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ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1899.—WITH SUPPLEMENT.

VOL. XVIII—NO. 23—WHOLE NO. 918.

Pen Pictures of Guerrilla Life in Cuba

By THOMAS C. ESTERMAN.

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SYNOPSIS.

The author, an American gun-maker, in business in Manzanillo, being fond of adventurous experiences, was easily persuaded to accompany one of the Cuban officers to a camp in the Eastern province to repair an outfit of Mauser rifles, and he was by no means averse to sharing for awhile the fortunes of the Cuban patriots. He tells of many lively experiences. With other Cubans he visits the caves of Cuzco, from which salt-peter is obtained for the manufacture of gunpowder, and in the previous chapter vividly describes life in a Cuban camp during the rainy season.

There were two mud-spattered horses at the hitching-post, and I got a glimpse of one of our scouts rummaging a pile of old harness-leather in a storeroom near the Quartermaster's sanctum.

"Any novedad?" I inquired. "Anything wrong, Captain?"

"Why, yes," said the Quartermaster. "We got a piece of bad news this morning. Always something happening to aggravate foul weather, isn't it. We had a strong post on the Rio Cauto, you know, and our scouts now report that their commander has surrendered to Col. Gaston, of the Spanish rangers—net fought and asked quarters to save his life, but just went to Bayamo to give himself up. One troop of his men broke away, and send word to ask if we can furnish them rations and ammunition if they come up here."

"We can straighten out a lot of the old-style muskets and spare them all the home-made powder they want," I replied. "We got nearly a horse-load of nitrates yesterday and are only waiting for a bit of sunshine to get another supply of charcoal wood."

"Good! Let them come, then," said the Captain; "and I also wanted to ask you another question. You must often have seen Gaston at Manzanillo; do you think he was the sort of a chap to work a go-between game? We have a strong suspicion that he went out of his way to bribe that rascal, and the next time they vote I shall agree with Gen. Garcia that it would be the best plan to shoot every Spaniard that comes to ask for a private conference. Here comes Lieut. Salinez; he has been in favor of that expedient long ago."

"Yes; they won't try to bribe me," laughed the Lieutenant; "too many halts in pickle for this bushwhacker; and I only wish they would try it on our old man; he would invite them to a conference with the carrion-crows on the first tree that would hoist them. And"—poking my ribs—"your friend Marquez will be too independently well off to entertain their propositions, if he keeps on raking hoo-dle."

"How many has been cleaned out by this time?" I inquired.

"Oh, 10 or 12, anyhow. But, say, I have to congratulate you on the moral progress of your assistant; one fellow wanted Joe to bet for him, and the little scamp refused—held back for a bigger commission, I suppose. But his excuse was that 'Don Tomas had enjoined him not to touch cards or dice.'"

Look here, I suspect you have been school-teaching in the States, or how do you manage to control that little devil? You might as well own up; isn't that where all your books came from?"

"I don't try to deny it at all," I laughed; "I did teach for a couple of years; but I wouldn't be a Yankee if I had not more trades than two. Those books you speak of are on mining and chemistry. I always had an idea that there must be gold in these mountains."

"Oh, that explains it, why you didn't gamble; had a better scheme somewhere else. Now, I can guess what you and Pacheco were doing in that gully last night,"—with a lot of similar banter, till a pause in the rain gave me a pretext to slip back to my workshop.

NEW ARRIVALS IN CAMP.

Zealots are apt to put the worst construction upon the motives of renegades; yet, when Col. Bernal's deserters arrived, footsore and starved, our men began to admit that the supposed traitor to the cause of Cuba Libre could plead extenuating circumstances.

"We applied to Gen. Garcia again and again," said one of their Sergeants, "and he knew that our post was getting untenable, but we could not get permission for a transfer. In another month the Spaniards would have surrounded us and shot all they could catch, so our officers concluded to make terms before it was too late. The Val de Cauto is no place for an open camp like ours."

Some 50 miles northwest of Santiago, the Rio Cauto, one of the few navigable streams of Cuba, enters Manzanillo Bay through a hill-framed estuary, and in better times the lower slopes of its valley were known as "Las Huertas," the "Gardenlands," of the South, and even in their present desolation these river-terraces could challenge comparison with the finest orchard-regions of the northern provinces. During the con-

fusion following the defeat of Gen. Pando, the insurgents had established a camp near the Delfe of Corrientes, but the Spaniards soon after resumed their patrols, and intercepted so many foragers that the men of Enrique Bernal had for weeks been obliged to subsist upon the products of the wilderness.

Reduced to parched acorns, and face to face with famine, the unfortunate commander had adopted the expedient of calling a council of his entire force and pledged himself to abide by the decision of the plurality vote. Should



OUR LETTER-CARRIER RECONSIDERING BEFORE STARTING THAT EVENING.

they surrender upon honorable terms, and take the chance of regaining their freedom under luckier auspices? Or, would it be more creditable to join the Pelados and defy the authority of the Junta?

Opinions were divided, but out of some 50 rank and file 34 finally decided to follow their commander to Bayamo, while 16 of their comrades, including several veteran scouts, obtained permission to run the gantlet of the Spanish rangers and try their luck in the eastern highlands.

After a week of night marches and narrow escapes 14 of these blockade-runners had met Col. Parras in the Val de Gallo, and had now reached our camp as a temporary haven of refuge.

There was something decidedly irregular about the manner of their re-enlistment, yet, all things considered, it seemed hardly probable that Gen. Gomez would prosecute them on a charge of desertion, and the vote of Camp Barancas acquitted them of unpatriotic conduct.

A MAIL ROUTE ESTABLISHED.

In one respect their Colonel seemed to have had more enterprise than our own post commander. In spite of hard times, he had kept up private mail communications with Manzanillo, and one of his men now offered to requite our hospitality by a weekly trip to Potoseros, where he had met the letter-smugglers of the Junta in behalf of his former camp.

"Are you not afraid that rascal Bernal will put the Spaniards on your track?" asked Lieut. Estevan.

"Oh, Dios, no! He would sooner let them tear out his tongue," said the volunteer; "believe me, Senor, he is no rascal."

"Then I shall pay you \$2 extra for every successful trip," said the Lieutenant, who had been fretting for newspapers all along. "But if the Dons catch you, I wash my hands of it. You must know what risks you are running, better than I can tell you."

"No hay cuidado—no danger," laughed the old scout, and received permission to start on a news-foray that same night.

His return on the evening of Dec. 18 with the accumulated mail of two weeks set our camp afire, and partly explained a strange report about the proximate motive of Col. Bernal, the rumor, namely, that President McKinley had pledged himself to the Spanish Envoy to refuse the recognition of the Cuban republic under all circumstances. Some passages in the Presidential message of Dec. 6 seemed almost to warrant an inference of that sort, for I knew by ex-

perience that the Habana papers would stop short of outright forgery, and garble facts only by the quotation of ambiguous paragraphs, separated from an explanatory context. "From a standpoint of international law," one of these papers made the President say, "as well as in consideration of our best interests, I must admit that I regard the recognition of the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents as unwise and therefore inadvisable."

The next four lines of the actual message considerably modified that verdict, but as far as it went the translation was fairly correct.

Our men hung their heads, and matters were not mended by the report that another Spanish patrol had entered the Val de Gallo and driven our scouts to cover. Six of our new-comers were sent down as reinforcements, and Serg't Gaviez reported everything ready to move the outfit of our Provost-Marshal department at an hour's notice. Our

spirited debate, but the committee reported favorably upon Lieut. Estevan's suggestion of "Stripes without Stars."

"Poor Gomez," said Lieut. Salinez; "they ought to turn them over to an expert like Jake Cavillo. Say, Don Tomas, do you think they could really give our Pelados points on any higher branch of science, except safe-cracking?"

"I don't know," I laughed; "they do call the Georgians 'Crackers,' and perhaps one of their matadors can crack Gen. Blanco's skull for you."

Gen. Jose B. Aleman, a stickler for red tape, was nominated for Master of Ceremonies at the reception banquet.

"That's a good idea," said Capt. Holgar; "only somebody should warn him against the display of silver spoons. But what a pity we lost Razoze," (an embezzling deserter;) "this would have been his chance for promotion; those striped professors would have appreciated his talents at once."

I thought the banter would never end.

ENCOURAGING ADVICES.

Col. Parras was a little late for supper, and seemed to have had a private conference with our mail-carrier.

The Bernal episode and its alleged cause had revived his interest in politics, and there seemed no doubt that the Spaniards were making desperate efforts to redeem their promise of pacifying the island, somehow or other, before the end of the year.

The news-caterers of the Junta had, withal, sent us encouragements enough to restore our good humor. The truth about that Presidential message was gradually getting known, and our friends had not failed to emphasize the fact that scores of American reporters had forced their way into the famine towns, and that their appeals to humanity were fanning the fires of North American wrath into a steadily-growing conflagration.

The protests of Consul Lee, and the pro-Cuba speeches of Senator Sherman, were likewise quoted; though—such is fame—both these distinguished gentlemen were constantly getting confounded with their military namesakes. Stonewall Jackson was the victim of a still stranger anachronism.

"I am glad to understand that brave old campaigner was undoubtedly shot by accident," I heard an intelligent Creole comment upon the tragedy of Chancellorsville; "the Yankees would never have forgiven themselves for killing the man that delivered them from the yoke of King George." Implying not only a belief in the resurrection of Old Hickory, but novel notions about the importance of the New Orleans target exploit.

From all I saw in Spanish-America I should even hesitate to deny the possible truth of that anecdote about a Spanish editor who described President McKinley as "a naturalized Chinaman, quite dapper-looking in his glossy dress-coat, but with a good many of the Mongolian crochets that might be expected from a native of Canton."

"I hope Lee will not surrender a second time," said Col. Parras. "If he helps us hold out just one other year, the dice are bound to fall in our favor. There will be an uprising in the States, and probably in Spain too. The next Cuban Summer will break the backbone of their staying powers."

"We can stand it now, if they can," said the clever Sergeant of the Bernaleros.

"That's right; never say die," laughed the Colonel, appreciating the compliment. "Let's have some music, boys. I understand you have a strummer in your gang. Where's our guitar; or did Pete Navarro take it along when he skipped?"

"No; it's in my tent," said Corp'l Marquez, and our mostroopers proceeded to celebrate Christmas in the old Spanish fashion: songs and good cheer to usher in the hour when the choir of angelic vocalists proclaimed tidings of joy.

We had two professional musicians now, and quite a number of good singers. Indeed, nine out of 10 South Caucasians can sing in tune and improvise variations for a duet. And, with all our appreciation of good music, our Northlanders can't—not more than five in a hundred of us, anyhow. The bottom fact reason, I suspect, is that our climate-fighting forefathers were too busy to sing; though, unlike the Mongols, we still know a good thing when we hear it, and in cosmopolitan cities, like New Orleans, Wagner charivaries every now and then get the wind knocked out of them by the simple ditty of a black-eyed minstrel:

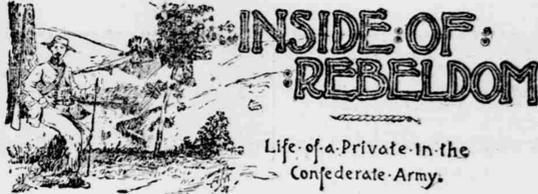
"Pero dicen que ninguno Tiene arte de su mundo, Como Ell, el Gitano."

"Yet not one of all that did try Could play like Elly, the Gipsy boy."

Christmas in Spain and Spanish-speaking America is celebrated like our last night of the old year, and by a strange inversion of customs friendly gifts are reserved for the 1st of January. Aguinado, the name of the Philippine schoolboy generalissimo, by the way, means "New Year's present."

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Esterman's narrative deepens in interest. He describes vividly the state of affairs in the Cuban army shortly before the blowing up of the Maine.



INSIDE OF REBELDOM

Life of a Private in the Confederate Army.

BY DR. J. P. CANNON, Co. C, 27th Ala.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Dr. Cannon, who was a young Alabama boy when the civil war broke out, entered the rebel army not long previous to the battles of Forts Henry and Donelson. After Shiloh, Dr. Cannon and others of his regiment became members of the 4th Miss., and went on the Kentucky campaign, participating in the battle of Perryville and retreating to Knoxville. Finally they went into Winter quarters at Port Hudson, and were present during the naval attack. They were ordered to Tennessee, then sent back to Jackson, Miss., and moved about, until they engaged at the battle of Baker's Creek, after which they maneuvered around Jackson, and after the fall of Vicksburg went to that city, later evacuating it. After remaining some months at Merion, Miss., the army marches to Canton.

Near Canton, Miss., Oct. 3.—Moved three miles northeast of town and camped in a beautiful grove of oaks, surrounded by rich, level farms. We are much pleased with everything here, except the water, which is miserable, being nothing but mudholes. Spent the day cleaning up, raking leaves for beds, etc. The enemy has retired toward Big Black, and all quiet.

Oct. 4.—No news from the enemy, and presume it was only a raiding party which Jackson's cavalry ran upon the other day. This is an exceedingly quiet Sunday; no inspection, no drill, every fellow enjoying himself as best he can in his own way—eating, if he has anything to eat, sleeping, playing cards, reading Bible, etc.

Oct. 5.—I went to town to make some purchases of articles which I needed, but found very few goods in the stores, and everything at exorbitant prices; so I was not much burdened on my return trip, a box of matches and a

federates numbering three to one, and allowed the Yankees to escape.

On my return from town the boys were just falling in for a drill. I wished then I hadn't been quite so fast, but of course I had to fall in too, and we went out two miles, drilled all the afternoon, and got back to camp after night, hungry and tired.

ANNIVERSARY OF PERRYVILLE.

Near Canton, Miss., Oct. 8.—This is the anniversary of the memorable battle of Perryville. Since then Bragg has fought but two important battles, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. We have not had much fighting, but a deal of marching and running from the Yankees. We have been maneuvering within a radius of 30 or 40 miles of Jackson all the Summer, and October finds us in the same camps we occupied the first of June. This is a fine country, and if the Yanks don't get after us again we hope to have a good time during the Winter. Gen. Buford returned, after an absence of three or four weeks.

Oct. 10.—Brigade review at 3 p. m., a kind of public reception to Gen. Buford, after his long absence. The performance passed off exceedingly well, and all seemed pleased, especially the ladies, of whom a goodly number were present and lent their charms to the scene and added interest to the occasion.

Oct. 11.—At 10 a. m. the "big meeting" was resumed by Rev. Harrington at 35th Ala. camp, and in the afternoon a fine sermon was delivered by Dr. Burns on the "Value and Immortality of the Soul." Many ladies attended and assisted in the song service, something very unusual in camps and much enjoyed by all. In the interval

laugh at and talk about, and no doubt this disposition has the happy effect of keeping up the health and spirits of an army.

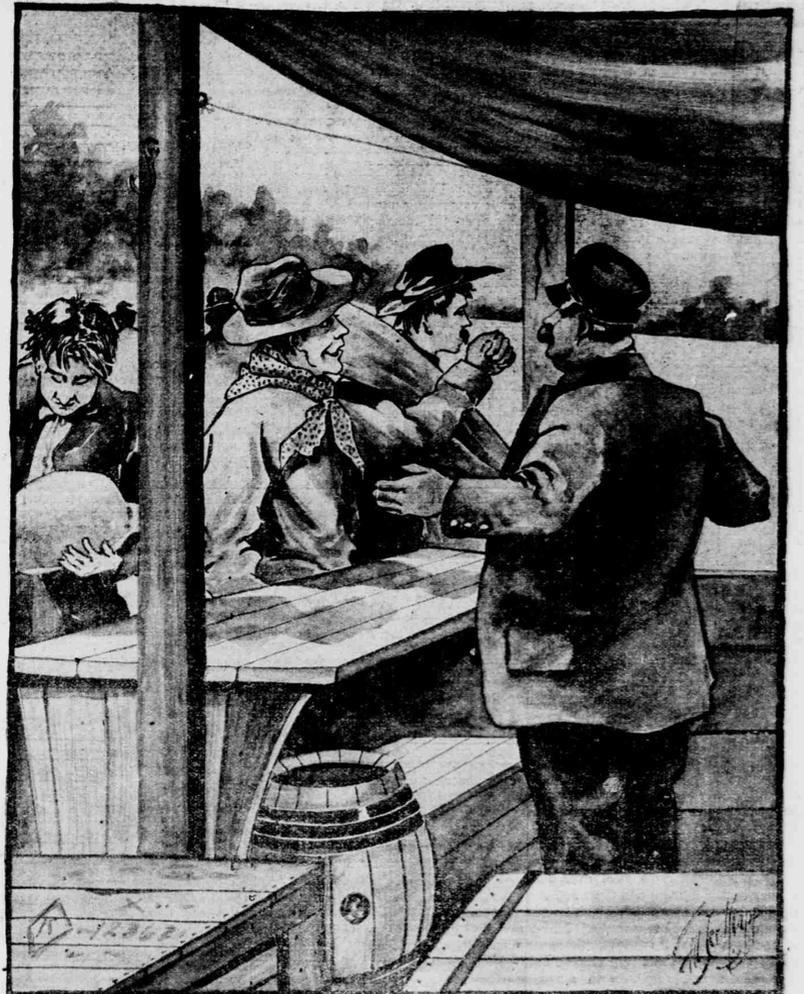
ORDERS TO REINFORCE CHALMERS.

The ladies of Canton and vicinity visit our camps daily, attend the meetings and reviews, and seem to take more interest and treat us better than any place we have ever been in Mississippi. They are all pretty and intelligent, too, and many an old reb will leave his heart behind one of these days when we have to move. Have been on review again to-day and returned to camp late so fatigued from the long walk to the grounds that we retired early, and almost every man was asleep at 9 o'clock, when the drum roused us and we were ordered to cook rations. Enemy moving on Grenada, 100 miles north of here, and we are to take the train in the morning to reinforce Gen. Chalmers at that place.

Oct. 16.—Finished cooking at 1 o'clock, slept till day, and started for the depot. Being behind time, we had to go in quick and double-quick three miles, boarded a freight-train, and were off for Grenada. It was a beautiful day, and we anticipated a pleasant trip, but our train was too short to accommodate all the passengers comfortably, and we were packed in such a mass that we hardly had room to breathe. If say enjoyed the ride it must have been the officers, who procured a few jugs of booze at Vaiden. They all got "boozy," and had a jolly time until we reached Grenada, at 2 p. m. After waiting two hours for the 35th Ala. and 3d Ky., which came up on the next train, we marched out one mile and pitched our camp on the bank of Yalobusha River.

The enemy, who were advancing this way, have gone back towards Memphis, after several days' fighting with Gen. Chalmers; so our move amounts to nothing.

Grenada, Miss., Oct. 17.—Telegram from Canton "to hurry back; the Yankees are coming in strong force." We cooked rations and hastened to the depot, the 35th and 3d taking the first train, and we had to wait till sundown for the next. Ordered to proceed very cautiously and watch out for the enemy, as they were expected to make a dash on the train. All went as well as could be desired till about 9 o'clock, when a



THEY MADE A DASH ON THE SUTLER'S TENT, AND CLEANED IT OUT BEFORE THE ASTONISHED DUTCHMAN COULD COMPREHEND WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

a plate and cup being the extent of my investment. Made inquiry for two schoolmates whose homes were in Canton, but learned they are both gone to the war. This is election day for Governor, Legislature, and militia officers. The town was full of citizens, and Gen. Clark seemed to be in the lead for Governor.

I learned from a soldier who participated in the fight here the other day, that it was a disgraceful affair—the Con-

between sermons Col. Jackson put us through a long and tiresome Sunday hold, because some of the men did not hold their guns to suit him in the review yesterday, thus punishing the regiment for the faults of a few.

Oct. 15.—The past four days have been about an average of camp life when there is no enemy near to make it interesting. The boys will have fun, whether in camp, on the march, or upon the battlefield. Always something to

terrible storm of wind and rain set in, and those on top were drenched and almost blown from their moorings. They begged for standing-room inside, but every foot of space was occupied, and they were jokingly told to "Never mind the weather," "That's the way to git your independence, boys," etc. Our jests were not enjoyed by them in the least, and they were mad enough to have charged us with fixed bayonets; but the train kept running, and they