

CRUISE OF THE YALE.

[Continued from 13th page.]

July 1st.—Yesterday we were out of sight of land most of the day and saw no sail. This morning we have been running slowly along beside the low-lying keys of the Isle of Pines. We have sighted a dozen or more small schooners; but all have managed to get in shallow water and the only one for which we altered our course proved to be a wreck.

EXPECTING TROUBLE.

July 2d.—Twice during yesterday afternoon, the bugle sounded quarters, the men ran to their stations, and we were ready to give a warm reception or a hot chase to the Spaniard. Unfortunately one vessel turned out to be the U. S. S. Eagle, the other the Hamburg-American Valesia. An officer was sent aboard the latter to make sure she was not carrying contraband of war. Our naval militia haven't had the training of a Yale crew. The officer who was boarding gave the order, "Back water, starboard." Instead of obeying, the port oars backed water and the whaleboat rammed the Valesia. Through our field glasses we could see the Dutchman and his crew shaking with laughter at the performances of their captors. When the whaleboat got back, the officer of the deck called down: "Two of you sailor-men stay in the boat to hook her on" and one of the militiamen answered: "There aren't any sailor-men down here, Sir." The few regular sailors on board had evidently been guying the militiamen. Later one of the whaleboat's crew came up to the officer and said: "Beg pardon, Sir. If I stand on this end of the boat (pointing to the bow) and look back this way, isn't my right hand the starboard side?"

The weather is delightful, the temperature on the bridge eighty-five to ninety degrees. A slight breeze is just ruffling the calm blue sea, and the north-western coast of Cuba, which we are skirting, affords a succession of beautiful views of strangely shaped and wooded mountains surmounted by vast masses of white clouds. The sun is dazzling, but a glance around the horizon generally shows several small rain squalls sweeping over the ocean. At night the full moon is gorgeous; the heat lightning flashes in the distance; the dipper sinks below the ocean; the Southern Cross is visible.

SENT AFTER MORE TROOPS.

Anchored off Charleston, S. C., July 5th.—Two days ago, when we were anchored off Key West, we all thought that we were to convoy four of the prizes which had been brought in up to New York. Each was to be under the command of one of our officers and I was going as chief officer to one of these temporary captains. Three out of the four invited me to come along in this capacity. As the Spanish crews are still aboard, it would have been an interesting experience. The Yale would have been ready to fire into us at any time in case of a mutiny.

In the afternoon, several of us started on a tug to go in from the Yale's anchorage, five miles out, and inspect our commands. Before we reached the shore, however, we were stopped by the flagship at the station and sent back with orders for the Yale and Columbia to come here immediately and convoy more troops to Cuba. At that time Carter and three cadets were ashore. The Captain said he could wait only half an hour and fortunately just before the expiration of that time they returned. If they had been left, they would have had to get up to Charleston at their own expense. They brought back the papers for the last ten days but no letters.

July 6th.—A party of us went ashore yesterday on a tug. It was a ten-mile sail through the jetties, past the new batteries and the interesting walls of Fort Sumner, up to the quiet and decaying walls of the city. In the front yard of the beautiful new Custom House, a cow was enjoying the grass, feeding at the public crib like a master. In the quaint, roughly paved, narrow streets, the buzzards were hopping about. McCully had to see about some ammu-

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dition, Carter was to buy several thousand gallons of drinking water. McDonald and I had nothing to do, so we went and ate dinner.

I had missed both my breakfast and lunch and after the monotonous heavy English ship's fare, things tasted fine. Then we each did a dozen peaches and a quarter of a watermelon. I bought a key to lock my room in case we had more troops, and a piece of floor-matting to put over my berth, as it is the coolest thing to sleep on. At seven o'clock the tug started out again and the crowd of us demolished another watermelon. Unfortunately, however, for the five miles of our course, after leaving the harbor, the tug encountered a choppy sea which sent the waves over her bow and made standing almost impossible. When we reached the ship, the tug captain refused to go alongside, lest he smash his craft, so the Illinois sailors lowered a whale boat and came over to us. Meanwhile, the ship's doctor, bar-keeper, chief steward, two naval cadets and the blue jacket professor had collapsed and were losing watermelon at a rapid-fire gait. Greatly to our pride, Carter and I stood out successfully.

The militia, as usual, worked hard and conscientiously, but if they had not been commanded by efficient officers, the whaleboat would certainly have been capsized by striking the side of the tug. As they were hoisting the boat again upon the derricks, one of the men had the end of his thumb ground off between the boat and the ship's side. These sailors are boys from the High Schools and clerks of Chicago. On my watch the night before, it was my business to see that they kept at work. They were moving coal, hoisting it from the after hold and wheeling it along the decks to the chute for the bunkers. They were naked to the waist. It was hot on deck and must have been suffocating in the dust below. They worked four hours on and four hours off, the twenty-four hours round. I felt a great sympathy for them when I remembered that, if Yale University had not sent me down to present those guns, I should now be doing the same thing. Surely such men can be better employed by their country than in doing work at which they compete very poorly with the average day laborer. It would take five years, the officers say, to make sailors of these men, and even then they would not be so good as men who had been used to hard physical labor all their lives. Their spirit is fine, however. While we were ashore, we got the papers, telling of the

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great victory at Santiago and the complete destruction of Cervera's fleet. Our pleasure was only tempered by regret that we were not there to see and head off the Colon.

Headquarters of the Army, July 11th.—On the 9th, at Charleston, the troops and supplies were brought out on lighters and that night General Miles arrived. We sailed at midnight. The General is very quiet and stays in his room most of the time. The troops which we carry are the 6th Massachusetts. The 6th Illinois is on board the Columbia, which sails with us. These soldiers are well equipped by their states, I believe, and are officered in part by West Pointers. General Garretson is in command of the brigade and is the best volunteer officer we have had on board. He is a West Point graduate.

These troops keep the deck clean. There is a company of negroes in the regiment, Boston waiters, barbers, et cetera. They are the best behaved and, I am told, the best drilled company, but the prejudice of the white troops against them is said to make the whole regiment less efficient. When an officer passes their place on deck, the first man to see him calls "Gangway!" and all the others jump out of the road. The white soldiers do not.

We are now passing the harbor of Guantanamo, where the fleet which is to go to Spain is coaling. If only we could go along! But the navy has turned us over to the army to act as transport. Yet for three weeks now, the fleet of transports has lain idle off

Siboney. They could have brought out 20,000 more men if kept busy.

Off Siboney, July 12th.—I have just been talking with one of the regular army officers from the shore. He didn't hesitate to criticise. Instead of following a safe and easy plan of campaign, the army, he says, has acted alone. Had the original plan been followed so I am told, both by navy officers and by various regular army officers, a column could have been pushed along the summit of the bluff by the shore. It would thus have commanded the lower country behind, have followed the route which the Spaniards had done the least to defend, and the fleet could have protected it with its guns. Morro,

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