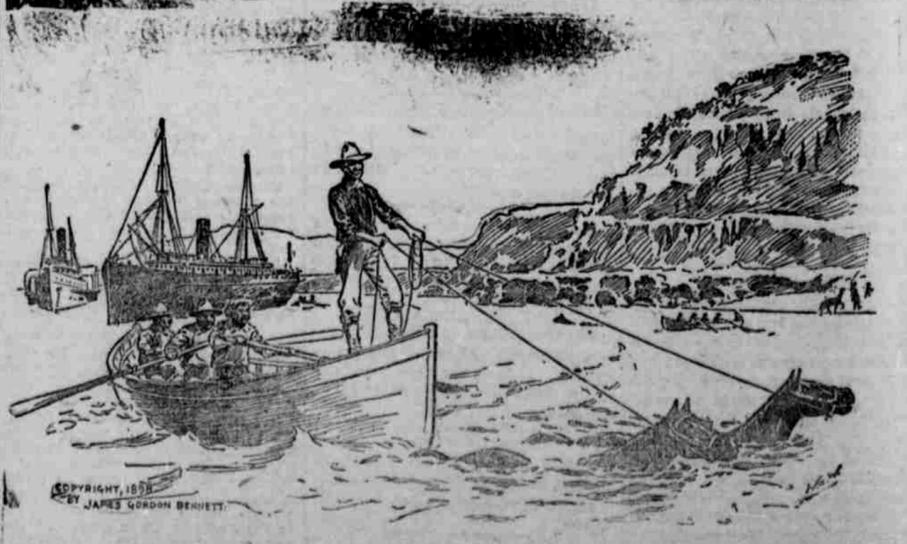
The Hicks Wholesale Grocery company and J. A. Stephenson, furniture, were burned out at Shreveport, La. Loss, \$45,000.

The members of the Gentry family in Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Tennessee, Texas, and Kentucky are preparing for a monster family reunion at Crab Orchard Springs, Ky.

The Duke of Connaught has been appointed an elder brother of Trinity house, to succeed Mr. Gladstone.



GENERAL SHAFTER REVIEWING CUBAN TROOPS. [From a sketch at Camp Cerradillas, Cuba, by W. O. Wilson of the New York Herald.]



HORSES TOWING A BOAT ASHORE AT BAIQUIRI. [Drawn by a special artist of the New York Herald with the army in Cuba.]