

all I could to make him comfortable and said goodbye. He asked if I thought we would fight, and I said I thought so, and he broke down and cried. He was rational before I left.

AT LAS GUASIMAS.

We started our march about six o'clock A. M., and went straight up over the mountains with a terrible climb. We advanced in single file most of the way; and made a march of three miles, by a side path, to avoid the main road. Suddenly I heard a few stray shots; then volley after volley. We halted, and, at order, dropped behind a ridge. Then came order to advance and load guns and magazines. Then we pushed on, hearing stray bullets in the trees. Soon Capt. Houston started out to the left and climbed through a fence. We all followed as regularly as possible, hearing this firing constantly. We advanced a few paces and then dropped, prepared to fire, and fired some shots; but seeing nothing of the Spaniards, and recognizing our men, tried to get all to stop firing. This was the hardest thing to do. To keep men from firing was almost impossible in the excitement; but it was amazing to see how cool our raw volunteers were.

Simpson and I seemed to turn up together everywhere. We tried to keep with our Company but lost it, and in advancing down hill met other men. Beal and Newcomb were fighting on my right next to me, and on orders to return to my Company I saw poor Beal twisting on the ground. He asked to be helped. I stopped to tell him to bind his leg above the wound, which showed plainly above the knee. Right here was the greatest fire, and, coming from the rear, we thought it must be from another of our own Companies. But it was the Spaniards, as we learned. Orders strictly forbade us to stop to help in action, so I had to leave Beal.

We collected our Company under Lieut. Carr and waited. Advance was ordered and Simpson and I hurried down the hill ahead, but early became separated from the rest of our troops, and fell in with F Troop awhile, under Capt. Lima, the Mexican; but soon Capt. Houston turned up alone, and Simpson and I stuck to him. We found a man of F shot in the arm. We helped him back under a tree, and an emergency bag man was there.

Cols. Wood and Roosevelt shortly turned up, and we had a sort of rendezvous there under the trees. We advanced a short distance and found Stewart and Rae. We looked across the valley and saw soldiers lined up behind entrenchments. Before firing on them, I had asked Capt. Houston if they were Cubans or Spaniards. He called Col Wood, and it was decided that they were Cubans; but I still had my doubts. Stewart decided for himself and opened fire. We soon fell in with our Troop, and made a wide forward swing to the left, going through a large patch of Cuban palmetto plants, and on through a wrecked plantation house, through thickets, to a ravine and further about 200 yards, where I decided to drop my roll, or a portion of it, which I did not actually need.

From this point we heard the recall from a bugle, and retreated to a ravine, where our Troop re-organized under Capt. Houston, Lieuts. Carr and Goodrich. While lying in the ravine, a regular officer came up and informed us that Major Brodie had been shot, and that Capt. Houston was to take charge of left wing. We lined up, and advance was ordered; and I with MacMillan, Wolf, Hill, et al., advanced through the mill and down a dense thicket, cutting our way through with knives. Finding nothing, we returned to our former station, where Col. Roosevelt and Wood and the staff officers were, who had been there before. We had quite a rest here and a plan of guard was planned. Roosevelt went to the left. We advanced with Hill's squad to hold the mill, and E advanced to the right. We stayed in the mill for two hours, under Sergt. Hill. Lieut. Goodrich was there early in the guard. Lieut. Carr came in several times, and Capt. Houston inspected the post. We left this post about five o'clock, and, meeting our Troop, lined up in front of sugar factory or distillery, used as hospital by us, while other troops advanced by us. Soon we came up to our camp, crossing the main road from Juragua to Quasimas, the scene of the battle.

ABOUT THE BATTLE.

The battle itself lasted about two hours and a half, from about eight-thirty to eleven. The shots seemed to come from all sides. It was a complete ambush; but we fooled the Spaniards by taking the less frequented road, and advancing in spite of fire. Our loss in the regiment was 9 killed and 31 wounded. Total loss, 17 killed and 60 wounded. Our Rapid Fire gun was rendered useless by the escape of a packer with a mule which carried the ammunition. Capt. Capron shot two Spaniards just before he was killed. Hamilton Fish was shot through the heart and died instantly. Old Doc Doherty was shot in the head, and I think died very soon. I saw Ham the night before at Juragua, and had quite a talk with him.

Pitched camp about five o'clock, and turned in early. I slept in a tent cover and was quite comfortable; but about two o'clock Russell came along without anything, not even a coat. I built a fire and he found two coats, and slept rest of night. We were liable to be attacked, so were somewhat excited all night. I was detailed to carry in dead, and brought Dawson from P Troop. Fish and seven others were brought right to camp and laid near the hospital.

BRINGING "TEDDY" BACK.

Sunday, June 26th. Teddy (who had rejoined the Regiment) seemed pretty bad this morning, so he went to hospital, and Lamont said he had a very high fever and could not come any further. He laid down in the hospital under their care. I went up to see him and had a talk, and then saw Doctor Lamont, who said he had a severe case of typhoid fever, and must go back immediately. We decided that I should keep his rubber blanket. I thought I could help him in town, and got permission from the Captain, after a lot of red tape. I fixed up everything in my pack, and put it with hospital stuff. The Regiment started off and we stayed behind, and saw them off. Poor Teddy was broken-hearted, and cried two or three times. Soon the mules came and we all mounted. I took my gun and cartridge belt. I told Davis and Whitney about Teddy, and Whitney came over to see him before we left. Got in town all right by the side road, and over the ground we came on. Teddy simply went through on his sand. Arrived in town about noon, and found the hospital O. K. Captain or Sergeant Winter took care of Teddy, of whom Remington had spoken to him the night before. He was a fine man, and let me help Teddy all I could. I cooked a most delicious meal out of bacon, hard tack fried and sugar on it, and coffee. I had some beans, too, which the cook gave me. The port wine which I mentioned above as being at this place, was stored in barrels in the hospital; and while I was there Rhodes tried to rustle some for me, but I was disappointed, for he could not get any out.

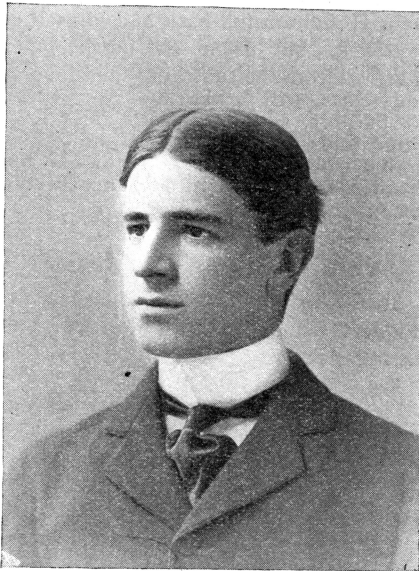
Started back to camp alone about 3.15. After some difficulty we found our camp, and I at once reported to Col. Wood, and delivered the note I had for him. Then reported to Dr. Lamont the message from Captain Winter; and while there at headquarters, Doc. Lamont spoke to Col. Roosevelt of my voluntary trip to town, and the Colonel turned and thanked me for it, calling me by name. Caspar Whitney was there and we talked about Teddy quite a good deal. The camp I found very comfortable at first, with a fine stream running just behind it, and furnishing splendid water. The ground was level and well grassed, so everything looked favorable; but when it rains it is too low to shed the water, and will be damp continually, I am afraid.

Tuesday, June 28th. This day was passed on guard duty, with the same routine. The passing of troops along the road varied the monotony somewhat. Between one and three I was on duty again, and it began to rain early. It was a shower at first, and I thought it was over, so did not stop to get any protection. Soon it came down again and simply poured. I never saw it rain harder for two hours consecutively. Perhaps that is exaggerated, considering our Chataqua rains. I soon was wet, then became careless, and

consequently wetter, then absolutely drenched. When my time was up I went to the guard house and stripped, put on a dry coat and blanket, and built a fire with great difficulty, on account of dampness. Soon we had guard mount and I was dismissed. Went to my tent and cooked a little supper, fixed my gun up and turned in early.

PLENTY OF WORK.

Wednesday, June 29th. Bill Larned came around this morning to get me to go out for a tramp toward the city of Santiago. I asked the Captain and he threw me down hard; so we tried to get permission to go back to Juragua, since Teddy had written me a note asking me to come in and see him. We found we could not go in, for the very unpleasant announcement of old guard fatigue duty met our ears, and



CAPT. LAZARUS DENISON STEARNS, '96 S. DIED OF TYPHOID FEVER CONTRACTED AT CHICKAMAUGA.

we were told to report to headquarters. I was put on a detail, under Lieut. Goodrich, to repair the road. We looked up picks, shovels, etc., and started out reminding me very much of the street cleaning gang at home as they used to file out of the station house. We first marched down the road a quarter of a mile and there met a regular officer, who ordered us back again. The road was a simple stream of mud with a spattering of huge rocks. We found our place and began picking out the big stones and broadening the road.

This is the main road from Juragua and Santiago, but having been used for mules and carrying only, was not fit for wagons; so we have to fix it up for the army wagons continually passing. We are improving the country to that extent any way. Later we went up the road and with a detail from 2d Infantry, colored troops, built a turn off for empty wagons returning. Had dinner later, and was just about tuckered out with the work on the road in the hot sun when orders came to report at one o'clock at headquarters for further orders. We found waiting for us here a job that had been attempted by Bill Larned and his squad in the morning, and consisted of building benches for the officers' mess. At noon the officers were thoroughly enjoying their meal, sitting on their benches. R. H. Davis came along with his plate and cup and sat down with a comfortable relaxation, when it suddenly crashed under his weight. It became our duty, and I suppose privilege, to build another stronger one in place of this broken one. It was threatening rain when we came, so I brought a poncho with me, and, sure enough, as we started work, it began to pour. We took shelter under officers' headquarters, and waited for rain to stop; then finished our work. We thought this would certainly end our day's work, but decided differently when they ordered us over to help unload the commissary's stuff. Hard tack, bacon, tents, etc., by the wagon-load. Bill Larned and I got aboard one wagon to load up some stuff to take down to another regiment. We had quite a ride, and a terrible shaking up, but did not report back at the squad, thus escaping, perhaps, a lot more of work. We had certainly done our legitimate share, as some days the fatigue duty is

omitted altogether. I felt pretty well done up that night, and had the first bad feelings, a pain in my stomach, which I think came from eating so much green, and perhaps from my wetting. I had felt great the last few days, in fact, never better in my life; but our food has been nothing but bacon, hard tack and coffee. We fried our bacon, then took the green and fried hard tack, sometimes having soaked it in water before frying, but generally without. But such is army life, and one must take it as it is. I am satisfied.

Things to-day looked as though we were going to stay here for weeks to come. There was a rumor of an armistice, but not verified. We are only a few miles from the city, which can be seen from the top of the hills near by. They say it is strongly fortified, and a formidable antagonist. We hope that we may capture it as a Fourth of July celebration. I turned in early to-night. I end this here and mail it home.

THE LAST DAY.

Thursday, June 30th. This morning my surprise was complete at the arrival of mail. A letter from mother, Mame, Grace, Brown, Judd, telegram from father. Teddy had a big batch. Sent them to him.

About two o'clock, after we had spent morning in fixing up our camp, orders came to break camp; so we packed up and got under way about four o'clock. Marched about two miles, and arrived by moonlight on an eminence about two miles and a half from the city. We passed several Cuban Regiments. The camp was an old building, mostly in ruins, occupied by Cubans. Probably a monastery. We had a cold supper and turned in soon.

Friday, July 1st. A week ago we had our battle. I went up on a hill in advance, and got a glimpse of an outpost; small village occupied by Spaniards. Bombarding began about twenty minutes after six, and was centered on a small village in our rear. About an hour later, after constant bombardment, a skirmish took place. Must stop. Now in line. Goodbye, will send this. Please excuse mistakes, for I have written in a hurry.

It was not long after those last words were written that Miller received his fatal wound.

Gerard Merrick Ives, '96.

Gerard Merrick Ives, a member of Troop K, Rough Riders, died at his home in New York City on Tuesday afternoon, August 9th, from typhoid fever contracted while encamped with a portion of his Troop at Tampa.

He was born in Rome, Italy, and prepared at Lawrenceville, graduating from Yale in 1896. He was popular in his Class, and made many friends while in the University. When the war began Mr. Ives resigned his position in New York and although he was a member of Squadron A, volunteered in the Rough Riders, believing they would be more likely to see active service. When orders came for a portion of the Rough Riders to proceed to Tampa, the fortune of war was against him and he was one of the detachment left behind to take charge of the horses. On July 23d he was appointed Lance Corporal of the troop but shortly afterwards was stricken with the typhoid fever, and not being able to secure relief there obtained a furlough and started for home unattended on August 4th. He arrived in New York two days later completely exhausted and died at his home on the 9th.

The burial was in Trinity Cemetery, a detail from Squadron A attending.

Lazarus Denison Stearns, '96 S.

Lazarus Denison Stearns, Captain Co. B, 9th Pennsylvania, U. S. V., died at his home in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., on Tuesday, Sept. 7th, of typhoid fever, contracted while in camp with his regiment at Chickamauga.

Capt. Stearns was born in Wilkes-Barre, Dec. 27, 1875, and was a son of Irving A. and Clorinda Shoemaker Stearns. He graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., in the Class of 1893, after which he entered the

[Continued on 7th page.]