


The
WORLD WAR
and
HISTORIC DEEDS
of VALOR





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THE WORLD WAR

AND

HISTORIC DEEDS OF VALOR

FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS AND ILLUSTRATIONS
OF THE
UNITED STATES AND ALLIED GOVERNMENTS

History of wars in which The United States has participated. Personal reminiscences and records of officers and enlisted men who were rewarded with medals of honor for conspicuous acts of bravery

Among other records the stirring adventures of

General JOHN J. PERSHING

General DOUGLAS HAIG

Marshal FERDINAND FOCH

General HENRI P. PETAIN

Admiral WM. S. SIMS

Admiral DAVID BEATTY

Admiral W. S. SCHLEY

Admiral GEORGE DEWEY

Lieut. Gen'l N. A. MILES

Maj. Gen'l WM. R. SHAFTER

Admiral D. D. PORTER

General F. J. BELL

General ARMANDO DIAZ

General ART. McARTHUR, JR.

Hon. WM. F. CODY (Buffalo Bill)

General DELEVAN BATES

General JULIUS STAHL

Hon. JOHN C. BLACK

THE WORLD WAR VOLUMES BEING
WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY

CAPT. WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY
For the United States Army

JOHN WILBER JENKINS
For the United States Navy

Their work in the annals of the Great War being highly praised by President Woodrow Wilson and Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker

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COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES

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THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR

THE ARMY



Congressional Medal is not to be expected as the reward of conduct that does not clearly distinguish the soldier above other men, whose bravery and gallantry have been proved in battle. * * *

Recommendations for medals on account of service rendered subsequent to January 1, 1890, will be made by the commanding officer at the time of the action or by an officer or soldier having personal cognizance of the act for which the badge of honor is claimed, and the recommendation will embrace a detailed recital of all the facts and circumstances. Certificates of officers or the affidavits of enlisted men who were eyewitnesses of the act will also be submitted if practicable.

In cases that may arise for service performed hereafter, recommendations for award of medals must be forwarded within one year after the performance of the act for which the award is claimed. Commanding officers will thoroughly investigate all cases of recommendations for Congressional Medals arising in their commands, and indorse their opinion upon the papers, which will be forwarded to the Adjutant-General of the Army through regular channels.

EXTRACT FROM REGULATIONS RELATIVE TO THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

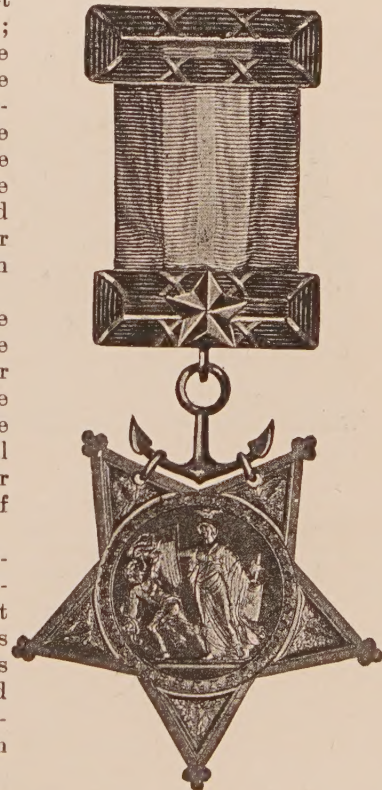
BY DIRECTION of the President, the following regulations are promulgated respecting the award of Medals of Honor:

Medals of Honor authorized by the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1863, are awarded to officers and enlisted men, in the name of the Congress, for particular deeds of most distinguished gallantry in action.

In order that the Congressional Medal of Honor may be deserved, service must have been performed in action of such a conspicuous character as to clearly distinguish the man for gallantry and intrepidity above his comrades—service that involved extreme jeopardy of life or the performance of extraordinarily hazardous duty. Recommendations for the decoration will be judged by this standard of extraordinary merit, and incontestible proof of performance of the service will be exacted.

Soldiers of the Union have ever displayed bravery in battle, else victories could not have been gained; but as courage and self-sacrifice are the characteristics of every true soldier, such a badge of distinction as the

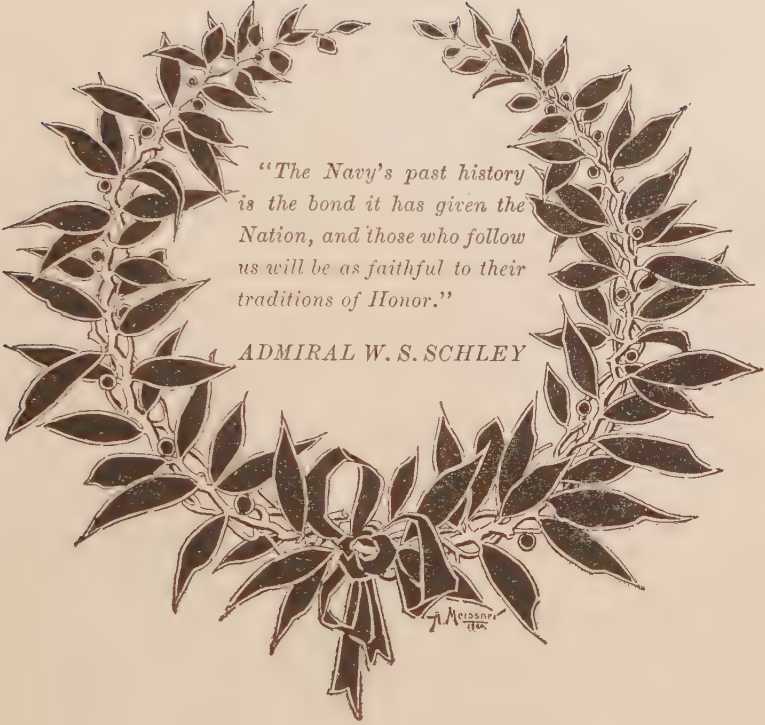
THE NAVY





The New Light of Liberty

To millions of American Soldiers returning from overseas service in 1919, the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor held a new significance and towered with a new majesty due to the devoted sacrifice they beheld in France and Belgium. "Liberty enlightening the world," was illuminated by their months of service against autocracy and its slavery.



*"The Navy's past history
is the bond it has given the
Nation, and those who follow
us will be as faithful to their
traditions of Honor."*

ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY

A. Messner
1902

TULAROSA SAVED BY TWENTY-FIVE CAVALRYMEN

ON the second day of January, 1880, Victoria and his band of Indians were reported raiding and murdering in Southern New Mexico, whereupon all the cavalry in that section of the country were sent out at once to round up this noted chief and his thieving band.

The Mescalero Agency at the Fort Stanton Reservation had largely served as a base of supplies and recruits for the raiding parties of Victoria, and it was determined to disarm and dismount the Indians then on the reservation and thus cut off the supplies of the raiders. Generals Pope and Ord, commanding the Departments of the Missouri and Texas, arranged that a force under Colonel E. Hatch, Ninth Cavalry, numbering 400 cavalry, 60 infantry and 75 Indian scouts, should arrive at the Mescalero Agency simultaneously with Colonel Grierson and a force of the Tenth Cavalry and Twenty-fifth Infantry. These two forces set out early in January and marched toward each other, each having, on the way, several encounters with the Indians. While Grierson was moving north and engaging the hostiles Hatch's force was driving Victoria south toward the Mescalero Agency. In this manner both forces worked ahead over a rough country until they met at the Mescalero Agency, where, on the 16th of April, Colonels Hatch and Grierson made the attempt to disarm and dismount the Indians, but they put up a brave fight and made a desperate effort to escape. This effort, however, proved futile and the hostiles, numbering about 250, were captured, only about forty escaping. The captured Indians were disarmed and dismounted and taken into the agency.

Major Morrow, with a portion of Colonel Hatch's force, then pursued the escaping Indians and overtook them in Dog Canyon, where he killed three warriors and captured twenty-five head of stock.

After disarming and dismounting the Indians at the agency Colonel Hatch began again the pursuit of Victoria, assisted by troops from the Department of Arizona, but the campaign resolved itself into a chase of the hostiles from one range of mountains to another, with frequent skirmishes but no decisive fights, until the Indians again escaped into Old Mexico. One fight took place at Tularosa on the 14th of May which is described by Sergeant George Jordan, Troop K, Ninth Cavalry, as follows:

"On the 11th of May I was ordered to Old Fort Tularosa with a detachment of twenty-five men of the Ninth Cavalry for the purpose of protecting the town of Tularosa, just outside the fort. Besides our own rations we had extra rations for the rest of the regiment which was pursuing Victoria's band of Apaches. On the second day out we struck the foothills of the mountains, where our advance guard met two troops of Mexican cavalry. The captain of one of them told me that it would be impossible for me to get through with the small body of men I had, and advised me to return to the regiment. I replied that my orders were to go through and that I



"THE INDIANS SURPRISED US AND FIRED ONE HUNDRED SHOTS"

intended to do so, notwithstanding the fact that large bodies of hostiles were still roaming about outside the Mescalero Agency. After leaving our Mexican friends we pushed along with our wagon-train bringing up the rear, until that evening we struck the Barlow and Sanders stage station, where we went into camp. At the station all was excitement. The people were throwing up breastworks and digging trenches in the expectation of an attack by the Indians. My command, being dismounted cavalry, was pretty well exhausted from our day's march over the mountains and we were all ready for a good night's rest; but within an hour after our arrival at the station, and just before sundown, a rider from Tularosa came in and wanted to see the commander of the soldiers. He told me that the Indians were in the town and that he wanted me to march the men the remainder of the distance to save the women and children from a horrible fate.

“My men were in bad condition for a march, but I explained to them the situation as the rider had put it before me, and that I would leave it to them whether they wanted to continue the march that night or not. They all said that they would go on as far as they could. We then had supper, after which each man bathed his feet so as to refresh himself, and at about 8 o'clock we started to the rescue. But our progress was slow. Besides the poor condition of the men we were hampered by our wagon train in that rough country. Once one of the wagons was upset as the train was coming down a steep hill and we lost valuable time righting it. About 6 o'clock in the morning we came in sight of the town, and I deployed the men and advanced quickly toward it, believing that the Indians were already there. We stealthily approached the town and had gotten to within a half mile of it before the people discovered us. When they recognized us as troops they came out of their houses waving towels and handkerchiefs for joy.

“Upon our arrival in the town we found that only a few straggling Indians had gotten there ahead of us and had killed an old man in a cornfield. The people gave us shelter, and after we had rested up a bit we began making a stockade out of an old corral, and also a temporary fort close to the timber.

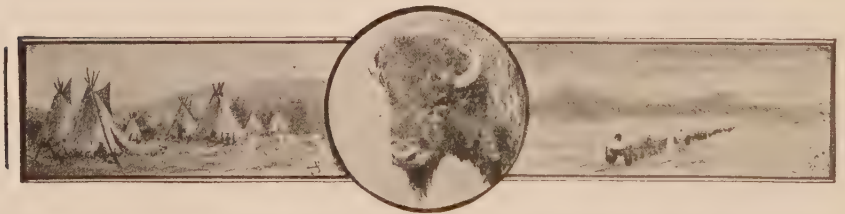
“On the evening of the 14th, while I was standing outside the fort conversing with one of the citizens, the Indians came upon us unexpectedly and attacked. This citizen was telling me that the Indians had killed his brother that very morning and wanted me to go out and attack them. I could not do this, as my orders were to protect the people in the town. It was then that the Indians surprised and fired fully 100 shots into us before we could gain the shelter of the fort. As the Indians' rifles began to crack the people rushed to the fort and stockade, all reaching it in safety except our teamsters and two soldiers who were herding the mules and about 500 head of cattle. The bloodthirsty savages tried time and again to enter our works, but we repulsed them each time, and when they finally saw that we were masters of the situation they turned their attention to the stock and tried to run it off. Realizing that they would be likely to kill the herders I sent out a detail of

ten men to their assistance. Keeping under cover of the timber, the men quickly made their way to the herders and drove the Indians away, thus saving the men and stock. The whole action was short but exciting while it lasted, and after it was all over the townspeople congratulated us for having repulsed a band of more than 100 redskins.

“Our little detachment was somewhat of a surprise to the Indians, for they did not expect to see any troops in the town, and when we repulsed them they made up their minds that the main body of the troops was in the vicinity and would pursue them as soon as they heard of the encounter. The remainder of the regiment did arrive the next morning, and two squadrons at once went in pursuit, but the wily redskins did not stop until they reached the mountains. There they had encounters with the troops and were finally driven into Old Mexico.”

Two other important fights took place in this chase of the hostiles after the engagement at Tularosa, one of them on the 24th of May at the head of the Polomas River, New Mexico, where fifty-five Indians were killed in one of the hardest fought battles of the pursuit. The other took place on June 5th. In this action Major Morrow, with four troops of the Ninth Cavalry, struck the hostiles at Cook's Canyon killing ten and wounding three of them. Among those killed was the son of the fleeing chief, Victoria.

In August of the following year Sergeant Jordan was commanding the right of a detachment of nineteen men at Carrizo Canyon, New Mexico, in an action with the Indians. He stubbornly held his ground in an extremely exposed position and gallantly forced back a much superior number of the enemy, thus preventing them from surrounding the command. His bravery in this action and his skillful handling of the detachment and also his fearlessness in the engagement at Tularosa won for Sergeant Jordan his Medal of Honor.



SAVED FROM ANNIHILATION



GEO. R. BURNETT.
Second Lieutenant, 9th U. S. Cavalry.
Born in Montgomery Co., Pa.
April 21, 1858.

A BAND of Indians under the notorious Chief Nana in the month of July, 1881, had committed a number of outrages, killed several women and children and stolen considerable property along the San Andreas Mountains in New Mexico, and Colonel E. Hatch with eight troops of the Ninth Cavalry and eight companies of infantry was sent to punish the savages and recapture the plunder.

The command started in pursuit at once and in a number of encounters drove the hostiles persistently from one point to another.

A notable engagement occurred on August 12th near Carrizo Canyon, in New Mexico. Nana's band was struck by a detachment of nineteen men under Captain Parker. In the ensuing fight the troopers were outnumbered three to one by the hostiles and lost one killed and three wounded, while one soldier was captured. The Indians, however, also lost heavily and were finally forced to withdraw. That the affair had such a successful ending and was not turned into a serious defeat was due largely to the extraordinary courage of Sergeant Thomas Shaw, of Company K, Ninth Cavalry, who with his few men stubbornly held the most advanced position and refused to yield an inch of ground. He was an excellent shot, his bravery so dismayed the Indians that they gave up the attack and retreated. A still larger engagement followed a few days later.

On August 16th, Troop I, Ninth Cavalry, First Lieutenant Gustavus Valois in command, and Second Lieutenant George R. Burnett on duty with same, was lying in Camp Canada Alamosa, New Mexico, recuperating from an arduous campaign in quest of hostile Apaches, when about 9:30 or 10 o'clock in the morning a Mexican whose ranch was a few miles down the canyon came charging into the town shrieking at the top of his voice that the Indians had murdered his wife and children, and were coming up the canyon to attack the town; in an instant all was excitement, men, women and children ran hither and thither screaming, crying, cursing and piteously calling on the "Good Father" to have mercy on them and save them.

In the cavalry camp orders were at once given to "saddle up," and in an incredible short time this was accomplished. Lieutenant Burnett requested and received permission to take the first attachment ready and proceed toward the scene of trouble. The ranch referred to was soon reached and the ranchman's story corroborated in the finding of his dead wife and a number of small children all horribly mutilated.

The trail was taken up and followed across the creek and up over the "Mesa," where the Indians were sighted about a mile off, heading toward the Cuchilla Negra Mountains, about ten miles distant. They were heavily encumbered with a large quantity of stolen stock and other plunder that they were endeavoring to get away with.

At the ranch Lieutenant Burnett had been joined by a number of mounted Mexicans, bringing his force up to about fifty men. The Indians, as nearly as could be estimated, numbered between eighty and one hundred. Immediately on sighting the Indians Lieutenant Burnett deployed his command, placing his First Sergeant, Moses Williams, in command on the right and one of the Mexicans on the left, remaining in the center himself. As soon as the advance was begun the Indians dismounted to make a stand, and commenced firing. Favored by the rolling country, the fire of the Indians soon became so warm that Lieutenant Burnett was obliged to dismount his command and to send a part of it under Sergeant Williams to flank the Indians from their position. This the sergeant succeeded in doing, and as soon as he signaled that the Indians had broken and were on the run Lieutenant Burnett mounted the balance of his command and charged them, keeping up a running fight until the Indians came to the next ridge, when they dismounted again, compelling the command to do likewise and to repeat the former tactics of flanking them out of position and then charging.

The fight was so continued for several hours, the Indians fighting hard and contesting every foot of the ground in order to save as much of their stock and plunder as possible, but so closely were they pressed that they lost a number in killed and wounded, were obliged to abandon a large quantity of their stuff and a number of their ponies and shoot others to prevent their capture.

Finally the foothills of the Cuchilla Negra Mountains were reached, and here the Indians made a determined stand. Being unable to flank them on their right as usual, Lieutenant Burnett decided to make an effort to get around their left flank and if possible keep them out of the mountains. In working this detour he was accompanied by only about fifteen soldiers. The Indians observing his movements and apparent purpose, and his small force, offered no opposition for some time, when suddenly they found themselves in a pocket and surrounded on three sides by a heavy fire, and to make matters worse the Mexicans in the rear were firing into the bank against which the men were seeking to shelter themselves. Fortunately the pocket of basin-shaped formation was so deep that all shots passed just overhead and among the rocks and did no harm except to wound some of the horses. The Indians kept crawling nearer, their shots striking dangerously close, and the situation was growing desperate for the little detachment, unless they could get relief. Orders were given to reserve their revolver fire and fight to the last man.

It was at this juncture that Trumpeter John Rogers, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Burnett, volunteered to carry a message to Lieutenant Valois, whom he knew must be somewhere in the vicinity. Rogers endeavored to crawl out, but getting

discouraged with his progress ran to where his horse was picketed and quickly mounting him rode to the rear amid a hailstorm of bullets, miraculously escaping harm, although his horse was wounded.

Rogers found Lieutenant Valois and delivered Lieutenant Burnett's message, which was to take a large hill to the right which commanded the position. Lieutenant Valois endeavored to comply with the request, but the Indians anticipated his purpose, and leaving Lieutenant Burnett's position got there first, greeting him with a volley that dismounted ten men, Valois among their number. From Lieutenant Burnett's position the Indians could be seen rallying from all points toward the hill, and divining the cause he proceeded to withdraw for the purpose of reinforcing Valois. Mounting his men and taking about thirty Mexicans who had then joined him, he started to the right and rear. On coming up over the little rise he saw Lieutenant Valois's entire command on a slight ridge about a quarter of a mile distant, dismounted and seeking shelter behind some prairie dog mounds, about the only thing in sight, and it looked as if the Indians, only a few hundred yards off, were just about to charge them. Without halting an instant, the command being deployed and at a gallop, Lieutenant Burnett ordered it to charge. This was done in a magnificent manner, the command charging splendidly up to and beyond Lieutenant Valois's line; and, dismounting, held the Indians in check until Lieutenant Valois was enabled to get his wounded and disabled men to the rear, when the whole line was ordered to fall back, as its position was untenable.

Lieutenant Valois had commenced the backward movement before the charge was made, and in doing so had left four of his men behind unobserved, in places of comparative shelter. When the general order to fall back was given, one of the men called out: "For God's sake, Lieutenant don't leave us; our lives depend on it."

At this time Lieutenant Valois and most of his command was well to the rear and apparently did not hear the cry. Lieutenant Burnett seeing the position these men were in called for volunteers to go to their rescue. Two men only, First Sergeant Moses Williams and Private Augustus Walley, responded to the call. Lieutenant Burnett directed his men to crawl to the rear while he, with Williams and Walley, behind such shelter as they could find, would try to stand off the Indians, who, emboldened by the troops falling back, were making a desperate effort to kill or capture those remaining behind. The marksmanship of the trio, all being good shots, caused the Indians to pause, and two of the soldiers were enabled to get to a place of safety, a third, who made no effort to escape was apparently wounded. This man was Walley's "bunky", so he asked for permission to go to his assistance. Going back to where his horse was picketed he mounted, rode rapidly up to where the man was lying, assisted him in the saddle, got up behind him and galloped safely to the rear.

Strange as it may appear, the Indians made no apparent effort to get Walley, but seemed to concentrate their efforts on Lieutenant Burnett whom they readily recognized as an officer among the colored troopers, and his solitary companion First



"THE INDIANS KEPT UP A CONCENTRATED FIRE ON LIEUTENANT BURNETT"

Sergeant Williams. Finally the fourth man who was left behind was seen wandering off in the direction of the enemy, or rather away from his own lines, and acting very strangely. He was apparently badly rattled. Indians could be distinctly seen making an effort to cut him off. Lieutenant Burnett, realizing that if this man was to be saved no time must be lost, ran to his horse, mounted him, and galloping toward the soldier managed to place himself between him and the Indians and finally drove him to the rear. All the while the Indians kept up a concentrated fire on Lieutenant Burnett, to which he replied with his revolver, but in their excitement they shot wildly and only succeeded in recording two hits, both on his horse,

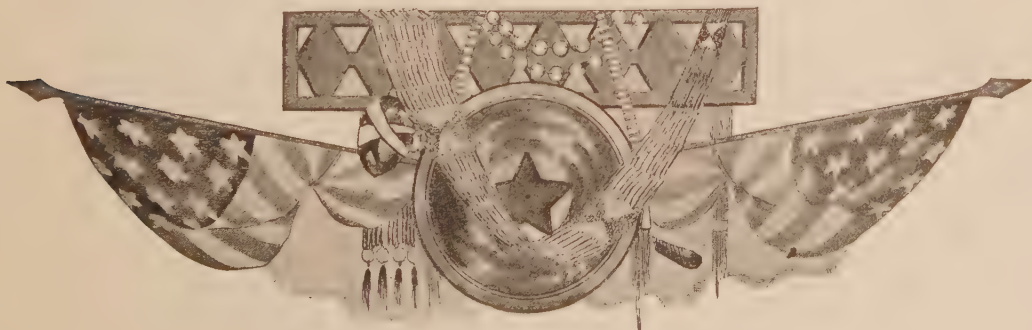
Lieutenant Valois had in the meantime taken up a new position and assisted by some Mexicans the fight was continued until nightfall. Many horses were recaptured or prevented from falling into the hands of the Indians. The ammunition being about exhausted the command fell back to camp, and at daybreak started on the trail again and followed it until obliged to turn back at the Mexican border.

Medals of Honor were awarded to Lieutenant Burnett and his colored troopers, Williams and Walley, for their courageous conduct and rescue of life under such perilous circumstances.

Lieutenant Valois reported to the district commander that "Lieutenant Burnett's heroic charge had undoubtedly saved from annihilation his entire detachment."

Following this battle an engagement occurred August 19th about fifteen miles from McEver's ranch, New Mexico.

Lieutenant Smith with a detachment of twenty men, after a severe fight, defeated the hostiles, but the lieutenant and four of his men were killed. At the most critical moment of the combat a party of citizens joined the military forces and rendered valuable services. In this encounter Sergeant Brent Woods of Company B, Ninth Infantry, distinguished himself not alone as a brave and gallant fighter, but also the heroic manner in which he went to the succor of his wounded comrades and injured citizens saving them from falling into the hands of the savages. Nana's band was finally driven across the Mexican border, when the chase, under orders from the government, was abandoned.



THE TREACHERY AT CIBICU CREEK

DURING the summer of 1881 there appeared among the White Mountain Apaches in Arizona a rising star in the guise of a Medicine Man named Nockay det Klinne. This oracle gradually inflamed the minds of the Indians and became so infatuated by his success that he doubtless believed the truth of his own weird dreams. So long as he confined himself to ordinary incantations there was no special cause for anxiety. In common with more civilized charlatans, however, he had gradually mulcted the faithful believers of much of their limited wealth, and it became necessary for him to make a bold stroke to conceal the falseness of his prophecies.

Considering the length of time the White Mountain Indians had been associated with the whites and their intelligence, it is inexplicable how this fanatic imposed upon the tribe so seriously as to make large numbers of them believe that if they would rise and murder the whites he would restore to life all their ancestors. He had been promising to raise the dead for some time, and he was growing rich through the bounty of his foolish patrons. When he announced that all the dead Apaches were risen, except that their feet were held down waiting for the whites to be driven from the Indian country, the time for interference had arrived.

Fort Apache is an isolated post in the midst of the White Mountain Reservation. Colonel E. A. Carr, of the Sixth Cavalry, had been ordered there for temporary duty during the early part of the summer, when there was no indication of Indian trouble. As dissatisfaction among the Indians became daily more apparent, its source was located and Colonel Carr had an interview with the Medicine Man and several chiefs, in which he explained how futile would be their efforts to rise successfully against the white race. Nockay det Klinne was repeatedly summoned to report to Agent Tiffany at San Carlos, but ignored all orders and retired to his camp on Cibicu Creek about forty miles from Fort Apache. Agent Tiffany's police having failed, he requested Colonel Carr to arrest the Medicine Man.

Recognizing this very serious turn of affairs, Colonel Carr telegraphed the department commander recommending that additional troops be sent at once to Fort Apache to overawe the Indians and prevent an outbreak, by convincing them of the folly of an uprising. Troops were not sent, but Colonel Carr temporized with the Indians. **who** were growing more bold and insolent day by day, hoping to



WILLIAM H. CARTER,

First Lieutenant, 6th U. S. Cavalry.

Highest ranks attained: Lieut.-Col. and
Asst.-Adjt.-Gen. U. S. A.

Born in Davidson County, Tennessee.

impress upon the authorities the absolute necessity of re-enforcements to prevent an Indian war, expensive alike in blood and treasure. Orders were ultimately issued for more troops to proceed to Fort Apache, but through some strange mischance, or ill advice, they were not allowed to proceed over the mountains from the Gila river, seventy miles away from the scene where soldierly diplomacy was arrayed against Indian fanaticism and wily cunning. The hours for parleying reached their limit when the agent made a formal demand that the military arm should be set in motion and the recalcitrant Medicine Man be brought before him dead or alive.

During the excitement of the dances inaugurated by the Indian Messiah, the craze became widespread and involved the Apaches in nearly all the camps in the White Mountain Reservation. The Indians brewed "tizwin," a frightful intoxicant made from corn, which added to their weird madness.

As soon as the department commander telegraphed the order for Colonel Carr to comply with the agent's request, the Indians cut the line and occupied the only practicable road and mountain trails, thus completely isolating the garrison. Warning had been received that the scouts, hitherto of unblemished character for fidelity, were strongly fascinated with the uncanny doctrines of the plausible and silver-tongued medicine man.

Upon receipt of his orders to arrest or kill Nockay det Klinne, Colonel Carr sent a runner to his camp with a message that no harm was intended toward him, but he must come in and report as desired by the agent. An evasive answer was received. It was learned he was to visit the camps adjacent to the post for another big dance and arrangements were made to secure him, but he grew suspicious and failed to put in an appearance.

On Monday, August 29th, Colonel Carr paraded his little command, consisting of two troops of his regiment, D and E, with a total strength of seventy-nine men and twenty-three Indian scouts, and marched on the trail to Cibicu Creek. There was but one officer for duty with each organization. One small infantry company was left for the protection of the garrison. The command moved leisurely and camped in a deep gorge at the crossing of Carizo Creek.

Some days prior to this time it had been deemed advisable to withdraw the ammunition in the hands of the scouts. Colonel Carr now thought that it was more judicious to have a plain talk with them, and assume an air of confidence. No overt act had been committed by any of them, and in past years they had accompanied the troops on innumerable scouts, exhibiting at all times courage, untiring energy and vigilance. The object of the expedition was explained and the ammunition restored to all the scouts.

Sergeant Mose was selected to precede the command and notify the Indians that no hostile action was contemplated, and that the only purpose was to have Nockay det Klinne come to the post. Mose carried out his instructions faithfully.

Next morning the command toiled slowly up the narrow trail on the top of the canyon and crossed the divide. Upon arriving in the valley of the Cibicu the scouts took the trail leading along the creek, but Colonel Carr chose the fork along the high open ground. While still several miles from the Medicine Man's camp, Sanchez, a well-known chief, rode out of the creek bottom, shook hands with the officers at the head of the column and then calmly and deliberately rode down the line counting the men. He then turned his pony and galloped back to the creek which, at this point, ran between low bluffs and hills. This was the first and only suspicious act noticed by anyone.

The column marched steadily forward and turned into the bottom, crossing the stream not far from the Medicine Man's "wicky-up." Officers and men had all been cautioned to be in readiness for treachery, but the Medicine Man surrendered so readily that the warning seemed unnecessary. Colonel Carr directed the interpreter to state plainly that Nockay det Klinne and his family would be taken to the post and no harm was intended to them, but if any attempt at rescue was made the Medicine Man would be killed.

Lieutenant Thomas Cruse, who commanded the scouts, was directed to take charge of the prisoners with the guard, and follow in the column between Troops D and E. Colonel Carr, with his staff, then led the way across the creek by a different trail from the one used in going over. This trail led through high willows and underbrush, and it was not discovered, until too late to rectify the mistake, that Lieutenant Cruse had missed the entrance to the crossing and was going down the opposite side of the lower crossing, followed by Troop E.

Colonel Carr selected an excellent camp sight and the packs were taken off, the horses of Troop D were turned out under the herd guard and the usual preparations made for camping in a country where tents were seldom used.

At this time it was observed that mounted Indians were coming up the creek from the gulches which the column had avoided, and that they were collecting around the Medicine Man's guard. When the guard crossed the creek and was about entering the limits of the camp, Colonel Carr told Captain E. C. Hentig to quietly warn the Indians away from the camp, and directed Lieutenant W. H. Carter, regimental quartermaster, to separate the scouts and put them in camp. These two officers walked only a few paces to where the Indians were. Lieutenant Carter called the scouts and directed Sergeant "Dead Shot" to put them in camp. The scouts left the other Indians, but appeared uneasy and demurred about camping because of numerous hills of large red ants, common to all parts of Arizona. The scouts arranged themselves at intervals along the crest of the "mesa," or tableland, which had been selected as a camp ground.

Captain Hentig passed a few yards beyond the scouts and called out to the Indians, to all of whom he was well known through his five years of service at Camp Apache, "Ukashe," which means "Go away." As he raised his hand to motion to them, a half-witted young buck fired and gave the war cry. The long-delayed



"THE WOUNDED MEN WERE RESCUED BY LIEUTENANT CARTER."

explosion took place at the moment when the men on foot had been warned not to show any signs of expecting a fight.

Captain Hentig and his orderly, who was between him and Lieutenant Carter, fell at the first volley, but the bodies of the wounded men were rescued by Lieutenant Carter and carried to the rear. The dismounted men of Troop D seized their arms; the small headquarters guard, engaged in putting up a tent for Colonel Carr, advanced on the scouts with brave Sergeant Alonzo Bowman in the lead, and opened fire. At this time there were more than 100 Indians besides the scouts in camp, and less than forty dismounted men engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict.

Colonel Carr walked calmly towards the position just vacated by the mutinous scouts and called firmly to the guard. "Kill the Medicine Man!" Sergeant McDonald, who was in charge of the guard, fired, wounding Nockay det Klinne through both thighs, but the sergeant was immediately shot by the scouts. The Medicine Man and his squaw endeavored to reach the scouts, the Messiah calling loudly to the Indians to fight, for if he was killed he would come to life again.

Lieutenant Carter's orderly trumpeter was going towards the guard with a saddle kit, and when Colonel Carr called he drew his revolver, thrusting the muzzle into the mouth of the yelling Medicine Man, and fired. The squaw was allowed to pass out of the camp chanting a weird death song in her flight.

The scouts and other Indians were promptly driven from the immediate vicinity. Lieutenant Stanton, whose troop had been at the rear of the column, was just forming line mounted, when the fight began, and as the scouts drew off into the underbrush the troop was dismounted and charged through the bottom, driving the Indians out at the other side of the creek.

Sanchez and a few followers shot the herder nearest the stream, and with wild yells stampeded such horses as had been turned loose. The mules still had on their aparajos and remained quietly standing in the midst of all the turmoil around them until the packers were ordered by the quartermaster to take them to the bottom for protection.

There was but a moment's respite during the retreat of the Indians to the neighboring hills. The command was immediately disposed to resist the attack, which commenced as soon as the Indians had gotten to cover in their new positions.

Colonel Carr had but three officers, Lieutenants Stanton, Carter and Cruse, and the small size of the command required everyone on the firing line. Assistant Surgeon McCreery was kept busy with the wounded, whom he attended under fire with perfect composure and courage. The loss in this fight was Captain Hentig and six men killed. That the loss was no more was due in a great measure to the coolness and courage of Colonel Carr.

A situation better calculated to try the mettle of a command could scarcely be imagined. Having effected the object of the march—the arrest of a notorious and mischief-making Medicine Man—without difficulty, and with no resistance on the part of his people, the troops had set about making camp for the night, when sud-

denly they were fired upon, not alone by the friends of the Medicine Man, but by their own allies, the Indian scouts, who had hitherto been loyal. The confusion and dismay which such an attack at such a time necessarily caused might well have resulted in the annihilation of the entire force, and constituted a situation from which nothing but the most consummate skill and bravery could pluck safety.

When darkness settled over the field the dead were buried in a single grave prepared inside of Colonel Carr's tent. The burial party and a few men who could be spared from the firing line stood about the grave with bared heads while Colonel Carr recited the burial service. As the last sad notes of "taps" died away the column prepared to return to the post, toward which small parties of Indians had been seen going all through the afternoon.

Before leaving the field Colonel Carr sent Lieutenant Carter to examine the body of the Medicine Man and determine if life was extinct. Strange to say, notwithstanding his wounds, he was still alive. The recovery of this Indian, if left in the hands of his friends, would have given him a commanding influence over these superstitious people, which would have resulted in endless war. Colonel Carr then repeated the order for his death, specifying that no more shots should be fired. Guide Burns was directed to carry out the order with the understanding that a knife was to be used. Burns, fearing failure, took an ax and crushed the forehead of the deluded fanatic, and from this time forward every person murdered by these Apaches was treated in a similar manner.

The column then started and marched all night, arriving at the post during the next afternoon. Many of the Indians had preceded the command, and all night they were haranguing in the vicinity. They covered the roads and trails, and killed a number of citizens, besides the mail carrier and three soldiers coming from duty at the ferry on Black River.

On the following morning, September 1st, the Indians burned some buildings in the vicinity, and in the afternoon attacked the post, but were driven off. Captain Gordon was wounded during this attack while at the corner of the main parade.

There was much in the situation to produce gloomy forebodings, not for the safety of the post, but for that of the scattered settlers. There were not enough troops in Arizona to handle a general outbreak, and it could not be determined just what tribes were implicated in the revolt. The first thing necessary was to open communication. This was accomplished by sending Lieutenant Stanton, with thirty-three men, to Fort Thomas. That part of the road which was in the mountains was covered in the night, and the balance of the seventy miles was made during the following day. Colonel Carr's command had been reported for several days as massacred, and the papers of the entire country were filled with dire forebodings as to the results of this outbreak. The news carried by Lieutenant Stanton was the first to lift the clouds from the grief-stricken relatives and friends of the Fort Apache garrison.

First Lieutenant William H. Carter, Sergeant Alonzo Bowman and Private Richard Heartery were awarded the Medal of Honor.

TREACHERY OF THE SCOUTS AVENGED



THOMAS CRUSE,

Second Lieutenant, 6th U. S. Cavalry
Born at Owensboro, Kentucky, Dec. 29th, 1857
Highest rank attained: Major, U. S. Vols.

THERE was great rejoicing when the report, spread by the treacherous Apaches, that they had killed the entire command of Colonel E. A. Carr was contradicted, yet the loss was severe enough to keep public indignation alive and arouse a demand from all parts of the country that the traitors and their allies be punished. This caused the expedition of 1882, of which Second Lieutenant Thomas Cruse, Sixth United States Cavalry, gives a full and graphic narration in the following:

“The spring of '82 saw us still out in the field after the hostiles. But in June they all appeared to have gone into the deep recesses of the mountains of Old Mexico, many miles below the line; so that the Fourth of July was spent at our post, Fort Apache, and was celebrated in befitting style with horse racing, wrestling, running, target matches, etc. The morning of the 9th of July, however, brought a telegram stating that a band of hostiles had dashed into San Carlos, killed the chief of scouts, several Indian policemen, friendly Indians and all the white people that could be found in that vicinity, except the agent. The telegram also stated that the hostiles had started toward Tonto Basin, and directed us to march toward Cibicu Creek and try to intercept them when they crossed the Black River. We were further notified that two companies of the Third Cavalry, from Fort Thomas, were after them, and that one troop of the Sixth, with a company of Indian scouts from Fort McDowell, under Captain Chaffee, had been ordered to watch them from the west and intercept them, if possible. The command, consisting of Troops E and I of the Third, and Troops E and K of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry, under Major Evans of the Third Cavalry, left the post that day. On the morning of the 16th, on one of the small branches of the Black River, fresh signs of the Indians were found, and that night, about 8 o'clock, while we were encamped, we were much surprised to hear that Captain Chaffee with his troop from McDowell was only about a mile away. Word was sent to him and he came and had a consultation with Major Evans. It was decided that it was highly probable that the Indians would be overtaken the next day, and would probably fight. Chaffee was ordered to break camp, at his own suggestion, very early in the morning and attempt to climb the precipitous bluffs which surround the country, called Tonto Basin, and the main command was to follow on, after he found the Indians. This program was carried out, and about 11 o'clock word was sent back that the Indians had been located and were evidently waiting for us. We were much amazed to hear this, because the Apaches never

fight unless they have every advantage on their side, and then they become the most dangerous foe of any of the Indians. A year or two later this was explained to me by one of the men who was in the fight by saying that their scouts, whom they had left in the rear on the trail, had seen Chaffee's troop, which was mounted on white horses, and had determined to prepare an ambushade for it, knowing full well the small number of men he had, but being in ignorance of the fact that re-enforcements were in the vicinity, as they had never seen Major Evans's command. Five troops now moved forward at a gallop and soon came up to the spot where the Indians were waiting. Their place was ~~certainly~~ well chosen, it being where the trail which led from the Apache Reservation to the Navajo Reservation crossed over a deep crack in the earth—a branch of the celebrated Canyon Diablo. This country is near the celebrated Colorado Canyon, and abounds in cracks and ravines of volcanic origin, which are absolutely impassable for men. The troops were ordered to advance as quietly as possible within about a mile of the canyon and dismount. One troop, I, Third Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Converse, was deployed along the bank to fire at the Indians and attract their attention, while two troops were sent around to either flank, with the idea of getting on the other side of the canyon and capturing the redskins, or at least holding them so that they could not get away. This arrangement brought Troops E and I of the Sixth Cavalry together on the right flank, and Troop D of the Third and K of the Sixth on the left.

"E was my own troop, commanded by Captain Adam Kramer, an officer of the War of the Rebellion and hero of many an Indian fight. Major Evans now turned the actual command of the forces over to Captain Chaffee, who certainly was the right man in the right place. The Indians opened fire at about 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Troop I lined the edge of the canyon and replied, and the other four troops moved off quietly and rapidly to get across the numerous obstacles in their way, one of which was the canyon, apparently a stone's throw across, but about 300 or 400 feet deep. I remember as we crossed it we found a nice stream of water, and someone glanced up and remarked that the stars were shining, although it was still early in the afternoon. The task that was set before us was one that taxed our energies to the utmost, but finally, about 5 o'clock, we succeeded in getting across this canyon and to the right and rear of the Indians; and then the fun began. Troop I ran into their pony herd, killed the herders and captured the entire lot. Up to this time the Indians apparently were not aware of our presence, and had started in to make a counter attack on Troop I, but our fire on their flanks soon brought to their mind the fact that there was somebody else there, and they began to fight for some way to get out and escape. Troop E was deployed near the edge of the canyon, and it was my good luck to have command of the left wing and to fall in with Al Seiber, one of the most noted scouts and guides in Arizona and New Mexico. I had been in several fights before this, but never found them very exciting affairs, as the Apache is not given to exposing himself for theatrical effect like the Sioux and the Cheyenne, but merely keeps behind a rock, well hidden, waiting a



"I TOLD HIM TO LIE QUIET."

chance to kill without taking any chance whatever himself. On this occasion, however, as we advanced it became absolutely necessary for them to get out of the entrenchments they had hastily prepared and run, and for the first time I had a chance to shoot at something as well as to be shot at. Seiber, who was on my immediate left, would call out once in a while: There he goes! and would raise his rifle and shoot, and sure enough, an Indian would jump up from behind a rock, not more than 150 yards away, and, with a shriek, throw up his hands and fall. Directly they began running in bunches and things became highly exciting. I called on my men to advance, saying that some of these Indians were my scouts and now was our chance to get even with them for their treachery of the year before. With this idea in mind, I, with eight or ten men, started across a small ravine, beyond which we could see the main camp of the Indians.

“As I started through the forest, which was park like and with no undergrowth, I was very much amazed at hearing Seiber call out after me: “Lieutenant, don’t go through there; that place is full of Indians!” But it was too late; I thought all the Indians in that part of the field had been killed, so we went—Sergeant Horan, Blacksmith Martin and six or eight privates of troop E, right after me.

“We got into their camp after firing several shots, and saw some of them run; when suddenly, about ten feet away, two Indians raised up slightly above the level of the ground and shot at me. I thought at the time I was hit, and Captain Kramer called out: “I am afraid they have got Cruse.” So I judge from that, I must have dropped pretty quickly. At the same time Private McClellan, who was about two feet from me, went down in a heap also. The Indians dropped back behind a rocky ledge and were pretty well concealed. I called out to McClellan: “Are you hurt?”, and he answered—“Yes, I think my arm is broken.” I told him to lie quiet so that the Indians could not get another shot at him and that I would watch them. I got in a shot or two, then Blacksmith Martin came to my assistance and we succeeded in getting McClellan out of way of the Indians. In the meantime they had apparently sprung up on three or four sides of us, and things were very lively in that vicinity for the next five or ten minutes. During that time Sergeant Conn, of our troop, was shot through the neck and several other casualties occurred. As nearly as could be it was a hand-to-hand conflict all around, and when the melee was ended it was dark and I did not see any more Indians and began to think about getting across the Canyon to our pack-train.

“Private McClellan proved to be worse hurt than we supposed, for the bullet, in addition to breaking his arm, had gone through his chest, and he died about 11 o’clock that night.

“We squared up with those treacherous Apache scouts however. Four of them were hung at Fort Grant, Arizona; four more were sent to Alcatraz Island and five or six were killed in the fight I speak of.”

During the attack First Sergeant Charles Taylor, Troop D, Third United States Cavalry, displayed the most wonderful bravery. He advanced far ahead of his com-

rades and in a cool and deliberate manner picked out one brave after another, killing them by his unfailing accuracy as he advanced amidst howls and shrieks.

Troop I, Sixth United States Cavalry, at one time of the fight was in a threatening position. It had crossed a deep canyon and was crawling up a steep cliff on the northern side, when bands of Indians suddenly appeared on all sides. The men were retreating toward the bottom of the canyon, when First Lieutenant Frank West rallied them and successfully outflanked the Indians.

During this movement an interesting incident occurred, which Second Lieutenant George H. Morgan, of the Third Cavalry, who volunteered to go with the detachment of Lieutenant West, tells interestingly as follows:

“By crossing the canyon it was a hard, dangerous climb both down and up, and when at the top we found that the mesa ended at the side of the canyon by a ledge of rock, probably six feet high. The top was defended by a small force of renegade Apache skirmishers.

“Forming our men below the ledge, they were ordered to jump over and take to the nearest tree. After seeing all the men move forward I followed and dropped down behind my tree, selected before I started. By a natural and excusable mistake six of my men had chosen the same tree. It was not the largest there, but we were all safe, as owing to the disinclination of the men to expose themselves the Indians could not hit us, their bullets hitting the tree about three feet above the ground. The men, however, were uneasy, there being so little tree and so much of a crowd, and without a word all jumped up and ran back, fortunately without

loss. As it was safer, and a good place, I crawled up to my vacated tree. A chief just in front of and very close to me—thirty feet—thinking the entire party had gone, sprang out from his cover and commenced a war dance. After stopping his play in short order, I became anxious to know how far back my party had gone, and went back with much haste and little dignity. I was glad to find the men under the ledge cool enough and wondering where I was. We tried the advance again and in better form, and gained the top.”

The chase after these Indians had been so energetically conducted that during the night following and the next morning there were twelve cavalry troops assembled on the scene from four posts—a remarkable concentration of scouting columns all in search of the same marauders.

The scouts crossed the canyon and found the hostiles had fled, abandoning everything and leaving six prisoners in the hands of the troops and sixteen dead bodies



FRANK WEST,
First Lieutenant, 6th U. S. Cavalry.
Born in Mohawk, N. Y., 1850.



"SIX OF MY MEN HAD CHOSEN THE SAME TREE."

upon the field. A severe hail-storm set in, lasting four hours, which covered the trail so completely as to prevent pursuit. The troops remained two days near the scene of the fight. Litters were made and the wounded transported by hand eight miles back to the open country, where ambulances could reach them.

Seventy horses and much camp plunder were captured. Among the dead were two of the renegade scouts who mutinied in the Cibicu fight. The troops lost one man killed, seven wounded, and two officers of the Third Cavalry, Lieutenants Converse and Morgau, wounded. The rugged nature of this part of the Mongollon Mountains prevented the hostiles from being again brought to bay, and they escaped to the various Indian camps about the reservations where they were secreted by their kindred.

CHASING GERONIMO AND NATCHEZ

THE surrender of Geronimo and Natchez, the leading chiefs of the Apaches, concluded the campaign of 1886. It marked the closing of a long and tedious war with the Apaches who had terrorized the whole southern part of Arizona and northern part of Mexico and restored peace and prosperity to the inhabitants of a vast stretch of territory of two republics. Of all Indian savages the Apache is known to be the most brutal, unruly and barbarous. His treachery is proverbial, his cruelty notorious.

The young Apache warrior could not hope to command the respect of his tribe unless he had accomplished a "heroic" deed. This consisted of an outrage upon some hostile Indian, an American or Mexican ranchman, or a lone traveler. The more cruel the act, the greater the "heroism"; the more "heroic" deeds, the greater the honor and respect among his own people. This principle inculcated in the child, actuated the youthful warrior and was practiced by the old and experienced. It made the Apaches the most dreaded and feared of all Indian races.

In 1886 General Miles was called upon to subdue these turbulent and desperate bands and restore order in the territory mentioned.

The mountainous character of the country furnished these murderous savages with innumerable places of hiding and refuge and rendered them extremely difficult to get at. Many expeditions and campaigns had been previously undertaken and failed before the seemingly insurmountable obstacles. In preparing for his campaign General Miles was determined to chase and hound these hostiles and keep chasing and hounding them and not let up on them until sheer exhaustion should force them into final subjection.

It was to be a war to the finish between the white man's perseverance and endurance and the same qualities of the redskin, the outcome of which, General Miles figured, would inevitably be in favor of the better equipped and infinitely more intelligent white man.

There was not the slightest doubt in General Miles's mind that the Apaches could be subdued, and in assuming the command of the Department of Arizona he selected such officers for the discharge of important missions and duties as agreed with him on the general proposition and were sufficiently energetic to carry out the common idea.

Then the general formulated a definite and systematic plan of campaign, re-organized the troops, restored the confidence of the men, infused new hope into the minds of the timid ranchers and brought order out of the chaos.

For the first time in the history of American military operations General Miles during this year made use of the heliostat and adopted the system of heliographic messages—signaling by mirrors—for the transmission of orders and reports of the movements of the hostile Indians.

Experiments with this system, invented by an English officer some twenty years before, had been previously made by American generals, but it was not finally adopted and practically used until General Miles conducted his Apache campaign in 1886. Stations were established on the highest peaks of the mountains all over the country. Thus the movements of the savages were kept under constant observation, and much time, money and labor were saved in unnecessary and long and tedious marches in search of the elusive enemy. One more word about the Apaches.

General Miles described them as follows:

“They were vicious and outlaws of the worst class. They were clad in such a way as to disguise themselves as much as possible. Masses of grass, bunches of weeds, twigs or small boughs were fastened under their hat bands very profusely, and also upon their shoulders and backs. Their clothing was trimmed in such a way that when lying upon the ground in a bunch of grass or at the head of a ravine, it was almost impossible to discover them. It was in this way that they were wont to commit their worst crimes. An unsuspecting ranchman or miner going along a road or trail would pass within a few feet of these concealed Apaches, and the first intimation he would have of their presence would be a bullet through his heart or brain.”

The campaign began in the latter part of April. The Apaches themselves made the first move. They boldly left the mountain fastnesses in the Sierra Madres and came down upon the terror-stricken people of Northern Mexico. Among the first outrages committed was that of which the Peck family became victims. The sad story is told by Captain Leonard Wood, assistant surgeon, United States Army, in short but graphic words as follows:

“Peck's ranch was surrounded by Indians, the entire family was captured, and several of the farm-hands were killed. The husband was tied up and compelled to witness indescribable tortures inflicted upon his wife until she died. The terrible ordeal rendered him temporarily insane and as the Apaches, like most Indians, stand in great awe of an insane person, they set him free as soon as they discovered his mental condition; but otherwise he would never have been allowed to live. He was afterward found by his friends wandering about the place.”

The family had two daughters, one of whom was outraged and shared the fate of her mother; the other, a little girl of ten years, was dragged upon the back of a horse and carried away into captivity. She was recaptured. On their flight through Mexican territory the Apaches met a force of seventy Mexicans. A volley was fired, killing an Indian woman, and the Indian who carried the child was wounded. This Indian's horse was shot at the same time. The little girl bravely ran away from her savage captor and was picked up by the jubilant Mexicans. The Indian retreated towards the rocks and there stood off the entire Mexican force, killing seven of them, each of whom was shot through the head. He then made his escape.

On another occasion the hordes rode through a wood choppers' camp and killed seven white men. Another time they crept stealthily into a small creek and murdered five Mexican placer miners.

Many other instances of the most reckless brutality and cruelty marked the opening of the campaign.

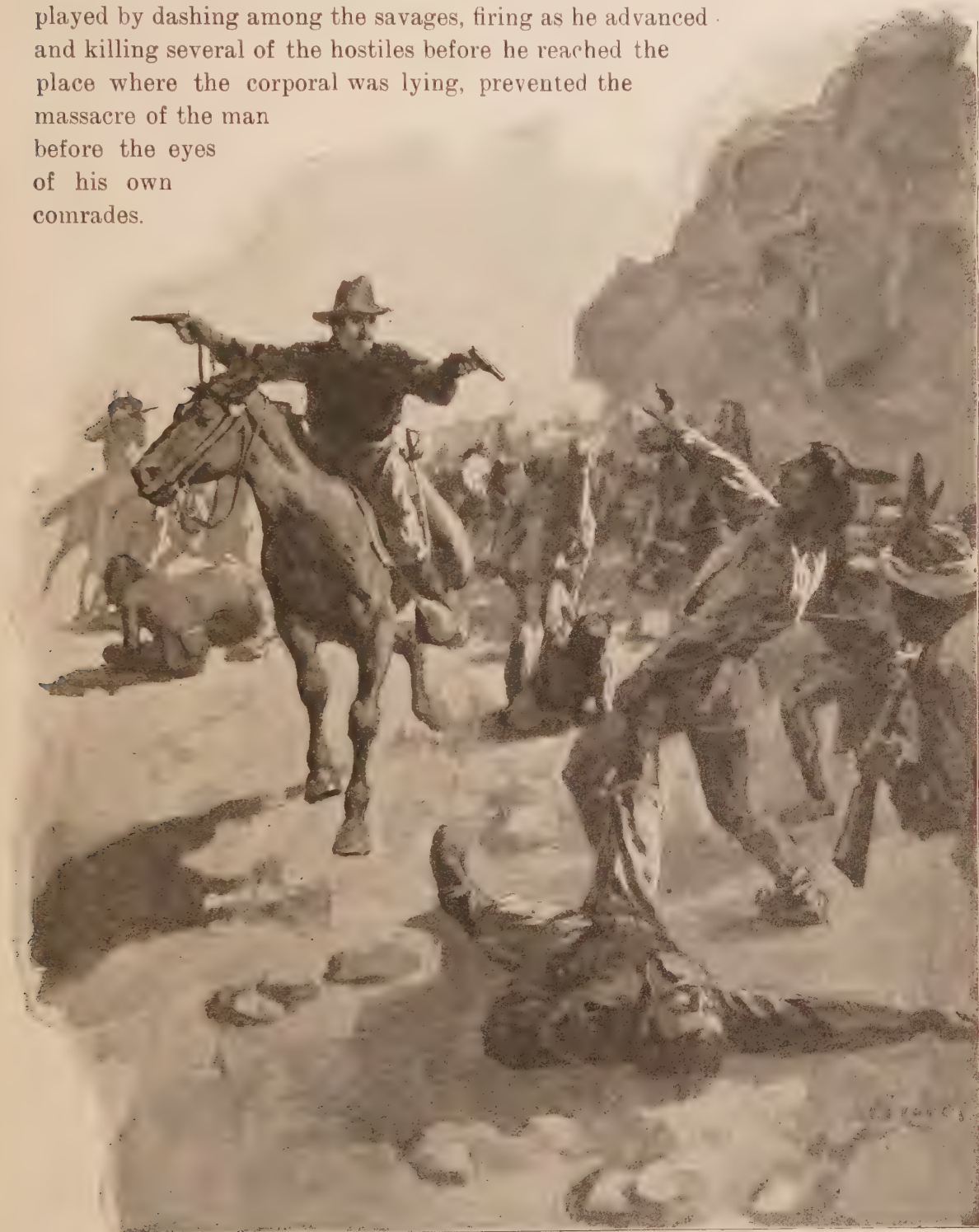
The command which was selected by General Miles for the expedition was placed in charge of Captain Henry W. Lawton, Fourth United States Cavalry, and composed of the best officers and men available. Troops were frequently changed and provisions made for fresh transports to replace the tired and worn-out horses and pack-mules.

The pursuit of the Indians was now taken up and continued with untiring perseverance. Over prairies, mountains, through valleys, across streams and thundering rapids, now about the peaks of giant mountains, now way down through canyons deep and narrow, wherever the trail of the Indians led the command followed. The Indians would pass straight over the highest ranges of the roughest mountains, abandon their horses and descend to the valleys below, where they would supply themselves with fresh animals by stealing them; the soldiers would send their horses around the impassable heights, climb the ascent on foot and slide down the descent. They would suffer from cold on the peaks and from an almost intolerable heat in the depths of the canyons. On one occasion the command marched twenty-six hours without a halt and was without water for eighteen hours in the intense heat of that season. The Indians were driven from one place to another, from Arizona to Mexico, with the tenacious troops clinging to their heels.

There was an agreement with the Mexican Republic and the government at Washington by virtue of which United States troops could enter Mexican territory when in pursuit of hostile Indians, so that in this campaign the boundary line between the two republics created no obstacles.

Several times the Indians were brought to bay and forced to fight, for example, in the Pinito Mountains, in Sonora, Mexico, May 3, 1886, where in the midst of the battle Lieutenant Powhatan H. Clark, Tenth United States Cavalry, dashed among the howling Apaches and at the peril of his own young life snatched from them a corporal who had been wounded and fallen into their hands.

The dash was made well in advance of his troopers, who were themselves so busily engaged in keeping the hostiles at bay that they had not noticed the absence of their comrade. Clark's intrepidity and exceptional courage displayed by dashing among the savages, firing as he advanced and killing several of the hostiles before he reached the place where the corporal was lying, prevented the massacre of the man before the eyes of his own comrades.



"LIEUTENANT CLARK DASHED AMONG THE HOWLING APACHES."

The hostiles were badly defeated. Again twelve days later at Santa Cruz, Sonora, another engagement took place in which Sergeant Samuel H. Craig, of the Fourth United States Cavalry, was severely wounded, but nevertheless fought in the front ranks of the troops and with blood-covered face led a most gallant charge. The Indians were compelled to flee for their lives and leave the entire camp in the hands of the troops.

For three long months this inexorable chase was kept up until on July 13th the last and decisive blow was struck on the Yaqui River in Sonora in a section of the country that was almost impassable for man or beast.

Geronimo and Natchez evidently considered themselves safe from all attack, but Captain Lawton, by skillful manœuvring, managed to surprise the whole camp and seize everything in sight, the Indians themselves having a very narrow escape from capture.

The savages now were tired of being the hunted game of the United States soldiers and yearned for peace. Geronimo especially was willing to submit to the inevitable and sent two of his women to open negotiations. He agreed to an unconditional surrender, begging only that he and his followers' lives be spared. This was promised. And thus Geronimo, the dreaded Apache chief, became a prisoner. He remained loyal, too, for when on the return march the command met a large Mexican force, which assumed a threatening attitude, and could have rendered the situation critical enough to make the outcome doubtful, Geronimo and his Apaches stuck to the command, and so eager were they to assist those to whom they had surrendered only a short time before that a clash between them and the Mexicans was narrowly avoided. On September 3d Geronimo surrendered to General Miles in person at Skeleton Canyon, whither the commander had journeyed to join Captain Lawton's camp.

Natchez still refused to come in, but General Miles brought about his surrender by a stroke of clever diplomacy, which had worked wonders on a former occasion.

He overawed Geronimo with the marvels of the white man's civilization. Among other things he showed him the heliostat and explained to him that by means of the instrument he could talk and receive information hundreds of miles away.

At the request of the superstitious Indian warrior the general inquired concerning the health of a brother of Geronimo, who was held a captive at a distant military post.

When the young chief had received the news he had asked for he was more terror-stricken than surprised, and sent a messenger to Natchez urging him to surrender, "as the white man was in league with powers strange and weird, and which he was not able to understand."

Natchez, perhaps glad to have a pretext to give up the hopeless and unequal struggle, followed the advice and surrendered on the same terms as Geronimo. His capture ended the Apache war.

HAZARDOUS, BUT SUCCESSFUL



MARION P. MAUS,
First Lieutenant, 1st U. S. Infantry.
Born in Maryland.
Highest rank attained: Lieut.-Colonel, U. S. A.

AN interesting account of the hardships and adventures which our troops had to contend with during the memorable campaign of 1886 against the hostile Apaches under Geronimo and Natchez is vividly described by Lieutenant-Colonel Marion P. Maus, then a first lieutenant of the First United States Infantry.

His excellent soldierly qualities were instrumental in several instances during this campaign in extricating the troops to which he was attached from dangerous positions in which they, owing to the nature of the extremely mountainous country, had fallen, and the undaunted courage and heroism which he displayed won for him the Medal of Honor.

Lieutenant-Colonel Maus narrates:

“Our command, fully equipped for field service, left Apache, Arizona, on November 11, 1885, for Fort Bowie. Here it was inspected by Lieutenant-General Sheridan and Brigadier-General Crook, and with words of encouragement from these officers the command started south by way of the Dragoon Mountains, endeavoring to find the trail of a band of Indians who were returning to Mexico after a raid into the United States.

“Thoroughly scouting through these mountains without finding the trail, we went on to the border and crossed into Mexico twenty miles north of the town of Fronteras, with the object of pursuing the renegades to their haunts in southern Sonora. We believed that if we could trace this band we could find the entire hostile camp under Geronimo and Natchez. Under instructions from Captain Crawford, I preceded the command to the town of Fronteras to notify the presidente of the town of our approach, of our object in coming, and to gain information. It was a small place, composed of the usual adobe buildings, and its people lived in a constant state of alarm about the movements of the hostiles. The command arriving, we proceeded to Nocarasi, a small mining town in the Madre Mountains. On account of the roughness of these mountains we found great difficulty in crossing them with the pack-train. We found one horse which had evidently been abandoned by the hostiles, but no distinct trail.

“In marching the command it was interesting to notice the methods adopted by our Indians in scouting the country to gain information and prevent surprise. It illustrated to us very clearly what we must expect from the hostiles, who would

employ the same methods. It was impossible to march these scouts as soldiers, or to control them as such, nor was it deemed advisable to attempt it. Among them were many who had bloody records; one named Dutchy had killed, in cold blood, a white man near Fort Thomas, and for this murder the civil authorities were at this time seeking to arrest him. Their system of advance guards and flankers was perfect, and as soon as the command went into camp, outposts were at once put out, guarding every approach. All this was done noiselessly and in secret, and without giving a single order. As scouts for a command in time of war they would be ideal. Small of stature, and apparently no match physically for the white man, yet when it came to climbing mountains or making long marches, they were swift and tireless. The little clothing they wore consisted of a soldier's blouse, discarded in time of action, light undergarments and a waist cloth, and on the march the blouse was often turned inside out to show only the gray lining. Nothing escaped their watchful eyes as they marched silently in their moccasined feet. By day small fires were built of dry wood to avoid smoke, and at night they were made in hidden places so as to be invisible. If a high point was in view, you could be sure that a scout had crawled to the summit and, himself unseen, with a glass or his keen eyes had searched the country around. At night only was the watch relaxed, for these savages dread the night with a superstitious fear. It was necessary to allow them their way, and we followed, preserving order as best we could by exercising tact and a careful study of their habits. Under the influence of mescal, which is a liquor made in all parts of Mexico and easily procured, they often became violent and troublesome, and we could not help realizing how perfectly we were in their power. However, no distrust of them was shown. One of my Indians, a sergeant named Rubie, followed me one day while I was hunting. I thought his actions were curious, but they were explained when he suddenly came from the front and told me to go back. He had seen the footprints of hostiles near by. In the action which followed later he came to me and warned me to cover. There was, however, very little evidence of affection or gratitude in them as a class.

“Continuing the march, we reached the town of Huasavas, in the valley of the Bavispe. Orange and lemon trees were filled with golden fruit, although it was now the 22d of December. This valley, surrounded by high mountains, was fertile, though but little cultivated. The only vehicles in use were carts, the wheels of which were sections sawed from logs. The plows were pieces of pointed wood. The people were devoid of all the comforts of life. Corn flour was obtained by pounding the grains on stones. They were a most desolate people, and completely terrorized by the Apaches, who were a constant menace to them, as they were to the inhabitants of all these towns. Here occurred the first serious trouble with the Indian scouts. One of them, who was drunk but unarmed, was shot by a Mexican policeman. At the time I was on my way to the town and met the Indian, who was running down the road towards me, followed by two policemen or guards firing rapidly. One ball passed through his head, coming out through the jaw. The other

Indian scouts were much incensed, and at once began to prepare for an attack on the town, giving us much trouble before we were able to stop them. The officers were unable to sleep that night, as many of the Indians had been drinking and continued to be so angry that they fired off their rifles in the camp. The next day I released one of them from prison, and subsequently had to pay a fine of five dollars for him. It was claimed by the Mexicans that the Indians had committed some breach of the peace.

“Here we got the first reliable news of the hostiles who were murdering people and killing cattle to the south. Crossing the mountains we passed the towns of Granadas and Bacedahuachi, the latter being the site of one of the fine old missions built by the daring priests who had sought to plant their religion among the natives many years before.

“Proceeding on our way over a mountainous country, we finally came to the town of Nacori. This place was in a continual state of alarm, a wall having been built around it as a protection against the Apaches, the very name of whom was a terror. From our camp, sixteen miles south of this town, two of our pack-trains were sent back to Lang’s Ranch, New Mexico, for supplies. To our surprise a Deputy United States Marshal from Tombstone came here to arrest Dutchy. Captain Crawford declined to permit the arrest, and in a letter to the marshal asked him to ‘delay the arrest till I may be near the border where protection for myself, officers and white men, with my pack-trains, may be afforded by United States troops other than Indians,’ offering to return if desired. The scouts were intensely excited, and under the circumstances the marshal did not wish to attempt to arrest Dutchy, and returned without delay.

“We had now penetrated over 200 miles into the mountains of Mexico, and we were sure the hostiles were near. It was decided to move immediately in pursuit of them. In this wild and unknown land even our Indians looked more stolid and serious. One by one they gathered together for a medicine dance. The Medicine Man, Noh-wah-zhe-tah, unrolled the sacred buckskin he had worn since he left Fort Apache. There was something very solemn in all this. The dance, the marching, the kneeling before the sacred buckskin as each pressed his lips to it and the old man blessed him, impressed us too, as we looked on in silence. Afterward the Indians held a council. They said they meant to do their duty, and would prove that they would fight to those who said they would not, and they seemed very much in earnest. I am satisfied that they desired to get the hostiles to surrender, but do not believe they intended or desired to kill them—their own people. In view of their relations it was little wonder that they felt in this way.

“It was decided that all must go on foot, and that officer and scout alike must carry his own blanket, all else being left behind. Leaving a few scouts (the weakest and the sick) to guard the camp, a force of seventy-nine was equipped with twelve days’ rations, carried on three or four of the toughest mules best suited for the purpose, and we started forward. We marched to the Haros River, which we forded,

and then ascending the high hills beyond discovered first a small trail, then a large well-beaten one, evidently that of the entire band of hostiles. The trail was about six days old, and as we passed over it, here and there, the carcasses of cattle only partially used, were found. The hostiles had but a short time previously moved their camp from the junction of the Haros and Yaqui Rivers, a few miles to the west, and were going to the east to the fastnesses of some extremely rugged mountains, the Espinosa del Diablo, or the Devil's Backbone—a most appropriate name, as the country was broken and rough beyond description. The march was now conducted mostly by night. We suffered much from the cold, and the one blanket to each man used when we slept was scanty covering. Often it was impossible to sleep at all. At times we made our coffee and cooked our food in the daytime, choosing points where the light could not be seen, and using dry wood to avoid smoke. Our moccasins were thin and the rocks were hard on the feet. Shoes had been abandoned, as the noise made by them could be heard a long distance. The advance scouts kept far ahead. Several abandoned camps of the hostiles were found, the selection of which showed their constant care. They were placed on high points, to which the hostiles ascended in such a way that it was impossible for them to be seen; while in descending, any pursuing party would have to appear in full view of the lookout they always kept in the rear. The labor of the Indian women in bringing the water and wood to these points was no apparent objection.

“Crossing the Haros River the trail led direct to the Devil's Backbone, situated between the Haros and Satachi Rivers. The difficulties of marching over a country like this by night, where it was necessary to climb over rocks and to descend into deep and dark canyons, can hardly be imagined. When we halted, which was sometimes not until midnight, we were sore and tired. We could never move until late in the day, as it was necessary to examine the country a long distance ahead before we started. No human being seemed ever to have been here. Deer were plentiful, but we dared not shoot them. Once I saw a leopard that bounded away with a shriek. It was spotted and seemed as large as a tiger. At last, after a weary march, at sunset, on the 9th of January, 1886, Noche, our Indian sergeant-major and guide, sent word that the hostile camp was located twelve miles away.

“The command was halted, and as the hostiles were reported camped on a high point, well protected and apparently showing great caution on their part, it was decided to make a night march and attack them at daylight. A short halt of about twenty minutes was made. We did not kindle a fire, and about the only food we had was some hard bread and raw bacon. The medical officer, Dr. Davis, was worn out, and the interpreter also, unfortunately, could go no farther. We had already marched continuously for about six hours and were very much worn out and foot-sore, even the scouts showing the fatigue of the hard service. These night marches, when we followed a trail purposely made over the worst country possible, and crossing and re-crossing the turbulent river, which we had to ford, were very trying. But the news of the camp being so close at hand gave us new strength and hope,

and we hastened on to cover the ten or twelve miles between us and the hostiles. I cannot easily forget that night's march. All night long we toiled on, feeling our way. It was a dark and moonless night. For much of the distance the way led over solid rock, over mountains, down canyons so dark they seemed bottomless. It was a wonder the scouts could find the trail. Sometimes the descent became so steep that we could not go forward, but would have to wearily climb back and find another way. I marched by poor Captain Crawford, who was badly worn out; often he stopped and leaned heavily on his rifle for support, and again he used it for a cane to assist him. He had, however, an unconquerable will, and kept slowly on. At last, when it was nearly daylight, we could see in the distance the dim outlines of the rocky position occupied by the hostiles. I had a strong feeling of relief, for I certainly was very tired. We had marched continuously eighteen hours over a country so difficult that when we reached their camp Geronimo said he felt that he had no longer a place where the white man would not pursue him.

“The command was now quickly disposed for an attack, our first object being to surround the hostile camp. I was sent around to the farther side. Noiselessly, scarcely breathing, we crept along. It was still dark. It seemed strange to be going to attack these Indians with a force of their own kindred who but a short time before had been equally as criminal. I had nearly reached the farther side, intending to cut off the retreat, when the braying of some burros was heard. These watch-dogs of an Indian camp are better than were the geese of Rome. I hurried along. The faint light of the morning was just breaking, and I held my breath for fear the alarm would be given, when all at once the flames bursting from the rifles of some of the hostiles who had gone to investigate the cause of the braying of the burros, and the echoing and re-echoing of the rifle reports through the mountains, told me that the camp was in arms. Dim forms could be seen rapidly descending the mountain sides and disappearing below. A large number came my way within easy range—less than 200 yards. We fired many shots, but I saw no one fall. One Indian attempted to ride by me on a horse; I fired twice at him, when he abandoned the horse and disappeared; the horse was shot, but I never knew what became of the Indian. We pursued for a time, but as few of our Indian scouts could have gone farther, we had to give up the pursuit. The hostiles, like so many quail, had disappeared among the rocks. One by one our scouts returned. We had captured the entire herd, all the camp effects and what little food they had, consisting of some mescal, some fresh pony meat, a small part of a deer and a little dried meat, which the scouts seized and began to devour. I had no desire for food. Every one was worn out and it was cold and damp. In a little while an Indian woman came in and said that Geronimo and Natchez desired to talk. She begged food, and left us bearing word that Captain Crawford would see the chiefs the next day. The conference was to be held about a mile away on the river below our position, and he desired me to be present. What would have been the result of this conference will never be known on account of the unfortunate attack of the Mexicans next day. It

was fortunate that we occupied the strong position of the hostile camp. Our packs, as well as the doctor and interpreter, had been sent for, but unfortunately they did not arrive that night.

“ We built fires and tried to obtain a little rest, but I could not sleep on account of the intense cold, and, besides, we had been without food for many hours; in fact, we had not partaken of cooked food for days. With the continual marching day and night no wonder our Indians were tired out, and now threw themselves among the rocks to sleep, failing to maintain their usual vigilance. We had no fear of an attack. At daylight next morning the camp was aroused by loud cries from some of our scouts. Lieutenant Shipp and I, with a white man named Horn, employed as chief of scouts for my companies, ran forward to ascertain the cause of alarm. We thought at first that the disturbance must have been occasioned by the scouts of Captain Wirt Davis. A heavy fog hung over the mountains, making the morning light very faint. But by ascending the rocks we could see the outlines of dusky forms moving in the distance. Then all at once there was a crash of musketry and the flames from many rifles lighted up the scene. In that discharge three of our scouts were wounded, one very badly, and we quickly sought cover. The thought that it was our own friends who were attacking us was agonizing, and we had not the heart to retaliate, but the scouts kept up a desultory fire until Captain Crawford, whom we had left lying by the camp fire, shouted to us to stop. In about fifteen minutes the firing ceased, and it now became known that the attacking party were Mexicans, a detachment of whom, about thirteen, were seen approaching, four of them coming toward the rocks where we were. As I spoke Spanish, I advanced about fifty or seventy-five yards to meet them and was followed by Captain Crawford. I told them who we were and of our fight with the hostiles, that we had just captured their camp, etc. Captain Crawford, who did not speak Spanish, now asked if I had explained all to them. I told him I had. At this time we were all standing within a few feet of each other.

“ The officer commanding the Mexicans was Major Corredor, a tall, powerful man over six feet high, and he acted as spokesman. Looking to the rocks we could see the heads of many of our Indian scouts with their rifles ready, and could hear the sharp snap of the breech-blocks as the cartridges were inserted. I can well recall the expression on the faces of these Mexicans, for they thought our scouts were going to fire; indeed, I thought so myself. At the same time I noticed a party of Mexicans marching in a low ravine toward a high point which commanded and enfiladed our position, about 400 yards distant. I called Captain Crawford's attention to this as well as to the aspect of our own scouts. He said: ‘ For God's sake, don't let them fire! ’ Major Corredor also said: ‘ No tiras ’— Don't fire. I said to him, ‘ No, ’ and told him not to let his men fire. I then turned to the scouts, saying in Spanish, ‘ Don't fire, ’ holding my hand toward them. They nearly all understood Spanish, while they did not speak it. I had taken a few steps forward to carry out the captain's instructions when one shot rang out distinct and alone; the echoes were such that I could not

tell where it came from, but it sounded like a death-knell, and was followed by volleys from both sides. As we all sought cover I looked back just in time to see the tall Mexican throw down his rifle and fall, shot through the heart. Another Mexican, Lieutenant Juan de La Cruz, fell as he ran, pierced by thirteen bullets. The other two ran behind a small oak, but it was nearly cut down by bullets and they were both killed. Nine or ten others who were in view rapidly got close to the ground or in hollows behind rocks, which alone saved them, as they were near, and formed a portion of the party that advanced. Upon reaching the rocks where I had sought shelter I found Captain Crawford lying with his head pierced by a ball. His brain was running down his face and some of it lay on the rocks. He must have been shot just as he reached and mounted the rocks. Over his face lay a red handkerchief at which his hand clutched in a spasmodic way. Dutchy stood near him. I thought him dead, and sick at heart, I gave my attention to the serious conditions existing. The fall of Captain Crawford was a sad and unfortunate event, greatly to be deplored, and cast a gloom over us which we could not shake off.

“Being next in command, I hastened to send scouts to prevent the attack attempted on our right above referred to, and after an interval of about two hours the Mexicans were entirely routed and the firing gradually ceased. They now occupied a strong line of hills, with excellent shelter, were double our strength, and were armed with 44-calibre Remington rifles, which carried a cartridge similar to our own. Our command was without rations and nearly without ammunition, the one beltful supplied to each scout having in many cases been entirely exhausted in the two fights. It was true that many of them had extra rounds, but I estimated that between 4,000 and 5,000 rounds had been fired and that some of the men had none left.

“The Mexicans now called to us saying they would like to talk, but they were too cautious to advance. When Mr. Horn and I went forward to talk to them, three or four advanced to meet us about 150 yards from our position. The brother of the lieutenant who had been killed was crying bitterly, and the whole party seemed a most forlorn company of men, and sincere in saying that they thought we were the hostiles. All their officers were killed, and I believe others besides, but how many we never knew. The fact that our command was composed almost entirely of Indians was a most unfortunate one. With regular soldiers all would have been clear. Our position at this time, confronted as we were by a hostile Mexican force, while behind us was the entire hostile band of Indians evidently enjoying the situation, is unparalleled. We had scarcely any ammunition, no food, and our supplies were with the pack-train almost unprotected—no one knew where—while we were many days' march from our own country, which could only be reached through a territory hostile to our Indians. The governor of Sonora had made serious charges against the Indians for depredations committed on the march down, and besides, there was a bitter feeling caused by this fight. If the Mexicans had attacked us in the rear, where we were entirely unprotected, our position would have been

untenable. Had such an attack been made the result would probably have been the scattering of our command in the mountains, our Chiricahuas joining the hostiles.

“It looked very serious, and my future course was governed by the condition. I was bound to protect the lives of the white men of the command, the pack-train, and our Indian scouts, if it were possible. Lieutenant Shipp and I were in accord, he appreciating as I did our desperate position. The first attack had been a mistake, and the second had been brought on before the Mexicans could know what had been said to their officers who had been killed. The Mexicans deplored the affair and seemed sincere. I felt a pity for them. They asked me to go with them while they carried their dead away. A small detail took the bodies one by one to their lines, and I went with each body. They then asked me to send our doctor to care for their wounded, and to loan them enough of the captured stock to carry their wounded back. I agreed to do this, but could give them no food, which they also asked. Late in the day the doctor arrived, and after he had attended to our wounded I sent him to look after theirs, some of whom were in a dangerous way. He attended five of them.

“The next day I decided to move on, as the surgeon said that the death of Captain Crawford was a matter of but a little time, and our condition made it necessary for us to try and reach our pack-train for supplies and ammunition. I was afraid that the Mexicans might take our pack-train, as it had but a poor escort of the weak and sick. Besides, most of the packers had been armed with 50-calibre carbines (Sharps), while they had been supplied with 45-calibre ammunition. I was in hopes that when away from the Mexicans I might succeed in effecting a conference with the hostile chiefs, and possibly a surrender. This could not be done while the Mexicans were near and they would not move before we did, as they said they were afraid they might be attacked by the scouts. In order to move Captain Crawford I had to make a litter and have him carried by hand. As there was no wood in the country, I sent to the river and got canes, which we bound together to make the side rails, using a piece of canvas for the bed.

“While busy attending to the making of this I heard someone calling, and going out a short distance saw Concepcion, the interpreter, standing with some Mexicans about 200 yards away. He beckoned to me and I went forward to talk to the men, as I was the only one who could speak Spanish, Horn being wounded. I had sent Concepcion to drive back some of the captured Indian stock which had wandered off during the fight. As I advanced toward the Mexicans they saluted me very courteously, and in a friendly way said that before they left they wanted to have a talk. It was raining and they asked me to step under a sheltering rock near by; this was the very point from which they had first fired. On stepping under the rock I found myself confronted with about fifty Mexicans, all armed with Remington rifles, and a hard looking lot. I would here state that I had sent them, according to my promise, six of the captured Indian horses, which, however, they had not received,



"I CAME TO CAPTURE OR DESTROY YOU."

as they said the horses were no good, being wounded and worn out; but of this I did not know at the time. Old Concepcion was detained by them. He was a Mexican who had been stolen by the Apaches when a boy, and was employed as an interpreter, as he knew the Apache language.

“The manner of the Mexicans when they found me in their power had undergone a marked change. They became insolent, stating that we had killed their officers and that we were marauders and had no authority in their country. They demanded my papers. I explained that there was a treaty between Mexico and the United States, but that I had no papers, as Captain Crawford had left all our baggage with the pack-train. Their language was insolent and threatening. I now appreciated my position and realized that the consequence of my being away from the command with the interpreter was that there was no one with the scouts who could make himself understood by them. The Mexicans stated that I had promised them animals to take back their wounded, and had not furnished them, as those I had sent were worthless. I told them I would send them other animals on my return, and started to go, when they surrounded me, saying that I must remain until I had sent the mules.

“By this time our Indians were yelling and preparing to fight. A few shots would have precipitated matters. The Mexicans called my attention to the action of my scouts, and I told them that the Indians evidently feared treachery, and that I could not control them while away. They then said I could go if I would send them six mules, after which they would leave the country. This I promised I would do, but they would not trust my word of honor and held old Concepcion a prisoner till I sent them the mules. I demanded a receipt, which they gave, and afterward Mexico paid our government the full value of the animals.

“It was now too late in the day to move, but the next morning I proceeded on the homeward march, carrying Captain Crawford by hand. The Indians, always superstitious, did not want to help, but were persuaded, Lieutenant Shipp and I also assisting. To add to the difficulty, it was the rainy season, and the steep mountain sides were climbed most laboriously. It would be difficult to describe this march. With great effort, the first day we only made two or three miles. The wounded Indian was placed on a pony, and although badly hurt, seemed to get along very well. The two other wounded scouts and Mr. Horn were so slightly injured that they moved with no trouble.

“An Indian woman came into camp that night and said that Geronimo wanted to talk. I concluded to meet him, and the next morning, after moving about two miles, I left the command and went with the interpreter, Mr. Horn, and five scouts, to a point about a mile or so distant. We went without arms, as this was expressly stipulated by Geronimo as a condition. The chiefs did not appear, but I had a talk with two of the men, who promised that the chiefs would meet me the next day. They said I must come without arms. The next day I went to meet them and found Geronimo, Natchez, Nana and Chihuahua with fourteen men. They came fully armed with their belts full of ammunition, and as I had come unarmed, according

to agreement, this was a breach of faith, and I did not think it argued well for their conduct. Apparently suspicious of treachery, every man of them sat with his rifle in an upright position, forming a circle nearly around me, with Geronimo in the center. He sat there for fully a minute looking me straight in the eyes. Finally he got up and said to me:

“‘Why did you come down here?’

“‘I came to capture or destroy you and your band,’ I answered.

“He knew perfectly well that this was the only answer I could truthfully make. He then walked up to me and shook my hand, saying that he could trust me, and then asked me to report to the department commander what he had to say. He enumerated his grievances at the agency, all of which were purely imaginary or assumed. I advised him to surrender and told him that if he did not neither the United States troops nor the Mexicans would let him rest. He agreed to surrender to me Nana, one other man, his (Geronimo's) wife, and one of Natchez's wives, with some of their children—nine in all—and promised to meet General Crook near San Bernardino in two moons to talk about surrendering. With this understanding I returned to camp. In a short time he sent the prisoners with the request that I give him a little sugar and flour. This request I complied with, having in the meantime sent some of my scouts for the pack-train, which they had found and brought back. Here, almost at midnight, I was awakened by the scouts who had assembled saying that they had seen the Mexicans approaching to attack us, and that they must have ammunition. I had not intended to issue any more just then, as we only had about 3,000 rounds left, but they begged so hard that I finally issued 1,000 rounds, though I could hardly believe this report. No Mexicans appeared. The hostiles had plenty of money, and it was afterwards reported that our scouts had sold them ammunition at the rate of one dollar per round.

“The next day we continued our march, which was very difficult on account of our being encumbered with our wounded. On the 17th of January, while sitting with Captain Crawford, he opened his eyes and looked me straight in the face and then pressed my hand. No doubt he was conscious, and I tried to get him to speak or write, but he could not. I assured him I would do all in my power to arrange his affairs, and he put his arm around me and drew me to him, but could only shake his head in answer. This conscious interval only lasted about five minutes, and then the look of intelligence seemed to pass away forever. The next day he died while we were on the march, passing away so quietly that no one knew the exact time of his death. We wrapped the body in canvas and placed it on one of the pack mules. We now moved more rapidly, but when we reached the Satachi River we could not cross it, as it was swollen by the late rains and was deep and turbulent. We were thus forced to go into camp and lose a day. In the meantime the body of Captain Crawford began to decompose, so we hurried on, crossing the river the next day, and on the day following reached Nacori. Here we buried Captain Crawford,

putting his body in charge of the presidente of the town and marking well the place of his burial. I could only get four boards (slabs) in the town, and used them in making a coffin, the body being wrapped securely in canvas.

“The disposition of the people was decidedly unfriendly, and at Baserac and Bavispe about 200 of the local troops were assembled with hostile intent. To add to the trouble, the scouts obtained mescal and were very unruly. I had to use great care to prevent a conflict at Baserac. I was obliged to pass through the town, as there was a mountain on one side and a river on the other. The officials refused at first to let me pass, but I moved some of the troops through, supported by the remainder, and avoided a conflict. At Bavispe the Indians obtained a large quantity of mescal, and the civil authorities tried to take our captured stock. I sent them out of the camp, and had they not left when they did I am sure the intoxicated Indians would have fired upon them. Here occurred a quarrel between a company of White Mountain Indian scouts and one of Chiricahuas. They loaded their rifles to fire upon each other, while the first sergeants of the two companies fought between the lines, but I finally succeeded in quelling the disturbance. The next day I hurried away, and without further difficulty reached Lang’s Ranch, arriving there on February 1st. Up to that time we had marched over 1,000 miles.

“I was ordered to return, February 5th, to Mexico and look out for the hostiles who had agreed to signal their return. I camped about ten miles south of the line on the San Bernardino River, and remained there until the 15th of March, when a signal was observed on a high point about twenty miles south. I went out with four or five scouts and met some messengers from Geronimo and Natchez, near the point from which the signal had been made. They informed me that the entire band of hostiles were then about forty miles away, camped in the mountains near Fronteras. I told them to return and bring Geronimo and his band at once, as the Mexicans were in pursuit and liable to attack them at any time. On the 19th the entire band came and camped about half a mile from my command. One more warrior with his wife and two children gave themselves up, and I now had thirteen prisoners. I endeavored to persuade Geronimo and his band to go into Fort Bowie, telling them they were liable to be attacked by Mexican troops, but could only induce them to move with me to the Canyon de Los Embudos, about twelve miles below the border, where they camped in a strong position among the rocks half a mile away.

“I had notified the department commander upon the arrival of the messengers on the 15th, and on the 26th he arrived at my camp. In the interval, however, before General Crook arrived, Geronimo had almost daily come into my camp to talk to me and ask when the general would get there. On his arrival a conference was held and the hostiles promised they would surrender. General Crook then returned, directing me to bring them in. This I endeavored to do, but this surrender was only an agreement, no arms being taken from them, nor were they any more in my possession than when I had met them in the Sierra Madre Mountains. It was believed, however, that they would come in. Unfortunately they obtained liquor, and all

night on the 27th I could hear firing in their camp a mile or so away. I sent my command on, and, accompanied only by the interpreter, waited for the hostiles to move, but they were in a bad humor. They moved their camp at noon that day and I then left. I met Geronimo and a number of warriors gathered together near by on Elias Creek, many of them being drunk, and Geronimo told me they would follow, but that I had better go on or he would not be responsible for my life. I then proceeded to my camp. I had ordered the battalion to camp at a point ten miles on the way back on the San Bernardino. That afternoon the hostiles came up and camped about half a mile above me in a higher position.

“I went into their camp and found trouble. Natchez had shot his wife, and they were all drinking heavily. I sent Lieutenant Shipp with a detail to destroy all the mescal at a ranch near by, where they had previously obtained all their liquor. During the day all seemed quiet, but at night a few shots were heard. I sent to find out the cause and found the trouble was over some women; this trouble soon ceased, however, and quiet was restored. I felt anxious about the next day’s march, as I would then cross the line and be near troops. The next morning I was awakened and told that the hostiles were gone. I caused a careful search to be made, and ascertained that Geronimo and Natchez, with twenty men, thirteen women and two children had gone during the night, and not a soul, as far as I could ascertain, knew anything of the time they had gone, or that they had intended to go. Chihuahua, Ulzahney, Nana, Catley, nine other men, and forty-seven women and children remained. The herd was brought in, and only three of their horses were missing. I directed Lieutenant Faison, with a sufficient detail, to take the remaining hostiles to Fort Bowie; then, with all the available men left, Lieutenant Shipp and I at once started in pursuit.

“About six miles from camp we struck the trail going due west over a chain of high mountains. This gave us a full view of the mountains in all directions, but the trail suddenly changed its direction to the south and went down a steep and difficult descent, across a basin so dense with chaparral and cut up with ravines as to make travel very difficult and slow, especially as every bush was full of thorns which tore ourselves and animals. Across this basin, about ten miles, the trail ascended a high mountain, very steep and rocky. The trail of the one horse with the hostiles induced us to think it might be possible to ride, but after reaching the top we found this horse stabbed and abandoned among the rocks; they were unable to take it farther. Beyond, the descent was vertical and of solid rock from 50 to 300 feet high for miles each way. Here the trail was lost, the Indians having scattered and walked entirely on the rocks.

“No doubt our pursuit had been discovered from this point when we crossed the mountain on the other side of the basin, ten miles away. These Indians were well supplied with telescopes and glasses, and a watch had doubtless been maintained here according to their usual custom. It is in this way, by selecting their line of march

over these high points, that their retreat can always be watched and danger avoided. In the same way they watch the country for miles in advance. These never-failing precautions may serve to show how difficult is the chance of catching these men, who once alarmed are like wild animals, with their sense of sight and of hearing as keenly developed.

“We could not descend here, so we were obliged to retrace our steps down the mountain and make a circuit of ten miles to again strike the trail beyond. This we did, but when the stream beyond was reached it was dark, and further pursuit that night was impossible. Next morning we moved down the creek, cutting the trails which had come together about four miles below, and we followed this for about ten miles to the south. The hostiles had not stopped from the time they had left, and now had made about forty-five miles and had good ten hours the start. The trail here split and one part, the larger, crossed over the broken mountains north of Bavispe, into the Sierra Madres, while the other crossed into the mountains north of Fronteras.

“The scouts now seemed discouraged. Their moccasins were worn out by the constant hard work of the past five months, and the prospect of returning to the scenes of their last trials was not inviting. Besides, their discharge would take place in about one month. They appealed to me to go no farther, telling me that it was useless, etc. This I appreciated and decided to return. We then retraced our way and continued the homeward march. While returning, two of the escaped hostiles joined me and gave themselves up. I arrived at Fort Bowie on the 3d of April. The results of the expedition were by no means unimportant, as we had secured the larger part of the hostiles, seventy-nine in all, of whom fifteen were warriors.”



THE INDIAN AT LAST SUBDUED

WITH the close of the year 1886 the Indian wars practically came to end. Not that there were no uprisings of the tribesmen after that, or that all was peace and happiness. Trouble was still brewing constantly and peace was maintained only at the price of constant vigilance on the part of the government. And that future outbreaks were not avoided is seen by the uprising in 1890, which assumed a most threatening aspect, and demanded extraordinary efforts on the part of the military authorities; but after all they were no more than the last convulsive movements of a dying race, the last delirious effort of a people doomed to extinction. The result was never in serious doubt. The epoch of real Indian armed resistance ended in 1886. It was then that he was subdued, conquered, overpowered. Brought into the reservations, the Indian was caged and kept under control. True, the reservations were vast areas of land, and furnished the savage son of the wilderness with ample space to create the illusion that he could still roam about in nature's freedom. But it was a mere illusion. He simply had a large cage, which, year after year, was made smaller, imperceptibly at first, gradually at the beginning, but with less regard for his feelings later on and always systematically and methodically. And thus one reservation after the other was taken from the Indians and opened to the wild scramble of the white settler—opened up for civilization, and the confines of the savages became narrower and narrower.

Sentimental people might deplore the fate of the Indian as something intensely tragic. As a matter of fact his fate was but the result of that inexorable rule which has been called the survival of the fittest. The Indian race's fate was sealed when the first white man set his foot upon the virgin soil of this great continent. His doom thereafter was only a question of time. The two races met, barbarism and the civilization of a new era clashed and the outcome could only be the survival of the fittest. There is no sentiment about this law of nature; it is inexorable, unchangeable. In 1886 the subjugation was complete. The Indian was no longer a menace to the safety of the country. From a foe, who spread terror and fear, he had degenerated into a "ward of the nation," the object of the government's care and solicitude; to be petted upon good conduct, spanked when refractory.

There were a few among the Indians who felt the humiliation which this condition brought upon their nation. Unable to view the situation philosophically and submit to the inevitable with resignation, imbued, too, with a true spirit of Indian patriotism they once more decided to throw off the white man's yoke and invoked the religious prejudices of their kinsmen to inflame their spirit of war. And then the great outbreak of 1890 followed.

THE MEMORABLE OUTBREAK OF 1890



CHARLES A. VARNUM,
Captain, Co. B. 7th U. S. Cavalry.
Highest rank attained: Major,
U. S. A.
Born at Troy, N. Y., June 21, 1849.

RELIGIOUS fanaticism was primarily the cause of those Indian troubles which in 1890 and 1891 commanded the attention of the entire country and placed the Indian question in the foreground of public discussion. The uprising assumed such threatening proportions that the largest and most formidable Indian war in the history of this country seemed inevitable. Happily for the people of the United States the fears were not realized, and the anticipated war was averted; happily for the white people of the United States, but happily also for the Indians themselves. The result would never have been in doubt and the extermination of whole tribes would have been the outcome. The timely death of Sitting Bull, than whom there has never been a craftier or shrewder Indian chief, averted the threatened danger and caused a complete collapse of all hostile preparations.

The religious fanaticism spoken of was created by the appearance of a Messiah among the various Indian tribes. Early in 1890 religious fervor suddenly seized the Utes. A white man appeared in their midst who by his assumed or genuine piety soon gained the respect and friendship of the Indians.

He pretended to have inspirations from above and predicted the coming of an Indian Messiah who would deliver his race from the bondage of the white man, resuscitate the spirits of the departed dear ones and restore the oppressed and enslaved tribes to the full possession of their hunting grounds and the dominion of their ancestors.

As the wish is father to the thought, so does the human mind accept for true whatever conforms to its longings and wishes.

The white man had no trouble in finding willing believers of his prophecies among the Indians, since they gratified so much their innermost and eager desires.

In order to prepare themselves for the arrival of this Messiah the Indians instituted a so-called "Messiah" or "ghost" dance, and thus lent their newly-created religious fervor a more forcible expression.

During the summer of 1890 the Sioux and Arapahoes paid the Utes their customary annual visit, and on that occasion became acquainted with the strange white preacher, the prophecy of the red Messiah and the ghost dance. They, too, readily fell victims to the new religion and carried its fascinating ceremony—the dance—to their homes in their own reservations.

Then the Messiah doctrine began to spread and extend from one tribe to another, and before it could be explained how the myth had traveled or how it could have

been carried to such far-away tribes, the whole Indian race in the northwest and west became infected with the craze, for such it had now become. Every tribe expected deliverance from its own Messiah, every lodge was eager to outdo the other in preparing for the coming of this Redeemer.

Half consciously the Indian realized that his race was doomed to utter destruction. Once his nation was powerful and strong, the undisputed master of this vast country. The white man came, and with him came another civilization. Unable to either cope with the intruder or accept his civilization, he saw his race decline and decay. His powers vanished and his glory disappeared. As civilization progressed, the Indian retreated; territory after territory was taken from him by force, by fraud, by trade and barter, by promises, by any and all means, no matter how. Thus was the Indian compelled to recede, to relinquish the ancestral ground, the land where from time immemorial his tribe had lived, hunted, made merry and buried its dead.

True, the Indian sometimes revolted, resisted, went to battle the pale-faced intruder; but each war only accentuated his helplessness in a more glaring light, and sullenly he submitted to the inevitable fate, to be ruled by the white man and to await the final extinction before the relentless march of a death-bringing civilization. Left to his own resources the Indian was doomed.

Now came the new religion and a ray of hope sprung up in the heart of the despairing Indian. Heaven itself was to bring him salvation. It was to send him the Messiah. Where he was helpless the Messiah would act.

Was it strange that the new creed spread like wildfire, that it found followers? Was it so singular that the Messiah or ghost dance should be performed in every Indian camp and village?

At first the dance and the accompanying ceremonies bore a purely religious character, free from any political tinge. Soon, however, the medicine men and political schemers, ambitious chiefs and intriguing warriors seized upon the opportunity and used the dances to further their own selfish plans and ends, and ere long the movement turned into one huge political conspiracy—death and destruction to the white conqueror became the aim, America for the Indians the slogan.

The Messiah dance has been variously described, but the manner in which it is most generally indulged in is as follows:

A high priest, a leading medicine man, has entire charge of the ceremonies. He is assisted by four helpers, who have to start or stop the dance as they see fit; they are empowered to inflict punishment on any person who disobeys their orders.

Those who are to participate in the dance prepare themselves by a sweat-bath, while the high priest and his assistants engage in prayer.

The sweat-baths are taken in tents erected for this purpose. Poles are stuck in the ground and the tops are bent and securely tied. Blankets and robes are thrown over this frame-work to such thickness as to render the interior as nearly air-tight as possible. A fire is then started inside in a hole in the ground and good-sized stones



THE BATTLE OF WOUNDED KNEE CREEK.

are heated. The participants now enter the tent and proceed to force the perspiration by sitting almost naked upon these heated stones. The atmosphere is made still more disagreeable by pouring water on the stones and thus filling the interior of the tightly-closed tent with steam and vapor. Attendants keep hot stones in readiness as long as the youths are able to stand the confinement. The pipe is vigorously smoked during the sweat, and smoke, heat, vapor and steam all contribute to produce a peculiar effect upon the participants and prepare their minds for the approaching exultation at the dance.

Finally the young men emerge from the enclosure, perspiration fairly streaming from every pore.

Weather permitting, they plunge into a pool in the creek near by, but if the air be too chilly blankets are thrown about their bodies.

The high priest wears eagle feathers in his hair and a short skirt reaches from the waist nearly to the knees; the assistants are similarly dressed.

An invocation or prayer is then chanted by the high priest, while the multitude gather about the young fellows who are to execute the dance.

A sacred tree is the center of the scene, around which the terpsichorean evolutions are executed. Dancing, singing, praying, groaning and crying are kept up from beginning to end—a weird and ghost-like scene, especially at night, impressive in its earnestness, awe-inspiring in the ugliness of the participants and their peculiar motions. The dance is continued for hours, until the dancers fall to the ground exhausted and worn out.

The attitude of the authorities and those in charge of the Indians toward this new craze was such as to invite criticism. It seems to have been the general consensus of opinion that the Indian agents failed to grasp the significance of this outbreak of fanaticism, that they lacked in firmness and energy in meeting the situation, that by their own actions they themselves were responsible for the ghost dance being converted from a religious ceremony into a war dance.

Among the many Indian chiefs who from patriotic and ambitious motives were active in promoting and spreading the new movement the irreconcilable Sitting Bull was the leader.

He saw in the outburst of religious fervor a chance to arouse the warlike spirit of the noble sons of the great Wakautanka, to unite the many tribes of his great nation, the Sioux, and to be liberated from the yoke of the white oppressor.

Sitting Bull has been called an intriguer, a treacherous savage, a schemer, an Indian demagogue, a disturber, and yet, granting that he merited all these epithets, the memory of his gigantic, martial figure and commanding personality reflects him before the eyes of the world as one of the ablest and cleverest Indians that race has produced and a man whose very meanness—from the white man's standpoint—was inspired by the loftiest motives of love for the people of his race. While condemning him, nobody who has studied his remarkable career will withhold his admiration for him. True, he fomented trouble, incited his followers to rebel, inspired the war

and brought misery and disaster to his people, but his aim and ideal were the liberty and independence of his race. "God Almighty made me an Indian, and he did not make me an agency Indian, and I do not intend to be one," he said on one occasion to General Miles, and now, when the Indians all over the northwest were agitated and uneasy, and he was surrounded by thousands of followers, he tried to impress this same sentiment upon the minds of the warriors.

Sitting Bull became the soul of the whole movement, the acknowledged leader of the dissatisfied tribes.

The first impetus to the general upheaval emanated from the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. The agent there, accompanied by fourteen Indian police, rode into White Bird's camp and attempted to stop the Messiah dance, which he considered to be a hostile demonstration.

But the Indians of the village met him with Winchesters and compelled him to return under penalty of death.

When the story of the boldness of these Indians and the display of weakness on the part of the agent was told it spread like wildfire. The Indians at the Rosebud and Standing Rock Reservations began to flock to the vicinity of Pine Ridge and the excitement among the whites and redskins increased.

The seat of the trouble was a tract of country embraced within the boundaries made by the Cannon Ball, Missouri and Niobrara Rivers and by a line north extending from Forts Robinson and Meade to the Cannon Ball. The number of Indians who were considered to be on the warpath was estimated at 4,000, while 6,000 others were regarded as doubtful and in need of constant observation.

At first the military force which had to cope with the situation consisted of one cavalry and two infantry regiments at Pine Ridge, one cavalry and one infantry regiment at the mouth of the Beele Fouché River, one regiment of infantry at Fort Pierre, one at Fort Yates, and one cavalry and two infantry regiments at Fort Keogh. The position of these forces was in the nature of a huge cordon that could be tightened or extended according to requirements. General Miles had charge of the military operations.

The presence of these troops was used by the Indian leaders to still further incense their warriors. "What are the soldiers here for?" they argued. "Are we to be molested even at our religious devotions?"

Large bands of Sioux had fled to the extreme north of the reservation and into the adjoining Bad Lands, where camps had been established.

The policy of the government was to mass troops, overawe the Indians and to avoid, if possible, a clash, counting upon the salutary effect which a skillful display of strength has upon a weaker foe.

General Miles was especially qualified to carry out the intentions of the government, and proved himself equal to the occasion.

The campaign which was now inaugurated had for its final object the hemming in of the hostiles, and by cutting off all avenues of escape it was intended to force

them to surrender in preference to death by starvation. As winter was near and the Indians were not provided any too well with supplies, it was but a question of time till they would be forced to lay down their arms and ask for peace.

During the month of November the excitement continued with unabated strength.

Several attempts to induce the warriors by conference and persuasion to return to their reservations and villages failed.

By December 1st the government began to change its Indian agents, replacing incompetents with men of known integrity and ability. General Miles and Buffalo Bill, who had been given a commission as brigadier-general, agreed that the arrest of Sitting Bull would help to break the backbone of the rebellion and restore peace and quietness.

On December 7th General Miles reported that Lieutenant Gaston, Eighth United States Cavalry, had conferred with the Cheyennes at the Tongue River Mission, and General Brooke with a number of hostile chiefs whose warriors had gotten beyond reach in the Bad Lands. Both conferences, like all previous ones, failed of success, but the presence of so many troops and the activity of the commanders had an intimidating effect on many chiefs, and from December 12th to 15th the reports of Generals Ruger, Carr and Brooke showed that quite a number of tribes were delivering up their arms and coming in.

On December 15th it was learned that Sitting Bull was about to start out to join the hostiles in the Bad Lands, and a body of Indian police, followed by a troop of cavalry under Captain Fouchet and infantry under Colonel Drum, was sent to apprehend the Indian chief.

It was a dreary and difficult march, but the fatigues of the long and dangerous journey had been sufficiently provided against, and when the dawn of the first day appeared the expedition was within easy reach of its destination. The Indian police were the first to sight the tepees on the bank of the Grand River. The detail put the spurs to the horses and were at Sitting Bull's camp before the redoubtable chief or his warriors could realize what was about to happen. Bull Head, lieutenant, and Shaved Head, first sergeant, were in command of the police. No time was lost in parleying. The chief was hustled out of his tent and hoisted upon a waiting horse. The squad was ready to take up the return march. Sitting Bull at first raged and struggled, then, suddenly changing his mind, straightened up and began to shout commands for his own rescue. The police attempted to force him to silence by pointing their Winchesters at his head, but Sitting Bull refused to be intimidated and continued giving orders. Presently there was a shot. The policeman to the prisoner's right reeled in his saddle and fell dead to the ground. The police now became incensed and replied with a volley that had a deadly effect upon the frenzied warriors. Firing became general on both sides. In the confusion Sitting Bull's voice could be heard directing the battle, though himself a captive. He was calling

upon his sons and warriors, his gaunt form far overreaching everybody else. Suddenly he dropped limp on the hard prairie, shot dead. Sitting Bull had given his last command, fought his last battle. It was some time before the police realized the great Indian's death—they thought he was shamming. His followers in the meantime began closing in from all sides, and matters assumed critical form for the brave little band of policemen. Captain Fouchet arrived just at the opportune time to assist them, and the appearance of the infantry and cavalry forced the Indians to bolt for the river.

With Sitting Bull, his two sons, Blackbird and Crowfoot, the latter a mere boy of twelve, were killed.

The death of the famous chief gave rise to considerable comment and much criticism. There was, too, another version of the occurrence, according to which Sitting Bull was shot down as he emerged from his tent in reply to a summons from a policeman and after his son, not knowing the purport of the presence of the armed force, had cried for assistance. It was also stated that one of the police lifted the old leader's scalp as a proud trophy and left his mangled body on the field, a horrible sight to behold.

It is unnecessary to state that the news of Sitting Bull's death had a depressing effect upon the hostiles in every camp. On December 17th fully 1,000 Indians surrendered. The next day skirmishes were reported at a ranch near Smithville.

On December 20th 500 friendlies left Pine Ridge to urge the hostiles in the Bad Lands to come in. A band of thirty-nine of Sitting Bull's followers also gave up their arms.

During the next week the situation became more favorable, large bands of hostiles continuing to come in.

December 27th the hostiles made two attempts to break up a camp of Cheyenne scouts on Battle Creek. Both attacks were repulsed, with several killed and wounded on both sides.

Colonel Forsyth, Seventh United States Cavalry, on December 29th located the camp of Big Foot, who, after having been captured, had made his escape and settled near Wounded Knee. Among the 150 male Indians of his camp, about one-third were refugees from Sitting Bull's dispersed band. There was likewise a large number of women and children in the tepees. In pursuance of orders from General Miles, Colonel Forsyth decided to disarm the Indians and ordered that the whole number appear before him, as he wanted to talk to them. With the sullenness characteristic of their race, the Indians obeyed and ranged themselves in a semi-circle in front of the tent of Big Foot, who lay sick with pneumonia. By twenties they were ordered to give up their arms. The first batch went to their tents and returned with only two guns. This irritated Major Whiteside, who was charged with the execution of the order, and after a brief consultation with the colonel he ordered the cavalymen, who were dismounted and formed in almost a square of about twenty-five paces, to close in. This was done and the Indians were now completely encircled. A detachment was then sent to search the tepees.



CORPORAL WEINERT WORKING HIS HOTCHKISS.

What happened next is a matter of conjecture, since it is impossible to get at the facts from the mass of conflicting statements. Two facts are, however, beyond controversy; namely, that the Indians had in their possession many arms, which they had secreted, and that the cavalymen of the Seventh, Custer's regiment, had a grudge against the Indians. It is further beyond dispute that a shot was fired and fired by one of the Indians. At the same time the warriors made a rush for the troopers. And then ensued what can be termed only a carnage. Maddened by the sudden and unexpected shot and attack, without waiting for the command they reached for their rifles, and in an instant the whole front was one sheet of fire, above which the smoke rolled and obscured the scene from view. That first volley left few Indians to tell the awful story. When the atmosphere had cleared, the ground, saturated with blood, was found strewn with the bodies of wounded and dead warriors, while a few were seen to hurry away toward the bluffs to a place of safety. The wounded fought on the ground, till a blow from the butt-end of a rifle or a shot ended their miserable existence.

Big Foot lay in his tent killed, his body riddled with bullets. All about the narrow place the horribly-mangled bodies of the savages lay. Thus far the fighting was so close that the field guns could not be trained without danger to the soldiers. Now they were called into action after the fleeing Indians.

For an hour a most destructive fire was kept up, when the guns were silenced and the rifles dropped; the war of extermination had been carried out to the end. There was nothing left to shoot at.

Of the 150 male Indians only a few escaped with their lives, and these few were captured. Of the thirty-nine women captured twenty-one were wounded, while a number of them were killed on the field, together with several children.

The troops, too, lost heavily. Captain Wallace and twenty-five men were killed and two officers and thirty-four men were wounded, the probability being that owing to the close range at which the shooting was done many of the cavalymen were struck by the bullets of their own comrades.

That during the fight many a heroic deed was performed by the troopers is certain, that more than one of the soldiers did not allow himself to be carried away by blind hatred and passion is admitted even by the unfortunate savages, and amidst the many acts of unpardonable slaughter and butchery there were, too, those of humanity and true soldierly virtues which serve to throw a ray of brighter light upon this gloomy battlefield.

Especially is this true of the following :

First Lieutenant Ernest A. Garlington, Troop A, Seventh United States Cavalry, and Second Lieutenant H. L. Hawthorne, Second United States Artillery, both of whom were severely wounded. First Sergeants Jacob Trautman, Troop I, and Frederick E. Toy, Troop G, Sergeant George Lloyd, Troop I, and Private James Ward, Troop B, the latter receiving a serious and painful wound, and Privates Mosheim Feaster, Troop E, Matthew H. Hamilton, Troop G, Marvin C. Hillock, Troop B,

George Hobday, Troop A, Herman Ziegner, Troop E, and Adam Neder, Troop A, all of the Seventh United States Cavalry, the last-named hero being severely injured.

Private John Clancey, Battery E, First United States Artillery, distinguished himself by truly heroic work in caring for his wounded comrades, and Private Joshua B. Hartzog, of the same battery, won general admiration and praise, when amidst the tumult and confusion he came to the assistance of his wounded artillery lieutenant and carried him away from the field of battle to a place of safety.

All these men received the Medal of Honor.

Corporal Paul H. Weinert, Battery E, First United States Artillery, rendered himself conspicuous by the calm and cool manner in which he served his gun, when all was excitement and confusion.

In referring to the incident, for which he was granted the Medal of Honor, Corporal Weinert says:

“After the heaviest part of the fight at Wounded Knee a lot of Indians got into a ravine, from which they were shooting with awful effect. The Seventh couldn't get at them. I then took my little Hotchkiss down to the entrance of the ravine and blazed away. When I started I had three men. All of the Indians opened fire on us. One of my men went for ammunition and didn't come back. Everybody ran from the mouth of the ravine where I was to the top of and behind a hill about fifty yards away, excepting Joshua B. Hartzog and George Green. My captain called to me to come back, but I kept moving nearer the Indians, and kept on shooting. Seeing that I would not come, Lieutenant Hawthorne came toward me and was calling, when suddenly I heard him say: 'Oh, my God!' Looking around, I saw him lying on his side, and I then knew he had been hit. Hartzog ran to him and carried him back behind the hill. That left me alone with Green. I said: 'By God! I'll make 'em



PAUL H. WEINERT.
Corporal, Battery E, First U. S. Artillery.
Born in Pennsylvania, July 15, 1869.

pay for that,' and ran the gun fairly into the opening of the ravine and tried to make every shot count. The Hotchkiss was a single-shot affair and had to be pulled off with a lanyard. They kept yelling at me to come back, and I kept yelling for a cool gun—there were three more on the hill not in use. Bullets were coming like hail from the Indians' Winchesters. The wheels of my gun were bored full of holes and our clothing was marked in several places. Once a cartridge was knocked out of my hand just as I was about to put it in the gun, and it's a wonder the cartridge didn't explode. I kept going in farther, and pretty soon everything was quiet at the other end of the line. Then the other guns came down. I expected a court-martial,

but what was my surprise when gruff old Allyn Capron, my captain, came up to me and grasped me by the shoulders and said to the officers and men: 'That's the kind of men I have in my battery.'"

As has been stated before, a party of Indians, after the first few volleys, managed to break through the troops and escape to the ravine near by. They were pursued, and during the fighting that occurred here many acts of bravery were performed, notably by First Lieutenant John C. Gresham, who voluntarily led the pursuing party, and Sergeants William J. Austin, Albert H. McMillan and Private Thomas Sullivan, all of Troop E, Seventh United States Cavalry, who were also awarded the Medal.

Following this battle, reports of which had aroused the hostiles to the highest pitch of excitement, came an attack on the Catholic Mission at Clay Creek, December 30th. The Seventh Cavalry had just gone into camp after having repulsed an attack upon its supply train, when a courier brought the news of a fire at the Catholic Mission and a massacre of the teachers and pupils. Within twenty minutes the exhausted and worn-out cavalry were once more in motion on the way to the scene of action, a few miles distant. The Indians, 1,800 in number, under Little Wound and Two Strike, were found about a mile beyond the mission.

The fighting commenced at once, but on the part of the Indians peculiar tactics were followed, squads of forty warriors fighting at a time and the main body slowly retreating. Colonel Forsyth expected another ambush and refused to be drawn into dangerous ground. The Indians became cognizant of the fact that their ruse would not work and thereupon began to close in upon the regiment. They greatly outnumbered the troops and were already drawing their characteristic circle preparatory to a charge, when Colonel Henry, with the Ninth United States Cavalry, appeared on the scene and attacked the redskins in the rear. This forced the whole band of savages to flee.

In this engagement Captain Charles A. Varnum, Troop B, Seventh United States Cavalry, performed an act of great bravery, and thereby gained the Medal of Honor.

The order to retire had been given and was being carried out in the face of the steadily advancing savages. Captain Varnum realized that a further retreat would result in the cutting off of one of the troops, so disregarding orders he took the lead of his company and made a dashing charge upon the Indians, driving them back and gaining a commanding position, which he held until the Ninth Cavalry came to the assistance of the regiment.

First Sergeant Theodore Ragnar and Sergeant Bernhard Jetter, Troop K, Seventh United States Cavalry; Corporal William O. Wilson, Troop I, Ninth United States Cavalry, and Farrier Richard J. Nolan, Troop I, Seventh United States Cavalry, also displayed on this occasion, as throughout the campaign, qualities of the most conspicuous bravery and gallantry, for which they were granted the Medal of Honor.

THE PERILS OF WINTER CAMPAIGNING



BENJAMIN H. CHEEVER, JR.,
First Lieutenant, 6th U. S. Cavalry.
Born in Washington, D. C.,
June 7, 1850.
Highest rank attained: Major, U. S. A.

TWO DAYS after the last engagement mentioned in the preceding story, on January 1, 1891, a short but sharp encounter occurred on the banks of the White River, at the mouth of the Little Grass Creek, in South Dakota.

Troop K, Sixth United States Cavalry, fifty-three men strong, was escorting a supply train to the camp of the regiment, on Wounded Knee Creek, several miles away. The day was intensely cold, the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. A sharp wind was blowing, which made the atmosphere still more icy and added to the hardships of the mid-winter march. The train had covered considerable distance when presently a large band of Indians, estimated at from three to four hundred, approached.

From close observation it soon became apparent that the redskins were on the warpath and came prepared to open hostilities. Second Lieutenant Robert L. Howze, who was in command of the detachment, decided on a becoming reception for the braves, whose war-cries and howls rent the air as they came nearer and nearer. The country was slightly hilly and the lieutenant selected one of the highest knolls, which offered the best advantages for an effective defense.

This knoll was about 300 yards from the banks of the river, which was lined on both sides by a slight growth of woods.

Howze parked his horses and wagons and fortified himself as well as circumstances and time would permit. Then he calmly awaited the approach of the warriors. They made a sudden dash as if about to charge, but when within 600 yards were met with such a heavy and well-directed fire from within the barricades that they abandoned their intention and instead scattered in all directions.

Soon, however, they again collected, and now began to surround the pent-up troop. At various points they became aggressive and made determined attacks, which were repulsed through the cool bravery of the men. Sergeant Frederick Myers and Corporal Cornelius C. Smith, by choosing advanced positions, with the aid of four or five men each succeeded in frustrating several well-planned attacks of the savages.

The woods along the river offered the Indians protection from the fire of the soldiers and enabled them to maintain an annoying and threatening position.

With almost reckless bravery Lieutenant Howze with a small force made a sortie and charged the Indians concealed behind the trees, clearing the strip of woods



"WITH ALMOST RECKLESS BRAVERY THE TROOPS MADE A SORTIE."

completely. Accompanied by two brave troopers he then broke through the cordon of redskins and dispatched the two soldiers to the camp to notify the commander of the attack and apprise him of the siege. He then returned to his post and continued to hold the bloodthirsty Indians at bay until relief came.

The couriers arrived safely at the camp. They delivered their message to First Lieutenant Benjamin H. Cheever, Jr., who, after the hardships of a protracted campaign, was complacently sitting in his tent writing a letter to a friend. He was congratulating himself on a day of rest at last, and he had just penned the words: "Well, everything is quiet today, but there is no telling what moment something will pop," when he was disturbed by the couriers bringing the news of the attack on Troop K. A moment later a picket rushed by on his way to the tent of Colonel E. A. Carr. He reported heavy firing to the right of the camp, and said that it sounded like volley firing. The young lieutenant immediately reported the fact to Major T. C. Tupper, who was in command of the squadron to which he was attached, Troops F and I, and both officers ordered their horses saddled, for they knew that that squadron would be the first ordered out for detached service.

The captain of Cheever's troop was in a distant part of the camp, leaving the lieutenant in command. He ordered the men of the troop to get saddles and bridles ready, for the order was expected at once. It came a moment later, and in less than five minutes from the time the first alarm had been brought to camp the two troops were ready to go to the relief. Lieutenant Cheever sent an orderly to notify his captain of what had happened, and started out at a ringing gallop through the chilling winter air. Time was precious, and delay might jeopardize valued lives a few miles away. Waiting was not to be thought of.

A mile and a half had been quickly covered when Major Tupper, commanding the squadron, ordered the young officer to throw out an advance skirmish line of twenty men. He obeyed, taking charge of it himself, and leaving the troop in command of the second lieutenant, knowing that the captain would soon overtake his men. So quickly had the order been given, and so rapidly had it been executed, that Lieutenant Cheever had not been able to determine how many men he had with him, until the little force were deployed as skirmishers, when he found that there were but thirteen, sometimes considered an unlucky number. But he had no time just then to make inquiries and dashed ahead at a run till he and his small command were nearly two miles in advance of the main body of troops. The sound of firing in front became more and more distinct as they rushed on.

Arriving at the top of a high bluff he discovered the Indians on the opposite side of the White River. They reviled him and dared him to come up with his force. Between him and them, where the beleaguered troop was also located, flowed the river, half frozen and filled with floating ice, flanked on both sides by precipitous cliffs, which towered to a height of several hundred feet directly in front of the troopers.

There was only one descent to the valley below, and that was by a narrow trail, so that the men had to close in on the center and proceed with great care, expecting any moment to be ambushed. The Indians were in every direction. On reaching the valley the troop was deployed in order that the banks of the river might be reconnoitered and a suitable ford found. No such ford was there, and knowing that the Indians would be upon him at any moment, and that if he remained where he was till the main body of troops came up he would be at a great disadvantage, both in numbers and position—for should the Indians get possession of the opposite bank of the river he could not hold his position—Lieutenant Cheever gave the order to advance.



CORNELIUS C. SMITH,
Corporal, Troop, K, 6th U. S. Cavalry.
Highest rank attained: Captain U. S. A.

Notwithstanding the great danger of crossing the frozen river, which must be done by swimming, the plunge was made. It was something awful, the crossing of that river, men and horses swimming and scrambling in the water and battling with the ice.

For a time it looked as if half the little force would be carried away, but at last, after moments that seemed hours, all stood on the farther bank, their clothes soaked and freezing to their skins. There was no time to build fires, no time to think of anything but their beleaguered comrades ahead, so they pushed on till they stood on the crest of the hill, and there the action opened at once.

It was short and vigorous. Hardly fifteen minutes elapsed before the main body of Major Tupper's command came in sight, and the Indians, knowing that they were almost equally matched in numbers, were afraid to give a fair fight. They soon commenced a rapid retreat, carrying off their dead and disabled. The troops captured three ponies from the redskins, who numbered about 300. Troop K was relieved without the loss of a man.

It was a very cold day, and as the march back to camp was about fourteen miles, it was a decidedly worn out and hungry lot of troopers that arrived there just before midnight. The clothing of many was frozen stiff.

In addition to Lieutenant Cheever, Captain John B. Kerr and Sergeant Joseph F Knight fought with such distinction and gallantry as to receive the highest praise from the general commanding, General Miles, besides being awarded the Medal of Honor. Others who won the Medal in this engagement were Lieutenant Howze, Sergeant Frederick Myers and Corporal Cornelius C. Smith.

Following this affair there were numerous other engagements and encounters, but lack of provisions, internal dissensions, the death of Sitting Bull and, above all, General Miles's masterly handling of the situation—displaying his strength rather



"MEN AND HORSES BATTLED WITH THE ICE."

than using it—soon had their effect upon the Indians and it was not long before it became clear that the backbone of the movement was broken and the reaction had set in. Tribe by tribe came in and surrendered; one chief after another submitted to the inevitable, until at the end of January the war, which had threatened to assume gigantic proportions, was completely ended and General Miles closed the campaign with a magnificent midwinter parade of the troops under his command—a military spectacle such as the assembled and completely cowed Indians had never seen before, and in all probability will never see again.

So much adverse criticism of the methods employed in treating with the Indians was directed against the authorities that steps were taken by the latter to give the Indians fair and better treatment, and consequently there were fewer uprisings, this campaign of 1890-91 being the last war against the Sioux and in fact the last against the Indians in general, for the government has them under such control as to quell any outbreak at the very start. No serious uprisings of Indians have therefore occurred between 1891 and 1898 when, during the War with Spain, the last one was promptly subdued.

In the interim occasional raids were made by hostile bands through the sparsely populated sections of the west, which were always checked by small detachments of the military and the offenders punished. These raids cannot be regarded as wars or uprisings, for they were no more warlike in character than the raids by white desperadoes which likewise had to be checked by the troops, although whenever they occurred there was hard work for the troops engaged in the pursuit, testing their endurance to the utmost.

Particularly troublesome were Mexican bandits and rebels who came across the border into the States and terrorized the inhabitants by their plundering, an incident of which is related on the following page.



FOUGHT THREE MEXICANS SINGLE-HANDED



ALLEN WALKER,
Private, Troop C, 3d U. S. Cavalry.

THE Garza rebellion in Mexico in 1891, which was a revolt against the government of President Diaz, caused considerable trouble to the United States troops stationed along the Texas border line.

The rebels and other Mexican outlaws had established their rendezvous in the country on both sides of the frontier, and whenever pressed by the troops of the Mexican government crossed on to United States territory, where they were safe from further pursuit. Here they would assemble and gather their heterogeneous forces and map out their plans for the overthrow of the established government.

To put an end to the machinations of these conspirators the United States authorities were appealed to for the rigid enforcement of the neutrality laws. This led to the display of a considerable military force in southern Texas and gave the troops ordered

thither much arduous duty, coupled with hardships and adventures which furnished many good stories for the campfires.

It fell to the good fortune of Private Allen Walker, of Troop C, Third United States Cavalry, to distinguish himself during this time.

On December 30, 1891, he was sent with dispatches from one post to another, and was riding along at a good speed when he encountered three well-armed Mexicans whom he knew to be in league with the rebel cause and to have violated the laws of this country.

The young soldier appreciated that their very presence on United States territory was in open defiance of the authority of his own government, and he said to himself: "These fellows may trifle with the laws of their own country, but by God they won't do it with mine!" And with almost reckless boldness he dashed right up to the three rebels and demanded their surrender. When his demand was ignored he opened up on them, and in a sharp but short conflict had one of them wounded, the horse of another killed and the third one put to flight.

He searched his prisoners and took from them some papers which proved to be documents of extreme importance concerning the Garza rebellion, and which contained the details of a plan for an organized invasion of United States territory. So important was the seizure of these papers that Walker received the Medal of Honor as a fitting reward.



"PRIVATE WALKER SEARCHED HIS PRISONERS."

THE BEAR ISLAND UPRISING

EARLY in October, 1898, an Indian uprising occurred at the Bear Island, Reservation of the Chippewas, in Minnesota, which caused much more excitement than it deserved, and was squelched within a week. In its scope it was really nothing more serious than an armed resistance of several hundred Indians against the execution of an order from the government, but it led to a fierce fight and for a time threw the whole country into a state of anxiety, because a repetition of the Custer massacre was feared. When reliable information from the seat of the trouble reached the War Department, and not only failed to confirm the first wild rumors, but brought news of the safety of the military detachment, the minds of the people were relieved and public excitement died away.

The cause of this disturbance was a peculiar one, and dated back at least one year.

An unscrupulous white man was arrested and taken to Duluth, Minn., for selling whisky to Indians on the reservation. Among the Indians who were produced as witnesses against the defendant was one who was a real "bad Injun." Such at least was his reputation.

He is described as a man of imposing physique, tall as a pine, bony and strong. He was the typical Indian in all his ways and actions. He wore the blanket, lived in a tent or the hollow of a tree, loved to roam about, despised work and hated the pale-faces. He was the ideal Indian. The United States authorities had some difficulty in inducing him to appear as a witness at Duluth, and succeeded only after promising him plenty of money, good treatment and the means to reach his home after the trial.

The promises, which were unquestionably unauthorized and certainly illegal, were not kept, and the Indian from the Bear Island Reservation was sorely disappointed. He had to walk and beg his way home, and reached his destination in a deplorable condition. This treatment of course was not conducive to a state of good feeling on the part of the Indian. When the second trial of the same defendant came off in the fall of 1897 the United States Marshal made much less ado about securing his testimony—he simply went to the reservation and took him to Duluth, where, after the testimony had been given, the Chippewa brave was once more turned loose to shift for himself. He again returned to his home, his heart filled with hatred for the white man, and determined to get even for the insults to which he had been subjected. He vowed vengeance and kept his word. Henceforth he followed the life of an outlaw. He stole, plundered, robbed, and, the authorities say, murdered. It is said he slew an old and prominent Indian chief. This conduct had a two-fold result: first, to inspire fear and terror; second, to surround him with a number of sympathizing followers. And so he gradually became a power among the Indians of the reservation. He created discontent and fanned it by calling attention

to the conduct of certain officials who were taking advantage of the inexperienced Indians in their commercial dealings. It was not long until his agitation and reckless conduct became a real menace to the white settlers in the vicinity and the military authorities, and a warrant for his arrest was finally issued and placed in the hands of the United States Marshal for execution.

Anticipating trouble, General John M. Bacon with a detachment of 100 regulars accompanied the marshal on his errand.

On the approach of the military force the Indians became uneasy. Many of them did not know the significance of the expedition; others, especially those of troubled conscience, feared for their safety. The result was that some 400 Indians deserted their places of abode and flocked together, all armed to the teeth and incited by the previously-mentioned hostile brave to offer resistance.

General Bacon reached Bear Island in the forenoon of October 5, 1898. The day was sombre and dreary and intensely cold as the force landed at Leech Lake, having crossed the small lake in rowboats.

There wasn't an Indian in sight when General Bacon and his men arrived; ominous silence prevailed as far as could be seen or heard. Scouts were sent out, but came back with the report that no traces of Indians could be found. At noon the general assembled his small force and gave the order for dinner. The men dispersed, and some of them were about to prepare their frugal meal when suddenly and without warning a shot fired from an Indian hut near the shore struck a soldier in the breast, killing him instantly. As if this fatal shot had been the signal agreed upon, a band of Indians emerged from the woods and came yelling and dashing upon the surprised troopers. However, the soldiers, although taken completely unawares, were men of the true military stamp. Most of them had faced the savage many times before and were well acquainted with the tactics of the redskin.

They at once sought shelter behind stumps of trees and opened a well-directed fire at the on-coming Indians. A few volleys and the advance was checked. The men then retreated to the shore and there took up a strong and unassailable position. Once more the Chippewas made a dash, but were forced to retreat before the fire of the plucky little squad. Then the battle was ended and no further hostilities were offered.

The loss to the troopers during this short engagement was rather severe. Major Melville Wilkinson, Sergeant William Buller and Privates Ed. Lowe, John Olmstead, John Swallenstock and Alfred Zebell were killed and sixteen men sustained injuries more or less severe, while the loss to the Indians was very much smaller. However the news of the battle brought re-enforcements to the scene almost immediately, and within less than a week quiet was restored and the ringleaders in the hands of the authorities.

General Bacon received the commendation of the whole country for the cool and energetic manner in which he faced an unexpected emergency. Hospital Steward

Oscar Burkhard was awarded the Medal of Honor in recognition of his services during the engagement and in rendering aid to the wounded.

This battle concludes the history of the Indian wars. Their end was contemporaneous with the war with Spain. No outbreak by the hostiles worthy of recording in this history has occurred since this affair, and, as civilization is spreading among even the most savage tribes of the West, it probably will be recorded as the last armed resistance in force against the United States authorities. The red man has at last approached the stage of common reason, and this tells him that he has to abandon all hope of again following the nomadic life his fathers lived, and that he and his kin must adopt the mode and morals of living of the white man if their kind is not to be exterminated.

Whether or not civilization means death and extermination to the entire Indian race cannot be prophesied as yet. The truth is that the uncivilized Indian is dying off rapidly as he is brought into proximity with the white man and no effort is made on his part to adopt civilization. However, when once successful in changing his nomadic mode of living he and his children will prosper and increase in number. The Indian race of this type is not dying out.

Our later Indian wars had constantly grown more fierce. The courageous and wily hostile, a born hunter and warrior, became accustomed to the most modern weapons and no one understood and estimated his strength better than the soldier who confronted him in battle. Fighting single-handed, oftentimes without direction of an officer and relying on his individual tactics and resources, was the lot of our soldiers in these affairs, and it can be truthfully stated that the military methods employed in our later Indian wars have been used as a basis of military tactics in modern warfare. The individual soldier is expected to depend more on his own resources in battle than formerly, and, therefore, deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice will increase rather than decrease in coming wars.

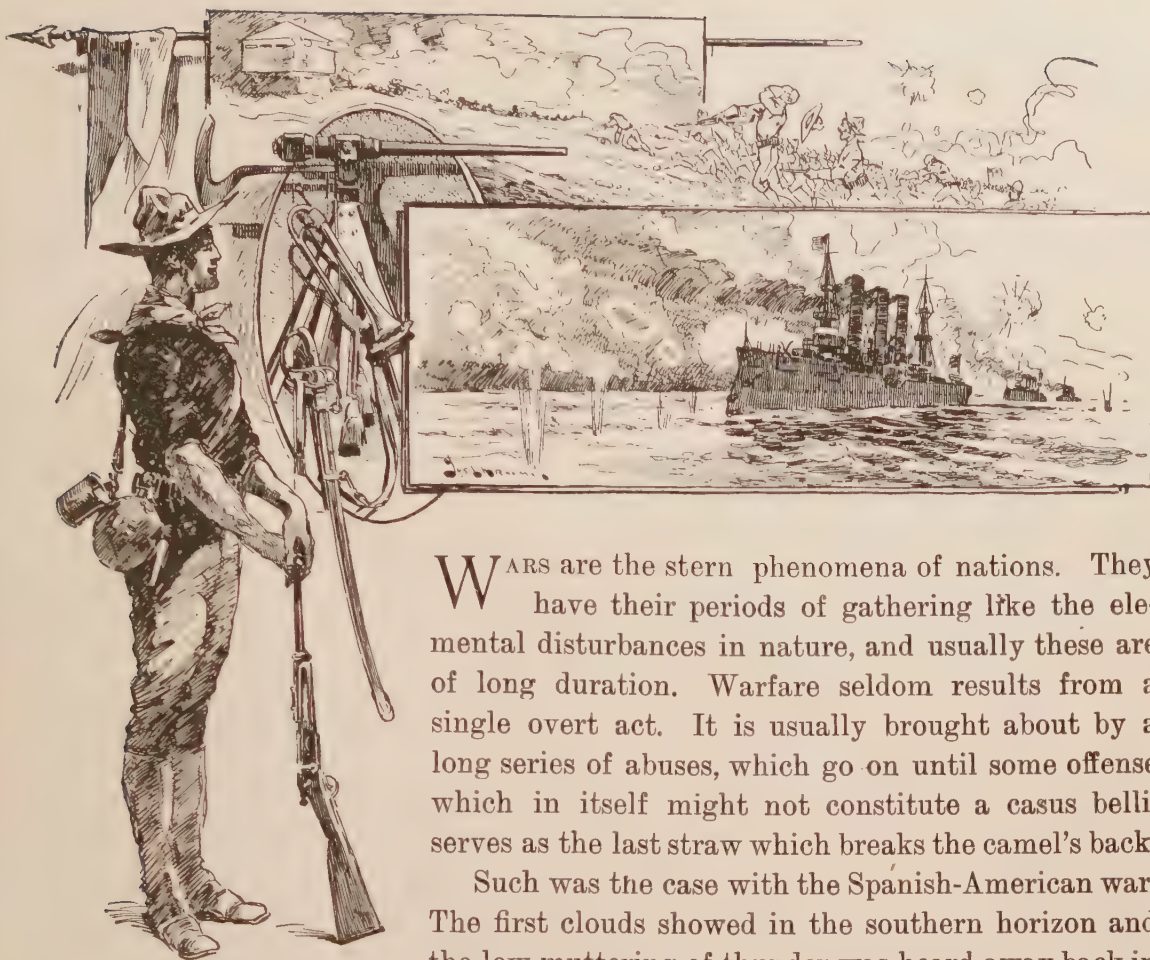


AN OFFICER'S DEVOTION TO HIS MEN

ON the 23d of April, 1882, a detachment consisting of six men and six Indian scouts, commanded by Lieutenant McDonald, Fourth Cavalry, was attacked by a large band of Chiricahua Apaches, about twenty miles south of Stein's Pass, near the boundary line between Arizona and New Mexico. The men put up a brave fight, holding off the Indians with rare skill and courage. By dint of rapid firing and skillful manœuvring the men held the howling fiends in check and their trusty carbines made several of them measure their lengths upon the ground. One by one the brave men of this little squad fell wounded. Escape was impossible. Annihilation was in sight unless re-enforcements were brought up. As a last resort one of the scouts slipped away from the detachment and succeeded in making his escape from the desperate situation, and notified Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. Forsyth of the plight his comrades were in. Colonel Forsyth immediately set out at a gallop with Troops C, F, G, H and M, of the Fourth Cavalry, to the relief of the rest of Lieutenant McDonald's little party.

The sixteen miles which the troops had to travel to reach McDonald's command were covered in an incredibly short time, and when they arrived at the scene of action they found McDonald's men still defending themselves against the onslaughts of the Indians, but on the approach of the column the redskins fled. Pursuit was at once taken up and the hostiles were overtaken in a strongly entrenched position in Horseshoe Canyon, New Mexico. The command dismounted and promptly attacked them among the rocky ridges, varying from 400 to 1,600 feet high. While climbing one of these narrow gorges in the mountains two soldiers, one of whom was Private Edward Leonard, asked permission to secure an Indian pony just discovered some distance up the mountain at the side of a high boulder. The men were told that it was probably an ambushade, but not heeding the advice they started. They had not gone very far, however, when to their surprise a volley was fired from the top of the boulder, and then only did they realize that the officers' surmise of an ambushade was correct, and they hurried back over the jagged rocks. Leonard slipped and fell partly behind a rock, and was immediately shot through both his exposed legs. The other man rejoined the command. First Lieutenant Wilber E. Wilder, of the Fourth Cavalry, seeing Leonard's plight, at once advanced along the gorge to his assistance. The entire distance he was subjected to a severe fire from the Indian sharpshooters, but luckily he arrived at Leonard's side in safety, and then, with the ultimate assistance of Leonard's comrade, who had followed Wilder, he carried the wounded man down over the rocks amid generous volleys from the hidden Apaches. For his intrepidity in rescuing Leonard, Lieutenant Wilder was awarded the Medal of Honor.

The Indians were driven from rock to rock among the mountains, until they dispersed in every direction and further immediate pursuit was impracticable. They left behind them in this engagement thirteen Indians killed and several wounded. A number of their animals were also captured.



WARS are the stern phenomena of nations. They have their periods of gathering like the elemental disturbances in nature, and usually these are of long duration. Warfare seldom results from a single overt act. It is usually brought about by a long series of abuses, which go on until some offense which in itself might not constitute a *casus belli*, serves as the last straw which breaks the camel's back.

Such was the case with the Spanish-American war. The first clouds showed in the southern horizon and the low muttering of thunder was heard away back in 1826. Spain had been exhausted by wars, and her

American colonies, taxed and exploited as they had been for all possible revenue, grew weary of serving as the toys of a weak nation. Mexico achieved her independence and then divided into Mexico and Central America. One by one the South American colonies broke away, and then Bolivar decided to aid the Spanish West Indies to achieve their independence and thus to prevent Spain from having any foothold in the new world which might serve as a base of supplies in case of an attempt to reconquer any of the independent territory.

These states had earned the sympathy of the United States by their successful struggle for independence, but they prejudiced their case with the slave states by emancipating all slaves. When the South Americans sought to aid Cuba to her independence, the slave interest in the United States was influential enough to prevent the undertaking. Statesmen of the slave states looked a long way ahead, and they were afraid of the influence of emancipation in Cuba. By so doing, the United States was the indirect cause of seventy-five years of misery in Cuba and much loss of life.

American diplomacy prevented the liberation of Cuba in 1825, and the result was an insurrection of the dissatisfied Cubans in the following year. From that time

insurrection, or the spirit of it, was present in Cuba until her liberation was accomplished with the help of the power which had so long delayed that end. The Spanish-American war was really a part of the heritage of slavery. Slave-owners were not satisfied with preventing the independence of Cuba. Shut off from extension in the United States and determined to maintain their influence in the government, they plotted to acquire Mexican, Central American and Cuban territory by conquest. It was this spirit of conquest, egged on by the slave states, which led to the acquisition of Texas, proceeded from that to the Mexican war and the filibustering expeditions of William Walker against the Mexican and Central American states, and of Lopez and others against Cuba.

Overtures were made to Spain several times for the purchase and annexation of Cuba for the purpose of extending the area of American slave territory, but Spain rejected them with scorn. Since 1825 the Cubans had been determined to achieve their liberty, and many Americans had looked forward to the day when the island would be annexed to the United States.

In 1868 an insurrection broke out in Eastern Cuba, and the war which followed lasted for ten years. This war was by no means free from interference. Adventurous Americans who sympathized with the Cubans violated the neutrality laws in supplying arms and ammunition to the insurgents, and one of these interferences came near involving the United States in a war with Spain.

In 1895 Cuba was again a hotbed of rebellion. At first the magnitude of the revolt was not fully appreciated, but it was soon seen that every province in the island was ready for war. Funds had been accumulated. Arms had been secured and hidden away. Leaders were chosen for military operations and a republican government set up, although it never had a permanent seat and never was able to obtain recognition from any responsible power. The eastern end of the island was virtually in the hands of the insurgents, and the successful stand made by them against the Spanish troops at Bayamo gave the Cubans high hopes. The general policy of Gomez, Garcia and Maceo, the principal leaders of the revolt, was to maintain a guerrilla warfare in defiance of Spanish authority and to avoid pitched battles as much as possible.

This policy proved harassing to Spain. The insurgents were able to subsist off the country, in spite of all efforts to suppress them and starve them out. General Martinez Campos, who had secured the peace of 1878, more by diplomacy than by military skill, was censured in Spain for being too gentle and considerate. The conservative party believed that a man of the Cromwell type, who would not hesitate to use any measure that promised to crush the rebellion, was needed in Cuba. Campos was recalled and Gen. Valeriano Weyler was given complete control.

Weyler soon found that it was a costly and vexatious proceeding to undertake the running down of the rebels in their own country. His own troops suffered severely from climatic troubles and the rebels could not usually be distinguished from the non-combatant rural population known as "pacificos." The pacificos were

in hearty sympathy with the rebels and gave them all possible aid and comfort. Weyler changed his plan and abandoned pursuit. He concentrated his forces at Havana, Santiago, Cienfuegos and a few other towns where they could be subsisted easily and where re-enforcement would be an easy matter, whenever the insurgents became dangerous. He established lines of defense and communication by means of trochas or barriers of barbed wire, protected by block-houses placed at intervals and guarded by squads of regulars.

Then he undertook to prevent the rebels from subsisting off the country by concentrating the rural population in the towns and thus preventing the cultivation of agricultural products. This policy soon reduced thousands of people to the verge of starvation, and it fanned the sympathy of the people of the United States into indignation. Cuba became an Andersonville prison on a mammoth scale, and the emaciated reconcentrados in every garrisoned town were a sight to move hearts of stone.

While these things were transpiring in Cuba, excitement over the war was growing to a high pitch in the United States. The people and Congress were divided into factions. Hot-headed enthusiasts were demanding the recognition of Cuban independence. Those of milder sentiments wanted a recognition of the rights of Cubans as belligerents. The more conservative element stood out for the preservation of strict neutrality. President Cleveland was of this faction, and he and his supporters sat upon the safety valve of public opinion. In spite of the vigilance of the government the owners of a number of fast tugs and steamers engaged in filibustering, and thus the insurgents were supplied with arms and food. At the same time the jingo element was so noisy and the sympathetic press was so insistent upon some form of encouragement for the rebels and some form of reproof to Spain that Spain felt that the government was less sincere in its declarations of neutrality than its chief executive.

Something had to be done to pacify the clamor of the jingoes and also to assure Spain of our good intentions, so a concurrent resolution passed both houses of Congress. It acknowledged that a state of war existed in Cuba; it pledged the United States to a policy of strict neutrality and it tendered the good offices of the United States as a mediator between Spain and the insurgents. This, of course, really meant nothing at all. Spain ignored the resolution. President Cleveland paid no attention to it, and the jingo clamor for interference went on in Congress and in the columns of the press. It became a settled fact that the United States would not intervene in behalf of the Cubans until there was some cause which would compel the conservative element to justify the interference, or at least to give passive assent.

Among the hundreds of persons arrested on suspicion or for actual participation in the rebellion were many Cubans who had at some previous time been sojourners in the United States and had either become citizens or declared their intention of so doing. These claimed the protection of the United States, and their pleas kept the jingo element in a state of excitement, which threatened to precipitate intervention.

When the republicans came into power in 1897 it was found that the Cuban situation was difficult. All previous overtures had merely served to irritate Spain. It was simply impossible for the United States to attempt a settlement in the capacity of mediator. Spain regarded the United States as a secret foe which, wearing the guise of friendship, was really encouraging the insurgents, sending them arms and money, harboring a junta representing the rebel cause and shutting their eyes to the bold operations of filibusters. Spain really believed that the United States meant to lay hands upon Cuba in a spirit of conquest whenever the slightest provocation for interference would be found.

It was evident that the republican administration would be less tolerant of Cuban abuses than its predecessor, and when President McKinley made a demand for the release of American prisoners whose pleas had formerly fallen upon deaf ears Spain released them with surprising promptness. She did not want to leave a loop-hole or a pretext for interference, and by the end of April, 1897, all American prisoners were restored to liberty and redress was promised for their wrongs.

Negotiations were begun through General Stewart L. Woodford, the American minister to Spain, and Senor Depuy de Lome, the Spanish minister at Washington. Spain agreed, at the request of the United States, to recall General Weyler, whose harsh policy had earned the condemnation of all civilized nations. She also agreed to revoke the edict of reconcentration and thus put an end to the starvation and misery which resulted. To ward off an expected suggestion to grant the Cubans their independence, Spain asked the support and mediation of the United States while she would try a system of autonomous government.

This offer from Spain was rejected by the Cuban insurgents and the United States could not, and did not, urge them to accept Spain's offer. The recall of Weyler was the only thing accomplished. The autonomous government was an irritating and unsatisfactory experiment. Affairs in Cuba went as badly without Weyler as they had under his unrestricted rule. It was evident that intervention would continue to hang fire for an indefinite period unless some overt act by one party or the other should precipitate a crisis. General Blanco, Weyler's successor, made no appreciable change in the administration. Americans in Cuba again became restless, and the sympathizers of the Cuban cause in the United States began to agitate for intervention. To assure the Americans in Havana that their government did not propose to abandon them, the government ordered the battleship Maine to that port.



THE MAINE CATASTROPHE

UP to January 24, 1898, when the Maine arrived at Havana, the United States had shown a rare delicacy by keeping their ships of war away from Cuban ports, although the two nations, being at peace, had a perfect right to send warships to each other's ports. The Vizcaya, one of the Spanish cruisers afterward destroyed at Santiago, visited New York to offset the effect of the Maine's visitation, and she was cordially received. A crisis was approaching.

February 16th was the day of fate for both Spain and the United States. As the sun sank to rest in the waters of the distant gulf, Havana's fair harbor lay serene and peaceful in its ruddy glow. The green water of the bay was tinged with gold about the dozens of ships riding at anchor or loading at the wharves. The golden tinge deepened to blood red about the glistening whiteness of the massive hull of the Maine, which had tied up at a buoy designated by the authorities. The deep thunder of the evening guns was heard as the colors on the ramparts of Morro Castle and Fort Cabanas and the Maine were hauled down.

Passengers aboard the steamers in the harbor came on deck to watch the lights of the city and to listen to band music in the distance. The harbor front was alive with people coming and going, and except for the presence of uniformed officers and men of the rank and file of the Spanish army everywhere on the streets, there was no suggestion that the atmosphere was charged with war. Astern of the Maine, not more than a stone's throw away, lay the Ward liner City of Washington. A little farther away lay the Alfonso XII and the Legazpi on the starboard bow.

The sky became overcast and the atmosphere was very close. Captain Sigsbee, of the Maine, and all of the crew of 328 men and all but four of the twenty-six officers were on board.

At 9:10 Bugler Newton sounded taps. It was the last blast of that bugle. Thirty minutes passed with outside lights out and silence aboard, the only audible sound being the soft tread of the deck watch. Presently a sharp report like an explosion under the water somewhere forward was heard. It was followed by a lifting of the vast hulk of the battleship and a deafening roar which shook every building in the city and startled the thousands of people.

Several passengers who were sitting on the deck of the City of Washington were thrown from their chairs by the shock, and then they were subjected to a rain of falling debris which had been hurled hundreds of feet in the air by the explosion. At first they thought the Maine was going to be lifted clear out of the water forward, but she settled back with a heavy plunge and began to fill and go down by the head immediately.

Captain Sigsbee and all his crew were left in inky darkness, for at the second explosion every light in the ship went out. The captain hurried on deck as soon as possible. In the passage leading to the open part of the deck he ran into a man who was coming toward the cabin entrance. It was Private William Anthony, orderly



TAKING OFF THE SURVIVORS AS THE MAINE SLOWLY SETTLED.

at the cabin door. He stammered an apology and reported: "The Maine has blown up, sir, and we are sinking."

The two groped their way to the outer deck and looked about them in a dazed sort of way.

"What time is it, Anthony?" inquired Captain Sigsbee.

"The explosion took place at 9:40, sir," replied Anthony.

Lieutenant-Commander Wainright, hearing voices, made his way to the captain's side and other officers gathered about them. The most perfect discipline prevailed. The subordinates waited for orders, apparently as calmly as if the incident had been expected. The awnings were bagged with debris that had fallen after the explosion and a fire was burning forward.

"Put that fire out at once," ordered the captain, and Wainright took the matter in charge. Another officer was ordered to flood the forward magazine, but it was found to be already flooded by the sinking of the forward portion of the Maine. Lieutenant Hood and Cadets Boyd and Culverins, who made an inspection amidships to see what could be done toward subduing the fire, found the fire mains disabled, and there were no men to obey the call to fire duty. Nothing could be done, and the lieutenant so reported. It had not yet dawned upon the officers that there had been terrible loss of life.

As their eyes became more accustomed to the darkness the officers discovered one of the smokestacks hanging over the side. They also saw what appeared to be the forms of men struggling among a mass of debris in the water about the ship and faint cries for help were heard. Of the fifteen boats but three were available, the barge, the captain's gig and a whaleboat. These were immediately lowered and all possible speed was made in the work of rescue. Boats put off from the Alfonso XII, the City of Washington and other ships and gathered about the Maine, helping to rescue those who could be reached. The officers of the Alfonso XII were as zealous and courteous as men could be and some of the rescued were taken on board their ship, others on board the City of Washington, for attendance.

The Maine settled rapidly forward and then the stern began to go down. A whistling of air escaping from the bulkheads could be heard as she sank. In a short time the highest point of the quarter deck was just awash and it became necessary to abandon her. Captain Sigsbee was the last man to leave and it was with heavy hearts that he and the other officers pulled away, for they then realized that all who remained on board must be dead. They went on board the City of Washington, where Captain Sigsbee prepared the memorable dispatch to the Navy Department at Washington.

That message was like an electric shock to the people of the United States. The general impression was that the Maine had been destroyed by Spanish treachery. Upon taking second thought the more conservative newspapers came to regard the disaster as a probable accident. They felt that there could be no doubt as to the result of a war between the United States and Spain, and could not believe that

the Spaniards would invite destruction by inflicting such a cowardly and dastardly wrong upon the sleeping crew of a vessel of a friendly power lying in a Spanish harbor where, if a crime was committed, it must inevitably be revealed.

On the day following the disaster it was found that only sixteen of the crew had escaped unhurt. Two officers, Jenkin and Merritt, and two hundred and fifty men had been killed. Of the one hundred and two who were saved, eight died from their injuries in the Havana hospitals. Expert divers worked about the wreck recovering the bodies and they were buried in a lot in the Havana cemetery dedicated to the use of the United States by the Spanish government. Subsequently the remains of the victims were removed to the United States.

An investigation was then conducted by American and Spanish officials, the latter holding that the explosion had been internal and therefore that no suspicion could attach to Spain. In spite of this the investigation conducted by the United States authorities showed that the Maine had been blown up by a mine placed beneath her forward section.

Proof of implicity of the Spanish officials, however, could not be obtained and therefore the Maine catastrophe was not mentioned in the declaration of war nor in the peace conference at Paris.

For forty days the people of the United States waited impatiently to learn the result of the Maine catastrophe investigation, and when it was sent in on March 28th the entire population knew what would follow. Yet, President McKinley withheld his message on the subject which was expected for fourteen days in order to give every American in Spain and in Cuba a chance to leave those countries.

The message reviewed the Cuban situation dispassionately and then announced that: "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization and in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right to speak and act, the war in Cuba must stop." President McKinley asked Congress to empower him to end the hostilities in Cuba, and to secure the establishment of a stable government, capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations.

Congress empowered the president to act and an ultimatum was transmitted to Spain, whose answer to this brought a prompt declarartion of war from the United States.



THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY

THUS, then, it was to be war! A war to free Cuba from Spanish oppression.

On the following day, the 20th of April, President McKinley sent out an ultimatum to Madrid demanding Spain's withdrawal from the island of Cuba, and the Spanish minister in Washington demanded his passports. On the 21st the Spanish government notified the American minister at Madrid that diplomatic relations were suspended.

On Wednesday, the 27th of April, the Asiatic squadron of the United States Navy, commanded by Commodore George Dewey, left Mirsbay, near Hong Kong, for Manila. The ships were in the following order: Olympia (flag), Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston, and in a separate line the revenue cutter McCulloch and the transports Zafiro and Nanshon, the latter with 3,000 tons reserve coal on board. The commodore had prepared this squadron for action with the utmost care.

The Olympia, Boston, Raleigh, Concord and Petrel had assembled in Hong Kong in the middle of March, 1898; the Baltimore, sent to increase its strength, reached there on Friday, April 22d, and was immediately docked and cleaned.

Of the American squadron the Olympia, perhaps the finest unarmored cruiser in the United States Navy, and built in 1890, measured 5,800 tons, with a speed of 20 knots; the Baltimore, laid down in 1887, measured 4,600 tons, speed 20 knots; the Boston, laid down in 1883, displaced 3,000 tons, with 15.55 knots speed; the Raleigh displaced 3,183 tons, built in 1889, with a speed of 19 knots; Petrel, gunboat of 892 tons, with 11 knots. The revenue cutter McCulloch, with 20 knots speed, acted as dispatch-boat.

The Spanish squadron in Manila Bay, under Admiral Montojo y Pasaron, consisted of seventeen ships, but six of these were insignificant little gunboats, three were transports and one was a surveying vessel. This reduced the fighting strength of the Spaniards to seven ships, namely: The Reina Cristina (flag), an unprotected steel cruiser of 3,400 tons and 13 knots of speed; the wooden cruiser Castilla, 3,300 tons and 13 knots; the Don Juan de Austria, of 1,140 tons and 14.5 knots; the Velasco and the Don Antonio de Ulloa, of similar tonnage and speed, the latter three being steel cruisers, and the protected steel cruisers Isla de Luzon and Isla de Cuba, of 1,030 tons each and 16 knots speed. The Castilla was leaking so that she was considered unsafe in deep water. The Ulloa had her engine dismantled for repair; her armament consisted of only two guns.

In guns the Spanish ships had 14 6-inch, 22 4-inch, 34 smaller ones. The American ships had 10 8-inch, 23 6-inch and 5-inch, 20 rapid-fire 4-inch, 53 smaller rapid-fire. The American batteries were therefore superior.

On Saturday evening, April 30th, Commodore Dewey reached the entrance of Manila Bay. The ships cleared for action and towards midnight entered the bay through the southern entrance in the following order: Olympia, Baltimore, Petrel, Raleigh, Concord, Boston, McCulloch, Nanshon and Zafiro.

The southern entrance is about three and a half miles wide, with the Corregidor and Caballo Islands towards the north and El Fraile to the south. Those islands had batteries mounted, partly taken from the Spanish ships.

According to rumor the northern channel was mined, for which reason the commodore chose the southern entrance.

When the squadron was abreast Corregidor it was discovered by the enemy; a rocket went up announcing the arrival of the Americans. Some shots were exchanged with the land batteries by the Raleigh, Boston and Concord. No damage was done on either side, and the American commodore signaled to stop firing. The ships steamed now slowly towards the north, for Manila, twenty-two miles away.

At this time the McCulloch, Nanshon and Zafiro were detached from the squadron as they were not to take part in the fight.

Shortly after 5 o'clock in the morning of the 1st of May the other six ships were off the City of Manila.

The fortifications of this place consisted of the Luneta battery, immediately to the south of the town, mounting nine 4-inch Krupp guns of 22-caliber length. In the battery San Iago there were some more heavy guns behind earthworks; it is said sixteen 6-inch guns in the bastions and two smooth-bore mortars.

The Spanish squadron was lying in Canacao Bay, in Cavite, some seven miles south of Manila. At Sangley Point, the northern end of the narrow peninsula locking the Cavite Bay towards the west, was a battery of two 5.9-inch Ordonez guns and three 64-pounder Parrott muzzle loaders; a mile farther to the southwest there was one modern 4.7-inch gun behind an earthwork.

The American squadron turned southward towards Cavite when just opposite Manila. Some of the guns on shore commenced firing at long range. One or two of the American ships answered, but a signal from the commodore ordered the firing to stop.

Soon the Spanish ships came in sight, moored in an irregular line east and west, the right wing being within distant range of the southern battery, the Luneta, at Malate.

Admiral Montojo is said to have selected his position at Cavite, away from the heavier forts in Manila, in order not to endanger the city by exposing it to the American fire. He is also credited with saying that the land forts could not and did not help him as they did not get the range of the American fleet.

It seems that Admiral Montojo's plan was originally to abandon and destroy his useless ships, which could never have a chance against the far more powerful American fleet, and then use his cannons and men to strengthen the land defenses. This plan was certainly preferable to the one eventually executed; it seems that Montojo was overruled by his superior officer, the military governor of the Philippines, Augustin.

Montojo learned of the presence of the Americans near Luzon on the early evening of April 30th, when two of their ships were seen reconnoitering in Subig Bay.

An energetic commander with more initiative than he possessed might have kept this squadron ready for a dash at the enemy while the latter would pass through the entrance; in the protection of nightly darkness there might have been a chance against the vastly superior foe. But Montojo remained where he was. When the guns of Corregidor and Fraile boomed their news of the arrival of Commodore Dewey's ships, Montojo had the fires lit under the boilers of his squadron and got his ships ready for action, as ready as the meaning of the word went in a Spanish sense.

At 5:40 A. M. the foremost ship of the American squadron, the Olympia, had reached a distance of about 5,000 yards from the Punta Sangley guns when the latter opened fire. Two shells exploded at that time, well ahead of the American flagship; they were the only ones fired and did, of course, no harm.

The American squadron turned now, in stately line, slowly toward port, with a starboard helm, and at 4,000 yards the Olympia opened fire with her forward 8-inch guns, over the port bow, the other ships following immediately with their guns.

The Spaniards answered as furiously as they could, and the famous battle was on.

Commodore Dewey steamed slowly with an easterly course at about 4,000 yards along the Spanish line, firing mostly with his heaviest guns. When the shallowness of the water prohibited farther advance the ships turned by sixteen points to port and steamed the same course back until west of Sangley, when they turned again sixteen points to port and steamed as in the first round. This manoeuvre was executed five times, the American line drawing gradually nearer with each turn toward east until finally, the fifth time, they passed the Spaniards at 2,000 yards or less, and all guns were firing in the batteries of the side near the enemy.

The fire was tremendous; the decks of the Spanish ships were swept by this fearful hail of projectiles. After the fourth trip the Cristina, Castilla and Ulloa were seen burning in several places. Admiral Montojo saw that his flagship was doomed and he decided to hoist his flag on the Isla de Luzon. The transfer was executed with great boldness in the hottest American fire.

The brave commander of the Cristina, Captain Louis Cadarzo, made a last desperate effort to get at the enemy. He tried a dash at the Olympia with all available speed, but the heroic attempt was fruitless. The Olympia and Baltimore concentrated their fire on the Spanish ship, from which dense volumes of black smoke were rolling fore, amidships and aft. A shot destroyed her steering gear. The loss of life was frightful. Brave Cadarzo had to turn back in order to save the rest of the crew from useless destruction. He had previously been wounded. Now a shell from the Olympia exploded on the bridge of the Cristina, tearing her gallant commander in pieces and sweeping his remains into the sea. While the Cristina was thus beaten back two yellow launches were seen suddenly dashing out from behind Sangley and making straight for the Olympia. One was sunk by the quick-firers of the Petrel, the other one was disabled by the Olympia's quick-firers and

crawled back to the shore, where she was afterwards found grounded, riddled with shot and abandoned by her crew.

It was now about 7:30; the fearful havoc their shells had done on board the Spaniards could not yet be fully seen from the American ships, and the expenditure of ammunition was reported great. Commodore Dewey, with unwilling heart, decided to withdraw out of the reach of the Spanish fire to take an accurate inventory of the ammunition left and to use the lull for giving his men a rest. The heat had been fearful and the men in the engine-room and the lower compartments of the ships suffered extremely; in some of the magazines and in the engine-room the temperature is said to have reached as high as 120 and 160 degrees Fahrenheit.

According to a report of an eye-witness, Mr. Strickney, who acted as Commodore Dewey's aide, and was standing by his side throughout the battle, the "gloom on the bridge of the Olympia" at this time "was thicker than a London fog in November." Although, as said before, three of the Spaniards were seen to be burning, it had been noticed on the American flagship that also on board the Boston fire had broken out. From the immense rain of shot and shell all over and around the ships apprehension was felt as to the loss inflicted on the other ships. The Olympia had been hit several times, though the injury inflicted was slight, and the escape from severe damage on board this ship was so extraordinary that nobody thought it might have been the same with the other vessels.

While the crews were served their breakfast and the men from below came up to get a breath of air and exchange experiences, the commodore called his captains on board in conference. Then it was ascertained that nobody had been killed, that only two officers and six men were slightly wounded on the Baltimore by splinters caused through a Spanish shell, and that the expenditure of ammunition amounted to little over fifteen per cent of the magazines' contents, instead of having only fifteen per cent left as had been calculated.

So at 11 o'clock the battle was resumed. This time the ships steamed in the following order: The Baltimore, the Olympia, Raleigh, Boston, Concord and Petrel, the Baltimore having more 8-inch shells left in proportion than the flagship.

At the return into the battle zone the Baltimore closed in at 2,800 yards and concentrated her fire on the Ulloa, which was then made out to be in a sinking condition; the Cristina and Castilla were burning brightly, before their anchors in their old positions, and it became at once evident that the fate of the Spanish squadron was sealed. The Don Juan de Austria, the Isla de Luzon and Isla de Cuba were found sunk in the shallow waters of Bakor Bay. The Raleigh, Concord, Boston and Petrel, as their lighter draught permitted it, were then sent in closer and finished the work of destruction. The Spanish ships answered for a short time feebly, then their crews abandoned them.

At 12:40 all was over and the American ships anchored abreast of the city, with the exception of the Petrel, which was sent in to destroy the remaining little

Spanish gunboats, which had hardly participated in the fight and been abandoned together with the larger disabled ships.

The man to whom credit is due for the thoroughness and good judgment shown at this work was Chief Carpenter's Mate Franz A. Itrich, of the *Petrel*. When Commander Wood, the captain, received his order, he gladly accepted Itrich's volunteered service and sent him ashore with seven men in the second whaleboat, which was one of the two boats left uninjured by the fire of the battle. A boy by the name of Forrester also accompanied Itrich as signal boy. It was found that the only place from where the boy could see the men in the whaleboat and the *Petrel* at the same time and thus signal was in the Cavite Naval Arsenal at Fort Quadeloup. When the fort was reached a landing was made, the boy hastened to the position which had been pointed out to him, and as soon as the latter reached his position Itrich stepped into the boat and ordered the men to pull for the doomed ships, which were anchored about 150 yards from the landing. Each ship was boarded by Itrich, who carefully laid his plans for ignition so that they would not miscarry by reason of the flames failing to spread over the entire ship. Thus he set fire to various portions of the ships both fore and aft, and he and his little crew left them a mass of flames. The boats so destroyed were: *Don Juan*, *Cuba*, *Luzon*, *Duero* and *Velasco*. Itrich showed admirable judgment in sparing the transport *Manila*. This ship had 350 tons of coal on board, 35 head of cattle, 45 barrels of wine and a good quantity of light artillery ammunition. The vessel was afterward transformed into an American gunboat.

Itrich, upon the recommendation of his captain, was promoted to carpenter, received the Medal of Honor and a gratuity of \$100 from the Navy Department for his excellent services on that day.

So the American commodore had literally accomplished the order of his government "to find and destroy or capture the Spanish fleet," without the loss of a single man in his own squadron. The hostile ships destroyed were the *Cristina*, *Castilla*, *Ulloa*, all three burned and sunk; the *Don Juan*, *Luzon*, *Cuba*, *Lezo*, *El Cano*, *Argos*, *Duero*, *Velasco* and *Mindanao*, burned, and the *Rapido*, *Hercule*, *Manila* and several launches captured.

The loss in men of the Spanish squadron is given by Lieutenant Ellicott of the United States Navy as follows:

Cristina—Killed 130, wounded 90; *Castilla*—Killed 23, wounded 80; *Cuba*—Wounded, 2; *Luzon*—Wounded, 6; *Don Juan*—Wounded, 22; *Ulloa*—Killed 8, wounded 10; besides 6 killed and 4 wounded in the shore batteries, making a total



FRANZ A. ITRICH,
Chief Carpenter's Mate, U. S. S. *Petrel*,
Born in Germany, 1853.



THE LITTLE CREW LEFT THEM A MASS OF FLAMES.

of 167 killed and 214 wounded, in all 381 casualties, being nineteen per cent. of the whole force, or, if the Spanish estimate of the number of their men engaged is accepted, a full one-third of the whole force, the heaviest loss ever inflicted in an action between fleets. Of officers the *Cristina* lost seven killed, the *Ulloa* three, the *Castilla* one; among the wounded was Admiral Montojo.

The number of hits in the Spanish ships could not be ascertained with accuracy, as their hulls were under water, and the destructive fire must have effaced the traces of many shots.

The casualties on the American side were the two officers and six men of the *Baltimore* slightly wounded, and one man on the *Olympia* injured by the recoil of an 8-inch gun, which caused a crushing of his chest. The engineer of the *McCulloch* fell a victim to sunstroke; Captain Gridley of the *Olympia* died soon afterwards from the effects of the battle on his previously weakened constitution.

The *Olympia* had been slightly hit three times, the *Baltimore* three times, the *Raleigh* twice, the *Boston* once. The fire caused on the latter ship by an exploding Spanish shell was soon extinguished without serious damage.

A few hours after the battle the American squadron was practically again ready for action.

Three hours after the surrender of Cavite the commodore demanded of the Spanish Governor-General Augustin to restrain instantly from all further attacks and molestations of the American forces and to deliver all the ammunition and military stores in his possession. Augustin complied with the first request and thus saved the City of Manila from bombardment and destruction. The occupation of Cavite Arsenal took place the next day, and on the 3d of May the *Raleigh* and *Baltimore* captured the entrance forts at El Fraile and Corregidor, which were surrendered without resistance and were provisionally garrisoned by detachments of the two ships.

On the 25th of May a brigade of infantry, 115 officers and 2,400 men strong, left San Francisco, under General Anderson, to bring re-enforcements to the American fleet before Manila. This force reached Cavite on the 30th of June, and here the independent action of the navy came to an end. The *Olympia* soon left with Commodore Dewey, in the meantime promoted to admiral, for home via the Mediterranean, and those of the other crews whose term of service was ended were mustered out and taken home in transports which soon arrived in numbers from the States.



ORGANIZING THE FLEET AND EXPEDITION CORPS

ON the 25th of April President McKinley issued a call for 125,000 volunteers, of which 118,000 were mustered in by the 27th of May. Together with the regular troops these were organized into seven army corps, each containing twenty-seven regiments, in nine brigades and three divisions.

These troops were mostly concentrated in four large camps at New Orleans, Tampa, Mobile and Chickamauga Park. On the 27th of May a second call of the President summoned 75,000 volunteers more.

By the beginning of June all the forces amounted to 243,000 men, including 44,000 regulars in the army and 25,000 men in the navy. The latter was augmented by a large number of fast merchant vessels which were adopted for auxiliary naval service, and partially manned by the naval militias of New York, Michigan, Massachusetts and Maryland.

The commander-in-chief of the maritime forces on the American east coast was Captain William T. Sampson, who had been promoted to acting rear-admiral; Major-General Shafter was put in chief command of the Cuban expedition corps.

Admiral Sampson's fleet constituted the following force by the end of May:

The North Atlantic Squadron, under the immediate command of the commander-in-chief: Armored cruiser New York (flagship); battleships Indiana, Iowa and Oregon; monitors Puritan, Amphitrite, Terror, Miantonomah; cruisers Detroit, Cincinnati, Marblehead, Montgomery, Dolphin; gunboats Nashville, Wilmington, Castine, Machias, Helena, Newport, Vicksburg; armed yachts Gloucester, Mayflower, Hawk, and dynamite gunboat Vesuvius; torpedo boats Dupont, Porter, Winslow, Foote, Ericsson, Rodgers, Cushing; armed liners Harvard, Yale, St. Paul, St. Louis, and a flotilla of smaller auxiliaries.

The Flying Squadron, under Commodore Schley: Armored cruiser Brooklyn; battleships Massachusetts, Texas; Cruisers Minneapolis, Columbia, New Orleans;

The Northern Patrol Squadron, Commodore Howell: Cruiser San Francisco and armed liners Yankee, Yosemite, Prairie and Dixie.

The Spaniards had first in the West Indian waters only the old cruiser Reina Mercedes, with broken-down engines, at Santiago; the Alfonso XII, without guns and with defective boilers; the Conde de Venadito, the Infanta Isabel, the Ensenada, the latter four at Havana; and some smaller gunboats at Havana and Cienfuegos; finally an old cruiser, the Isabel II, at San Juan in Porto Rico.

On the 21st of April Admiral Sampson was ordered to blockade part of Cuba. The order of the Navy Department reached the squadron, which was filling up stores, in Key West. By 9 o'clock on the morning of the 22d all the ships had left; by 5 o'clock the same day the squadron arrived off Havana, having captured the two first prizes in the war, the Spanish merchant steamers Bonaventure and Pedro.

The three big ships New York, Indiana and Iowa remained before Havana, the other vessels scattered to their stations; the blockading order included the western coast of Cuba from Santa Clara Bay on the east to Bahia Honda on the west. These ships were all thoroughly prepared for battle, all the woodwork and wooden fittings having been cut out or taken out and left on shore, as well as nearly all the boats, the New York, for instance, retaining only three.

On the 24th the Spanish merchant steamers Catalina and Miguel Iover were captured; the same fate befell the next day the Spanish liner Panama and the Schooner Sol.

The 26th of April brought some disappointment to the American blockaders, as the Spanish liner Montserrat succeeded in running the blockade into Cienfuegos with a detachment of troops and a cargo of provisions and gold. This lucky ship ran the blockade again out of Cienfuegos on the 6th of May and got safely back to Spain.

On the 27th of April occurred the first bombardment, the New York, Cincinnati and Puritan doing a forced reconnoitering at Matanzas, on the northwest coast of Cuba. It is true the Spanish forts around Cuba had fired previously on American men-of-war, when these latter appeared before Havana on the 24th in search of the cable, but the distance was so great that the Americans did not answer to this harmless fire at all.

The fortifications in Matanzas did not amount to much; the cause for the reconnoissance was the discovery of newly-built earthworks at Rubalva in the west and Punta Maya in the east of the town. The American ships ran into the bay and drew the fire of the forts.

On the 4th of May the armed tug Leyden, escorted by the cruiser Wilmington, attempted to land a number of Cubans and supplies for the insurgents at Moriel. This was in consequence of a daring reconnoissance accomplished by Lieutenant Fremont with the torpedo boat Porter on the 25th of April. Fremont managed to land to the west of Havana and communicate with the insurgents, which meeting matured the above plan. But the American landing party at Moriel was discovered by Spaniards, who forced them to re-embark.

On the 11th of May an action took place in Cardenas, which ended seriously for the engaged American force and came very near culminating in the loss of an American torpedo boat, the Winslow.

The blockading force before Cardenas consisted of the cruiser Machias, under Commander Merry, the armed revenue cutter Hudson and the torpedo boats Winslow and Foote. They were joined on the 11th by the Wilmington, Commander Todd. It seems that the desire to distinguish themselves led the two named officers to decide on a reconnoissance into Cardenas, where they knew three small Spanish gunboats were stationed. Their object was the capture of these boats, and the Machias, whose draught was too heavy for the water inside the bay, attacked the signal station at Caya Diana, chased the guards away with an armed boat and



THE CABLE CUTTING EXPEDITION AT CIENFUEGOS.

hoisted the American flag on the station's mast. The Wilmington, which had six feet lighter draft than the other ship, went into Cardenas, accompanied by the Winslow and Hudson. On account of the shallowness of the water Commander Merry could not approach the earthworks nearer than 1,500 yards. Firing began and became lively on both sides; but the gunboats would not come out. Then the Winslow was ordered in. She went boldly close to the gunboats and engaged them with her three one-pounders, when all of a sudden masked guns from the shore opened upon her. This was shortly after 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At about 2:30 a four-inch shell from the shore crashed through the starboard side of the frail torpedo boat, destroying the forward boiler and the starboard engine and disabling the steering gear. The torpedo boat was helpless and on fire, but none of the crew of twenty-five was injured so far. The Hudson, seeing the condition of the Winslow, went bravely to her help. A hawser was thrown on board the Winslow, and her executive officer, Ensign Worth Bagley, was busy with four other men endeavoring to secure it when a Spanish shrapnel burst in their midst. All five men were killed, Bagley and Fireman Daniels instantly; the other three died within a few minutes. They were all fearfully torn by the fragments of the deadly shell. But while Lieutenant Bernadou, the commander of the torpedo boat, who was himself wounded, kept on firing the forward one-pounder as fast as he could, the Hudson managed to land another line on board, which was made fast, and thus succeeded in towing the wrecked Winslow out of reach of the Spanish guns. The five victims were the first Americans killed in the war.

CUTTING THE CABLES AT CIENFUEGOS



WILLIAM MEYER,

Carpenter's Mate U. S. S. Nashville.
Born in Germany, June 22, 1863.

CUTTING the cables at Cienfuegos marked another of the events of the Spanish-American War which cannot be overlooked, if only for the conditions under which it was carried out. It occurred on May 11th, in the early stage of the war, and was one of the most perilous and exciting of the undertakings. The men were obliged to do this work in small boats, and were constantly under the fire of the Spaniards. The men were comparatively easy marks for the bullets, and but for the eventual protection given them by the Nashville and Marblehead to which the men belonged, there can be little doubt that none of them would have been spared to tell the tale.

The Marblehead and Nashville had been sent to do blockade duty on the south side of Cuba, and since the capture of the Bonaventure and the Argananta, there was nothing to occupy the time of the men on

board either ship, and listless days hung heavily upon them. Consequently, when orders were received to cut the Spanish cables, there was delight on board the blockaders particularly among those who were to do the work.

Captain B. H. McCalla, of the Marblehead, the senior officer, requested the Nashville to prepare a steam and a sailing launch to guard the men while they were cutting the cables. The Marblehead also furnished launches, and marines were put on board armed with rifles, revolvers and cutlasses to act as a guard.

At five o'clock on the morning of the 11th everything was in readiness and the boats were lowered. Among those who participated in the expedition were a blacksmith and a carpenter's mate from both the Marblehead and the Nashville. Lieutenant McR. Winslow was in command of the expedition. Austin J. Durney, the blacksmith of the Nashville, who participated in this dangerous expedition and who, with all the others of the boat's crew, was awarded the Medal of Honor for this work, describes the affair entertainingly as follows:



AUSTIN J. DURNEY,
Blacksmith, U. S. S. Nashville.

“Cable cutting was something new to all of us and I did not know just how to manage it. To tell the truth, I didn't have the faintest idea of the work. To be prepared for all emergencies we equipped ourselves with every possible tool that suggested itself to us, and thus we took along chisels, hammers, axes, saws, etc. As soon as I got hold of the cable I discovered that the only practical tool was a hack-saw, such as is used in any machine shop. We went to within about ten or fifteen yards of the shore before we could get hold of the cable. We had to search for it and pull it up with grappling irons. It was then pulled over one of the small boats and severed by the hack-saw. The task was difficult, as a rough sea was running. When the cable was cut the shore end was dropped overboard, and one of the boats of the Marblehead took the other end out to sea, where it was again cut and flung overboard, thus preventing its being picked up by the enemy and repaired. A second cable was raised close to the shore and likewise cut twice.

“The Spaniards at first did not bother us, they evidently believing that we intended going ashore. But as our object became apparent, and we began cutting the cable, the enemy commenced to rain bullets down upon us. Our marines returned the fire with a will, but the Spaniards had the advantage. They were posted on a cliff and kept out of sight of our men. Only now and then we would see one of them. This was when they were trying to get our range. Nevertheless, most of their firing went over our men. A more effective fire, however, was delivered from a lighthouse close to the shore. We did not expect that the Span-



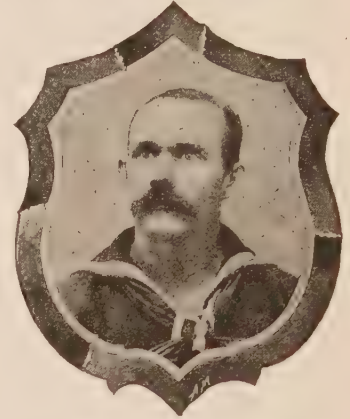
MEMBERS OF THE CABLE-CUTTING CREW AT CIENFUEGOS.

iards would use it as a blind and a fortification, or we would have first destroyed it. But we were determined to get even, and soon after the expedition the building was leveled to the ground.

“The enemy’s fire began to have a deadly effect after the cable was cut and we were returning to our ships, for the farther away we got from shore the more accurate was their fire.

“It was then that First Lieutenant Albert C. Dillingham, having taken command of the Nashville, brought her between the returning crews and the shore to save us from destruction; but he undertook no small risk, as the shore was full of rocks that projected almost out of the water. Indeed, had it not been for this the small boats would not have been used for the expedition. Thus was the perilous task completed.”

While the cable was being cut Captain Maynard of the Nashville was wounded. The following men of the cable-cutting party received the Medal of Honor :



BENJAMIN F. BAKER,
Cockswain, U.S.S. Nashville. Born at
Dennis Port, Mass., March 12, 1857.

FROM THE NASHVILLE.

ERNEST KRAUSE, Cockswain.
AUSTIN J. DURNEY, Blacksmith.
JOHAN J. JOHANSSON, Ordinary Seaman.
JOHN P. RILEY, Landsman.
DAVID D. BARROW, Ordinary Seaman.
BENJAMIN F. BAKER, Cockswain.
LAURITZ NELSON, Sailmaker’s Mate.
HUDSON VAN ETTEEN, Seaman.
WILLARD MILLER, Seaman.
ROBERT BLUME, Seaman.
FRANK HILL, Private, U. S. M. C.
JOSEPH H. FRANKLIN, Private, U. S. M. C.
JOSEPH F. SCOTT, Private, U. S. M. C.

THOMAS HOBAN, Cockswain.
ROBERT VOLZ, Seaman.
ALBERT BEYER, Cockswain.
GEORGE W. BRIGHT, Coal Passer.
WILLIAM MEYER, Carpenter’s Mate, 3d class.
HARRY H. MILLER, Seaman.
JOHN EGLIT, Seaman.
MICHAEL GIBBON, Oiler.
PHILIP GAUGHAN, Sergeant, U. S. M. C.
POMEROY PARKER, Private, U. S. M. C.
OSCAR W. FIELD, Private, U. S. M. C.
MICHAEL L. KEARNEY, Private, U. S. M. C.

FROM THE MARBLEHEAD.

JAMES H. BENNETT, Chief B. M.
JOHN J. DORAN, B. M., 2d class.
FRANK WILLIAMS, Seaman.
HARRY HENRICKSON, Seaman.
ALBERT BADAS, Seaman.
AXEL SUNDQUIST, C. S. M.
WILLIAM HART, Machinist, 1st class.
FRANZ KRAMER, Seaman.
HENRY P. RUSSELL, Landsman.
HERMAN KUCHNEISTER, Private, U. S. M. C.
WALTER S. WEST, Private, U. S. M. C.
WILLIAM OAKLEY, G. M., 2d class.

JULIUS A. R. WILKE, B. M., 1st class.
JOSEPH E. CARTER, Blacksmith.
JOHN DAVIS, G. M., 3d class.
WILLIAM LEVERY, Apprentice, 1st class.
HERBERT L. FOSS, Seaman.
NICK ERICKSON, Cockswain.
FREEMAN GILL, G. M., 1st class.
JOHN MAXWELL, Fireman, 2d class.
LEONARD CHADWICK, Apprentice, 1st class.
JAMES MEREDITH, Private, U. S. M. C.
EDWARD SULLIVAN, Private, U. S. M. C.
DANIEL CAMPBELL, Private, U. S. M. C.

About this time news was received that a strong Spanish flying squadron under Admiral Cervera had left St. Vincent, in the Cape Verdes. Commodore Schley was dispatched from Hampton Roads with his flying squadron on a scout towards the southeast, and Admiral Sampson decided on a reconnoissance to Porto Rico. With the New York, Indiana, Iowa, Amphitrite, Terror, Montgomery, Detroit, the torpedo boat Porter and the tug Wompatuck, and the necessary supply vessels, he arrived before San Juan on the morning of May 12th, where he transferred his flag to the Iowa. The town of San Juan is situated on the extreme west end of a long, narrow island, on which were three forts. The arsenal was on the southern shore

facing the inside of the bay. The entrance of the harbor was obstructed by two sunken hulks, and, it is said, some mines.

Admiral Sampson closed in on the entrance and opened fire on the forts, passing them by describing an eclipse three times. After reaching the conclusion that neither Cervera's squadron nor any other ships except three little gunboats were inside Sampson gave the order to stop the fight and withdraw. So far only one shot from the enemy had taken effect on the American side, the Iowa being the sufferer, but no serious damage was done and nobody injured. Now, while the ships were withdrawing, a Spanish shell exploded on the New York, killing two men and wounding seven. The fortifications are said not to have suffered to any great extent. The Spanish lost one officer and three men killed and thirteen wounded, and among the civic population in the town thirty-one casualties were reported. The French cruiser Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, lying at anchor in the harbor, was struck in the rigging and the smokestack.

Admiral Sampson took up a westerly course, towards Key West. On the 13th of May the Solace met the squadron, bringing the news that Cervera's fleet was reported to have returned to Cadiz. The American boats then stopped off Puerto Plata until the 15th.

In the meantime the steamer Gussie, escorted by the armed revenue cutter Manning, had landed two companies of regular American infantry near Cabanas to form connection with the Cuban insurgents under Gomez. But the landed troops were soon attacked by vastly superior Spanish forces and had to re-embark.

The Spanish gunboats Conde de Venadito and Nueva Espana made a sortie from Havana on the next day, the 14th; this was probably intended to calm the minds of the people in the city by showing them that the Spanish could start an attack of their own. The boats were easily repulsed, without having attained the slightest result.

On May 15th the Porter reached Sampson with the surprising news that Cervera's squadron had been in Martinique, in the Antilles, on the 12th of May and in Curacao on the 14th; that the flying squadron under Schley was in Charleston; that cruisers had been dispatched to patrol the channels between Jamaica and Haiti and the Cairos Bank, and finally that Sampson was directed to proceed without delay to Key West.

This news was quite serious, in so far as the American ships were short of coal and in need of repairs.

The St. Louis, which met the squadron just when the latter headed westward, was directed to cut the cables at Guantanamo, Santiago and Ponce; the Yale and Harvard were ordered to coal at St. Thomas (Danish).

On the next day, when off Cape Haytien, fresh news reached the squadron, namely that the six ships of Cervera's fleet, the Teresa, Vizcaya, Oquendo, Colon, Furor and Penton, were short of coal and provisions and with foul bottoms, that Schley was under way for Key West, and that according to rumor a second Spanish squadron,

consisting of five ships, had been seen off Martinique on the 14th; another dispatch brought by the Dupont on the 17th announced that Schley would be sent without delay to the blockade of Cienfuegos with the Brooklyn, Massachusetts and Texas.

The New York went at full speed to Key West, where she arrived on the afternoon of the 18th, and by the 19th the other ships of the squadron had also arrived there.

The Spanish admiral, Cervera, had left Porto Grande in the Cape Verde Islands on April 28th, with eight vessels, namely, the four armored cruisers Maria Teresa, Almirante Oquendo, Vizcaya and Cristobal Colon, the torpedo boat destroyers Furor, Terror and Pluton and the hospital ship Alicante. The most powerful vessel in this squadron was the Italian-built Colon, whose armor consisted of a complete water-line belt, tapering from 6-inch thickness amidships to 2-inch towards the ends; a central citadel 150 feet long, covered with 6-inch armor, which sheltered the bases of two barbets, placed fore and aft and protected by 5-inch steel; besides there was a protective deck $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inches thick. The armament included two 10-inch Armstrong guns, one for each barbette, and ten 6-inch Armstrong rapid-fire guns of newest construction. The 10-inch guns could not be gotten ready in time, and the ship went on this cruise without them. The light battery was of the usual proportionate strength; there were four torpedo tubes above water, within the citadel, and a fifth in the bow, under water.

The other three cruisers were sister ships, and their only armor was a narrow belt 216 feet long, from ten to twelve inches thick. The upper part of the hull was not protected at all. Each ship carried two 11-inch guns in fore and aft barbets protected by 10-inch armor; besides there were ten 5-inch rapid-fire guns established behind shields, five in each broadside; the torpedo armament consisted of eight tubes per ship, all above water, two forward, two astern and two on each broadside.

Each one of the four cruisers was rated at a speed of from eighteen to nineteen knots; of course, under proper handling and proper condition of the engines and the bottom.

The three destroyers were of the newest construction, of nearly 400 tons displacement each, built in England, and just launched before the war; they were rated at twenty-eight knots, but under Spanish handling their speed remained always below that figure.

The American strategy board had calculated that the squadron would make at least thirteen knots per hour, and after its departure from Porto Grande was known in Washington its arrival was looked for on the basis of this speed. But as nothing was heard or seen of Cervera's ships after that time some apprehension was felt that the Spaniards, intending some unforeseen trick, might make a dash at the unprotected coast cities on the North Atlantic or try to intercept or destroy the Oregon, which would then have been in the Southern Atlantic, on her long trip from the Pacific round the Horn.

On the 11th of May the auxiliary cruiser Harvard, Captain Cotton, had arrived at St. Pierre, Martinique. Here Cotton learned of a Spanish destroyer having just come into Fort de France. To verify this the captain sent an officer to the latter place and from him he learned of the presence of a second destroyer and several large steamers in the offing, outside the harbor. This news was at once telegraphed to Washington, from where it reached Admiral Sampson. Cotton learned also that the destroyer Terror would remain at Martinique, as her engines were disabled.

Thus it came about that the sudden concentration of the American sea forces at Key West took place as related above.

The United States Navy Department calculated from all recent information and the actions of the hostile squadron, that the latter would abandon the idea of reaching either San Juan, in Porto Rico, or Havana, and that it would try to sneak into Cienfuegos or Santiago. At that time it was believed that Cervera had war-stores on board for the Spanish army; therefore the conclusion was reached that he would rather try to make Cienfuegos, which was much less distant from Havana than Santiago. Events showed that the conjectures of the American Naval Strategy Board were in the main correct. Afterwards Spanish officers gave out that Cervera's intention was actually to go into Cienfuegos, but his lack of coal enabled him only to reach Santiago, which was only 600 miles away, 300 miles nearer than the other haven.

The predicament of the Spanish fleet was caused by the failure of the coal-ship Restonnel to reach or find her in time. Had Cervera been enabled to coal up his ships and then make for Cienfuegos, where he could again have replenished his stock, he might have given the American fleet many an unpleasant slip and quite a long and trying chase.

On the 19th of May Cervera reached the entrance of Santiago, and at 8 o'clock in the morning the squadron was at anchor in the harbor.

Cervera could well congratulate himself on the success of this perilous trip; but the future lay before him in hopeless gloom, filled with the most evil forebodings.

When Schley and Sampson met in Key West on the 18th, the latter gave the former orders to proceed without delay to the blockade of Cienfuegos. In compliance with this order Schley and his flying squadron started on the 19th for their destination by way of the Yucatan Channel. The general idea was that Schley should take care of the western approach to Havana and Sampson the eastern. On the next day Sampson detached the Iowa, the Castine, the torpedo boat Dupont and the collier Merrimac to join and re-enforce Schley, besides sending to the commodore a private letter in which the commander-in-chief further explained his plan in detail. This letter hinted at the probable presence of the enemy at Santiago and the consequent necessity of including this port in the circle of close observation.

On the night of the 20th of May Sampson received advice from the Navy Department that the report of Cervera's presence at Santiago was very likely correct, and

that Schley should be immediately directed to proceed with all his force to this port, leaving only one smaller vessel to watch Cienfuegos. Three vessels, the Vixen, Marblehead and Eagle, accordingly left to transmit this order to the commodore. "If you are satisfied," the order read in part, "that they are not at Cienfuegos, proceed with all dispatch, but cautiously, to Santiago, and if the enemy is there blockade him in port."

Now, if the Spaniards reached Santiago on the 19th and their intended destination was Cienfuegos, there was nothing, if they left the first-named harbor without wasting time, to prevent them reaching Cienfuegos unmolested and in safety. The distance of 300 miles from Santiago to Cienfuegos was looked at as an easy day's trip for a squadron like Cervera's, even supposing their sailing speed would not exceed thirteen knots. Nobody knew or even anticipated at that time the actual run-down condition of the Spanish ships, or that Cervera might be so short of coal that even the 300 miles difference compelled his abandoning all intention of reaching Cienfuegos.

The flying squadron steamed towards its new scene of action at the rate of ten knots an hour. About midnight between the 21st and 22d of May the ships arrived off Cienfuegos, keeping in the offing, about twenty miles distant from the entrance. At daylight they steamed slowly in and cleared for action. At 8 o'clock in the morning the squadron circled before the narrow entrance at a distance of about 4,000 yards, to draw out the fire if there were any guns. But all remained silent.

At noon on the 22d the Iowa and Dupont arrived.

A second circling before the entrance brought no results, but Schley believed that he had seen the tops of a man-of-war and felt pretty sure they had located Cervera. The Dupont steamed close in to reconnoiter and reported several ships inside. Upon the mountains toward the west signal-fires were seen, evidently lighted by the insurgents to attract the attention of the ships. But Schley, who had not been informed of the signal system of the Cubans, could not understand them, and took them for signals of the enemy.

Meantime the squadron was joined by the Castine, the collier Merrimac and the armed yacht Hawk. The latter brought dispatches from the commander-in-chief directing the commodore to proceed to Santiago, where he would be expected to arrive on the morning of the 24th.

Schley, however, did not leave for Santiago before the evening of the 24th. He left the Castine before Cienfuegos, sent the Dupont back to Key West and started with the Brooklyn, Iowa, Texas, Massachusetts, Marblehead, Vixen, Hawk, Eagle and the collier Merrimac.

On the 26th the squadron arrived off Santiago. The Minneapolis, St. Paul and Yale, coming up in the evening, reported nothing seen of the Spaniards.

Meanwhile Admiral Sampson had left Key West with his flagship and arrived at his blockading station in the Bahama Channel, on the northeast coast of Cuba,

on the 21st. Here he learned on the 26th, through letters from his commodore, that the flying squadron was not before Santiago on the 24th, as expected.

On the afternoon of the 27th, however, the most disquieting information, dated the 24th, reached the commander-in-chief from Schley, that the latter had ascertained the non-presence of the enemy at Cienfuegos, but would be unable to blockade Santiago on account of insufficient coal supply, that he needed two more colliers and would proceed to Mole St. Nicholas to do there the necessary coaling.

Sampson forthwith dispatched the New Orleans with additional orders to Schley and then returned to Key West in order to obtain leave to proceed to Santiago himself. In Key West he found the Oregon; this splendid ship had come in on the 26th none the worse for her long trip around the Horn and as ready as ever for sea and action.

On the night of the 28th a telegram arrived from Schley saying that he would come to Key West to coal.

The commodore, not knowing at that time of the presence of Cervera in Santiago Harbor, had signaled on the evening of the 26th to proceed to Key West along the south side of Cuba and through the Yucatan Channel. The St. Paul was to remain and watch the port.

Shortly after the squadron started the machinery of the Merrimac broke down completely and she had to be taken in tow by the Yale. Four times did the hawser part, and it took twenty-four hours in the heavy sea before her chain cable was on board the auxiliary cruiser. While this was taking place the Harvard came up early in the morning of the 27th with a dispatch from Washington to the effect that the flying squadron should by all means prevent the Spaniards from leaving Santiago without a decisive engagement, and that coal was being sent to Mole St. Nicholas.

To follow orders now was impossible for Schley, so he proceeded westward.

In the evening, at about 7 o'clock, the weather improved so that coaling at sea became possible, and the Texas and Marblehead began forthwith coaling from the Merrimac. Both ships finished on the forenoon of the 28th, and at noon of the same day the squadron turned and steamed back to Santiago, where the ships were distributed for the blockade, which was thus at last established. Cervera had missed his chance, very likely without being able to use it, for want of coal and other supplies; such at least are the reasons given out from the Spanish side.

Now the gap had closed.

During the intervening time the land troops had not been idle, and preparations were made as fast as the suddenness and magnitude of the undertaking permitted for the movement of a sufficiently large expeditionary force to Cuba. A great difficulty was encountered in securing the necessary transports, as it was the intention of the government to press merchant vessels into war service, and on the other hand there was a reluctance in some cases to withdraw vessels from their profitable carriers' occupation for the sake of the military requirements.

But towards the end of May everything was in readiness, and it became known that an army was to be landed near Santiago for an attack on that city. It was calculated that with the destruction of the enemy's naval and army forces at that place the backbone of Spain's resistance would be broken.

This view proved to be sound and correct, as subsequent events showed.

A transport fleet had at last been assembled before Tampa, Fla., which consisted of thirty-five steamers and four tenders, not including the escort of war vessels.

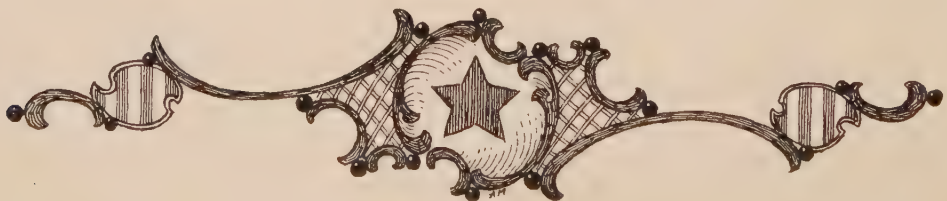
The intended army of invasion consisted of 15,400 men; 13,300 men were regulars, and of these 3,300 were cavalry. Only one troop of the latter was to take horses, as it had been impossible in the short time available to secure transports that would accommodate such a large number of animals. The inability to transport enough horses was unimportant, as Cuba, and especially the country around Santiago, is not favorable to cavalry action.

The organization of this army was as follows: One division of cavalry (dismounted), under General Wheeler, comprising the Third, Sixth and Tenth U. S. Cavalry, and four troops of each of the First and Ninth U. S. Cavalry under Brigadier-General Sumner and the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders), under Colonel Wood.

The First Infantry Division, under General Kent, composed of the First Brigade, General Hawkins: Sixth and Sixteenth U. S. Infantry, Seventy-first New York Volunteer Infantry; Second Brigade, General Pearson: Second, Tenth and Twenty-first U. S. Infantry; Third Brigade, General Wickoff: Ninth, Thirteenth and Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry; three batteries light artillery, under Captains Grimes, Best and Parkhurst, and four Gatling guns, manned by infantrymen, under Lieutenant Parker.

The Second Infantry Division, under General Lawton, consisting of the First Brigade, General Ludlow: Eighth and Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, Second Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry; Second Brigade, Colonel Miles: First, Fourth and Twenty-fourth U. S. Infantry; Third Brigade, General Chaffee: Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth U. S. Infantry; Brigade of General Bates: Third and Twentieth Infantry; signal detachment, balloon detachment and mounted orderlies from the cavalry.

About this time, when everyone was waiting for official news as to the whereabouts of Admiral Cervera's fleet, Commodore Schley notified the War Department that he had seen the Colon and other ships of the Spanish fleet inside the harbor of Santiago.



THE SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

IN the meantime Admiral Sampson had been at Key West, at which place he obtained the asked for permission to go personally to Santiago. On the night of the 29th he started for the latter place with the New York, Oregon, Mayflower and Porter.

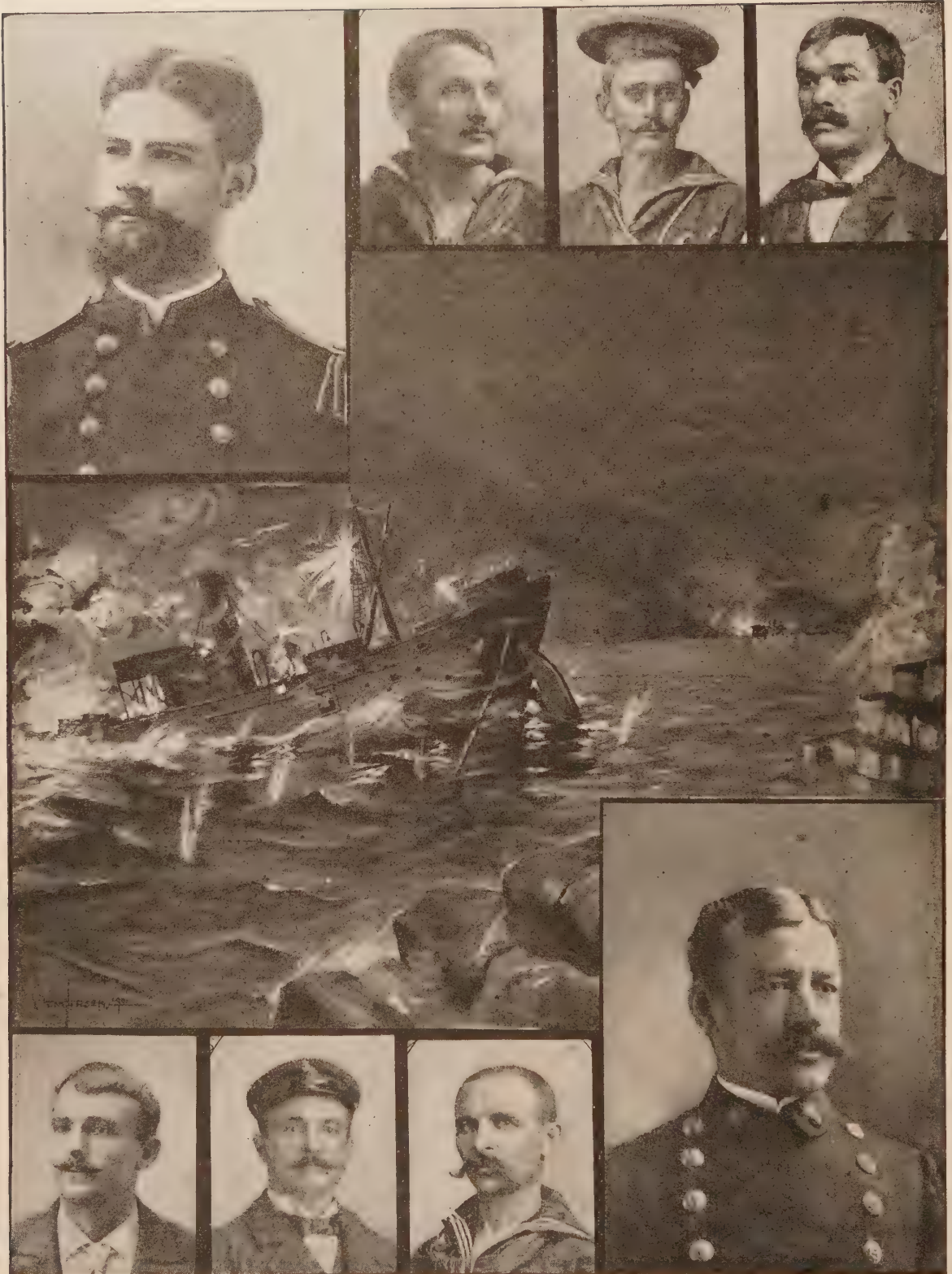
Two days previous to his departure from this place he, in conference with Captains Converse and Folger and Commodore Watson, had conceived a plan to lock in the Spanish fleet, which was now known positively to be in Santiago, by sinking schooners laden with brick and stone across the entrance. Captain Converse suggested the sinking of the broken-down collier Merrimac and the admiral adopted his view. Primarily Schley was to have executed this plan, and the details of execution were to be left to him. But as now the commander-in-chief was under way to the place, he concluded to supervise the undertaking himself. During the night of the 29th he called Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, who was on board the New York, into his cabin and consulted with him as to the practicability of the plan and the course to be pursued. Hobson asked permission to work out a complete plan in all its details. On the 30th he was ready; the admiral did not only fully approve of his plans, but also agreed to his request to be put in command of the expedition. Hobson's idea was to take the Merrimac in, with a small crew of volunteers, anchor her across the channel, open her sea-valves and finally blow her up with ten torpedoes, which were to be filled with guncotton. Sampson objected to guncotton, as according to his opinion the effect of the explosion would be too powerful. So ordinary black powder, eighty pounds for each torpedo, was substituted.

Early on the 1st of June Sampson and his fleet reached Santiago. Under Hobson's supervision the torpedoes and connections had all been finished on board the New York. The Merrimac was put in shape for her new and last task without delay. Her captain, Commander Miller, of the United States Navy, was very persistent in his objections to being deprived of the vessel's command; he wanted to take her in himself. But the admiral succeeded, finally, in convincing him that Hobson should have his way.

It seems that almost everybody wanted at least to participate and share the glory of this famous undertaking. Six volunteers were needed, and nearly 600 men responded to the call.

The men Hobson finally selected were: Chief Master-at-Arms Daniel Montague, Gunner's Mate George Charette and Cockswain Rudolph Clausen, all three of the New York; Cockswain J. E. Murphy, of the Iowa; Cockswain Osborn W. Deignan, Machinist John Phillips, and Water Tender Francis Kelly, these of the Merrimac crew.

At daybreak on June 2d the Merrimac was ready; the old crew had left the ship,



THE FAMOUS MERRIMAC CREW.

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON.

RANDOLPH CLAUSEN.

OSBORN W. DEIGNAN.

FRANCIS KELLY.

J. E. MURPHY.

DANIEL MONTAGUE.

GEORGE F. PHILLIPS.

GEORGE CHARETTE.

and the admiral came on board for a last inspection. But when this had been completed and before the collier was well under way the day was too far advanced, in the admiral's opinion, to allow success, and the Merrimac was ordered back. Hobson tried first not to notice the admiral's signal; but Sampson was peremptory. So the attempt had to be postponed for the next day. Before daybreak on the morning of June 3d she finally went in. The pilot remained on board, as did also the assistant engineer, who wanted to look after the engines until she reached the entrance, when both men were taken off by a steam launch in command of Cadet Powell. The latter had orders to wait outside the entrance and pick up the crew, who intended to float out on the Merrimac's catamaran, which for this purpose had been swung overboard.

Although extreme darkness prevailed, while nearing the entrance the Merrimac was discovered by a picket boat, which opened fire and caused general alarm. Shore batteries commenced firing and a shot disabled the Merrimac's rudder. This mishap prevented Hobson swinging her crosswise in the channel, as had been planned. The forts then opened fire on the ship, as did the Colon and the Oquendo, and the Reina Mercedes sent two torpedoes into her, which, according to Hobson's statement, actually rent the ship asunder. Each man of the crew fulfilled faithfully his part in the daring act. Kelly knocked the caps from the sea-valves; Murphy let go the anchor at the signal from Hobson; the latter himself was on the bridge, watch in hand; Deignan was at the helm; the others were stationed at the different quarters. All were stripped of their garments except underclothing, and while the Merrimac was sinking Hobson and his men took to the catamaran and sank with it into the water. They clung to this raft amidst a terrific fire for about an hour, all the time hoping that they would drift out into the sea, where they might be picked up by Cadet Powell, who was watching for them. Firing now ceased and a steam launch was seen approaching. Some of the latter's crew, as soon as they discovered the men in the water, raised their rifles to shoot. Hobson called out: "Is there any officer in the boat to accept our surrender as prisoners of war?" Then an elderly Spanish officer looked out from under the awning, waved his hand in assent, and directed his men to lower their weapons and help the Americans on board. This officer was the gallant Admiral Cervera himself. He treated the American sailors with friendliness, and they were taken on shore and handed over to the army. They were kept prisoners, Hobson separated from the men, for thirty-three days, when they were exchanged, arriving safely in the American camp, amidst tremendous ovations of the troops, on July 7th.

The Spanish admiral gave a handsome proof of his chivalry in connection with this famous affair.

When Cadet Powell came back with his steam launch on this memorable morning and reported that "no one had come back from the Merrimac," gloom settled over the squadron, and everybody, of course, thought that the brave men had all been killed.

But the very same day a Spanish tug boat, bearing a flag of truce, came out of the harbor and ran alongside the New York. Captain Bustamente, Cervera's chief-of-staff—afterwards mortally wounded in the trenches around Santiago—brought a message from the admiral that Hobson and his men were all safe. He took back clothing and some money for them. This news naturally changed the gloom into the greatest joy, mingled with sincere appreciation of the Spanish admiral's chivalrous thoughtfulness.

The blockade of the harbor was maintained day and night with the strictest thoroughness. From the 2d of June on all the ships of the squadron formed a semi-circle around Morro as a center, first on a radius of six, later on one of four miles; the heaviest ships were in the center of the line, and during night-time a battleship went farther in and covered the entrance with her searchlight, thus rendering escape of the Spaniards practically impossible.

The situation in Santiago was a discouraging one for the defenders even at that time. There were not sufficient provisions for the garrison, and these were still further reduced by the arrival of the Spanish squadron, which brought no additional stores or provisions. The coal supply in Santiago also was insufficient, and the appliances to coal were defective, so that this process required an abnormally long time.

The blockade itself was not devoid of thrilling incidents and danger for some of the ships forming it. One dark night during the last days of May the New York, for instance, was in imminent danger of being torpedoed by the Porter. The night was extremely dark, and the Porter, which had been out on a scout, perceived suddenly on her port bow a large craft looking in the darkness extremely suspicious. The Porter closed in immediately and her captain, Lieutenant Fremont, made the night fleet signal with his electric signal apparatus. But the strange ship did not respond with a similar signal. The Porter closed in nearer, with every man on his post behind the launching tubes and the guns. Fremont hailed with thundering voice: "What ship is that?" No answer. Again he showed the night fleet signal; the stranger responded this time, but with a wrong signal. He hailed a second time; no answer came back. He then fired a shot across the stranger's bow, when one of the latter's guns fired at the torpedo boat, the shell whistling close over the heads of the crew. Imagine the mental strain of this moment upon the torpedo crew and especially the captain. Fremont, though, hailed again: "What ship is that?" "This is the New York!" rang out a strong voice from aboard, recognized at once by Lieutenant Fremont as that of Captain Chadwick, the commanding officer of the big American cruiser. An awful catastrophe was averted in the last second.



Painted by Robt. Hopkin.

THE RUINS OF THE SPANISH FLEET ON CUBA'S SHORE.

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LANDING IN CUBA

AS SOON as the navy had located Cervera at Santiago and the War Department had decided to land the army expedition corps there with the view of capturing the place, the commanding admiral considered it his next duty to find a place which might serve as a base of operation and where the ships might coal. He selected the harbor of Guantanamo, forty miles east of Santiago, which was the nearest one offering enough room and sufficient protection against wind and sea.

On the 6th of June Admiral Sampson went close in with his fleet to Santiago and bombarded the works in order to unmask their batteries. These batteries were in a rather dilapidated state at the beginning of the war, but the Spaniards worked hard to strengthen them, partly by mounting guns from the *Reina Mercedes*.

At the time of the bombardment on the 6th of June the works were mounted by but twenty-four guns of all kinds of construction and calibre, some entirely obsolete and showing the date 1769, 1718 and even 1668, their range being hardly 800 yards at the highest elevation.

The cannonade of the American fleet on the 6th did little damage to the works; the Spaniards lost but six killed and seventeen wounded on the *Reina Mercedes*—which had been struck by two shells—and one killed and eight wounded in the earthworks.

Mention must here be made of the daring exploit of an American naval officer, Lieutenant Victor Blue of the New York. As the admiral wanted definite and minute information about the number and names of the Spanish war vessels in Santiago, which could not directly be obtained by any action of the fleet outside, Lieutenant Blue went on shore one night in disguise and, guided by Cuban insurgents, reconnoitered the harbor and brought back satisfactory, exhaustive and unimpeachable information about the Spanish naval force inside. It was a most dangerous and praiseworthy deed.

In accordance with the admiral's orders the cruiser *Marblehead* and the auxiliary cruiser *Yankee* arrived before Guantanamo early on the 7th of June and entered the bay, chasing the Spaniards from a blockhouse on a hill. The *St. Louis* was already there engaged in cutting cables, and the telegraphic connection between Santiago, Guantanamo and Mole St. Nicholas, on Haiti, was destroyed. The Spanish gunboat *Sandoval*, which attempted to come out of the bay, was driven back inside the inner harbor, which is about twelve miles in length.

On the 8th the *Marblehead* brought the collier *Sterling* into the bay and selected a site for the camp. On the 10th the transport *Panther* brought a battalion of some 700 marines, under Colonel Huntington. They were landed under protection of the fire of the war vessels and after a lively skirmish drove the Spaniards into the bush. The camp was at once fortified as well as possible in the short time with

the meager means available, and from that time on the Americans occupied Guantanamo permanently.

On the night of the 12th the Spaniards attacked the camp with great force and in superior numbers, pushing the American marines back till nearly down to the shore-line. Here the war vessels were able to bring help by throwing their searchlights on the positions of the enemy, thus exposing them to a severe fire. Furthermore, a steamlaunch of the Marblehead rendered especially effective assistance with machine-guns. The Spaniards were now driven back into the bush with considerable loss; the Americans lost one officer—Dr. Gibbs—and three men killed and eleven wounded.

The army expedition corps at Tampa in the meantime had been embarked and was ready to proceed on the 7th of June. But a rumor that Spanish warships—it was said the ironclad Pelayo and others—had been seen on the Cuban coast retarded the departure of the fleet of transports until the 14th. The Iowa and some of the cruisers acted as an escort, and the departure of the fleet, one ship following the other closely, was a great spectacle.

Favored by beautiful weather, the fleet arrived before Cuba on the 20th and awaited the further disposition of the admiral, fifteen miles to the southwest of Santiago. Sampson dispatched his chief-of-staff, Captain Chadwick, to communicate with General Shafter, in command of the expedition. The general was on board the steamer Seguranca, and was invited by Chadwick to confer with the Cuban General Rabi, who, on the instance of the admiral, had assembled most of the other Cuban leaders at his headquarters near Aserraderos, eighteen miles west of Santiago. On the afternoon of the 20th Admiral Sampson visited General Shafter himself, and the latter declared his intention to go at once to Aserraderos. The Cubans were in possession of this part of the coast, and several hundred of them greeted the American leaders enthusiastically on their arrival on the beach. In the following conference in Rabi's tent it was decided to land the army to the east of Santiago, at Daiquiri, where use could be made of a pier, which latter, though, was in a rather dilapidated condition. General Garcia's 3,000 Cubans were to hold themselves in readiness to be transferred by transports from Aserraderos to Daiquiri on the second day; the Cuban General Castillo was stationed with 1,000 insurgents some five miles west of Daiquiri.

On the 22d of June the landing of the army began. Captain Goodrich of the St. Louis was put in command of all the available boats of the fleet and the other vessels. The lighter warships cleared the coast of Spaniards by means of their quick-firers, and everything was ready at daybreak. But the skippers of the transports, being afraid to take chances, delayed the affair by keeping too far off-shore, so that the start was not made before 9 o'clock. At Cabanas, west of Daiquiri, the light warvessels made a pretense of landing to distract the Spaniards' attention from the real landing place, in which they succeeded.

There was a rather heavy sea running in-shore that day, and the landing of the heavily-laden boats, filled with soldiers inexperienced in such a manœuvre, was by no means easy. However, before the close of the first day some 6,000 men were on shore; at the end of the 24th of June all the troops had been landed. There was no provisions for taking the animals over; they were simply made to jump into the sea and swim ashore; it is said that thereby nearly 100 mules and horses drowned, some of them in their fright turning towards the sea instead of to the shore. On the 23d landing was commenced also at Siboney, where the surf was not so heavy. On the 26th Garcia's 3,000 men were brought over to Siboney from Aserraderos, and on the 27th the Yale arrived with 1,300 infantry under General H. M. Duffield, comprising the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan Volunteers. After they were landed the whole American force on Cuban soil amounted to 21,000 men, including 4,000 Cuban insurgents.

The Spaniards in Santiago had of course observed the arrival of the expeditious fleet and were fully aware of what it meant. They found nothing more important to do than to close the channel between Caya Smith and the mainland by a boom and some twelve mines, thus leaving only the western channel open around the little island upon which the Caya Smith is situated. The mine-field, consisting of thirteen electro-contact mines, in two lines, between Estrella and Socapa Points, was not even examined, although it was laid in April, and therefore not in good order.

The Spanish land forces, under Generals Linares and Vara del Rey, in the immediate neighborhood, amounted to 9,000 men.

The cavalry division, forming the advance guard of our landed troops, had passed the first night on shore in camp at Siboney, from the 23d to the 24th of June.

On the morning of June 24th the Americans started from Siboney to find the enemy. There are two roads running out from Siboney; one, a cart road, runs first in an easterly direction, then north and finally west; the other one, a mere path, leads straight up over the hills, joining the former road a little north from La Quasina, about four miles in-shore from Siboney.

General Young with eight troops of the First and Tenth Cavalry, amounting to 430 men, and two Hotchkiss guns, followed the cart road; the rough riders, some 500 men, under Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, took the foot path. Castillo, who was to accompany Young with 300 Cubans, did not appear, but Cubans fell in in groups with General Young's column as the latter was proceeding on its march. None of these insurgents had any knowledge about the enemy, and they soon proved utterly useless as a military force.

A short distance from the fork where the cart road and the foot path joined, the first signs of the enemy's presence appeared. The Hotchkiss guns deployed and opened fire. On their first shot volleys came back from the Spanish side. Both rough riders and regulars came in contact with the enemy simultaneously, as neither heard the other's firing. The shrubbery and grass of tropical growth were so high



GENERAL HAWKINS CHARGING EL CANEY

and dense as to hamper progress considerably and prevent seeing farther than 100 yards. The Spanish firing line, using smokeless powder, could not be located, while the puffs of smoke from the Americans betrayed their position distinctly. So it happened that both rough riders and regulars suffered severe losses. By 8:30 the left wing of the regulars, the First Cavalry, had formed connection with the right of the rough riders. About this time the Spanish left wing began to yield before the American right, the Tenth Cavalry. The enemy concentrated their force toward the road which turns westward here toward Santiago. All the troops, rough riders and regulars, impatient with the resistance of the Spaniards, rushed the latter's position and put them to flight. They pursued them for about a mile; then the Americans halted, as they were far in advance of the rest of their army and feared they might any moment run into an ambush or against a Spanish force far superior.

This spirited engagement had a wonderfully inspiring effect upon the American troops, although they lost in the engagement one officer (Captain Capron, of the rough riders) and fifteen men killed and six officers and twenty-six men wounded.

General Joseph Wheeler, who accompanied the cavalry, was full of praise for all the troops engaged. Besides the moral effect, this fight secured for the Americans also a well-watered country farther to the front and better adapted for camping grounds.

The sufferings of the wounded were great; there were no provisions yet made for taking care of the injured. They were carried back to Siboney as well as could be done, and here they were taken on board the hospital ship *Olivette* the next afternoon.

The rest of the army followed the cavalry, but up to the 30th of June the whole main force had not advanced farther than about a mile beyond the ground of the engagement of the 24th. The roads were bad, the heat was oppressive, heavy rain-storms added to the discomfort of the troops, and the management of the commissariat and the sheltering of the men were abominable. It was a natural consequence of the hurried landing, which Colonel Roosevelt is reported to have characterized in these words: "We did it like everything else—in a scramble."

The brigade of General Duffield was left as a garrison in Siboney.

The Spaniards did not take advantage of the difficulties which the Americans had in establishing lines of communication with their base. General Linares concentrated his forces in a position west of Santiago, where entrenchments and wire obstructions were hastily constructed. General Parejo, who was near Guantanamo, in the rear of the Americans, with 8,000 men, did apparently nothing.

While the army was thus preparing to push on to Santiago the navy continued its close watch of the entrance. Captain-General Blanco urged Cervera to leave Santiago, notwithstanding that this seemed impossible without certain destruction. All of Admiral Cervera's representations to that effect apparently did not appeal to Blanco. As late as the 27th of June he telegraphed to Cervera: "It seems to me

that you somewhat exaggerate the difficulties of leaving Santiago. There is no need to fight. All you are asked to do is to escape from the prison in which the squadron now finds itself.”

Cervera considered this last message an order to leave, and reported his willingness to comply to the captain-general, which would have meant the withdrawal of 1,200 landed seamen from the firing-line in the trenches. Blanco then changed his view to that effect that Cervera should only leave “if the fall of Santiago became imminent.” To hold the squadron ready for such an emergency meant keeping the fires lit, which was equivalent to a daily consumption of nearly seventy tons of coal for the whole squadron. This was about as much as the squadron could take on board during twenty-four hours. As the ships could not be coaling all the time it was evident that the contents of the bunkers were daily reduced by this measure. As a matter of fact, when Cervera finally left the bunkers of his squadron were half empty.

In America this bickering between the Spanish admiral and the captain-general became known on July 1st, when a dispatch from Madrid was printed in one of the great American dailies that “there has been a quarrel between Admiral Cervera and Captain-General Blanco, and that the admiral has been ordered to leave Santiago.” This would have given timely warning to the American admiral if such had been necessary.

EL CANEY AND SAN JUAN

ON July 1st occurred the two great land battles of the war, at El Caney and San Juan.

Since the 24th of June, for six days the American army was encamped on both sides of the cart road leading from Siboney via La Quasina to Santiago; the outposts were at El Pazo, about three miles to the front. The weather was bad, extreme heat and frequent rain rendering the condition of the unsheltered and inappropriately clad troops most trying and uncomfortable. There were many other defects, too numerous to be mentioned here, and all tending to aggravate the internal difficulties of the situation. The lay of the land was unknown, as there were no maps; the only semblance of one, a rough sketch, was given to the command of the cavalry division on the evening of the 30th of June. On the same day General Shafter moved his headquarters behind the line of the outposts near El Pazo.

The distribution and strength of the Spanish troops, as far as could be ascertained afterwards, were as follows: Main line west of Santiago, 2,500 men; at El Caney, the advanced position east northwest from Santiago, 600 men; at San Juan Hill, right east from Santiago, 1,000 men; along the west shore line of the bay, 1,000 men; between San Juan and Aguadores, 1,000 men; in the forts, 1,000 men, and a naval brigade estimated between 500 and 1,200 men, distributed probably in its greater

part along the main line of defense east of the city. The position of San Juan was excellent, as it commanded the defiles of the only road to Santiago from the east. The distance from the exit of the defiles to the hill had been carefully ascertained by the Spaniards. The view at the exit was extremely limited, and about there the woods ended and left an open space of several hundred yards to the foot of the hill. This ground was crossed by several lines of barbed wire fence. Behind the firing line thus fortified some navy quick-firers of light calibre had been placed.

El Caney, about three miles from San Juan, seems to have been intended as an advanced position to give a proper support to re-enforcements which might come up from the east. There were no cannon at this place, but the defense was rendered strong enough through several lines of wire fence.

The roads to the Morro could not be used by troops in considerable number for the purpose of an attack; the Spaniards need not have troubled themselves about them.

The general commanding ordered the attack upon the Spanish lines for the 1st of July. Lawton's division was to advance upon El Caney at daybreak; Kent and Wheeler were to move on the road toward Santiago as far as the San Juan River, where they should wait for Lawton, who was expected to make short work of the El Caney position. Duffield was to attack Aguadores, and Bates to act as reserve. On the 2d of July a concentration of all forces was intended to attack and carry San Juan.

Lawton started on the afternoon of June 30th; leaving El Pazo to the left he went into camp along the road leading to El Caney.

Bates left Siboney at 9 o'clock in the evening of the same day and reached a position close to the rear of Wheeler's and Kent's brigades, where he went into camp for the night.

The next morning, the 1st of July, the brigades, of Lawton, Kent and Wheeler, started with the break of day.

On Lawton's division, General Ludlow's brigade turned to the west of El Caney, Chaffee's brigade east, and Miles's brigade remained south. Captain Capron, father of Captain Capron who was killed in the fight of La Quasina, had his four guns occupy a hill to the southeast of the town, about 2,500 yards from the nearest fortified point of the enemy's line. At 6:30 o'clock Capron opened fire.

The Spaniards answered immediately from the trenches.

Chaffee's brigade advanced in extended order from the northwest, the Seventh Infantry on the right, the Twelfth on the left, the Seventeenth as reserve; Ludlow's Eighth and Twenty-second Infantry advanced in the same way from southwest, with the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers in reserve. The American firing line suffered considerably, especially from Spanish sharpshooters hidden in trees, from where they had a splendid view of the advancing skirmishers, remaining unseen themselves.

In front of Chaffee's brigade, between the two firing lines, there was a sort of natural embankment which it was necessary to occupy. The Seventeenth Infantry



PRIVATE PFISTERER RESCUED HIS COMRADE.

was ordered to do this about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Colonel Haskell led his men along the cut of the El Caney road and deployed towards the crest. The ground was simply criss-crossed by the wire fences.

The Americans could not see anything of the Spanish trenches and were suffering severely from the enemy's incessant fire.



CHARLES D. ROBERTS,

First Lieutenant, 17th U. S. Infantry,
Born at Cheyenne Agency, S. Dakota,
June 18th, 1873,
Highest rank attained: Captain 35th
U. S. Infantry.

It was here, about 400 yards from the Spanish line that the commander of the Seventeenth, Lieutenant-Colonel Haskell, fell mortally wounded in an attempt to get nearer the enemy through the tangle of the wire fences. Two officers and five men of his regiment went bravely forward to where he lay and carried him back under shelter of the embankment of a sunken road. They were afterwards rewarded with the Medal of Honor. The details of the episode were as follows: Lieutenant-Colonel Haskell and the regimental quartermaster, Lieutenant Dickinson, were passing through the bush towards the enemy in advance of the regimental line. Close behind followed Company C, under First Lieutenant B. F. Hardaway. Coming to a sunken road the advance was stopped by a barbed wire fence. Lieutenant Dickinson called for the cutters, the fence was cut and the men crossed the road, where a similar fence had to be removed. The colonel and Lieutenant Dickinson had gone

ahead and the company followed in single file. There was an open field in front. Hardly had the two officers entered this when they saw the trenches before them. Instantly the Spaniards fired a volley and both were hit. Colonel Haskell sank down with a remark that he did not wish to fall into the hands of the Spaniards. Lieutenant Dickinson ran back holding his right wrist, broken and bleeding, and shouting to the men: "The colonel is shot!" Lieutenant Hardaway sprang immediately out into the open to help his commander; Second Lieutenant C. D. Roberts, Corporal U. G. Buzzard, and Privates John Brookins, T. J. Graves, George Berg and Bruno Wende followed. Berg and Brookins were shot down; they managed to crawl or roll back into shelter. The others half dragged, half carried the poor colonel behind the embankment amidst a withering fire from the trenches. As has been said, the Medal of Honor was their reward for this act of devotion and bravery.

In the Seventh United States Infantry, fighting shoulder to shoulder, so to speak, with the Seventeenth, Private Herman Pfisterer, of Company C, was so fortunate as to rescue a wounded comrade out of the Mauser fire without being injured himself. He, too, gained the Medal of Honor for this brave deed.

The cut in the road was soon filled with wounded and killed, and shortly after noon the Fourth and Twenty-fifth Regiments of Colonel Miles's Brigade received orders to deploy and advance; the First Regiment remained at Capron's battery.

The Twenty-fifth Regiment advanced in the heaviest fire up to within fifty yards of a stone house, from where the American sharpshooters were able to enfilade some of the enemy's trenches. No further advantage of ground was gained by the Americans for two hours and a half. At 1:30 Bates's Brigade, the Third and Twentieth Regiments, filed into the firing line between the Fourth and Twenty-fifth Regiments. The situation became almost critical; General Chaffee, with absolute contempt for the Mauser bullets raining about him, exposed himself recklessly and is said to have rallied in person a number of young soldiers who felt their place in the line almost too uncomfortable for keeping it.



GEORGE F. BERG,
Private, Company C, 17th U. S. Infantry,
Born at Mt. Erie, Illinois, December 2, 1867.

About then an order came from General Shafter to abandon the attack on El Caney and proceed towards San Juan, where hot work was going on too. General Lawton felt that a sudden abandoning of the fight must be of serious consequences to the morale of his men. He ordered Chaffee to storm the position according to his own best judgment. Chaffee immediately ordered the Twelfth Regiment to the charge. The brave infantrymen dashed forward through wire fences and the hail of Spanish bullets, the other regiments of the brigade doing the same. The Spaniards, terror-stricken, turned and fled. Some remained in the stone house and hoisted a white flag. They were taken prisoners.

The capture of the stone fort took all the courage out of the Spaniards; they retreated on the two existing roads to Santiago; a lot of those choosing the southern road fell into the hands of General Ludlow's men. All in all, the Americans took here 160 prisoners. The casualties on the Spanish side were apparently heavy, but could not be ascertained, as many of their wounded were taken away.

After El Caney had thus been cleared of the enemy General Lawton left a few companies there as a garrison and turned the rest of his division towards San Juan, followed by Bates's brigade. While on the road the order reached these troops to return to El Pazo. This order created an unpleasant feeling in the column, as the men, fired with enthusiasm from their recent and sanguinary success, wanted to fight. But the order was, of course, obeyed; the general led his men back to their camp near El Pazo.

Now to San Juan. This position was the key to the whole Spanish line of defense. As has been said before, the cavalry division under Wheeler and the infantry brigade of General Kent were to advance towards and up to the San Juan River, where they were expected to await the arrival of Lawton.

The cavalry division under General Sumner—General Wheeler had an attack of fever on this morning—started on the right, the division of General Kent on the

left towards the San Juan River, leaving Grimes's Battery on a hill by the side of El Pazo. Grimes opened fire shortly before 6 o'clock. The Spaniards answered, at a distance of about 2,800 yards, from a battery posted behind San Juan Hill and armed with quick-firing guns from the Spanish warships. These gunners evidently knew the range to El Pazo, or rather the hill on which Grimes was posted, for their second shot, a shrapnel, fell right in the battery, killing and wounding several artillerymen, also a number from the cavalry division and some Cubans lingering there.

There was only one road, hardly five yards in width, and lined with dense brush, and the advance of both divisions on this road became very difficult. Communication with Shafter's headquarters was soon entirely impossible. The last order Sumner received was to advance in the direction of Santiago, but to await further directions at the edge of the woods. This was the first and the last order the cavalry division received on that day.

The division of Kent followed on the same road, accompanied by the balloon detachment with a captive balloon, which was sent up from the advance guard, being led along with the troops by four guide-ropes. From this balloon the observers discovered a second road to the San Juan River, forking off to the left at the confluence of the Aguadores and the Guama. The balloon was soon after disabled and sent to the ground by a shell from the above-mentioned Spanish battery; two of the three enterprising balloonists in the car were badly injured by the fall.

General Kent, with the Sixth and Sixteenth regulars, was already at the fork of the San Juan when he learned of the existence of this second road. He directed the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, the third regiment of General Hawkins's brigade, to turn into this road.

Lieutenant Parker, who with his four Gatlings had been waiting near El Pazo, received orders to go with the Seventy-first New York Volunteers. He found the regiment halted near the fork. In order to reconnoiter for a good position he passed through in a trot. This caused the men to cheer; the attention of the Spaniards was aroused and a sharp fire was opened in this regiment's direction. Instantly there was a panic, the excited men crowding back on the narrow road, thus threatening the advance of all the following troops of the Second and Third Brigades. General Kent and the officers of his staff formed a line across the road and stopped the rush of the scared New Yorkers. In this critical situation Major George S. Cartwright, the divisional quartermaster, was of great service, being the first to successfully block the flight. General Kent, seeing that these men were too excited to be of proper service at the moment, finally ordered the regiment to lie down by the roadside so that the other troops might pass. This was done. The Third Brigade, Wickoff, and two regiments of the Second, Pearson's Brigade, then passed to the front on this road; the third regiment of the Second Brigade, the Twenty-first Infantry, had followed the First Brigade on the main road.

The edge of the woods, mentioned before, reaches a little beyond the right bank of the San Juan; beyond that there is a strip of flat ground some 250 yards wide and

covered with high grass, and then the ground ascended steeply, to about thirty degrees. On this slope were the trenches and block-houses; the flat strip of grass was criss-crossed with wire fences.

The Americans deployed along the edge of the woods under an almost unbearable fire by the Spaniards, who knew the exact distance of the woods and also saw how the Americans came thicker and thicker, lining this edge.

On the extreme right wing of the American position was supposed to be General Garcia, with 1,000 Cuban insurgents; but nothing was heard or seen of them. Then



CEREMONY OF PRESENTATION OF THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

Corp. G. F. Berg, Sergt. U. G. Buzzard, and Sergt. B. Wende, of the 17th U. S. Infantry, receiving their Medals of Honor at San Fernando, Philippine Islands.

came the cavalry—First, Ninth and Tenth Regiments—then the rough riders under Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, as Colonel Wood had been detailed to the command of a brigade; while farther to the left were the Third and Sixth Cavalry, the whole division again under command of Wheeler, who had returned to the fighting line in spite of his illness. To the left of him followed the brigades of Hawkins, Wickoff and Pearson.

When the American line was well established it was nearly noon. The enemy's nearest position was in front of the rough riders. Shortly after 12 o'clock Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt led his men to the charge. Entirely ignoring the galling fire

of the Spaniards, he rode at the head of his men, a conspicuous figure in the tall grass. The rough riders followed him unflinchingly, and the men of the First and Ninth Cavalry, seeing the forward move, closed in too. In a short time, but with considerable loss, the Spanish position at that point was in the hands of the Americans.

The Thirteenth U. S. Infantry was ordered to the support of this part of the line, and took up a position on the brow of the hill opposite the enemy's trenches, where the brave infantrymen lay all day exchanging a lively fire with the Spanish sharpshooters, many of whom were hidden in the dense tops of the high palm trees.

Many deeds of daring were performed during the different stages of the fight, and it is safe to say that most of them passed unobserved. In the oppressive heat and the strenuousness of the work the men seemed not to care for vainglory or reward; they simply tried to do their full duty.

Sergeant Alexander M. Quinn, of Company A, Thirteenth U. S. Infantry, distinguished himself several times during the day.

When this regiment reached the firing line in the morning a bullet struck down Lieutenant Sater, of Quinn's company. Quinn caught the wounded officer as he fell, and eased his condition as much as possible. The wound was fatal, and the lieutenant died in the sergeant's arms.

Later on, in the afternoon, when the regiment was supporting the rough riders on the right, a daring private by the name of Wiles, of Company G, had crawled forward to some shrubbery about 100 yards in front of the general line. Wiles was one of the best sharpshooters in the regiment, and as he had a splendid view of the Spaniards from his place of vantage he used his skill with great effect. The men behind were silently admiring the coolness and bravery of their comrade when suddenly he was seen to throw up his hands and roll over. He had been discovered and shot by one of the Spaniards in the palm trees.

Sergeant Quinn, who had noticed the sharpshooter's plight, ran out of cover and to his aid. There was not much more to do for him. Quinn had hardly lifted up the wounded man when the latter died. He had been shot through the left breast. Quinn took the body and also Wiles's gun and returned with his burden to the firing line, which he reached uninjured.

Quinn was lucky on this day. Some time later he was dressing the wound of Major Ellis, of the Thirteenth, when a shell burst above them; the fragments whizzed all around and between them, tearing the bandage out of Quinn's hand and wounding Ellis a second time. But the sergeant was not hurt.

For his bravery at San Juan he was afterwards awarded the Medal of Honor.

The center of the attacking line was farther away from the enemy than the cavalry, and not so fortunate. The Third Brigade of General Kent's division lost its commander, the gallant Colonel Wickoff, who was instantly killed by a bullet while exposing himself in establishing a line. The command devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Worth, of the Thirteenth Infantry, who soon fell also, severely



"QUINN TOOK THE BODY AND RETURNED."

wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Liscum, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, took the command, but within five minutes he too was wounded. Finally Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers, of the Ninth Infantry, took charge of the brigade.



GEORGE H. NEE,
Private, Co. H, 21st U. S. Infantry.

The Twenty-first Infantry, of Pearson's brigade, advancing between the Second and Tenth Infantry, got into an exposed position near a pass on top of a hill, and the enemy's cross-fire did much execution. Company H was detailed to hold the pass. In an effort to do so this company advanced still farther and got into a position which proved untenable. The company commander ordered his men back into a better place, where there was at least some shelter. After the company had been established here it was discovered that two men were lost in the previous position. Volunteers were called to bring them in. Private George H. Nee responded at once, offering to take one end of the stretcher if somebody could be found to take the other one. Thomas Kelly, another brave soldier of the same company, was

willing. While they departed, Corporal Thomas M. Doherty and Corporal John F. De Swan joined them to act as escort. They had to make their way about 150 yards towards the enemy, who opened an intense fire on them. Nevertheless, the intrepid men found their comrades, but one was already dead, the other dying. They picked both up and returned to their company's position. All four were presented with the Medal of Honor.

In a similar way did Privates Alfred Poland and James J. Nash, of Company F, Tenth United States Infantry, earn their Medals. They were fighting by the side of the Twenty-first, and went back towards the Spanish line to rescue some fallen comrades. They managed to get them out without being injured themselves.

The whole American line was now under such severe fire from the hills that the situation soon became unbearable. There was no other way to get out of this inferno of bullets and shrapnel but to charge. And this was done. Suddenly there rose a cheer from a group of about fifty men in the American center, and they were seen dashing forward and up the hill with the impetuosity of a storm-cloud. Right and left the men followed, wildly cheering. Within a minute the whole line was in the charge. It was reckless and desperate work. The numberless wire fences in the wide bottom in front had to be cut and torn down in full view of the enemy, who sent volley after volley into the thin line of brave Americans. There were many casualties, but no signs of wavering. "Forward!" was the parole.

The Spaniards did their utmost to hold their own, but it could not be done. On all the four hills occupied by the defense the Americans appeared almost simultaneously and drove out the Spaniards, who ran in a wild rush for the second line

of defense, about three-quarters of a mile to the rear. By 2 o'clock the Americans were occupying the position, but the situation remained critical.

The artillery had come up shortly after 2 o'clock and, posted on the second hill from the right, opened fire on the second line of the Spaniards. But the heavy puffs of smoke made the guns conspicuous and they had to withdraw behind the crest.

Parker's Gatling guns took position to the right of the cavalry and just in time to take, under fire, the retreating remnants of the Spanish forces from El Caney. The troops were first thought by the Americans to be re-enforcements for the enemy, and General Kent sent the Thirteenth and the Twenty-first Regiments to strengthen the right flank. But the Spaniards had enough; although the firing continued until sunset, it was soon felt that the enemy was beaten. The victors spent the night in the trenches, with gun in hand, among their dead and wounded.

Thus ended this awful but glorious day.

The losses of the Americans in this battle were: Eighteen officers and 117 men killed; 111 officers and 686 men wounded.

The loss of the enemy was considerable in prisoners, over 200, but the casualties were probably not as numerous as in the attacking line, because the defenders were scarcely visible throughout the fight.

The attack of General Duffield's brigade did not go beyond Aguadores. The regiment marching at the head of the column, the Thirty-third Michigan Volunteers, received the fire from the Spanish artillery while deploying at the railroad station at Aguadores. One man was killed and several were wounded.

At midnight General Bates's brigade reached the firing line and was assigned the extreme left of the position; General Lawton's division arrived at 7 o'clock in the morning of the 2d and deployed to the right of the cavalry.

The Americans were aware that the second Spanish position was possibly stronger even than the first, and the troops lost no time in fortifying themselves as best they could against a possible surprise in the night. By the break of day the whole American line was entrenched, the cannon behind emplacements. The Thirty-fourth Michigan and Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, of General Duffield's brigade, reached the front to act as a reserve.

When daylight came on the 2d of July the battle was renewed. But this time the Americans were protected, and it was soon felt that they could easily hold their ground. When the Spaniards attempted an attack, towards 10 o'clock in the forenoon, they were easily repulsed at all points.



THOMAS M. DOHERTY,
Corporal Company H, 21st U. S. Infantry,
Born in Ireland, February 8, 1874.



"THEY MANAGED TO GET THEM OUT WITHOUT BEING INJURED THEMSELVES."

It happened during this attack that in the trench of the Ninth U. S. Infantry a soldier was hit in the chest, and in his agony jumped up and rolled over the embankment toward the side of the enemy. First Lieutenant Ira C. Welborn, who was right behind his men on the line, seeing this got up and carried the wounded man back into a place of safety. The act was done without paying the slightest attention to the danger of the whizzing Mauser bullets; Welborn received for it the Medal of Honor.

At 9 o'clock in the evening there was another alarm. An American advance post was attacked by the Spaniards, and soon the lines were firing again. But this was only of short duration, yet not without casualties, among them the commander of Lawton's brigade, General Hawkins, who received a wound in the leg.

The night of the 2d to the 3d of July was passed again in the trenches. The hardships of the troops were fearful. The soldiers were lying in the ditches half-filled with water; there was absolutely no shelter from the scorching rays of the sun and the drenching flood of the tropical rain; the food, as little as was to be had, was of poor condition, and in many instances could not be eaten at all, but what the suffering soldiers regretted most of all was the lack of tobacco.

The greatest hardships fell to the lot of the wounded. The few surgeons at the front were overworked; many of the wounded were lying helplessly in the rain on the soaking ground, without blankets, without the slightest comfort, in many cases even without a bit to eat or to drink. It is doubtful whether at any time or on any occasion the endurance and patience of the soldiers were so intensely tested as immediately after the battles of El Caney and San Juan.

On the morning of the 3d the fusillade began again, but only in a desultory way. It ceased towards noon, its substitute being the tremendous roar of the heavy ships' guns in the naval battle of Santiago.

The total loss of the Americans at both El Caney and San Juan was, according to General Shafter's report, 32 officers and 208 men killed, 81 officers and 1,203 men wounded, out of a supposed strength on the firing line of 12,000 men.

The Spaniards lost two generals, Vara del Rey, killed during the attack on El Caney, and their commander-in-chief, Linares, wounded by a shot through the left shoulder; also Captain Bustamente, Cervera's chief-of-staff, mortally wounded at the attack of San Juan.

General Toral was now in command in Santiago.

Toral received during the forenoon of this day the demand by the American general to surrender unconditionally. In case of refusal Shafter announced the bombardment of Santiago, and requested the withdrawal of the foreign residents, the women and the children, by 10 A. M. of the 4th. Toral refused to capitulate; upon the request of representatives of foreign powers, who came out personally to the American commander, the latter granted a prolongation of the proposed armistice until the 5th of July.



"HE CARRIED THE WOUNDED MAN BACK INTO A PLACE OF SAFETY."

In the night of the 2d to the 3d of July the Spaniards received re-enforcements through the arrival of Colonel Escario with 3,000 men. General Garcia, who had been sent against these latter with 4,000 Cubans to drive them back, failed in his task.

On both sides the armistice was used to strengthen the lines, but after all, and especially after the destruction of the Spanish naval squadron became known, everyone felt that the Spanish cause was lost.

While thus the army had won laurels for the American nation on land, greater glory was gained by her fighting sons on the sea.

NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

ON the 2d of July Admiral Cervera, pursuant to orders received, withdrew his sailors from the trenches on shore and prepared for his last and terrible task, the escape from Santiago. The admiral and his officers knew only too well that it was a forlorn hope. But the order of the captain-general had to be obeyed. "Ship with the greatest dispatch all your seamen and leave at once with the squadron." This was the message received.

What must have been the thoughts of these unfortunate men, who all knew that they were standing on the threshold of certain destruction; that they had now to sacrifice themselves, and a useless sacrifice at the best.

Blanco's message came in the morning. Cervera gave the order at once to have steam ready by 2 P. M. Then he summoned his captains, Moreu of the Colon, Lagaza of the Oquendo, Eulate of the Vizcaya, his flag-captain, Conchas, Villaamil, the commanders of the destroyers, and the second in command, Commodore de Paredes of the Colon.

In the ensuing conference it was decided to leave on the next morning, Sunday, the 3d, at 9:30. Captain Moreu of the Colon was in favor of going out by night; he had to yield, however, to the majority. It is also rumored that the captains, or some of them, proposed disobeying Blanco's order. Cervera would not hear of that, so the final conclusion was reached.

On the night of the 2d the cruisers got their boats aboard and shortened cables, and a little gunboat, the Alvarado, removed some mines in the channel west of Caya Smith to open the way.

Innumerable were the criticisms coming forth afterwards against Cervera's choice of daytime for his flight. There were also weighty voices, even from some American naval officers, who sided with the Spanish admiral. But how could anyone know the true motives governing Cervera, where the chances were so manifold and uncertain, and how can full justice be done to the question without a thorough and unimpeachable knowledge of these motives?

The American fleet off the port kept as strict a vigilance as ever and never detached more than one or two of the heavy ships at the same time, thus always preserving an overwhelming superiority to the enemy.

The American commander-in-chief had his fleet divided into two squadrons: The New York, Oregon, Iowa, New Orleans, Mayflower and Porter, under his immediate command, guarded the eastern side of the entrance; the Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Marblehead and Vixen, under Schley, watched the western part.

On July 1st the New York and Iowa had been bombarding Santiago, assisting the army in its attack. On the 2d the bombardment was repeated.

On the morning of July 3d the Massachusetts left the blockading line for Guantanamo to coal, whence the Iowa had just arrived on the previous day with bunkers filled. Towards 9 o'clock the New York, accompanied by the Hist and the Ericsson, left also for Siboney, as Admiral Sampson was to attend a conference on shore there with General Shafter.

The move of these vessels was signaled from the Morro to Cervera, and this was, no doubt, another motive for his choice of hour for departure.

It was a most beautiful day, still and clear, and the crews on the American warships prepared quietly for their customary Sunday's inspection.

The ships then on guard off the harbor, ranging from west to east, were the Vixen, Brooklyn, Texas, Iowa, Oregon, Indiana and Gloucester; they were in command of the following officers: Vixen, Lieutenant A. Sharp; Brooklyn, Captain Francis A. Cook; Texas, Captain John W. Philip; Iowa, Captain Robley D. Evans; Oregon, Captain Charles E. Clarke; Indiana, Captain H. C. Taylor, and the little Gloucester, a converted yacht, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright.

The ships' bells rang out three times; it was 9:30.

On the Iowa the inspection had just been ended, and the lieutenant of the watch was ascending the bridge to relieve the navigator who had taken the watch during inspection, when the latter cried out: "What's that black thing there, coming out of the harbor? Hoist the signal!" And up went the afore-prepared signal, "The enemy is trying to escape," and the ship's gong gave the alarm to the crew.

The whole fleet was aware of what was happening yonder at the entrance. The narrow channel looked darkened by the stately black hull of the first Spanish cruiser, the Maria Teresa, with the red and yellow emblem of Spain flying from her mastheads. Thick clouds of smoke rolled over the channel, announcing the other ships of Cervera, while all the Americans rushed in concentric lines upon the entrance to the attack.

There was a flash on the Spanish cruiser, and the first shell came tearing towards the Brooklyn, striking the water in front of her. The sound of heavy cannon soon filled the air. The Spanish cruisers were now all out, nicely distanced in line ahead, with speed increasing every second, and in the order Teresa, Vizcaya, Colon, Oquendo, the two torpedo boat destroyers Pluton and Furor trying to make the entrance and gain the off-side of their ships.

On the American ships the men in the stoke-holds strained mind and muscle to their utmost to create speed, the power in which the enemy was said to excel.

When the Spaniards first emerged from the harbor they made apparently straight for the Brooklyn, which was then head-on almost in front of them. Captain Cook ported the helm of his vessel and had her circle off to starboard in order to prevent the enemy from getting between him and the rest of the American ships. The little Vixen hurried as fast as possible away from the front of the Spaniards towards the lee of her own fleet.

When the smoke-clouds began to gather around the American squadron, among the earth-rending roar of its mighty cannon, the Brooklyn seemed to be the only object the Spaniards cared for, and enveloped in a blazing, belching wreath of fire, this gallant ship seemed to be the match for all.

Minutes stood for ages in these early moments of the fearful fight.

Presently on the starboard quarter of the lonely Brooklyn loomed up the gigantic form of a battleship driving forward like a moving volcano, with glaring sheets of fire flying from her mighty sides, wrapped in waving mountains of smoke, an immense, overpowering, glorious sight. " 'Tis the Oregon," said Executive Mason to the commodore.

As the ships gained speed and the smoke would part for a second or two the flagship obtained glimpses of details of the cruel, although magnificent spectacle. Right behind the Oregon, somewhat on her port quarters, the sturdy Texas was plowing along putting shot and shell into the fleeing and hapless Spanish cruisers in front of her, while the powerful Iowa, her tall stacks showing above the dense smoke, with flames like glaring streamers issuing from their tops, followed. Farther to the rear the Indiana, of slower speed, strained both her artillery and engines to the extreme limit in order to do all the execution possible during the short space of time allotted to her on account of the swiftness of the chase.

The gun-fire of the American ships was probably the most terrific cannonade ever brought into play in all the history of warfare. Its tremendous power showed after a few minutes. The Teresa was seen to be on fire, and shortly before 10 o'clock she turned in-shore and ran aground at Nima-Nima cove, six and a half miles from the Morro. Only two miles farther to the west the Oquendo, also on fire, did the same. Both ships struck their flags.

The two destroyers Pluton and Furor were demolished after they had hardly come out of the entrance. Several of the big ships, the Iowa, Texas and Indiana, directed their light batteries against them, and the Gloucester, her captain, Wainwright, driving her in with conspicuous boldness, finished them. Most of their crews, among them Captain Villaamil, perished by the American shells or drowning.

The Vizcaya and Colon still held out; the latter had overhauled the Vizcaya and was fast drawing away from her pursuers. So it happened that the fire of three near vessels, the Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas, was concentrated upon the unfortunate Vizcaya. Finally, enveloped in flames, with the torpedo boat Ericsson close astern

ready to torpedo her, she turned also in-shore at about 11 o'clock, near Aserraderos fifteen miles from Morro.

By this time the Colon was far enough ahead to be practically out of range. She was still gaining on her enemies. The latter consisted now of the Brooklyn, the Oregon and the Texas, with the little Vixen in the wake of the flagship. The other ships, Iowa and Indiana, were called off to return to their blockading station by the New York. This ship was about seven miles to the east from Morro when the Spaniards dashed out; she turned immediately and took up the chase, followed by the Ericsson.

The Colon had so far been most lucky. She left the harbor third in the line, being, when passing the entrance, only between 2,800 and 3,000 yards distant from the Iowa, Indiana, Texas and Oregon. All these ships fired at her, but possibly their main attention was concentrated upon the other three Spanish cruisers, and their light batteries fired at the destroyers, which were just then visible in the entrance. The Colon may also have improved her chance by shaping her course inside of the other Spanish vessels. Enough, she drew away and out of the reach of fire comparatively uninjured.

When the Vizcaya ran aground the hope entertained on the Colon for escaping must have been stronger than ever; but it did not last long. Spanish machinists and firemen were not to be classed with their American brethren in the profession. It is probable that at the time of her greatest speed she made sixteen or seventeen knots; this fell to twelve knots about noon. Soon the pursuers drew near, and the Oregon opened fire, sending two of her projectiles from the forward thirteen-inch guns after the fleeing Spaniard. Within a short time both Oregon and Brooklyn were close enough to use their forward eight-inch guns. After the first shot struck her, Captain Moreu, probably utterly disheartened, turned his ship in-shore a few minutes past 1 o'clock, near Rio Tarquino, fifty-five miles from the Morro, and struck the flag.

The American ships, the Brooklyn, Oregon, Texas and Vixen, soon surrounded her, and while Commodore de Paredes and Captain Moreu surrendered to Captain Cook, sent on board by Commodore Schley, the New York, with the commander-in-chief, also came up. The struggle was over.

Within less than five hours six modern and powerful Spanish vessels were destroyed by the fire of the opposing American fleet.

It was on the same afternoon that the commander-in-chief, Admiral Sampson, announced this glorious achievement to the American people in the following dispatch which was sent from Playa, Haiti, on the following day:

"The fleet under my command offers the nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet. No one escaped. It attempted to escape at 9:30 A. M., and at 2 P. M. the last, the Cristobal Colon, had run ashore sixty miles west of Santiago and has let down her colors. The Infanta Maria Teresa, Oquendo and Vizcaya were forced ashore, burned and blown up within twenty miles of Santiago; the Furor and Pluton were destroyed within four miles of the port. Loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss probably several hundred from gun fire, explosions and drowning. About 1,300 prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the Brooklyn.

"SAMPSON."

President McKinley answered as follows to Admiral Sampson:

“You have the gratitude and congratulations of the whole American people. Convey to your noble officers and crews, through whose valor new honors have been added to the Americans, the grateful thanks and appreciation of the nation.

“WM. MCKINLEY.”

Now to details.

In the first place the American officers and crews were so far superior in professional training and ability to their enemy that this fact could not fail to impress every man, from the highest to the most humble of the victors, and create an exuberance of spirit, daring and certainty of success which marks the action of the stronger in every walk of life.

The Spaniards, on the other hand, felt hopeless, from their admiral down the scale, and whatever activity or energy they showed was instigated by a mingled feeling of old-fashioned pride and desperate courage to show themselves worthy of their fancied reputation and come out alive. To deny the enemy great individual courage would be an injustice, and the personal tales of the victors bear out this view.

Finally, after the fight, during the rescue of the survivors and the surrender of the fallen foe, there were scenes so touching and dramatic that they really form the most impressive and interesting incidents of the momentous struggle.

When the *Teresa* rounded Socapa Point and her first guns opened fire upon the *Brooklyn*, Admiral Cervera dismissed his pilot, warning him to lose no time, as death and carnage were about to envelop the ship. “And do not forget to show them my certificate,” concluded the considerate old warrior, “so that they pay you for to-day’s service.”

The *Iowa* was the first American ship to return the fire; the others followed suit immediately and almost simultaneously. But the first shots of the Americans fell short. This was plainly observed by Assistant Engineer Bennett, of the *New York*, who, while his ship was swiftly approaching, saw the sea whipped into a veritable line of moving foam by the rain of shot striking the water some distance from the fleeing targets.

The foremost Spanish ship apparently intended either to ram or cut off the *Brooklyn*, which the latter prevented by her loop to starboard. This manœuvre was dangerous, undoubtedly, in the dense smoke, on account of the nearness of the other battleships.

It seems that the distance over which the farthest ships, the *Iowa* and *Indiana*, opened fire on the first Spanish cruiser was in the neighborhood of 5,000 yards. All five ships, the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, *Texas*, *Iowa* and *Indiana*, directed their heavy fire naturally on the foremost enemy, the *Teresa*, with the result that within five minutes the smoke-cloud, enveloping her and testifying to her lively firing, had disappeared, and instead flames were shooting up from different parts of the deck. An 8-inch shell, probably from the *Brooklyn*, struck on one of the 5-inch gun-shields, exploded, upset two of these guns and killed every one of their crew, besides wound-

ing many others of the second battery. Two 13-inch shells, which must have been fired by the Oregon, struck the hull right under the after barbette and exploded in the after torpedo-room. Almost every man in there was killed, the few survivors fearfully mutilated, the whole inside of the after part of the ship wrecked and a huge hole torn in the starboard side. Another big shell exploded about the same time right over her engine-room, its whizzing fragments spreading death and wreckage over this part of the ship. Besides there was the rain of smaller shells, six-pounders, one-pounders, 4-inch and 5-inch rapid-fire guns. The Spanish admiral and his flag-captain stood on the bridge amidst the infernal fire, observing the awful carnage and waiting for the fast approaching end. Captain Conchas was shot down by the admiral's side, and five of the other officers had been killed or wounded. It was difficult for the Spanish sailors to fulfill their duties under these conditions. And then it happened that cartridges did not fit the guns; that as many as seven had to be tried before one was found to fit. The fire was now blazing fiercely over the ship fore and aft; Cervera's order to flood the magazines could not be obeyed, as the men could not get to the valves on account of the overpowering smoke. The ammunition hoists became jammed, perhaps through the heat; the men no longer stood to their guns in the secondary batteries. There was no use carrying this on longer, and there was no way out. The admiral, with his heart heavy and hope vanquished, gave the command, and the Spanish cruiser, only a few minutes before so stately and strong, lay aground on the rocks of the beach a burning wreck, in whose flame-lined interior scores of wretched human beings were helplessly perishing in a most awful manner. All those who were able went overboard and tried to reach the shore by swimming. Admiral Cervera left the ship dressed in underclothes and, assisted by his son, Lieutenant Angel Cervera, reached the land in safety. Soon a cutter approached from the Gloucester under Acting Ensign Edson and the difficult work of rescuing those who still remained on the burning ship was taken up by the brave Yankee sailors with the greatest devotion and self-exposure. Cervera and the men on shore surrendered as prisoners of war and were first conveyed on board the Gloucester, where the Spanish admiral donned a light flannel suit of Captain Wainwright's. Later he was taken before the American admiral, who received and treated him with distinction. The loss of the Teresa's crew of 550 men was 46 killed and 110 wounded. The prisoners were afterwards taken on board the Harvard and brought to the United States.

The Oquendo shared the fate of the Teresa a few minutes later. This ship, the last in the Spanish line, was hit several times before she even got out of the channel. Then she had to run the gauntlet of the whole American squadron. She was struck oftener than any other Spanish ship; the American officers counted fifty-seven shell-holes on the wreck, but a good many other evidences of good marksmanship must have been obliterated by the final fire which also accompanied the destruction of this ship. An 8-inch shell from the Iowa passed through the port-hole of the forward turret, scouring the gun and exploding inside. Every man in

the turret was killed; the Americans afterwards found the dead gun-crew exactly in the positions in which they fell. In the sighting-hood the dead gun-captain was still apparently in the act of laying the gun, and another dead gunner still had his hand on the lever with which to operate the running-out machinery.

In the after-turret the air became so close that the lieutenant commanding the gun stepped to the door in the rear, opening it. At this moment a shell struck him, tearing his body to fragments. Another American shell struck in the after torpedo-room and detonated a 14-inch Schwartzkopf torpedo with terrific effect. The after part of the ship was completely wrecked thereby, and the fire-mains were broken. Fire started here with such intensity that it could not be controlled. An 8-inch shell dismounted three of the 5-inch guns in the port secondary battery, killing or disabling most of their crews. Flames sprung up on the orlop deck forward, created by an exploding 8-inch shell. The cannonade opening now against this ship made it an abode of hell. The whole American fleet directed its guns upon this unfortunate Spaniard, the Oregon at 1,500 yards, the Texas at 2,200 yards, the Iowa at 2,800 yards, the Brooklyn at 2,500 yards and the Indiana at 5,000 yards. There was no hope for this vessel; her doom was more absolute even than any of the others. Captain Lagaza turned her in-shore about two miles west from where the Teresa lay. When the Oquendo struck, both of her military masts fell and her commander, it is reported, blew out his brains in the conning-tower. The survivors of the crew were saved by boats of the Gloucester and Harvard. From a complement of 475 men 70 perished, and among the prisoners there were about 80 wounded.

When the Teresa struck the Vizcaya headed the Spanish line. This gallant ship under her brave commander, Eulate, offered by far the best resistance on the part of the Spaniards. What Eulate wanted was to disable the Brooklyn, he nourishing a hope—which would have proved vain though—that he could escape from the other American ships. But the punishment they all inflicted upon his vessel was terrible.

The Spanish gunners in the secondary battery would not stand by their guns where an incessant rain of shell and splinters swept them down and away; the officers were said to have shot several sailors who refused to keep their stations. Even in the military masts almost every one was killed by this time. The few men left perished later on when both masts fell. Horrible scenes happened on this ship. In the sick-bay the surgeons were working with superhuman effort to alleviate the cruel suffering when a shell came tearing along, exploding above and setting fire to this part of the ship. Surgeons and hospital stewards had to flee for their lives, and the wretched men in the sick-bay were left to their awful fate. A shell crashed into Captain Eulate's cabin and started a fire in the after part of the ship. One 8-inch shell struck forward, exploding inside and killing or mutilating nearly sixty men. An officer on board described the terrible situation thus:

“I do not believe that a man on our ship did a cowardly act, but many of us were perfectly distracted. The exploding shells, the shriek and the roar of the missiles

passing over us, and the rattle of the lighter shot on the steel deck made a fearful din. After about fifteen minutes I did not hear a single command given. The officers screamed their orders for a while, but soon they could not make themselves heard and there were few to obey,

In the engine-room the chief engineer and the greater part of his force had been killed by escaping steam from the steam-pipe, which was hit several times by shells or flying debris; the pumps were choked up and the revolving cranks blinded those who were left with flying water and oil. Captain Eulate was wounded in the head and on the side by fragments of an exploding shell. At 11 o'clock, or shortly after, he beached his ship near Aserraderos and struck the flag.

The surviving members of the crew of this vessel were in the greatest distress, for the ship was burning furiously and it was well-nigh impossible to stay on board any longer. On the shore waited the Cuban insurgents for the Spaniards, and several of the latter were shot while trying to save themselves.

It was the Iowa under Evans which brought relief to the suffering men. Evans stopped the insurgents and sent boats which rescued the survivors. Of the Vizcaya's crew of 491 men nearly 200 were killed and many wounded. When Captain Eulate was carried on to the deck of the Iowa in a chair he made an effort to rise, saluted Captain Evans gravely, unbuckled his sword, kissed the hilt affectionately and then, silent and grief-stricken, tendered the weapon to Captain Evans. The American commander refused by gesture to accept it, saying at the same time that he would not take the sword from so brave an enemy. At these chivalrous words his whole crew broke into cheers. It was a grand moment and the Spanish captain seemed greatly moved. A Spanish lieutenant, Louis Fajardo y Pinzon, impressed the Americans by his manful behavior. When reaching the deck he stood erect and saluted ceremoniously while it was seen that his left arm had been shot off above the elbow and was dangling from the stump by part of a muscle.

The officers and crew of the American ship behaved splendidly toward the stricken foe; they clothed the Spaniards, who were all naked, and provided food and other comforts for them.

It was just fifty-six minutes after the first Spanish cruiser had been discovered dashing out of the harbor that the Iowa ceased firing and lowered her boats for the rescue.

Now only the Colon was left. This ship was the best and the swiftest of the whole squadron; her extensive armor was undoubtedly an admirable protection for the men behind it, and also for the vessel itself. As she did not have her two 10-inch guns she was lighter, and the decrease in weight ought to have added to her speed. She was rated at over twenty-one knots. But after about two hours' effort, during which she may have made sixteen or seventeen knots, she fell back to twelve knots, and the Oregon and Brooklyn soon had her at their mercy.

Hardly had the first shot struck her when she was turned in-shore and the white flag hoisted. The crew threw the breech-blocks of the guns overboard, and in the stoke-holds the sea-valves were opened.

While Captain Cook rushed alongside in his steam-launch, by order of the commodore, to receive the surrender, the Brooklyn and Oregon detailed prize-crews in a hurry to save the ship. These crews were sent on board, but nothing could be done with the hull.

When Sampson had examined the situation he ordered his flagship forthwith to make an attempt to push the Spanish ship higher up on to the beach to prevent her from slipping into deep water. But it was of no avail. The Colon capsized and remained in such a position that subsequent efforts to save her proved fruitless.

The loss of the crew amounted to only one killed; the rest of the 566 men and the officers were made prisoners of war.

The greatest loss and severest punishment throughout this fight were sustained by the two destroyers, Pluton and Furor. The Pluton was commanded by Lieutenant Vasquez, the Furor by Lieutenant Carlier; on board this latter vessel was the flotilla-commander, Captain Villaamil.

As soon as these two hapless craft appeared in the entrance the Gloucester and the light batteries of the Iowa, Indiana and Texas opened on them. The unequal struggle lasted only a few minutes, although the destroyers defended themselves vigorously with their 14-pounders and 6-pounders. They made no attempt to use their 14-inch torpedoes.

The Pluton was already leaking badly and making for the shore at Punta Cabrera when a 13-inch shell from the Indiana struck her amidships. The forward boilers were exploded by the terrific shock; all the men in her stoke-hold except two were killed by the scalding steam. She sank in shallow water near the shore. Of her crew of eighty men twenty-six were saved by the Gloucester; the rest perished.

On the Furor a shell tore the boatswain to pieces and portions of his body became entangled in the steering gear. American shells exploded her ammunition and one 6-pounder shell exploded in the engine-room, killing both engineers. The ship was burning inside from stem to stern. She showed the white flag in a sinking condition. Most of the survivors jumped overboard and were rescued by the Gloucester. This happened shortly after the Oquendó had run ashore.

The New York, while passing in her chase after the cruisers, fired her only shots in the battle, three 4-inch shells, at these vessels when they were already about done up by the other ships. Captain Villaamil was hit in the abdomen by a 6-pounder shell, which tore the entrails out, and of the vessel's crew of eighty men about forty survived.

The loss of the American fleet was in all one man killed and two wounded. The killed was Chief Yeoman George H. Ellis of the Brooklyn. It happened during the engagement with the Vizcaya. Ellis was standing near Commodore Schley with his instrument to measure the distance. The commodore happened to ask: "How far?" Ellis answered: "Seventeen hundred, sir." Schley thought it a little farther, and said so. Ellis remarked: "I just took it, sir, but I will try again." He stepped off to the side and had just raised the instrument when a shell struck him in the face,

taking off his head above the chin. Officers went to the body and were about to throw it overboard when Schley stopped them, directing that the body should be covered with a flag and properly buried after the battle.

The Brooklyn was hit twenty times by whole shot, besides many times by fragments of shells and machine-gun projectiles, her flag on the main and her signal halyards were destroyed, and she received other damage, none of which, however, proved serious.

The Iowa was also hit eleven times, but no serious injury was done.

The American ships fired in this engagement 9,429 shots, distributed as follows: Brooklyn 1,973; Oregon 1,903; Indiana 1,876; Iowa 1,473; Gloucester 1,369 and Texas 835.

CLOSING EVENTS OF THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN

THE purpose of the expedition, the destruction of Cervera's fleet, was now an accomplished fact, and as the provisions in Santiago were known to be scanty and insufficient, the surrender of the place was only a question of a short space of time.

It was probably for this reason that Shafter did not reopen hostilities on the 5th of July, although the truce ended on this day. On the next day Shafter demanded anew the surrender; Toral asked and obtained time to communicate with his government.

On the 9th of July re-enforcements arrived for the Americans, the First Illinois and the First District of Columbia Regiments, under General Randolph; the prisoners of the Merrimac were exchanged on this day.

The Spaniards were informed that hostilities would be definitely considered as reopened on the afternoon of the 10th at 4 o'clock.

On that day the Spaniards were the first to open fire, which was vigorously answered by both the American ships and land forces.

But the Spaniards soon ceased firing; our troops continued until darkness set in.

The next day the American bombardment was renewed, the Spaniards answering only with a desultory, weak fire.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the Spanish general was again asked to surrender, with the additional proviso that the Spanish troops, after disarmament, would obtain free transportation to their home country.

On the 12th Toral declared his willingness to surrender, and on the same day General Miles arrived before Santiago, not to take the supreme command, but to get a personal insight in the situation.

On the 14th of July the three generals, Shafter, Miles and Toral, met and concluded the capitulation of the part of Cuba to the southeast of the line connecting Asseraderos, Palma Soriano and Sagua de Tanamo.

On the 17th of July the Spaniards laid down their arms and the stars and stripes were hoisted over Santiago.

Affairs looked very bad in Santiago after the surrender. The population as well as the military forces were fairly starved and the aid extended immediately by the United States forces furnishing provisions averted a catastrophe which would have cost more lives than the bullets and shells in the fights of the previous days. The Spaniards cultivated the friendship of our troops and all hardships of the campaign were forgotten. Few, however, had anything but contempt for the insurgents. Their conduct had thus far been such that a hatred rather than a comradeship for them had been developed among our troops.

During and after the operations against Santiago there were smaller expeditions at several points of the coast, mainly to keep in touch with the insurgents and to reconnoiter.

In these exploits several Medals of Honor were earned by some of the participants, the details of which are given on this and the following pages.

AN act of singular bravery was performed on the 20th of July on board the Iowa by two members of her engineers' force.

Shortly before 7 o'clock in the morning it happened that a manhole gasket blew out in one of the boilers of fire-room No. 2. The fire-room immediately filled with live steam and the floor was covered with boiling water, flying from the boiler under a pressure of 120 pounds. Coppersmith P. B. Keefer and Second-class Fireman Robert Penn, who were stationed in adjoining compartments, rushed instantly to the rescue. Penn entered fire-room No. 2 just in time to save an injured coal-passer from falling into the boiling water which covered the floor. He carried the man, who had both feet scalded and a wound on his forehead, to a safe place and then ran back. Keefer, who heard the noise, had in the meantime dashed below and found his way through the blinding steam to the two inboard furnaces and hauled the fires. In the meantime Penn had the extra feed pump turned on in the after fire-hold and built a bridge by throwing a plank across some ash buckets. Fireman Smith, who wished to assist Keefer, had both legs terribly scalded by the boiling water on the floor. Penn, while Passed Assistant Engineer Stockney held the plank in place, then hauled the two remaining fires, and thus the imminent danger of an explosion was averted by his and Keefer's fearlessness and quickness. Both men were awarded the Medal of Honor.



ROBERT PENN,
Second-class Fireman, U. S. Iowa.
Born at City Point, Va.



"AN EXPLOSION WAS AVERTED BY THEIR QUICKNESS."



SAMUEL TRIPLETT,
Seaman, U. S. S. Marblehead.
Born in Cherokee County, Kansas,
December 18, 1869.

BEFORE the American troops could be landed at Guantanamo Bay a problem presented itself to the navy the solution of which demanded tests of reckless courage and heroic intrepidity. The entrance to the bay was guarded by mines, and these had to be destroyed before the transports could attempt to enter and approach the shore. These mines were formidable affairs, French made and so constructed as to explode forty-five kilograms of guncotton at a time from a mere forty-pound blow. In other words, a ship striking them with the force equal to that blow would cause an explosion sufficient to destroy the vessel and send most of its human cargo into eternity.

To clear the harbor of these dangerous obstructions was the problem. It was accomplished by the men from the cruiser Marblehead on July 26 and 27, 1898. One of them was Seaman Samuel Triplett, who gives an interesting description of the manner in which the dangerous task was completed.

“We approached the mines in two small boats,” he says. “Our boats, connected by ropes and a chain, which formed a sort of drag, moved along abreast and kept a distance of fifty yards apart.

“The Spaniards ashore eyed us keenly as we rowed toward them, and fully understanding our design waited with their fire until we would be within their reach. No sooner had we come within reach of their fire than they began to open up on us, and for a time it rained bullets and deadly missiles. Their fire did little damage, and a number of steam launches which accompanied us on the expedition protected us from a more direct and certainly more effective attack.

“As soon as the chain would strike a mine we would close in upon it, cautiously approach it and cut the contact wires. Then we would destroy the dangerous contents and render the mine harmless. In this manner we proceeded from one mine to the other until they were all disabled and the bay was cleared.

“The task was perilous in the extreme, but was accomplished expeditiously and without the loss of a single man.”



RAN INTO AN AMBUSCADE



J. W. HEARD,
 Captain, Third U. S. Cavalry.
 Born at Woodstock Plantations, Miss.,
 March 27, 1860.

EARLY in July, 1898, and immediately after the battles around Santiago, expeditions were fitted out by the United States Government to bring supplies of ammunition to the insurgents in Cuba, of which it was known they were in great need. Such expeditions were dangerous undertakings, as great energy and daring had to be exhibited if a successful landing of the cargo of such ships was to be accomplished without drawing the attention of the enemy. The Spaniards, in a case of premature detection of such expeditions, would always have the advantage over the landing parties on account of their positions, and under such circumstances the Americans were naturally compelled to retreat.

Such an expedition was conducted by Captain J. W. Heard, Third United States Cavalry, on the wooden transport *Wanderer*. With a force of eleven men from his own cavalry regiment and about forty or fifty Cuban filibusters from the United States, he was to land supplies and ammunition for the Cuban forces. The landing was attempted near the mouth of the Mani-Mani River, in the Province of Pinar del Rio, and was quite a risky enterprise on account of the close proximity of the Spanish garrison of Bahia Hondo, only six miles distant.

The boat had made the voyage without a convoy, and therefore the expedition had to rely on the energy and foresight of the commander alone.

It was early in the morning of July 23d when the boat arrived in sight of the Cuban shore. When about 400 yards from the mouth of the river and shore, small boats were lowered and supplies were taken to shore under personal direction of Captain Heard.

The arrangements were that a large Cuban force should be present to receive the supplies, but this "large" force was missing. In place of it about 200 Cuban patriots were scattered along the shore, proving of very little assistance. The surroundings of the landing place were carefully reconnoitered, the sandy beach as well as the almost impenetrable jungle back of it and the beautiful and grand mountainsides in the background showing no signs of the enemy. The filibusters and soldiers landed and commenced discharging their boat-loads, when suddenly a heavy fire was opened from the woods and a force of about 1,000 Spanish cavalymen broke forth and dashed at the landing party.

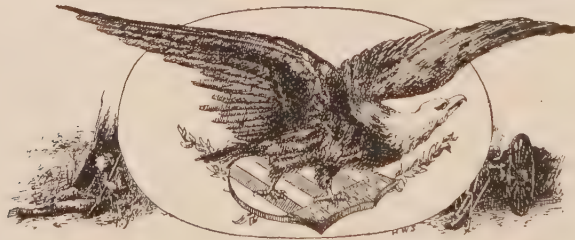
The surprise was great, and a panic would have followed had not Captain Heard kept cool-headed during the next few moments of excitement.

He ordered his men to lie down and open a rapid fire on the advancing Spaniards. Many saddles were emptied and the dash was checked. While the enemy was retiring to shelter Captain Heard hurriedly ordered his little force to re-embark and hastily return to the Wanderer.

Wheelsman William Davis and Seaman William Ross, also the Cubans, Benito Sabata, Gabriel Alvarey, Felix Lopez and Rojolu Garcia were severely wounded, and only the energy displayed by the captain saved them from falling into the hands of the Spaniards. The retreat was executed just in time, for no sooner had the boats reached the side of the Wanderer than the enemy again burst forth and opened a concentrated fire on the boat. No one on board was hit, however, and with the scars of hundreds of bullets marking her sides the Wanderer put out to sea.

As shown by later reports the Spaniards lost heavily in this engagement, and Captain Heard was awarded the Medal of Honor for heroism displayed in rescuing the wounded from the hands of the enemy.

ON the 1st of July there was an attempt to land ammunition and stores for the insurgents at Tunas near Cienfuegos. The Florida, a transport, arrived off the place and went into the horseshoe-shaped harbor, sending first a force of 200 Cubans on shore. There was a small detachment of American soldiers on board, among them a few men of the Tenth Cavalry. The landing was effected only a few hundred yards from a block-house wherein was posted a Spanish garrison. A skirmish ensued in which the small American detachment had a hard fight, but they all finally got back on board the transport towards 3 o'clock in the morning. Corporal William H. Tompkins and Private Dennis Bell, of Troops A and H, Tenth Cavalry, were conspicuous in this affair for their daring and cool behavior, and for such were rewarded with the Medal of Honor.



THE PORTO RICAN CAMPAIGN

GENERAL Miles deeming the invasion and capture of Porto Rico of the greatest importance, made a report to the War Department to that effect and was directed on the 7th of June to at once assemble such troops as were available for that purpose. These orders were subsequently changed to have the expedition operate in both Cuba and Porto Rico. When the surrender of Santiago had been accomplished by the Cuban expedition General Miles again suggested the immediate invasion of Porto Rico, and after completing his arrangements he sailed from Guantanamo on the 21st of July with 3,415 troops, under the immediate command of General Guy V. Henry, and a convoy consisting of the Massachusetts, Dixie and Gloucester.

It was Miles's intention to land at Cape San Juan on the northeast coast of Porto Rico, but when the American press dispatches disclosed his proposed destination General Miles summarily changed his plans and sailed for Guanica on the southwest coast of the island. In the meantime two other expeditions had left the United States for Porto Rico, one of 3,571 troops, under Major-General James H. Wilson, which sailed from Charleston, S. C., and another of 2,896, under Brigadier-General Theodore Schwan, which left Tampa, Fla. They were to join General Miles at Cape San Juan and therefore were not convoyed. Thus, when General Miles changed his plans and sailed for Guanica, it was thought at the War Department these two expeditions would be left to the mercy of any Spanish gunboats that might be in the vicinity of Cape San Juan, but General Miles had taken the precaution to have gunboats stationed there to notify them of his change of plans and direct them to join him at Guanica.

Arriving off Guanica on July 25th, early in the morning, the Gloucester entered the harbor first and fired a few shots, completely surprising the Spaniards. As she met with but slight resistance the transports were enabled to enter, and between daylight and 11 o'clock General Miles had his troops ashore and the American flag raised over a block-house which had been flying the Spanish flag.

On the 26th Brigadier-General Garretson's brigade had a sharp skirmish with the Spaniards, and on the following day another at Yauco, where the Spaniards were driven into the mountains and the American troops advanced on Ponce, fifteen miles east of Guanica, which place they reached on the 28th. The Dixie, Annapolis and Wasp were already in front of the town, and when the troops arrived the people surrendered without offering any resistance.

In addition to the three divisions under Generals Henry, Wilson and Schwan, a fourth expedition, under Major-General Brooke, sailed from Newport News on the 28th and arrived at Arroyo, which had already surrendered to the Gloucester. This brought the total force in Porto Rico up to 15,199 men, 106 mortars, howitzers, field and siege guns, and now preparations were made for the campaign, the purpose of

which was to drive out the Spanish garrisons in the western part of the island and then proceed across the island to San Juan, the principal objective. The force was divided into four separate commands, under Generals Brooke, Wilson, Henry and Schwan, and moved eastward across the island, expelling the hostile detachments from the southern and western parts.

Meantime the *Amphitrite*, *Puritan*, *Montgomery* and *Leyden* had proceeded to San Juan to await there the arrival of General Miles, but as he had changed his plans the ships lay to in the harbor under Cape San Juan and awaited orders. On August the 6th a detachment from the *Amphitrite* seized the San Juan lighthouse and fortified it. Two days later the Spaniards attacked this improvised fort, but after some sharp firing in which the *Amphitrite's* and *Cincinnati's* guns covered the garrison, the Spaniards were repulsed. On the 9th this force in the lighthouse was withdrawn and preparations were made for bombarding the fortress and city of San Juan.

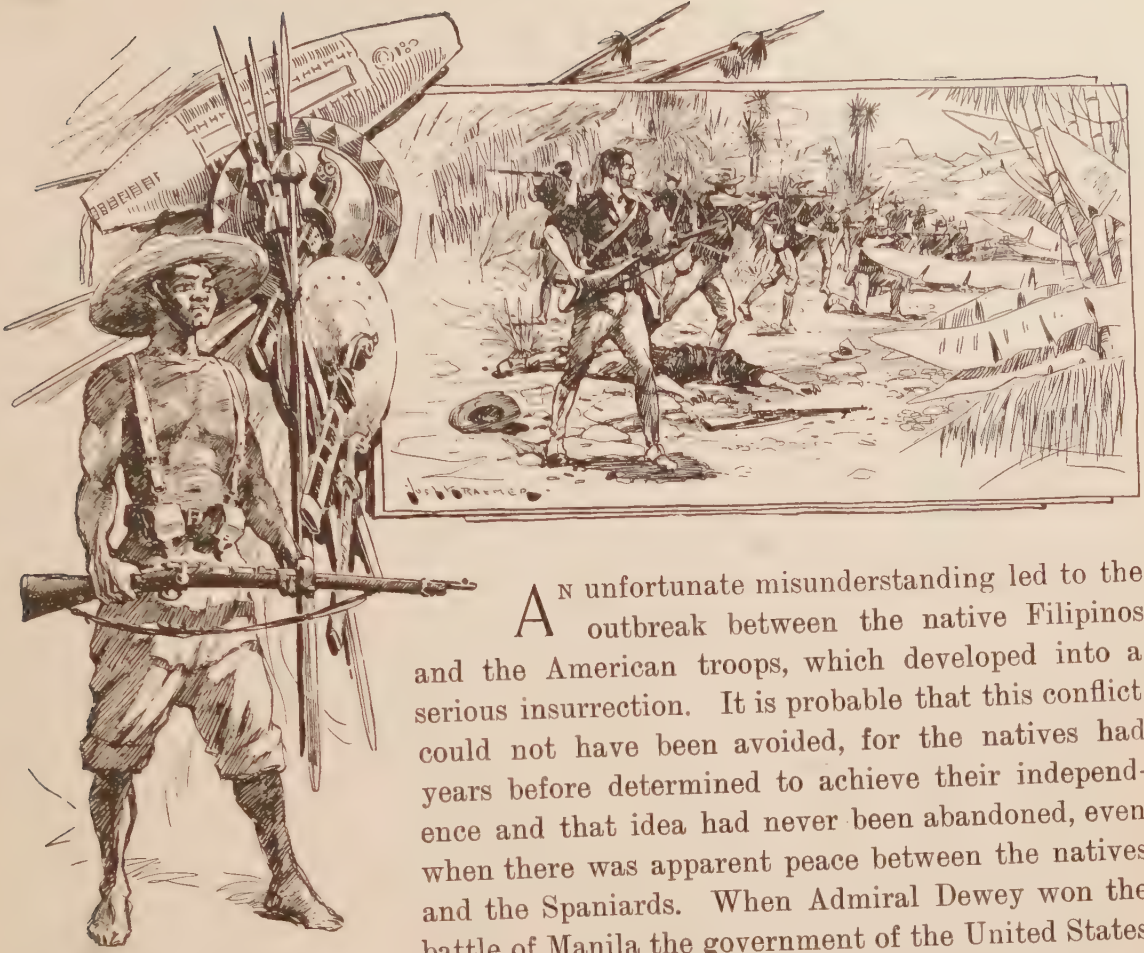
General Miles's forces were in the meantime rapidly advancing upon this place, carrying everything before them in the brilliantly conceived campaign, his four division commanders having taken Guayamo, Coamo, Sabana Grande, San German, Mayaguez and other less important towns, at all of which places the troops were welcomed by the natives with genuine enthusiasm, for more than four-fifths of them were in sympathy with the United States.

The Spaniards in San Juan were by this time practically cut off from retreat by General Miles's forces on shore, and had the army closed in upon the city and the intended bombardment by the warships taken place, their position would have been hopeless, but the signing of the peace protocol put an end to further operations. Thus Porto Rico was conquered by the United States with a loss of but five killed and twenty-eight wounded.

Four months later, on the 10th of December, 1898, the treaty of peace was signed at Paris upon the following basis :

Spain abandoned all rights of sovereignty over Cuba; Porto Rico and the Island of Guam in the Ladrones group were ceded to the United States; the Philippine Islands were to come into the possession of the United States upon the payment of \$20,000,000 within three months after the ratification of the treaty; and Spanish merchandise was to have privileges in the Philippines equal to those of the United States for a period of ten years.





AN unfortunate misunderstanding led to the outbreak between the native Filipinos and the American troops, which developed into a serious insurrection. It is probable that this conflict could not have been avoided, for the natives had years before determined to achieve their independence and that idea had never been abandoned, even when there was apparent peace between the natives and the Spaniards. When Admiral Dewey won the battle of Manila the government of the United States regarded this blow at Spain as a war measure and nothing more. An American squadron was in Asiatic waters. A Spanish squadron was in Philippine waters. It was a very natural move for the United States to strike this squadron and destroy it, for such a feat would weaken Spain on the sea. It would deprive Spain of her Asiatic squadron, deprive her of a source of revenue, and it would place the United States in possession of the Philippines pending a settlement by treaty. The people at that time did not regard it as a permanent acquisition of territory by conquest.

When it was known that an attack was to be made upon the Spanish squadron Aguinaldo was at Singapore. Consul General Pratt, United States representative there, suggested that Aguinaldo accompany the squadron from Hong Kong to Manila, and that he should then organize land forces of natives, which would be armed by the United States, for co-operation with the American marine force. This appears to have been a very serious mistake, but it was an error of judgment quite natural under the circumstances. The squadron had no support ashore, and it needed information with regard to what was going on about Manila. Spain was offering special inducements to natives who would join her against the Americans. It was partly to prevent any such re-enforcement that Aguinaldo, a prominent rebel leader who had the confidence of the natives, was approached.

It is possible that in the excitement of the hour rash promises may have been made to the young chief of the insurrection, but he was shrewd enough to know that they were not made with authority. At first it was a matter of considerable doubt whether the United States would hold fast to the islands, and it is quite possible that unauthorized persons may have told Aguinaldo that all the United States aimed to do was to force Spain to give Cuba and the Philippines their independence. This was something that the natives had been hoping for. They were anxious to get rid of Spanish dominion and the Spanish priests and friars, to whom they attributed many of their wrongs.

Aguinaldo set off with all possible speed for Hong Kong, but did not arrive until the day after Dewey had sailed for Manila. He was received by Consul-General Wildman at Hong Kong, who conferred with him with regard to supplies of arms and ammunition for the native troops. After the battle of Manila Bay the McCulloch came over to Hong Kong and took Aguinaldo aboard. He was supplied with about 2,000 Mauser rifles and with 200,000 cartridges. The McCulloch landed the young chief all alone, at Cavite, but he proved a veritable whirlwind of energy. In six days he had thousands of natives under his banner, and Manila was practically surrounded by his bands. He was in undisputed possession of the towns of Bacoor, Imus, Benakayan, Noveleta, Santa Cruz de Malabon, Rosario and Cavite Viejo. This blocked Manila on the south, and other leaders, acting in concert with Aguinaldo, closed the Spaniards in on the north and east.

By June 9th the whole province of Cavite was under Aguinaldo's dominion. He had set up a provisional government and had taken many Spanish prisoners, besides 7,000 rifles, several cannon and much ammunition. On June 16th he declared a dictatorial government over the Philippine Islands.

The government established by him at Malolos consisted of the following cabinet officers:

President, Emilio Aguinaldo; Secretary of War, Baldomero Aguinaldo; Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Cajetano S. Arellano; Secretary of Home Affairs, Leandro Ibarra; Secretary of General Revenue, Mariano Trias; Secretary of Justice, Gregorio Arana; Secretary of Education, Felipe Buencamino.

Senor Felipe Agoncillo was sent to Washington to represent the Filipinos at the American capital.

The army of the pseudo-republic was variously estimated at from 10,000 to 30,000 men. It was fairly well organized, although the discipline was hardly up to the standard of modern armies.

On June 20th Aguinaldo issued election notices, and on the 23d established a revolutionary government and issued notices to all the provinces. Messages were sent to several foreign powers asking for immediate recognition of his government and his authority. When Manila finally surrendered, the self-made president expected the Americans to retire and leave him in possession. He was very much hurt because the United States authorities refused to allow his men to loot the foreign quarters;

to set up his presidential headquarters in the government palace and to take possession of the Spanish treasury funds and the church funds.

This was the beginning of the trouble. Repeated messages were dispatched to foreign courts asking for recognition of the native government, but no attention was paid to them or to Philippine envoys. Native troops about Manila began to show hostility toward the Americans. Those at a distance from Manila kept on attacking Spanish garrisons and making prisoners of Spanish residents, priests and laymen and collecting funds, arms and ammunition. They paid no attention to restraining orders from the United States authorities, but boldly established a camp about Manila. They sent envoys to Europe and to the United States, notably Agoncillo, Apacible and Sixto Lopez, all of whom were able men, and, looking at the case from their standpoint, they were patriots as well.

General Thomas M. Anderson, commanding the American military forces at Manila, was not slow in recognizing the purpose of the Filipino leader. He studiously avoided recognition of Aguinaldo's claims to the presidency, and acted entirely within his military function, paying no attention to the provisional republic. General Wesley Merritt, who succeeded to the command of the American troops, also avoided all official communications with Aguinaldo. When he wanted to move American troops he ordered the native troops to stand aside, but each time the wily insurgent leader would try to entangle the American commander into some recognition of his authority.

The demand for the surrender of Manila was made by Admiral Dewey and General Merritt August 7, 1898, and refused by Governor-General Augusti. A few days later, when the course of events in the Philippine capital was rapidly approaching a crisis, an order from Madrid arrived deposing Don Augusti and appointing Don Fermin Jaudenes his successor.

August 13th the city surrendered and 7,000 Spanish soldiers, officers and men, became prisoners of war of the American forces.

These are the facts.

The accompanying circumstances are not wholly beyond dispute, but granting that they, too, permit of but one interpretation, they in no wise detract from the glory of the United States.

The situation at Manila at the time of the surrender was disheartening from a Spanish point of view. Surrounded by impetuous Filipino forces of superior strength, left to defend a city the population of which was decidedly hostile, the Spanish commanders were compelled to face this unpleasant alternative: they would either have to submit to the revolutionary forces or surrender to the Americans. To attempt to lead the badly disorganized, discouraged forces against any one of the armies or both would have been the height of folly and involve only reckless butchery of human life.

It was therefore a mere matter of choice as to the lesser evil. The Spaniards detested the Filipinos and feared them; the Americans they respected even though

they were their foes. And so they elected to surrender to the latter, who, it was presumed, would permit them to surrender with military honors. The plans to a certain extent miscarried, for the capture of the city was preceded by actual fighting, during which six men on the American side lost their lives and about forty were wounded.

It was early in the morning—a little after 6 o'clock—when the first operations were begun amidst a heavy thunder-storm.

On the right wing of the American forces were eight battalions of the First Brigade under General MacArthur, with three battalions in reserve, while General Greene with seven battalions and three in reserve formed the right.

The navy began operations at 8:45 A. M., and one hour later the Olympia sent the first shell into the city. Soon afterwards General Greene ordered the advance and immediately six companies of Colorado volunteers dashed toward the Spanish positions. The entrance to the suburbs was accomplished only after some severe fighting, but once the approaches of the city were in the possession of the Americans all further resistance ceased. The white flag hoisted upon the fort ended all further hostilities. By an agreement with the insurgents the American forces alone entered the city—Aguinaldo and his men remaining mere spectators, although they assisted in the fighting. The formal surrender followed the next day, August 14th. The Americans now were in possession of Manila, the stars and stripes floating from the municipal building of the Philippine capital.

Native troops deserted from the Spanish army and joined Aguinaldo. An agreement between him and General Merritt was entered into by which the natives would be restrained from sacking the city or violating the ordinary usages of war. This naturally angered the natives. Aguinaldo and General Pio Pilar wanted to make a triumphal entry into the capital. It is not at all likely that they intended to sack the city or to murder the Spanish residents and troops, for their subsequent conduct has shown a pretty strict adherence to the customs of civilized warfare. Natives who showed friendship for the Americans were ostracized by the native troops, and some of them were killed in brawls. The native newspapers were intensely bitter against the Americans.

Political clubs were formed among the natives, and these for the most part became merged into an insurrectionary society called the Katapuinan, which had for its sole purpose the expulsion of the Americans and the establishing of a republic under Aguinaldo. These clubs and branch societies became recruiting boards for the native army. They had armories established for forging bolos. They created a junta which acted as outside agent for the purchase of arms, and directed a band of smugglers who supplied them to the rebellious natives. The Filipino Congress decreed that every native above 18 years and not in the government service should be drafted into the army.

These swift operations on the part of the natives soon massed a formidable force about Manila, and they became so insolent that as a measure of safety General Merritt ordered them to withdraw outside the limits and placed a line of pickets between them and the city. Then Aguinaldo moved his temporary capital from his old home at Bacoor to the more remote town of Malolos. During the sitting of the peace conference at Paris the natives were anxious that the Americans should remain as their protectors, for fear Spain would concentrate all her military force against them. Then when Spain would be deprived of all rights in the islands they expected that the Americans would retire and leave them in peaceful and undisturbed possession.

In the meantime the budding insurrection received encouragement from the United States, and from citizens whose loyalty could not be questioned. The more conservative Americans were bitterly opposed to the purchase and annexation of the Philippines. They were opposed to any addition of insular territory, and this party by its declarations and protests against annexation gave the natives hope that a determined resistance on their part would lead to an abandonment on the part of the United States. The idea prevailed that if the natives could compel the handful of American troops to withdraw from the islands the government of the United States would never attempt to recover possession, so they plotted to overthrow the American military government before re-enforcements could be brought across the Pacific.

A plan was cunningly laid. General Pio Pilar was to get into the city with 10,000 bolo-men and other native troops variously armed, in disguise of peaceful citizens. Aguinaldo and his associates were to have command of the main force outside the American lines. Their purpose was to provoke the Americans to begin hostilities, and then, when the Americans were strung out in a thin line of battle and busily engaged with the forces in their front, Pilar was to attack them from behind and throw them into a panic which would make them easy victims. The intent to compel the Americans to appear as aggressors made it impossible to fix a definite date for the attack. The natives could not tell just how much annoyance the Americans would stand. At first the troops merely laughed at the gibes and insults, which they could not understand. When force was justified they retorted with kicks and cuffs. The difficulty the natives experienced in arousing the Americans to armed hostility made them believe that their enemies were cowards and that they would not dare oppose such an overwhelming force as the natives had massed.

General Merritt, in order to get at the intentions of the native troops, proposed a conference between commissions representing the Americans and the natives, at which the natives were to submit their plans and whatever requests they wished to lay before the American government; but when the conference met the natives refused to make any definite statements. Then it was apparent that they meant mischief and that they were unwilling to enter into a temporary understanding.

THE FIRST BATTLE

ON the night of Saturday, February 4, 1899, the natives had resolved to force the hand of the Americans. They drew up in formation resembling line of battle in front of the Nebraska and South Dakota regiments, and marching up to the sentries shouted insulting remarks and pushed them back by force. This was only a little more than had been attempted on several previous nights, but the movement was more extensive and the formation of the natives more menacing than usual. Finally a band of natives in charge of an officer in uniform made a rush upon Private Grayson, of Company D, First Nebraska Volunteers, on sentinel duty, who fired and brought the officer down. The squad immediately fired at Grayson at close range and then fled. Grayson was unhurt, but the object of the natives had been gained at last. American troops had opened fire upon the patriots who were demanding independence. In a few minutes a shrill clamor arose from the darkness which enveloped the native lines and then rockets began to go up, which were answered by other rockets. Signal guns were fired at various points along the American front and the Philippine rebellion was begun.

Soon the artillery joined in the melee and from the bay Admiral Dewey's warships began to shell the insurgents. The Filipinos concentrated their forces at three points, Caloocan, Gagalangin and Santa Mesa.

At 1 o'clock in the morning the insurgents opened a hot fire from the three points simultaneously. This was supplemented by the fire of two siege guns at Balik-Balik, and by advancing their skirmishers at Peco and Pardacan. The Americans replied with a heavy fire, but in the darkness they had little knowledge of its effect.

The Utah Light Artillery at last succeeded in silencing the guns of the Filipinos. The Third Artillery was pounding away at the flashes of fire, showing the insurgents' position on the extreme left. The engagement lasted over an hour. During much of the time the United States cruiser Charleston and the gunboat Concord, stationed off Malabon, hammered with the rapid-fire guns of their secondary batteries upon the insurgents' position at Caloocan. At 2:45 in the morning there was another fusillade along the entire line. When daylight came the Americans advanced. The natives outnumbered the American forces largely and fought bravely, but were everywhere repulsed and driven back with awful slaughter. The men of the Eighth Army Corps, under General Elwell S. Otis, who took charge of the American forces on his arrival in the Philippines in August, 1898, participating in the fight, numbered about 13,000. The total strength of the Filipinos under arms in the neighborhood of Manila was about 30,000, of whom 20,000 are supposed to have engaged in the battle. Heavy losses were inflicted on the enemy.

While the fighting was proceeding there was great excitement among the residents of the city, and had it not been for the splendid police system established by the Americans there would have been a general outbreak and looting. The attack

by the Filipinos came so suddenly upon the American forces, although trouble had been anticipated, that soldiers then off duty, who had visited the theaters and the circus that evening, were called out and the performances stopped. Filipinos scurried everywhere, and the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon outside the city rent the air. The residents of the outskirts of Manila flocked into the walled city with their arms full of household effects. All the carriages disappeared as if by magic, the street cars stopped, the telegraph lines were cut, and the soldiers moved hurriedly about to the stations assigned them. The stores were closed almost instantly, foreign flags were to be seen flying from many windows, and a number of white rags were hung out from the Filipino huts and houses. There were several cases of Tagals attacking American soldiers in the streets, but those who attempted it were shot and killed.

The native troops were well armed with Mauser and Remington rifles, but their shooting was ridiculously bad. General Charles A. King's brigade charged upon a numerically strong force of the enemy, and, yelling wildly, drove them helter-skelter into the Pasig River, where, in the frenzy of terror, they were drowned like rats.

The fighting during the night was necessarily somewhat desultory. The Americans were on the defensive. They simply stood their ground, returned the fire of the rebels and pressed forward whenever possible. The attack was renewed several times. At 4 o'clock in the morning, however, when daylight made it possible to engage in anything like organized warfare, the entire line of American outposts was engaged. The soldiers moved out of the city to the east and north, driving the enemy beyond the lines they formerly occupied, and capturing several villages and their defense work. These villages included San Juan del Monte, Santa Ana, San Pedro, Macati, Santa Mesa and Lorma.

In the meantime Admiral Dewey had not been idle. During the night it was impossible for him to use shells, as his fire would have been as dangerous to the Americans as to the natives, but he gave orders that as soon as it was light enough to allow the positions of the enemy to be determined with accuracy the cruiser *Charleston* and the captured gunboat *Callao* should take part in the fight. At daylight these two warships took up positions and opened fire on the enemy north of the city. Later the monitor *Monadnock* was ordered to cover the Filipinos to the south of Manila. The positions of the enemy were accurately located and the warships poured a heavy fire into them. The losses of the natives by this bombardment were very heavy.

To the north and south of the city the slaughter was sickening. Filipinos were literally torn into shreds by the fire from the warships. In some places the shells tore great holes in the earth and around these were scattered the dead bodies. The great number of dead that were afterward found everywhere showed that the natives were not lacking in courage, but no courage could withstand the terrible rain of death that fell upon them as the Americans approached their positions.



A NIGHT ATTACK AT MALATE REPULSED.

When the enemy retreated it was to get out of the range of the American guns as rapidly as possible.

Of the American forces in the battle the Fourteenth United States Infantry suffered the greatest losses. The regiment was quartered at Malate, under command of Major Rabe, and was assigned to the task of carrying the rebel position south of that suburb. The men fought through a country covered with a dense undergrowth, and made slow progress at first. The natives took refuge in nipa-covered huts, and until they were dislodged and driven back inflicted considerable damage on the Americans. The Fourteenth was armed with Krag-Jorgenson rifles, and these weapons proved most effective. For every life that the gallant old regiment gave it took a score in revenge.

The First Washington Volunteers and Third United States Artillery also saw severe fighting and sustained material losses. The Utah Light Artillery and the Sixth United States Artillery did effective service, and the latter helped to save the First California Regiment from being badly cut up. The guns were posted east of the city, and during the early hours of Sunday poured a deadly fire into the insurgent trenches. The men of the Utah battery were seasoned by their experience in Malate in August and conducted themselves like veterans.

During the engagement 100 insurgents took possession of Pacho church, and barricading the doors opened fire on the First California Regiment. They also fired on the ambulances that were carrying wounded Americans to the rear. The Californians sent volley after volley against the sturdy stone structure, but their fire was ineffective. The men wanted to rush in and storm the building, but Colonel Smith restrained them. Word was sent to the Sixth Artillery and the guns were ordered trained on the church. The gunners found the range very quickly, and in twenty minutes the old church was a wreck and half its occupants were dead. The First California Regiment was also attacked by Filipinos who were concealed in huts beside the road along which the Americans were advancing. To put an end to the danger Colonel Smith gave orders to burn the village.

In the district between Tondo and Malabon, to the north of the city, great slaughter was done by the gunboat Callao. This little vessel proved herself a terror. She mounted more guns in proportion to her size than any other vessel in the American navy, being full of one, two and three-pounders and machine guns. The Concord's six-inch and the Charleston's eight-inch guns likewise did great execution. General Otis's brigade had driven a large body of the enemy from their positions, and the Filipinos ran at a breakneck speed for the beach, a discouraged and panic-stricken mob. When they reached the shore they were met by a devastating fire from the warships and mowed down in great numbers. The sight was horrible.

On Sunday afternoon the Charleston joined the monitor Monadnock off Malate, which was the scene of the heaviest fighting with the Spaniards in August, and both vessels delivered their shells with telling effect. The enemy were retiring before

the steady advance of the Fourteenth Infantry and furnished excellent targets for the marksmanship of the Yankee gunners.

The Filipinos now retreated, quickly followed by the Americans, as far as Caloocan, on the Dagupan Railway on the north, and on the south to Pasay, south of Malate. The burial of the dead Filipinos by our soldiers took place on Monday.

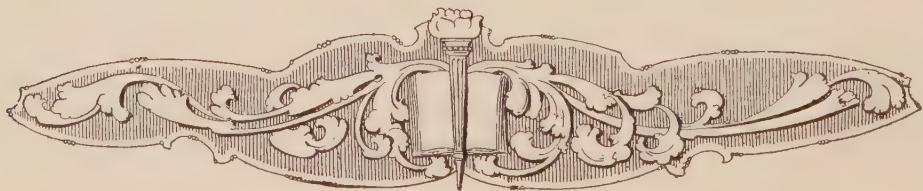
Aguinaldo had his lines strengthened, especially at Santa Mesa and San Juan del Monte, which commanded the approaches to the reservoir that supplies Manila with drinking water. It was at that point near Santa Mesa that the battle started, and it was there that the fighting was fiercest. The Americans, on defeating the enemy in that quarter, marched on towards the water-works, with the object of gaining possession of them and thus preventing the insurgents from cutting off the water supply.

By Tuesday evening the Americans were in complete control of the situation within a radius of nine miles from Manila, their lines extending to Malabon on the north and Paranaque on the south, a distance of fully twenty-five miles. The main body of the rebels was in full retreat and utterly routed.

General Hale's brigade advanced Tuesday morning and captured the water-works at Singalon. Four companies of the Nebraska regiment and a part of the Utah battery, with two field guns and two Hotchkiss guns, met the enemy on a hill half a mile out, and a sharp engagement took place, in which the Nebraskans lost one killed and three wounded. Dr. Young, formerly quartermaster-sergeant in the Third Artillery, was wounded, captured and brutally murdered, and his body when discovered was found horribly mutilated. The Filipinos were driven back, retiring in bad order and carrying with them the valves and heads of the steam chest and cylinder of the pumping machinery.

General Ovenshine's brigade advanced and took Paranaque, capturing two field guns. General MacArthur's division advanced beyond Gagalangin without loss, the enemy retreating upon Caloocan. The Americans gained control of the steam line to Malabon and 600 marines with four Maxim guns were landed from the fleet on the beach north of the city. The Third Artillery, on the main road, and Utah battery, in a cemetery, covered the advance of the troops.

Among the important points captured was a strong embrasured earthwork within sight of Caloocan. The signal corps were compelled to run their wires along the firing line during the fighting, and consequently there were frequent interruptions of communication, owing to the cutting of the wires, and signal-men were ordered to kill without any hesitancy anyone who attempted to interfere with the lines.



THE SECOND DEFEAT

THE terms of the capitulation between the United States and Spain, agreed upon on August 13, 1898, surrendered the city of Manila, the suburbs, harbor and bay to the American forces. The rest of the archipelago remained, for the present, under control of Spain. But this was merely nominal, for the insurgents were the real masters of the situation in all these places. Negotiations for the occupation of certain positions in the immediate vicinity of Manila were begun immediately after the surrender and dragged along all fall. There was some dispute as to the rights of the American troops to garrison certain places, not so much between the Spanish generals and the American commanders as between the insurgent leaders and the latter. As a matter of fact the Spaniards fully appreciated the untenability of their position and dreaded to surrender to the rebels, at whose hands they feared they would receive very little consideration, and they, therefore, secretly wished and welcomed American occupation. But the insurgents stubbornly insisted on their rights of conquest, and were unwilling to recognize the supremacy of the United States. General Otis's demand that the insurgents evacuate the Island of Panay was met with a flat refusal. At Iloilo General Rios was in possession with a large Spanish force. He was willing to yield to the wishes of General Otis and surrender the city to him if the insurgents would let him, but they would not.

General Otis replied at once, thanking the Spanish general for his generous offer, but declined to accept it without instructions from the home government, and not before the peace treaty about to be concluded at Paris established the authority of the United States beyond controversy.

In the meantime the position of General Rios became very precarious; that of the insurgents stronger with every day. The capture of the place was only a question of time, and fear of an awful fate seized the inhabitants.

On December 13, 1898, a petition for American protection was sent by a number of leading business men of Iloilo to General Otis and by him forwarded to Washington for instructions. These arrived ten days later and read as follows:

“The President directs you to send the necessary troops to Iloilo to preserve the peace and protect life and property. It is most important that there should be no conflict with the insurgents.”

Upon receipt of this telegram General Otis at once notified General Rios that an American force would be sent to Iloilo. On December 24th Brigadier-General Marcus T. Miller was placed at the head of an expedition and ordered to proceed to Iloilo. Before his arrival, however, the Spanish general had given up the struggle and surrendered to the insurgents. Then followed some more parleying, exchange of notes, etc., and time passed until Friday, February 10th, when definite action was taken and the second serious conflict with the insurgents took place.

On that day General Miller was ordered to await the arrival of the St. Paul, which carried an additional force, and take the town no matter what the insurgents would say.

Upon the arrival of the transport and after a conference with other officers, General Miller, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, sent a notice to the insurgents that they must surrender within twenty-four hours or he would land troops to occupy the town, and if they offered any opposition the town would be bombarded. They were also informed that if they burned the town he would burn Molo and Jaro, two native villages; and that if they attempted to further obstruct the entrance to the river, or add to their defenses, he would open fire at once.

On Saturday morning the Petrel signaled the Boston: "Enemy throwing up more trenches in our front." The Boston replied: "If you are sure this is so, give them a shot." She fired two 3-pounders, and soon afterward signaled: "Enemy firing on us." At the same time the enemy were seen to bring down a field gun to the beach on the Boston's side. The Boston signaled to the Petrel, and both opened fire. The Boston fired two trial shots and then dropped a 6-inch shell into a house in front of which the insurgents had stationed their gun. It was afterward learned that this house was their headquarters. Five minutes before this shell struck the house a mounted officer had galloped down and sent his horse into the compound of the house. When the Boston's shell dropped the people on board could see him, horseless, running away. As soon as the American forces opened fire the insurgents began setting fire to the town. The first house fired was an American storehouse. In a few minutes the town was on fire in five or six places, and it burned all that day and night, destroying the English, American and German consulates, several residences and warehouses, a large portion of the business section and the native and Chinese quarters. The next day, after the army had occupied the place, the custom house and a large warehouse were burned. Most of the foreign residence part was untouched.

The ships ceased firing at 10:20 A. M., and soon after the Boston sent forty-eight men and a Gatling gun ashore, while the Petrel sent thirty men.

The men from the Boston immediately took the fort, hauling down the Filipino flag, which was still flying, and hoisting the stars and stripes amid the cheers from the ships. They then immediately advanced towards the town, where they hoisted the American flag over the city.

During this time the St. Paul had moved close in to the fort, and at noon the first troops from the Tennessee regiment were landed in the ship's boats. The Arizona then moved in, and by 6 o'clock that afternoon all the troops had been landed, immediately after marching into the town, and as far as the Molo and Jaro bridges, the insurgents having retired to these villages.

It was said that the action was brought on prematurely by the navy, but the Americans had threatened that if they found the insurgents adding to their defenses

they would open fire at once, and the threat had to be made good. There is no doubt that it was for the best, for it was announced that the insurgents were perfecting arrangements for burning the whole town.

The strongest rebel position in the island of Luzon at this time was Caloocan, twelve miles from Manila to the northward on the Manila-Dagupan Railroad. The railroad shops, worth a half million dollars, are located there. Aguinaldo massed his forces there with great energy, and General Otis determined to attack the town at once. General MacArthur's division was north of the Pasig River, and his left was wheeling around towards Caloocan, carrying everything before it. The city was within easy range of the guns of the warships, a wide stretch of marsh land lying between the town and Manila Bay.

It was planned to have the attack upon Caloocan opened with a bombardment by the warships. At 2:30 o'clock on Friday, February 10, 1899, the monitor Monadnock and the gunboat Concord, which had been ordered up the bay by Admiral Dewey, opened fire on the town. Their shells went true and great damage was done, alarming and intimidating the rebels.

At the same time that the warships began shelling the Sixth Artillery and the Utah Battery opened fire on the rebel intrenchments on the landward sides of the town. The country between the American position and Caloocan was covered with banana groves, bamboo hedges and paddy fields, with here and there straggling collections of nipa huts, all of which afforded excellent shelter for the native soldiers near the town who were not in the trenches. Some of these men had the reputation of being sharpshooters; but their work did not prove them experts in that line, and the damage done by them was trifling.

The artillery and the warships pounded away until 4 o'clock, when orders were given for General Harrison G. Otis's brigade, except the Pennsylvania regiment, which was held as reserve, to move upon the enemy's works. The men had been impatiently waiting for the order, and as the word was passed down the line they responded with cheers.

The Filipinos were awaiting the advance of the troops, reserving their fire with coolness, but as the Americans began to move forward the rebels started a rattling fire, which made considerable noise but did no great damage. The Americans did not return the fire, but pressed steadily forward, marching through the woods and banana groves from the left, and from the right through the paddy fields, which afforded no protection. Not a single stop was made until they reached the intrenchments, from which most of the natives hastily scrambled as the Americans drew near. The rebels tried to make their way to the shelter afforded by the town, but scores of them never reached their goal, being stopped by the American bullets. Just at this time the scurrying rebels were thrown into confusion by the discovery that they had been flanked. A company of the First Montana Infantry, under command of Major J. Franklin Bell, had volunteered to execute the flank movement, and, moving to the east, had, without being detected, arrived on the enemy's flank back in the town.



"THE KANSAS AND MONTANA BOYS CHARGED THROUGH."

The natives saw that they were trapped, and, scattering, fled like sheep, many of them dropping their weapons in their anxiety to escape. The Americans jumped the trenches, and yelling and cheering were in full pursuit. It was simply a rout, and proved that even with artificial defenses the Filipinos were no match for the Americans who were pitted against them.

There is in Caloocan a large church which for all practical purposes was really a fort. It was a substantial stone structure, strongly defended, and had been occupied by Aguinaldo and a portion of his army, he having intended to make a stand there. But when the soldiers ran into the town and drove before them the rebels who had been in the trenches the insurgents who had been in the church sallied forth and joined in the general retreat. It was found, also, that barricades had been erected at the place where the Malabon road crosses the line of the Dagupan Railway, in the center of the town. These had been torn to pieces in many places by the fire from the warships and the land batteries. As the Twentieth Kansas and First Montana Regiments entered the town from the south, some of the fleeing natives set fire to the huts, whose roofs were made of nipa grass, thinking doubtless to start a blaze that would destroy the town; but in this they were disappointed, as the Americans extinguished the fires.

The losses of the enemy were heavy, both in killed and wounded. The forces of Aguinaldo at this point were from 8,000 to 10,000 men. Most of the casualties to the Filipinos were due to shrapnel, the screaming and effectiveness of which caused terror among them. Captain Dyer's guns of the Sixth Artillery and Major Young's Utah Light Artillery kept pouring shrapnel into the enemy's line at a range of 2,200 yards, with great accuracy, almost every shot telling, and ceased fire only when the infantry approached closely to the town.

The American loss was three killed and thirty-two wounded. The Kansas and Montana boys, in their magnificent charge through a wooded ravine, suffered the principal losses. Nothing could surpass the fearlessness of their advance across an open field on the right, directly in the face of the enemy's strongest intrenchments.

After the capture of Caloocan Aguinaldo visited Polo, a few miles northwest of Caloocan, and addressed the Filipino troops there, claiming that he had won a victory, and asserting that 2,308 Americans had been killed.



THE BURNING OF MANILA

ON the night of February 22d a fiendish plot, well nigh incredible in its sweeping, uncontrolled savagery which had for its object the extermination of practically all the foreigners in Manila—men, women and children—was frustrated by the alertness of the American officials. Fire broke out in the houses of some rich Filipinos who had refused to array themselves on the side of the insurgents. A strong wind was blowing towards the Escolta, the business street of Manila, which made the work of the fire-fighters difficult. The regular fire department, manned by the natives, proved to be wholly inefficient, and their places were taken by American soldiers. The English and German volunteer engine companies did excellent work, but it was found that the hose was constantly being cut, and finally a soldier caught a Malay in the act of bending over the hose and running a long knife into it. The soldier made short work of the offender, bringing his gun down over his neck and killing him instantly.

The scene during the fire was one of great excitement in all parts of the city. Business men watched the progress of the fire toward their property with anxiety.

Platoons of soldiers, their arms stacked, stood at street corners ready to quell any uprising. At a corner, with the flames blowing toward him from the blazing block of buildings across the narrow street, an American sailor from the Olympia held the hose. Sometimes he was helped by a few soldiers, sometimes by civilians, but nobody except the sailor seemed to be able to bear the heat for any length of time. He stood his ground, determined that the fire should not cross the narrow street, and he accomplished his purpose.

Scarcely was the fire under control when a new one broke out, this time in the Tondo district, north of the city proper. It lay next to the seas, was cut off from the main part of the city by a broad street, the Calle Iris, and was occupied by natives. The tall spires and massive walls of Tondo Church, surrounded by a high wall and a stone building, used by the Americans as a police station in that district, were the only large buildings in a group of nipa huts. The incendiaries had been re-enforced in that section by about 500 native soldiers, who had in some manner crept through the lines near the sea. There was one company of the Minnesota regiment in the police station at Tondo, and General Hughes had placed another in Tondo Church to meet any emergency.

At the time the fire broke out an attack was made by the native troops on the police station. It was their intention to drive the company of Minnesota men out of their barracks and finish them off in short order. As the flames shot up to the sky, the insurgent bugles rang out long and loud, as if sounding the charge, and the insurgents tried to drive the men from the police station. They were unable to get by the guard at the gate, and then tried to scale the wall, but met with a sharp fire which prevented their climbing over. Re-enforcements soon arrived—two



THE BURNING OF MANILA.

companies of the Second Oregon and two of the Twenty-third United States Infantry. They lined out along the Calle Iris in ditches, and also at right angles to the road skirting the fire. The fire leaped and roared in mountains of flame, and to add to the general hubbub the joints in the bamboo huts burst with sharp reports like those of a rifle. Shots came toward the Calle Iris from all parts of the burning district, and the soldiers promptly returned the fire. The advancing flames drove before them a crowd of women and children carrying bundles of what they had been able to save from their homes. They moaned and chattered in fright, and piteously begged to be saved from the fiery element. Along with them came a number of men, half-naked, who probably a few minutes before had been firing into the ranks of the Americans. They were allowed to pass into the city. The fire swept fiercely with flaming tongues and hoarse roar, driven by the wind. For some time it was doubtful where it would stop, but it finally was checked at the Calle Iris.

In the booths of the Binondo Market, only 100 yards back of the Calle Iris, the fire broke out anew. The Chinamen of the district made a hard struggle to put out the flames and tore down their booths, though fired upon by the crafty insurgents who were concealed in the neighboring houses.

As the Mausers gave no flash at night, it was impossible to tell whence the shots came, and consequently they inspired double terror. Gradually the shooting ceased and the insurgents withdrew to Tondo bridge. It was truly a night of terror. A small number of Americans had stood up against a large force on the outside, and it was known that the mass of the population was opposed to the Americans. It was a crucial point in the history of the occupation of the city. Had the insurgents been able to burn the city as they expected, had they won a victory over the small American force, and got the upper hand, it would have been ten-fold more difficult for the Americans to have carried on the work of pacifying the islands. As it was, thirteen of the Americans were wounded and a large number of the incendiaries shot. Between 600 and 700 residences and business houses were burned, and the property loss probably exceeded a half million dollars. Hundreds of the natives, who had been burned out, huddled in the streets for days, making the patrol duty of the Americans much more difficult.



THE INSURGENTS DEFEATED AGAIN

ON March 7th the insurgent forces to the number of several thousand were driven from their position at San Juan del Monte with great loss. General Hale's brigade, which had been holding the water-works against the repeated attacks of the Filipinos, swept forward in the form of a V, with the open ends towards the Pasig River. This form of advance inclosed the rebel position completely and permitted a terrible concentration of fire. As soon as the lines were well under way in the massed advance the Wyoming regiment closed in, firing rapidly and effectively. Suddenly Company C sprang from the line with a cheer and dashed towards the insurgent trenches. The other companies of the Wyoming regiment rushed to the front and the entire line swept down upon the Filipinos. Maintaining their fire for only a short time after the roaring charge, the Filipinos leaped from their earth-works and fled, closely pressed. Retreat was cut off in all directions save toward the Pasig River, and as the insurgents turned that way they were met by a pitiless shelling from a United States gunboat. The infantry lines closed in at once from the east.

In the woods the Filipinos were scattered into small bands and driven along the river front. The losses of the insurgents were very heavy, the accurate fire of the gunboat creating panic in the fleeing lines. The only casualty to the American forces was the wounding of one private.

The American forces were halted at the river for a rest. The insurgents had been utterly routed. This engagement was the result of the advance made the day before by General Hale's brigade in San Tolan and Mariquina, when the Americans met and defeated the largest body of natives yet encountered.

General Loyd Wheaton's brigade was also in action, the fighting having spread toward his flank. The Colorado, Nebraska and Wyoming regiments, with eight field pieces, the Utah regiment and two companies of the Oregon infantry were in fighting line. In the rear the Twentieth Infantry was held in reserve. Resistance was made by the natives the moment the American troops approached San Tolan, but their fire was not effective, while the marksmanship of the western regiments was superb.

A river gunboat joined in the attack and shelled the towns as in the fighting of the morning. The troops in General Wheaton's brigade were the California, Idaho and Washington regiments and the Sixth U. S. Artillery. In face of the telling fire the natives clung to their position before the towns until the shells began dropping among them. Then the American infantrymen advanced and the Filipinos fled from their earthworks. They carried some of their dead and wounded with them, but a great number were left on the field of battle. Eight Americans were severely wounded.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1899 IN LUZON

WHILE the American troops were engaged strengthening the outer lines of defense around Manila the insurgents were concentrating to the north and south of the city, collecting ammunition and establishing supply depots, and by March a concerted effort was made by the American troops to subdue the rebellion.

The plan of the Luzon campaign in general was to operate in three directions—north, east and south—the operations in the northern part of the island to be confined to getting to the rear of the insurgent troops, making escape to the mountains impossible.

The first attempt to execute this plan was made by General Arthur MacArthur, who started with his command on the northern campaign on March 24, 1899.

General MacArthur followed the railway line to Malolos, capturing the intervening towns, which were fired by the retreating insurgents; and on the 31st he entered the insurgent capital, Malolos, finding the city burned and all records removed. Further pursuit was stopped by orders from General Otis, who believed that a combined movement which should result in the hemming in of the insurgents would be more advisable than a pursuit of the retreating enemy, and consequently he held MacArthur at Malolos until General Lawton could be sent north to aid in surrounding the insurrectionary forces.

Meanwhile General Lawton was put in command of an expedition sent south to capture Santa Cruz and Calamba, on the shores of Laguna de Bay, and locate and seize two insurgent launches.

Santa Cruz was the richest and most important city of La Laguna Province, situated on the southeastern shore of Laguna de Bay, and the insurgents were reported to be established there in full confidence. The city was captured April 10th, the insurgents retreating with heavy loss under the combined fire of the land troops and the machine guns on the American boats. Before Calamba could be taken, however, General Lawton was recalled by General Otis.

The abrupt withdrawal of General Lawton from the south emboldened the insurgents in the north, who looked upon Lawton's return as a defeat to the American forces.

As soon as General Lawton returned to Manila the second concerted move northward began with the same general plan outlined for MacArthur in March. General Lawton left Manila April 22d, the same day that MacArthur took up the advance northward from Malolos again. MacArthur this time got as far north as San Fernando, about forty-five miles north of Manila on the main railway line, which city he captured. General Lawton moved first northeast, then westward to Baliuag, one of the chief war depots of the insurgents, where he waited until General MacArthur should be enabled to secure a more advanced position and discover the whereabouts of the enemy. He was obliged to abandon the towns which he had captured farther to the east owing to the lack of men to garrison them.

General MacArthur reported that General Luna was in his immediate front with 2,500 men, and 1,000 more about five miles northeast of San Fernando, in the district lying between San Fernando and Baliuag, where General Lawton was stationed. General MacArthur thought there were about 10,000 insurgents, while his own force consisted, at the time of the investment of San Fernando, of an aggregate of 4,800 men, but by May 10th yielding only 2,640 infantry for duty on the firing line.

MacArthur's troops were thoroughly exhausted from the prolonged marches and continuous outpost duty, and he reported the fact to General Otis.

There were no fresh troops to send to San Fernando. The withdrawal of the Spanish forces in Mindanao and the Sulu archipelago, where troops must be placed, the necessity of sending others to Cebu and to increase those in Negros—all of which was imperatively demanded at this time—rendered conditions somewhat critical. The volunteer organizations had also to return to the United States without delay.

It was finally determined that MacArthur should hold San Fernando with what force he had, operating against and holding Luna as best he could; to send a detached column up the Rio Grande, and to permit Lawton to advance.

Accordingly on May 14th Lawton was ordered to proceed northward with San Isidro as his objective, and on the 17th, after sharp resistance from the insurgents, the place, strategically important, was captured.

Owing to the heavy rains it was impossible for General Lawton to form a junction with General MacArthur, and on May 19th the former was recalled. All the towns that he had captured, with the exception of Baliuag, had to be abandoned. On the return march the troops encountered great difficulties from the steady down-pour and the constant vexatious demonstrations from the enemy, and while en route they were attacked at Ildefonso and Maasin, and were obliged to halt twice and drive off the enemy, which they did effectively.

The insurgents, supposing a general retreat was intended, were at once excited to great activity, and they forwarded their forces at once by rail to General MacArthur's front, concentrating near San Miguel.

On May 31st the forces in the Philippines numbered 1,201 officers and 33,026 enlisted men. Of these an aggregate of 25,809 were effective for duty. The troops sent to other islands left in Luzon 20,965. Of the whole number present in the Philippines, 16,000 were volunteers waiting to be returned to the United States, leaving 18,000 regulars owing further service.

The latter part of May it was reported that the inhabitants at Antipolo, Morong and other near towns east of Manila were suffering heavily on account of the crimes committed by General Pilar's insurgent troops, and they called for protection.

Accordingly, on June 2d, immediately after his return to Manila, General Lawton was ordered to drive off the insurgents at Antipolo and Morong. The bad roads and excessive heat, however, rendered the expedition a difficult one. The insurgents had

scattered, most of them having taken the trails to the mountains, where they could not well be pursued. The town of Morong was taken without the loss of a man, and was occupied by the troops for a time, reconnoissances being made into the interior and along the shore of the Laguna.

Again on June 7th General Lawton concentrated a force of about 4,000 men to move south.

On this second southern expedition Calamba and Los Banos, two towns on the southern shore of the Laguna de Bay, were captured and held, as was also a strip of territory south of Manila.

In the meantime the insurgents in the north were again becoming active. On June 15th from 3,000 to 5,000 attacked General MacArthur's entire front and were driven back with heavy loss. After this defeat the insurgents in the north were comparatively quiet for some time.

In August the American army in the Philippines aggregated about 31,000, but only 24,000 were fit for active duty. General MacArthur, whose troops were now in better shape, had by this time extended his lines farther north to Angeles, ten miles above San Fernando, thus giving the United States control of a narrow strip of territory between Imus in the south and Angeles in the north. In this northward movement the troops' progress was impeded by frequent heavy rains, but on the 9th of August the insurgents were met and driven back towards Angeles. At 5 o'clock in the morning the attack on the rebels was opened, a battery of the First Artillery shelling Bacolor on the left. Simultaneously Colonel J. Franklin Bell's Thirty-sixth Infantry struck Bacolor from the rear and drove the rebels out. Battery M of the Third Artillery and some Iowa troops made a feint toward Maxico, while the main body of troops under General Wheaton, on the right, and General Liscum on the left, advanced, steadily pouring their fire into the insurgents and receiving heavy fire in return from the rebels, who were well protected by trenches. The rebels, however, could not withstand the determined attack of the troops and retreated, leaving their dead and wounded behind.

This engagement served to clear the country of insurgents to the rear, left and right of MacArthur's forces, who now held Calulet, six miles from San Fernando. The insurgents lost heavily in the fighting around this town, they having lost 100 killed and 350 wounded, while the losses to the Americans were five killed and thirty-one wounded.

General MacArthur's troops rested at Calulet on the night of the 10th undisturbed by the insurgents' usual night firing, for the latter had fled into the hills and out of range of the troops. Shortly after the rebels also set fire to Angeles and fled, thus leaving the place to be occupied by the American troops.

Only minor military operations were attempted in September, since, as in August, the troops were busily engaged in relieving those directed to depart from the islands, there being two volunteer regiments in Panay, Negros and Cebu, which had to be withdrawn, and also a few organizations on the outer Luzon lines which were to be

replaced. This exchange was effected as rapidly as vessels could be secured to transport men and supplies. Dispositions were being constantly effected to commence the execution of a well-determined plan of operation in northern Luzon as soon as an available force would justify it, and continued caution was exercised to neutralize the enemy's aggressive movements. Since the early portion of July they had gradually become more bold because of the apparent quiet of the American army and were inclined to take the initiative wherever they might consider an opportunity offered. Their troops attacked various portions of General MacArthur's lines at the north, made various attempts to cripple the railroad between Manila and San Fernando, the continued working of which was essential for the forwarding of troops and supplies required in the contemplated northern operations and the forwarding of subsistence to the men holding that section of the country. They threatened the lines about the city of Manila, concentrating at Mariquina, San Mateo, Montalban and vicinity, in the Province of Manila and Balooan, and to the eastward in the Province of Morong. They gathered and attacked Calamba on the Laguna de Bay, and also the strong outpost at Imus, Province of Cavite. The insurgents of the city of Manila again became somewhat confident, and under a chief, an influential Tagalog appointed to the position by Aguinaldo, actively engaged in supplying the insurgent troops with contraband of war, and in plotting for another uprising within the city's most densely populated sections.

During one of the engagements of this September campaign occurred an incident of individual bravery that won for Colonel J. Franklin Bell the Medal of Honor. It is as follows:

On September 9, 1899, near the village of San Augustine, the Thirty-sixth Infantry, under command of Colonel J. Franklin Bell, left camp on that date and proceeded along the San Antonio Porac road to head off a large body of insurgents, which had attacked the troops of the Ninth Infantry, stationed at Guagua and Santa Rita, during the night. Colonel Bell, followed by Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Grove, Major Straub and two mounted orderlies, was ahead of the regiment with about twelve scouts. Just as day was dawning the advanced scouts encountered the enemy's patrol, consisting of one



J. FRANKLIN BELL,
Colonel, 36th U. S. Vol. Infantry.
Highest rank attained: Brigadier
General, U. S. V.

captain, one lieutenant and five privates, near the village of San Augustine. The scouts fired on them, and, as the insurgents started to run, gave chase. Colonel Bell, in advance of the mounted party, immediately spurred his horse to the front and seeing that the insurgents were easily running away from the scouts, pushed his horse into a gallop and charged the seven insurgents with his pistol, scattering them into the bushes on both sides of the road and compelling the surrender of the



"HE CHARGED THE INSURGENTS WITH HIS PISTOL."

captain and two privates, under a close and hot fire from the four remaining insurgents, who had concealed themselves in a bamboo thicket. As soon as Colonel Grove heard fighting at the front he ran his horse, which was the speediest in the command, to the head of the column, and, seeing Colonel Bell pursuing alone, immediately dashed to his assistance, joined him in the midst of the insurgents while they were firing from the side of the road, and assisted Colonel Bell in the capture of the rebel patrol.

By the 10th of October the process of changing armies and the approach of the dry season had reached a point where an advance towards the general occupation of the country was justified.

At that time the American lines extended from the Bay of Manila to Laguna de Bay, and included considerable parts of the Provinces of Cavite, Laguna and Morong to the south and east of Manila, substantially all of the Province of Manila and the southern parts of Bulacan and Pampanga, dividing the insurgent forces into two widely separated parts. To the south and east of our lines in Cavite and Morong were numerous bands occasionally concentrating for attack on our lines, and as frequently dispersed and driven back toward the mountains. On the 6th of October the insurgents in this region having again gathered and attacked our lines of communication, General Schwan with a column of 1,726 men commenced a movement from Bacoor, in the Province of Cavite, driving the enemy through Old Cavite, Novleta, Santa Cruz, San Francisco de Malabon, Laban, and Perez des Merinas, punishing them severely, scattering them and destroying them as organized forces, and returning on the 13th to Bacoor.

On the north of the American lines stretched the plain of central Luzon, extending from Manila about 120 miles. This plain comprises parts of the Provinces of Manila, Pampanga, Bulacan, Tarlac, Nueva Ecija, and Pangasinan. It is, roughly speaking, bounded on the south by the Bay of Manila; on the east and west by high mountain ranges separating it from the sea-coasts, and on the north by mountains and the Gulf of Lingayen. Through the northeast and central portion flows the Rio Grande from the northern mountains southeasterly to the Bay of Manila, and near the western edge runs the only railroad on the island of Luzon in a general southeasterly direction from Dagupan, on the Bay of Lingayen, to Manila. In this territory Aguinaldo exercised a military dictatorship, and with a so-called cabinet initiated the forms of civil government, having his headquarters at Tarlac, which he called his capital, and which is situated near the center of the western boundary of the plain.

October 7th General Schwan was put in command of an expedition sent south into the Province of Cavite, whose object was to punish and if possible to destroy or break up the insurgent forces in the Province of Cavite, which had recently shown considerable activity in attacking the American line on both sides of the Tibagan River from Imus northward to Bacoor and Paranaque. This expedition of a week's duration had driven the enemy back from his intrenchments on the south line, and

had penetrated as far as Dasmarinas, but owing to the necessity of employing the greater part of the troops elsewhere, and the consequent lack of sufficient force to hold the ground thus gained, it had again been relinquished to the rebels, who had been further re-enforced by portions of the defeated armies that had retreated from the northern provinces. The insurgents occupied Cavite Viejo and were practically in contact with the American lines at Imus. The troops held Paranaque, Bacoor, Big Bend and Imus, and immediately south of the city of Manila they occupied a line running through San Pedro Macati to Pasig, and thence to Taguig. Calamba and Los Banos were also held by forces as advanced posts of the general line, the control of the Laguna de Bay enabling troops at these points to be easily supplied. Beyond the lines mentioned, the theatre in which operations were to be conducted was entirely in the hands of the insurgents.

The effect of the punishment was evidenced by the quiet that had since its administration prevailed on the south line, where it had been reported not a shot was fired in fifteen days, and it was expected that the insurgents would remain quiet for some time after this expedition.

But the enemy at the south recovered their courage sooner than was anticipated, and, probably following Aguinaldo's instructions for general active demonstrations, given as soon as the northern advance was commenced, displayed unusual activity.

The constant activity of the insurgents in the vicinity of Manila, to the east in the Province of Morong, and to the south in the Province of Cavite and Batangas, had its chief inspiration in Tarlac, and was the result of the efforts of the agents of Aguinaldo, assisted by the subordinate officers of Lieutenant-General Trias, who commanded all the enemy's forces in southern Luzon. The work of recruiting and sending out men from Manila for the insurgent ranks never ceased, and supplies and munitions of war for the enemy continued to pass out, notwithstanding all efforts to stop it.

For some time no further expedition south could be organized, as every man was needed in the northward movement which was begun the early part of October. As the insurgents had moved so much farther north than was anticipated, the plan of campaign became complicated, and, though it was well planned, it could not be carried out owing to the heavy rains and the difficulty of transportation. The several divisions, however, under Generals MacArthur, Lawton, Young and Wheaton continued moving northward and drove out the insurgents wherever they met them.

By November 12th General MacArthur's troops, under Colonel Bell, had moved as far north as Tarlac, which city they entered, finding it deserted. On the next day the insurgents held an important council of war at Bayambang, Pangasinan, which was attended by General Aguinaldo and many of the Filipino military leaders, at which a resolution was adopted to the effect that the insurgent forces were incapable of further resistance in the field, and as a consequence it was decided to disband the army, the generals and the men to return to their own provinces with a

view to organizing the people for general resistance by means of guerrilla warfare.

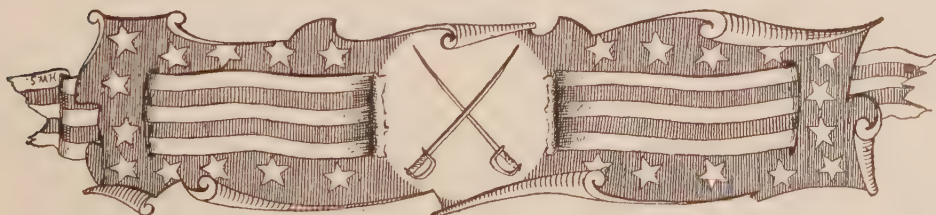
Thus the so-called Filipino Republic was destroyed. The congress had dissolved, and its president was a prisoner of General MacArthur's forces, while Aguinaldo and all of his cabinet officers were fugitives. The executive department was therefore broken up. The generals were separated, without any power of conference or concerted action, and the authority under which the insurgent army was kept in the field no longer existed. The army as an organization had disappeared.

On the 19th of November General MacArthur had entered Bayambang, the last capital of the insurgents, and ninety miles north of Manila.

In the meantime General Lawton, who had left Manila on October 15th with a force of 3,500 troops, proceeded northward, encountering the greatest difficulties on account of the heavy rains and poor roads. On the 22d of October he recaptured San Isidro, and on the 6th of November he joined General Young's column at Cabanatuan. The following day General Young began his movement to cut off all the northeastern trails to the mountains, and General Wheaton, who had reached San Fabian, connected with General MacArthur at Bayambang. On the 12th General Lawton started westward and overtook General Young six days later. By this time it was apparent that Aguinaldo had eluded General Wheaton's and General Young's columns and gotten to the north of the troops, and General Young was at once sent in pursuit, while General Lawton continued westward and joined General Wheaton at San Fabian on the 19th.

From this time on General Lawton was occupied day and night with the difficult problem of supplying and re-enforcing General Young, keeping open lines of communication over almost impassable roads in his rear and front, disposing troops to the right and left front over mountains, trails and rivers to prevent concentration of insurgents, whip and capture their scattered forces and release American and Spanish prisoners.

The campaign against the Filipino troops as an organized army now ceased and the pursuit of Aguinaldo was begun.



HEROES ON THE BATTLEFIELD

ONLY ten Medals of Honor had been awarded up to October, 1901, to soldiers and sailors for exceptional bravery during the Filipino insurrection, although many more will doubtless be awarded before the campaign in the islands is brought to a close.

Many a brave soldier and sailor wears the mark of battling with the Filipino insurgents, and many an heroic deed was performed, but only the most conspicuous have been and will be rewarded by the coveted medal.

The following nine men, besides Colonel J. Franklin Bell, whose narrative is given in the preceding pages, have thus far been awarded the Medal of Honor:

Corporal Thomas F. Prendergast and Privates Howard M. Buckley and Joseph Melvin of the Marine Corps won their medals during the battles which the Eighth Army Corps fought on the 25th, 27th and 29th of March and 4th of April, 1899, on its way from Manila to Malolos, the Filipino capital. These intrepid marines faced the Mauser bullets in exposed positions, succored the wounded under fire and encouraged their comrades by their fearlessness and almost reckless daring. Second Lieutenant George E. Stewart won his Medal in a similar manner on November 26, 1899. Sergeant Hardy Harvey of the Marine Corps was one of the most conspicuous objects on the battlefield at Benitican on February 16, 1900, where his services in aiding the wounded under heavy fire won him the unstinted praise of his superior officers.

Frequently recurring battles and skirmishes gave opportunity for the display of unusual bravery, and in a fight which occurred on March 4, 1900, Second Lieutenant George W. Wallace distinguished himself to such an unusual degree that he was rewarded with the Medal of Honor.

Gunner's Mate Andrew V. Stoltenberg, Apprentice William H. Jaeger and Seaman Andrew P. Forbeck were constantly exposed to the insurgents' fire at Samar on July 16, 1900, when that island was being pacified by General Kobbe, and were attacked by a large body of the insurgents, who with their bolos were routed and driven back with severe loss in killed and wounded, besides the several prisoners who were taken in the fight.



THE CAPTURE OF GILMORE'S PARTY

FOR some time there had been coming to the military headquarters at Manila rumors, vague and conflicting, but telling substantially the same story. At length, well along in March, 1899, General Otis received more definite knowledge, and it became known to the authorities beyond the shadow of all doubt that a handful of some fifty plucky Spaniards were fortified and starving in an old church at Baler, on the east coast of Luzon.

Bravery appeals to the heart of every nation on earth and stops at the frontier of no race. Admiral Dewey and General Otis, upon the receipt of this information, determined to make an effort to rescue the little band of Spaniards who for the past eight months had held out against a force of over 500 natives.

The Yorktown was assigned to this difficult task of relieving the besieged men in the heart of the enemy's country. Lieutenant-Commander James C. Gilmore had just arrived in the Philippines and he was detailed aboard the Yorktown as navigating officer.

The Yorktown steamed out of Manila Bay, and on the 11th of April came to at the entrance of Baler Bay. The alarm of the Yorktown's coming was soon made manifest in the excitement of the Filipinos, who could be seen running up and down the beach between their sentry boxes.

Under a flag of truce and with orders to communicate with the besieged Spaniards, if possible, Ensign Standley was sent ashore. Treacherous intentions were so evident, however, on the part of the Filipinos that Ensign Standley returned to the ship and reported that a scouting party was the only feasible plan under the circumstances. His plan was accepted, and he and Quartermaster Lyac were selected for the perilous reconnoissance.

It was 4 o'clock in the morning and still dark when the cutter left the ship's side to set the scouts ashore. Besides Commander Gilmore and the two scouts there was a crew of seventeen men, picked for their nerve and cool judgment. In the darkness and the profound quiet of a tropical night the two men were left upon the beach and at once plunged into the dense thicket and away on their dangerous mission.

The cutter, with muffled oars, had pulled away from the beach and was headed back to the ship, when the tropical sun shot up above the horizon, blotting out the darkness and showing to the Filipino sentries the American crew, pulling swiftly and quietly across the sun-streaked waters of the bay.

Commander Gilmore at once saw that the wily natives would guess the purpose of this night sally; that they would follow up the trail of the two American scouts, and in the dank wilderness of the tropical forest would slay them without mercy and even a chance to reach the shelter of the less unfortunate Spaniards. To avert suspicion from the two lone men he boldly changed the course of the cutter. The

crew pulled up the mouth of the little river, while Gilmore stood in the bow and made a pretense of sketching the shore and sounding the waters, as if that had been the ostensible purpose of the bold excursion. The ruse worked successfully, too, at least as far as the plucky scouts were concerned. But not so with the unselfish crew of the little cutter. For many of them a horrible death was in store.

For a thousand yards they rowed up the little river. Then Gilmore thought that the trick had been played long enough and he gave the order to turn and put back to the Yorktown. They followed the left bank of the river because it was low and marshy, and there seemed no danger of attack from that quarter. Suddenly that bank rose precipitately into a bold bluff. A Filipino sentry sprang up from the creeping growth of the forest and discharged his rifle as a signal.

Then without warning a deadly volley, for the range was dreadfully short, issued from the impenetrable brush and thickets. Not a man of the insurgent band on shore was visible, and from unseen quarters volley after volley poured down upon the men struggling in the shallow water below. Almost the first volley disabled the Colt rapid-firing gun in the bow of the cutter. The first man to drop was shot through the head and his brains splattered his comrades and the boat and oars. Another fell back screaming as a ball penetrated his eye. The fingers of another were shot away cleanly as he pulled madly at his oar.

The men fell faster and faster, and the uninjured were thrown down in the bottom of the boat with the falling bodies of their comrades, but they crawled out from beneath the bleeding forms of the dead and wounded and fired back.

The men were being potted like quail in a trap and those wounded cried aloud in agony and begged their comrades in the name of God to kill them before they fell into the natives' hands for further tortures. The oars had been splintered. There were not enough men left to man them. The cutter now was filling and wobbly and, worst of all, drifting slowly to the bank from which came the hellish fire of the hidden natives.

Gilmore sat in the stern sheets at the tiller. With his disengaged hand he reached for the rifle of one of the dead men, but he found that a shot had bent the lock. The bullets cut his clothing and splashed in the hissing water about him. The thwarts and oars and seats of the cutter were splashed with the blood of his men.

Three of the crew leaped overboard and attempted to pull the cutter out into deeper water. But she was drifting slowly, inexorably, toward the bank of sand.

At last with screams of exultation there broke loose from the thicket a motley crew of savages, half nude, in shirts and breech-clouts, armed with spears, bolos and rifles. Yelling and screaming, they came down the spit of sand, brandishing their weapons and wild with savage joy.

It was now all so hopeless that Commander Gilmore at once ordered the white flag raised. The man who held it was shot in the wrist and the flag fell to the bottom of the boat, which was half filled with water and blood.

Then a voice, a strong voice of authority, came from the thicket. It warned the unfortunate Americans that unless they surrendered at once they would all be killed in their tracks.

Gilmore arose and threw up his arms in token of submission and there were no more shots.

About them now there gathered a wild, chattering band of half-naked natives, Tagals and Principes and other tribesmen. They stripped the Americans of their coats, hats and shoes, rifled their pockets for watches and money, and pulled rings from their fingers, but the men of the mutilated little band were cool in their extremity and attempted no mad resistance.

With hands bound behind their backs with bamboo thongs the forlorn band of survivors were lined up on the beach. There was much jabbering and gesticulating among the savage captors. Then those with guns stepped out in front of the line of prisoners. They cocked their rifles and raised them. They took aim at the breasts of the Americans. It was now but a matter of seconds and then eternity.

Then came a shout from the bank and a native officer came running toward them, yelling as he ran and waving his sword. The murderous natives dropped their guns and the Americans and Gilmore knew that for the nonce their lives were to be spared.

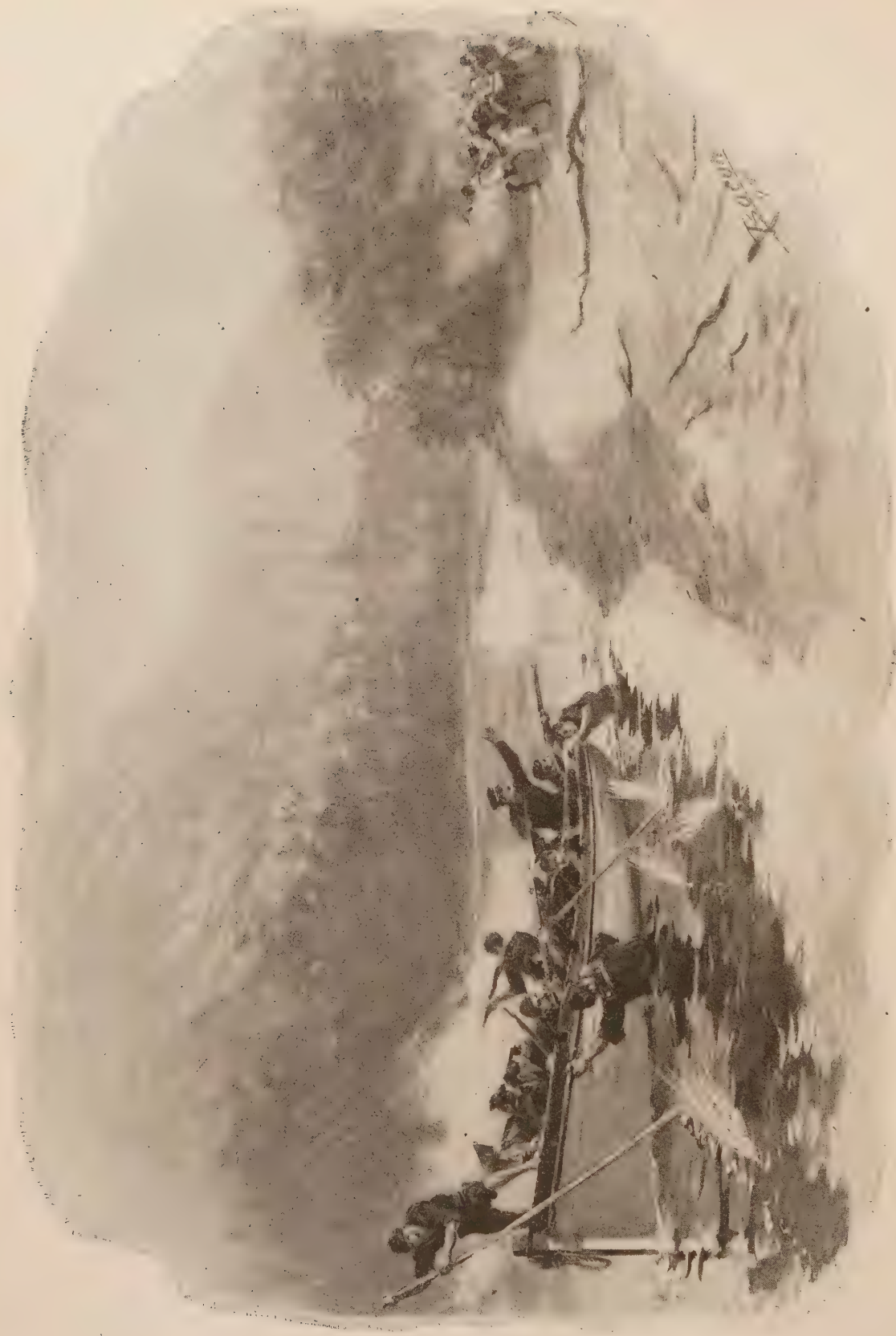
The native officer ordered the little band to cross over to the other bank of the river in their own blood-spattered boat. To do this they had to plug up the scores of bullet-holes and bail out the bloody water. Two mortally wounded men, who were still gasping, the Americans carried out of the boat. Under the shade of trees they put tufts of grass beneath their heads and water by their sides and left them to die alone while they wandered on into captivity. They were not allowed to bury their dead comrades, but were forced to leave them where they had fallen in the blood-covered boat.

The American captives were led by, but out of gun-shot of the old church held by the Spaniards whom they had come to rescue. They saw the Spanish flag flying from the roof and they rejoiced to know that the plucky Spaniards were still holding out against overwhelming odds.

A mile and a half they marched them through the deep jungle, the severely wounded suffering excruciating agony, and it was with great difficulty that they were dragged along on the heart-breaking march. When night came on they were put in an old bamboo church. The uninjured men were bound together with a long rope.

A day and a night they were kept in these rude quarters. Commander Gilmore was shown some respect because of his rank. His hands were not bound and his coat and shoes were returned to him.

Throughout the unspeakable horrors of that first night in captivity the wounded moaned for water and the bound men would cry to the savage guards without to bring water to their dying comrades.



THE CAPTURE OF GILMORE'S PARTY.

From Aguinaldo himself a runner came next day and ordered them to march on or drag themselves on to San Isidro, the insurgent capital. Ragged and worn out, for two days the captives were dragged through the courses of tortuous river beds, wading streams and climbing over great, jagged boulders. When night came they had reached the mountains. It turned cold, and a dreary, chilling rain fell, adding to the sufferings of the wounded.

On that weary march through the jungle and the paths of the deep tropical forests the captives several times met with priests and friars, who, moved to pity by their desolate condition, gave them food and dressed their wounds and bleeding feet. The news that Americans had been captured spread on before them. Through every village they passed between lines of chattering, joy-mad natives, who offered them no violence, but gaped in open-mouthed curiosity at these strangers, upon whom they were looking for the first time in their wretched lives.

The governor of San Isidro was apparently favorably impressed with Commander Gilmore's appearance and address. He cross-examined him thoroughly and terminated the interview by presenting the American officer with a suit of underclothing and sending the captives off to a filthy, crowded prison. The original inmates of this place were murderers and thieves, but they met the captive Americans with kindness, even consideration.

So fearful were the Filipino captors that their prisoners might in some manner be rescued by their friends that they were kept always upon the march, dragging them about over rough and desolate mountain trails, fording streams and passing through the half-night paths of the deep tropical forests. During the time of their captivity the little band of half-naked Americans twice crossed the Island of Luzon, a distance of not less than 400 miles, and at length emerged upon the shores of the northern ocean. Some times in their endless wanderings they were met with hospitality and kindness by the natives. At other times threats were made against them, and for days at a time they knew not the moment they might all be massacred. On the other hand the Spanish prisoners, who sometimes to the number of 600 were added to their straggling column, were brutally beaten.

At Vigan the American captives had the misfortune to be placed in the power of General Tinio, a cruel, wily native, with a deep hatred for all Americans. His mind at one time was fully made up to execute them all in cold blood. Commander Gilmore, however, had made a good friend and ally in the person of the local presidente, who was prevailed upon to warn Tinio that should such a massacre of Americans be consummated, American avengers would come and burn and destroy in a thoroughly punitive manner. This admonition had the desired effect, and, further than the separation of Commander Gilmore from his men, they suffered no serious privations at Vigan. From their prison windows they could see American ships passing to and fro, far out on the bosom of the ocean, and it was maddening to the captives to know that rescue was so near and yet so impossible.

Then without warning rumors came to the little band which cheered their hearts and brought new hope to their breasts. American troops were certainly in the vicinity. This was evident in the sudden panic among the natives.

Families were hurriedly prepared for flight. The excitement grew each hour until all the natives were seized with a sudden terror. Prisoners who were suspected of being Macabebe spies were taken out and shot down without ceremony. Then on the morning of December 5th the American column routed the forces of General Tinio. The American captives were then quickly brought from their prison and hurried into the mountains. Superstitious fear of the Americans urged the captors on. They would give the Americans no time to eat or sleep. But as the little band of captives were urged on farther and farther, with the rescuers hard upon their trail, they marked their names with chalk upon the rocks and tree trunks, so that their friends might have some clue to the direction which they had taken. Into the wild mountain region they now were going. They were forced to crawl over bowlders and climb monkey-like up the cliffs by clinging to roots and the overhanging branches of trees. They were far beyond the edge of all civilization. They were in the wildernesses of unknown Luzon.

At last the extremity came. All food was gone. The men were thoroughly exhausted, starving and heart-sick. Night had come on. They had drunk their fill of water from a near-by stream, and that was all they had to satisfy their craving for the barest sustenance. The men were huddled together, wretched, without hope and ready at last to die. A Filipino approached them from the guard camp near at hand. He calmly informed them that they could take them no farther. It meant that they were to be shot where they stood and that the end had at last come for them.

Commander Gilmore did not speak for mercy. For some time the young native lieutenant stood and looked at them, pity and abhorrence in his eyes. At length he spoke again:

"I cannot do it," he said. "I will abandon you here in the mountains. Your own troops are not far away and you will be rescued."

Commander Gilmore asked him for guns that they might defend themselves; but these were denied. There was no food to give them. They had nothing, this little band of desolate Americans, but the ragged shirts on their backs. Even their knives had been taken from them by the thieving natives. They were alone, unarmed, resourceless in the heart of an impenetrable wilderness.

In a deserted hut they found a bolo and a small battle-ax. A small stream flowed past them, leaping down the mountain side. It must lead somewhere. It must have some outlet, either the eastern or northern sea.

They decided to build a raft and take this one lone chance of reaching succor and civilization. Weak and emaciated though they were, scarcely able to walk, they set to work with hope born anew in their hearts. In the vicinity they found a bamboo grove. While they were at work they saw a band of natives armed with

spears and battle-axes. They came together for a last stand against fate, but fate was good to the Americans, and the natives at last drew away into the dense undergrowth.

Again they were at the work of construction upon the rickety bamboc rafts. The men were scattered along the beach, weak and famishing, but with light hearts they worked, for they were for the time at least free and doing something that might at last bring rescue and home.

Suddenly there was a shout from those at work along the beach.

Again the treacherous natives were upon them. They had no arms to defend themselves. The ragged men hurried to gather up stones and sticks from the shore. They would make a last stand, now that their last hope was gone. There was another yell from around the bend in the shore line. Then another. Commander Gilmore stopped and listened, and while he listened to reassure himself there came something to his mind that told him that those were not the yells of the puny Filipinos.

And still while he stood in doubt, and there came to him a mad suspicion that he tried to put down, there swung around the curve the blue shirts and the yellow khaki of the American soldiers. On they came, that little squad of plucky Americans, cheering as they raced along the pebbly beach. While still at some distance they shouted to the rescued men to lie down, thinking they were still under guard, and that they would have to fire over their heads at the Filipino captors. But they did not lie down, those pale, emaciated men. They dropped the stones that they had picked up to defend their lives and ran forward cheering, too, in weak, crackling voices, and they fell into the arms of the hardy Americans who had come for them, and cried in their weakness and sobbed their joy upon the broad breasts of their countrymen.

Then there was more cheering and hand-shaking and questions. They put Commander Gilmore and his little band of the rescued upon a huge boulder that had toppled down from the mountain-side, and from this height Commander Gilmore saw the band of natives slinking away in the distance, for they, too, had heard those good American cheers and knew what they meant from tradition and actual experience.

On this boulder Commander Gilmore and his little half-naked band were photographed. It was, too, the last film that Lieutenant Lipop had in his camera. One of the soldiers had a tiny American flag, and this they tied to a stick, which Commander Gilmore held aloft as an emblem of triumph at this climax to months of direst suffering.

The rescuing party was under the command of Colonel Hare, who with 150 men started out in light marching order to find Gilmore and his men. They pushed and climbed mountain ranges, swam streams, always with that little band of sufferers just ahead of them, till at last they came to their reward, that meeting on the dreary beach of Luzon's wildernees

Commander Gilmore's party was composed of the following men—Standley and Lysac, the scouts; Gilmore and his boat-crew, manned by Chief Quartermaster Walton; Sailmaker's Mate Voudoit, Cockswain Ellsworth, Gunner's Mate Nygard, Seamen Rynders, Woodbury, Brisolese and McDonald; Landsmen Dillon, Morrissey, Edwards and Anderson, and Apprentices Venville and Peterson.

During the nine months of their captivity this brave little party had traveled over 400 miles, the greater part of this distance being through the wildest and most mountainous part of the country.

Upon the arrival of the rescuing party food was given the half-starved men and preparations were at once made for the escape from the mountain fastnesses to the sea. The plan agreed upon was to build rafts and float down the river with the current. Accordingly all set to work building about forty bamboo rafts, each large enough to carry three or four men, some camp equipment and guns.

On the 18th of December all was in readiness, and the soldiers and sailors started off on their unique voyage to the sea. The narrow stream was full of large boulders, the current swift, carrying the rafts rapidly along, thus making the trip a most hazardous undertaking. Many were the collisions with these boulders, which were detected only when it was too late to divert the course of the rafts, and they would crash into the obstructions, throwing the little crews overboard. Scarcely a day passed but there were a number of these disasters, and then the more fortunate voyagers would again show their splendid courage by heroically rescuing the exhausted struggling men in the water. By the 25th they had lost so many of their rafts and so much of their camp equipment that Colonel Hare ordered a stop for the purpose of replacing the lost and damaged craft.

When the shore of the stream was gained the men were thoroughly exhausted, nearly half of them were without clothes, many had fever from their exposure to the water and the hot sun, and nearly all had badly swollen feet.

Those who were able were set to work cutting bamboo sticks and lashing them together, and in an incredibly short time the necessary outfit was complete, the weaker members of the party having in the meantime gathered a supply of rice.

Provisions had run down to such an extent that the fare was most meagre and the prospects of the returning party were most gloomy. The rafts drifted rapidly down stream between the precipitous bluffs which rose up from the water's edge to a height of 200 feet. Occasionally breaks were encountered in the dark canyon which revealed long beaches reaching back into an undulating country of lofty palms, cocoanut and banana trees, amidst a luxuriant undergrowth.

The few men of the party who were not overcome by exhaustion or sickness piloted the rafts down the river, but as their work required the greatest vigilance they could not enjoy the beautiful country through which they passed, and consequently the trip seemed never-ending.

Whenever a native hut was sighted some of the party went ashore to obtain provisions; but in almost every instance the men found the huts deserted. Their only

recourse then was to go into the rice fields and gather what they could to carry them through until they might reach a place more abundantly supplied with food.

On they went, never knowing how far they were from civilization. Discouraged but not overcome they kept to their posts and guided the rafts with their precious burdens of sick men past the dangerous obstructions down the rapids.

Finally after eleven days' most perilous traveling the weary party rounded a curve in the river and before them lay a valley which stretched out beyond their vision. Civilization was close at hand. Disappointment was not in store for these men who had for so long a time suffered the tortures of captivity in the mountain fastnesses of an unknown country.

Before they could fully contemplate their good fortune one of the party discovered a bamboo cross upon which was floating a small white flag. Up went a shout of joy from the weary men when they were apprised of the discovery of this sign, for it meant a welcome to them or any other Americans who might see it. When a landing was made near the cross the party was met by the natives who offered them rice, tobacco, cocoanuts and sugar cane, as an offering of friendship and peace. Now that the men were assured of the friendship of the natives their feelings were given vent to in repeated and hysterical cheers.

The natives made them as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances, and that evening after they were told that the sea coast was but four days distant all turned in with the thought that at last they were safe from the vigilant and ever-spying insurgents.

On the following morning, after paying the Filipinos for their hospitality, the party again set out—this time with glad hearts—for their objective point, the sea, where they felt sure of encountering Americans.

The river widened as they progressed, but the current was still strong, causing much inconvenience and in several cases disaster to the rafts. The raft on which one of the sick men was lying crashed into a rock and threw the occupants into the water. The invalid was Private Day, and though he was rescued from a watery grave, he nevertheless succumbed to the exposure to which he had been subjected while in the water. This was the only casualty which befell the party since the start of its perilous journey on the 18th.

After a short rest at one of the villages some of the men set out in canoes in advance of the main party. They found friendly natives who gave them food and informed them that when the rest of the party arrived they would carry them in their bancas to Abulug.

Upon reaching Abulug Commander Gilmore and his party were met by an officer from the Princeton and taken aboard, where they were received by their messmates with cheer after cheer.

When the Princeton reached Vigan Colonel Hare and his men were met by General Young, who did not restrain himself in his expressions of gratitude to the noble band of rescuers, whom he said he would recommend for Medals of Honor.

THE BATTLE OF SAN JACINTO

EARLY in November, 1899, the Thirty-third Infantry, under Colonel Hare, encountered a force of the enemy between San Fabian and San Jacinto, and one of the sharpest battles of the year was fought, resulting in a complete victory for the American troops, and severe punishment, with large losses in killed, for the insurgents.

The Filipinos had concealed their presence in the vicinity of San Jacinto so well that a reconnoissance by Major Buck's battalion failed to locate their whereabouts. Through the energy of General Wheaton, who had been informed that the enemy had concentrated their forces near this place to protect and control the road from Dagupan north through San Jacinto, the Filipinos were at last located. It was necessary for the American troops to have control of this road, as it was considered probable that Aguinaldo's Tarlac army would use it on its retreat.

Thus the Thirty-third was ordered out, accompanied by a Gatling gun and a detachment of the Thirteenth Infantry, under command of Captain Howland. Five miles of the worst kind of road, cut by numerous creeks and miry ditches, had to be traversed before the enemy could be encountered. This march to action was one of the most interesting ones for all who participated. The difficulties to be overcome were endless; men and horses would sink into the miry creeks waist deep and struggle through rice fields as best they could. Not one of the numerous bridges that crossed the creeks was in a condition to be passed over by troops, not to speak of the gun. Some were hastily repaired to safeguard their passage, and in some of the more difficult places the gun had to be drawn by hand, a hundred soldiers or more pulling at the drag-rope. Nothing but the indomitable energy of the soldiers, and especially of the officers, enabled them to get the Gatling gun into action.

Finally the position held by the Filipinos was reached. This was about two miles from San Jacinto, and the fight ensued at once. The American troops had expected the enemy about a mile farther towards San Jacinto, and therefore it was somewhat of a surprise when fire was opened suddenly on the soldiers of the first battalion, which was just then crossing one of the miry rice fields. The first fire came from a number of native houses, surrounded by groves of cocoanut trees, in which sharpshooters were hidden, and also from a trench which had been thrown up across the road. The fire came at close range and was directed at the officers, for the first five men that fell wore either chevrons or shoulder-straps.

Major John A. Logan was among the first five. He saw one of his comrades fall next to him, and, passing over to where the man lay, was about to assist him, when a bullet crashed through his head.

A Filipino sharpshooter in one of the trees also shot Captain Green about the same time that Logan fell, but his wound was not serious. The troops never wavered for a moment. Crack marksmen of the regiment soon located the natives in the



DEATH OF MAJOR JOHN A. LOGAN.

trees, and but a few moments passed before the first ones came tumbling down like coconuts, the slayer of Logan among them. At the same time the trench in front was stormed and taken. Then the regiment deployed as skirmishers and spreading out, covering nearly two miles, rushed forward.

The Filipinos, however, were not so easily routed and put to flight this time as on previous occasions. They made a desperate stand and displayed considerable courage in holding their ground under such withering fire as was poured in on them by the American troops, who were surprised to see them keep their places even when within twenty feet of the storming column. The Filipinos lost considerably in this affair. Major Marsh's battalion alone slaughtered a whole trenchful of them, which they attacked from the flank.

The superiority of American arms and men was demonstrated again on this battlefield. The Filipinos were at last driven towards and through the town of San Jacinto, where they dispersed, and pursuit could not be taken up.

Major Marsh's battalion entered the town first and captured a large battle flag that was floating over a convent. The town had been deserted by everyone but a blind boy and an old woman, so complete was the fright of the inhabitants, who had fled to the hills. The larger part of the insurgent forces retreated towards Dagupan, and it was impossible to pursue them further, as the troops were completely exhausted. Ammunition was low and rations were carried only for two days, so they camped for the night in the town, buried the dead, among whom was found an officer in lieutenant-colonel's uniform—presumably the leader of the Filipinos in this affair—and as it was not advisable to await further supplies from San Fabian over such devastated roads the return march was begun.



CHASING AGUINALDO

EARLY in November, 1899, General Otis started a campaign the express purpose of which was the capture of Aguinaldo.

General S. B. M. Young was entrusted with this important though extremely difficult task, and the pursuit in which this daring and persistent general subsequently engaged became a regular man-hunt, the details of which are given by General Young, as follows:

“Aguinaldo became a fugitive and an outlaw, seeking security in escape to the mountains or by sea. My cavalry had ridden down his forces wherever found, utterly routing them in every instance, killing some, capturing and liberating many prisoners, and destroying many arms and other munitions of war.

“Our march was forced to Rosario, where we arrived sixty hours after Aguinaldo's departure. Here we found his abandoned carts, he packing his baggage over the difficult mountain trail to Tubao on carabaos. A deserter came into our lines here with the information that Aguinaldo's rear guard was in Tubao, but said that the trail was impassable for our big horses. This man willingly consented to guide us. Scattered bands of insurgents kept our outpost busy all night; we found two dead ones in the morning. The trail leading to Tubao was extremely difficult, and we passed many exhausted and abandoned native horses and carabaos in a valley extending six or seven miles southeast from Tubao to a fairly good road. Horses, cattle and carts had been in waiting for Aguinaldo at the point where the mountain trail came into this road. After preparing our camp in Tubao information was received that the enemy were moving up the coast road to join General Manuel Tinio at Aringay.

“My force was too small to allow any concentration of the enemy, and we pushed on, leaving all footsore and tired-out Macabebes with a small guard at Tubao to wait and care for weary stragglers who were being brought up by the rear guard.

“On November 19th I sent word to General Lawton that I needed additional forces, but could not wait, and asked that a battalion of light infantry, that could march rapidly without impedimenta, should follow on my trail with an officer in command who would push for all he was worth.

“At dusk we struck the enemy's intrenchments and carried them by assault. Captains Quinlan and Hall with their companies waded the river in the face of a heavy fire. Captain Chase dismounted, covering the left flank and driving back a force evidently just arriving on our side of the river from the coast road. One Macabebe soldier was wounded and died the same night. Captain Batson's left foot was shattered by a spent ball striking him on the instep, a sad and at this time a very grave misfortune, and one particularly disheartening to the Macabebes, who performed prodigious work under him.

“The enemy finding our troops crossing, fled from their up-stream works and we pushed into Aringay in rear of the trenches made to defend the coast road. The

night was very dark, and we knew nothing of these trenches or the force in them until morning, after they had escaped during the night. About 8 A. M. on the 20th Lieutenant Bell and party, with sick and footsore men, arrived from Tubao, six miles distant, and I moved out immediately, leaving him and his party to guard the sick and wounded.

“Between Aringay and Booang flag communication was gained with the gunboat Samar, Ensign Mustin commanding. He was requested to open on the works at San Fernando at 2:30 P. M.

“The insurgent battalions of Union and Benguet provinces had increased Aguinaldo’s strength to over 1,000 men, part of this force having followed Aguinaldo, while the remainder was with Tinio, going directly up the coast road. I overtook Chase as he neared San Fernando, and witnessed the handsomest and neatest little fight of the campaign. A trench made with bamboo revetment and ditched in front extended from the foot of the mountain across the road to the town’s cemetery wall, and could be approached only through an open rice field with no cover. Captain Chase with his dismounted force, numbering thirty-seven troopers, charged up and over the works, and as the enemy’s fire made it very uncomfortable around my flag we all charged, carrying the led horses up against the works.

“As Captain Chase and his men were scrambling over them, the horses were passed through an opening in rear of the west terminus of the works and in front of the southeast corner of the cemetery wall. The narrow defile, 400 yards in length, leading into the town was passed under a heavy fire from both sides, but the rush by Captain Chase and his troopers, followed by the led horses at a trot, seemed to unnerve the enemy, as none of their fire was effective; but they kept up an annoying fire on Chase’s exhausted men from the hills beyond, until the Samar’s guns frightened them away.

“An insurgent officer captured some days afterwards stated that the force opposed to Captain Chase at San Fernando numbered 300, 200 of this number occupying the works facing the sea, and that when Captain Chase entered the rear of the town by the road he rendered their positions untenable and they fled without offering resistance; but of this fact we were not aware until the rear of their column was on the distant hills

“Early on the morning of the 21st, leaving Captain Chase to hold San Fernando, I returned to Booang, and met Captains Parker and Swigert, who had come up the coast road.

“Captain Cunningham and his mounted scouts of Colonel Hare’s regiment, who came up with Parker, were left to occupy Booang, and with Swigert’s two troops I followed on Captain Wilder’s trail. About six miles out we met Wilder returning with information that Aguinaldo had left two nights previously, but that he had not taken trail to Trinidad. Wilder had in the meantime sent Lieutenant Lee Hall with his company of Macabebes over the mountain trail from Naguiliang direct to San Fernando. Ordering Wilder and Swigert to return to Booang for the night, I hurried to San Fernando and arrived there at 11 P. M., Hall arriving about midnight.

“The situation was perplexing. My cavalry was crippled for want of shoes, the Macabebes were disheartened at the loss of their beloved leader, Batson, and many were sick and footsore.”

On the 20th of November Aguinaldo remained at Balauang over night and passed through Bangar the following day, General Young close upon his heels and steadily gaining upon him.

General Young's forces were much depleted and worn out. Aguinaldo had been playing hide-and-seek, one day in the mountains, the next day, he or some of his generals, on the coast road. The general felt positive that Aguinaldo could be caught with fresh troops, for he had information from the best authority that Aguinaldo had a force of only 1,700 men with him, under Generals Tinio, Pilar and Concepcion, in Abra. The additional cavalry force required could have reached San Fernando in the shortest time, and the infantry could have been landed by boat at Darigayos, four miles south of that point.

On the 25th Swigert examined the country around Namaspacan, Balauang and Bangar, and Sergeant Aquilino Vasea, with two of his Macabebes on outpost duty, attacked a party of insurgents, killing one and capturing another, together with four rifles and ammunition.

The mass of the people in this section showed the strongest demonstration of friendship and welcome to the troops. They had been robbed by the insurgent commanders, and many of them feared that they would be likewise robbed of what they had left by the troops; but to assure them to the contrary, General Young sent back to the agent of the tobacco company, Don Benito Reynoldo, at San Fernando, and borrowed \$2,500 on his personal security, in order that cash might be paid for all supplies needed.

It was learned here that Aguinaldo had been at Naguiliang on his way to Benguet, and that he had changed his plan of escape in deference to the demands of his new provincial re-enforcements. He then took a trail leading into Balauang, thence through Namaspacan and north on the coast road, intending to go to the province of Abra by way of Vigan.

Aguinaldo and Tinio had separated at Candon, the former going by mountain to Lepanto, the latter with a retarding force of 600 occupying and repairing trenches at Tagudin, and Pilar was left to fortify and hold the Tila Mountain Pass in his rear, near Angaqui. A captured letter showed Aguinaldo in Angaqui on the 28th, intending to go to Cervantes on the 29th of November. Tinio was going north to San Quintin to hold the Abra Canyon against a force moving up from Vigan.



DEATH OF GENERAL PILAR

ON November 30th Major March, with a sufficiently large force, was sent on Aguinaldo's trail and encountered the force of General Pilar in the Tila Pass soon afterward. The rebels had constructed a stone barricade across the trail at a point where it commanded the turns of the zigzag pass for a considerable distance. This barricade was loop-holed for infantry fire and afforded head cover for the insurgents. Passing beyond Lingey the advance was checked by a heavy fire from this barricade, which killed and wounded several men without having its position revealed. Major March brought up the remainder of the command at a double quick, losing two men during the run up. Arriving at the point he located the insurgents' position with field glasses—their fire being entirely of Mauser rifles, with smokeless powder—by the presence of the insurgent officer, who showed himself freely and directed the fire.

Pushing forward, the number of men who were hit increased so rapidly that it was evident the position could not be taken by a front attack, when the trail only allowed the men to pass one at a time. On the left of the barricade was a gorge several hundred feet deep, on its right a precipitous mountain which rose 1,500 feet above the trail. Across the gorge and to the left front of the barricade was a hill, which, while it did not permit of flank fire into the barricade, commanded the trail in its rear; and this point was occupied by ten sharpshooters in command of Sergeant-Major McDougall, who lost one man wounded in getting to the top, and when there rendered most effective assistance.

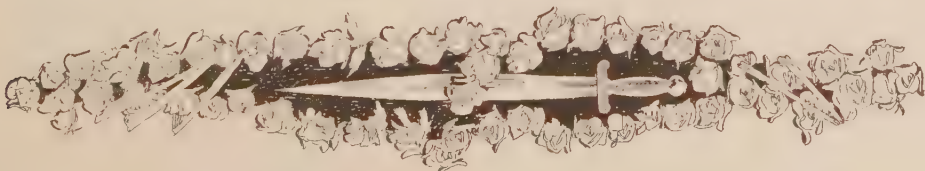
Lieutenant Tompkins was then ordered to ascend the slope of the mountain under cover of a slight ridge which struck the face of the mountain about 150 feet from the summit. From there he had a straight climb to the top, where the men pulled themselves up by twigs and by hand. The ascent took two hours, during which time the enemy kept up an incessant and accurate fire, which they varied by rolling down stones on the soldiers' heads. When Tompkins's men appeared upon the crest of the hills over their heads, he had the command of the two trenches which were constructed in rear of the barricade, around a sharp turn in the trail, and which were also held by the insurgents. He opened fire upon them, Major March charging the first barricade at the same time, rushing the enemy over the hill. Eight dead bodies were found on the trail, and the bushes which grew at the edge of the gorge were broken and blood-stained where dead and wounded men fell through. Among the dead bodies was that of Gregorio del Pilar, the general commanding the insurgent forces. His shoulder-straps, French field glasses, official and private papers, and other articles which served as a means of identification, were taken from the body.

The insurgents' report of their casualties in this fight was fifty-two; Major March's loss was two killed and nine wounded. The major reached the summit at

4:30 P. M., and camped there for the night, finding at that point a large amount of rice, lard, etc., which had been abandoned by the insurgents and on which he subsisted his troops. In this engagement he also captured several Mausers and a large quantity of ammunition.

“At Cervantes,” Major March relates, “I learned that the force at Tila Pass consisted of picked men from Aguinaldo’s bodyguard, and that it was wiped out of existence. Aguinaldo, with his wife and two other women and a handful of men, were living in a convent at Cervantes, perfectly secure in his belief that Tila Pass was an impregnable position. It was the insurgents’ Thermopylae. Upon learning of the death of Pilar, which news was brought in by runners across the hills at 5 P. M. of the same day, Aguinaldo hastily gathered together his effects, and with two of his women on horseback and his wife in a litter carried by Igorrotes, left the town at 10 o’clock P. M. I arrived the evening of the 3d and spent the 4th in resting the men and sifting evidence of his whereabouts. Large numbers of Spanish prisoners were abandoned in his flight, and from their tales and those of natives I located him as passing through Cayan at 2 o’clock A. M. of the 3d. I set out at 6 A. M. on the 5th for Cayan, with a picked force of 100 officers and men who were the least exhausted by their long march and the fighting. The road begins immediately to ascend and goes straight up until a height of 9,000 feet is reached.

“Upon arriving at Cayan I was met by the two staff officers of General Venancio Concepcion, Aguinaldo’s chief-of-staff, with a letter proposing an interview, with the suspension of hostilities in view. I told his officers that there could be no suspension of hostilities, but that if the general and his staff wanted to come in and surrender I would guarantee them good treatment and would consent to their proposed interview at 3 P. M. He came in and surrendered and was sent to Cervantes under charge of a guard. A number of the men were now exhausted by the climb to Cayan, so I weeded out the command again and set out after Aguinaldo with eighty-six men. All this time I had been living on the country, paying or giving receipt for what I took. I now got into a country which produces very little besides yams, and then pushed on to Baguen, near Bontoc, where I found natives hostile to Aguinaldo, and learned that he had gone on through the town of Bontoc to Tuluben, evidently making for Banaueg and the road to Bayambang, three days before. He was gaining on me with fresh ponies and bearers and with his party unencumbered. I therefore rounded up the Spanish prisoners throughout the region and returned to Cervantes.”



DEATH OF GENERAL LAWTON

SAN MATEO, a place which lies between a high mountain behind and a broad, shallow stream in front, with wide sand bars, has twice been the scene of battles. It is some fifteen miles to the northeast of Manila, and was occupied and abandoned by the Americans more than once.

The first engagement occurred on August 12, 1899, when an advance of three separate columns was made against the place. One, under Captain Cronin, consisted of 150 men from the Twenty-fifth (colored) Infantry. It was to move eastward from Novaliches, effecting a junction with Captain Rivers, who, with 100 men of the Fourth Cavalry, was to move from the southwest and join Cronin in or near San Mateo to intercept the retreat forced by Captain Parker of the Fourth Cavalry, who lead the attacking column. That consisted of 280 men in six companies from the Fourth Cavalry and Twenty-first and Twenty-fourth (colored) Infantry. Four of these companies were commanded by second lieutenants. Parker was to cross the river near Mariquina and follow the road leading northward upon its eastern bank. The purpose was to drive the Filipinos, known to be in the vicinity, back upon San Mateo, where they would encounter the other two columns. The general plan miscarried, but Parker's force found a busy time for some four miles. The enemy, well intrenched, were encountered near the little River Nanca. Their dispersion involved the crossing of an unusually long stretch of those abominable muddy rice fields which make military movements on the islands so arduous. The troops plunge and flounder about in muddy water from six to eighteen inches in depth. If the fire of the enemy becomes too galling it is sometimes necessary for the men to imitate the carabao, and lie down and wallow in it. A forty-minute fight took place at this point. The command was composed largely of recruits, but they showed all the pluck and dash and coolness of well-seasoned troopers. They manifested but one desire, and that was to charge forward. The first dash of the encounter was a hot one. It was made across the open and against trenches. It cost the Americans eighteen men in killed and wounded. The Filipino loss was not known. For the next four miles it was a running fight, with the Filipinos gaining at every jump. The lightly-clad native, who knows every inch of the running, rather handicaps his American pursuer at that kind of a foot-race. Parker kept them moving at a rate that sent them through the city before Cronin's arrival. Some escaped to the north. Others undoubtedly played the usual game and got away round to the right of the American line and were "Amigos" by the time they reached the rear. It is beyond question that a fair number of the Americans' opponents on the 12th were seen as industrious agriculturists at work in their fields, and all very friendly, when the troops returned a day or two later.

Cronin's march was without especial incident. Some three or four miles outside of San Mateo Captain Rivers came upon an intrenched outpost. A sharp little



DEATH OF GENERAL HENRY W. LAWTON.

engagement followed, with the usual result. The Filipinos fired a few moments and then disappeared. Their fire cost one American life and a few wounds.

Captain Parker's trip resulted in an incident worth recording. One company was under command of Captain Wilhelm, of the Twenty-first Infantry. At a certain stage of the fighting he saw four of the enemy running away at close range. He ordered his men to fire on them and bring them down. Just at the critical moment, and just in time to save them, a native woman ran out and placed herself, with extended arms, immediately behind the fugitives, in the line of the fire. There was but one thing for Wilhelm to do as an American gentleman, and he did it promptly. He ordered his men to reserve their fire and moved on, while the hurrying Filipinos got as quickly as possible out of range, sheltered from harm by American gallantry and their guardian angel.

The second engagement at this place occurred December 18th of the same year, and resulted in the death of General Henry W. Lawton, one of the bravest men in the army. The general had left Manila the night before with Troop I, Fourth United States Cavalry, under Captain Lockett, and two battalions of the Twenty-seventh and Twenty-ninth United States Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sargent, for the purpose of capturing San Mateo, where General Geronomo was known to have 300 insurgents. The night was one of the worst of the season, heavy rain having set in.

With a small escort he led the way through an almost pathless country, a distance of fifteen miles over hills and through cane-brakes and deep mud, the horses climbing the rocks and sliding down the hills. Before daybreak the command had reached the head of the valley, and San Mateo was attacked at 8 o'clock, a three hours' fight ensuing. This resulted in but few casualties on the American side, but the attack was difficult because of the natural defenses of the town.

General Lawton was walking along the firing line within 300 yards of a small sharpshooters' trench, conspicuous in the big white helmet he always wore. He was easily distinguishable because of his commanding stature.

The sharpshooters directed several close shots which clipped the grass near by. Staff officers called General Lawton's attention to his dangerous position, but he only laughed with his usual contempt for bullets.

Suddenly he exclaimed: "I am shot," and clenching his hands in a desperate effort to stand erect, fell into the arms of a staff officer.

Orderlies rushed across the field for surgeons, who dashed up immediately, but their efforts were useless, for the bullet had struck him in a vital spot. The body was taken to a clump of bushes and laid upon a stretcher, the familiar white helmet covering the face of the dead general. Almost at this moment the cheers of the American troops rushing into San Mateo were mingling with the rifle volleys. After the fight six stalwart cavalymen forded the river to the town, carrying the litter on their shoulders, the staff preceding with the colors, and a cavalry escort following.

The troops filed bare-headed through the building where the body was laid, and many a tear fell from the eyes of men who had long followed the intrepid Lawton. The entire command was stricken with grief, as though each man had suffered a personal loss.

All except the officers were behind cover at the time the general was shot. A staff officer was wounded about the same time, and one other officer and seven men were wounded. After three hours' shooting the Filipinos were dispersed into the mountains.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL STOTSENBURG

THE death of another gallant officer, whose loss was felt alike by his men and his country, occurred some time prior to that of General Lawton, in an engagement with the insurgents near Quinqua.

The occupation of Malolos, situated on the Manila-Dagupan Railway, northwest of Manila, by the American forces, made it necessary to send out several expeditions to clean the insurgents out of neighboring villages and hamlets so as to secure the Malolos force against surprises.

Such an expedition, consisting of the First Nebraska and Fifty-first Iowa Regiments, detachments of the Fourth U. S. Cavalry and the Utah Light Battery, started towards Quinqua, northeast of Malolos, on the 23d of April, 1899.

Major Bell, with the forty cavalymen, was in the lead, scouting towards Quinqua, when he came across a strong rebel outpost which forthwith opened a murderous fire on him, killing four of his men and wounding five. Major Bell withdrew into the next favorable position and sent for re-enforcements. Major Mufford, with a battalion of the Nebraskans, came hurrying up and attacked the Filipinos. The latter withdrew within the lines of a strong, fortified position, their rifle ditches encircling a rice field at the edge of dense woods. Here the fight came to a standstill. It was impossible for the Americans to advance farther without artillery against the heavy fire of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy.

For two hours the Nebraskans and the Fourth Cavalymen held out in this exposed position, about 800 yards from the enemy's rifle pits.

Finally, Colonel Stotsenburg, the commander of the First Nebraska Regiment, brought up the second battalion of this regiment and the guns of the Utah Battery. He immediately ordered the attack, and, putting himself in front of his line, led his men daringly against the firing lines of the insurgents. When only about 200 yards distant from them the brave colonel was shot through the breast, and killed almost instantly. Lieutenant Sessions of the same regiment was also killed by a bullet which went through his heart.

The Nebraskans, enraged over the loss of their esteemed leader, immediately rushed the enemy, who fell back on their second line of defense. But this, too, was

stormed, and soon the Americans had reached the town of Quinqua, which they occupied.

The loss of the Americans was heavy, amounting to two officers and four men killed and three officers and forty men wounded.

IN 1900 the American troops were scattered over the entire island of Luzon and occupied the chief cities of the other islands, including Camarines, Albay, Leyte, Samar, Mindanao, Cebu, Negros and Panay, but nevertheless many well-armed forces of Filipino insurgents operated in nearly every province of the islands. These forces, acting independently of any apparent central direction, were commanded by men who had been well known as insurgent leaders.

Early in January Captain Conchause, with three companies of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, surprised and captured a stronghold of the insurgents at Mayalang, in the Province of Pambanga. The well-selected position of the insurgents was situated on the top of a high hill where they could well protect themselves from attack, but the surprise was so complete and the attack so well planned that they were completely routed.

This insurgent band held as captives three soldiers of the Ninth and two of the Twelfth Infantry, but before these men could be rescued by Captain Conchause's force they were shot down and horribly mutilated. Three of the captives were found dead and the other two severely wounded when the troops came up to the abandoned Filipino position.

The fort and adjacent village were at once burned and destroyed by Captain Conchause's men, who thus avenged the death of their murdered comrades.

The tactics of the insurgents in retreating before the advancing Americans and then closing in after the troops had passed their hiding places made it difficult for all the expeditions sent out to surround or entrap them, and consequently the American forces were continually engaged in skirmishes and brushes which brought but little punishment to the insurgents. In this manner General Schwan's command was chasing a band of insurgents in January, having numerous engagements with the retreating foe whenever they would show themselves. To corner them was difficult, and when this was finally accomplished it was comical to watch the many manœuvres executed by them in order to escape.

For several days the chase was kept up in the direction of Binang, whither the insurgents were retreating. On the 5th they were located along the hill-sides near the town and fierce fighting ensued, but only for a short time, as the Filipinos realized that they were cornered and they would suddenly disappear under the rapid fire of the troops only to reappear at a different point, sometimes holding a stone wall or barricade in front of the town, but never long enough to give the Americans a good chance to capture them.

Finally, on the next day they made their last stand in the open market place of Binang, where they delivered several volleys at the advancing troops and then again suddenly disappeared. A few minutes later they began to reappear from all directions and in all streets, this time not as fighting insurgents, but as — Amigos. Their trickery, however, could not deceive General Schwan this time, and many of them were made prisoners of war.

These expeditions involved great hardships for the troops and even considerable loss of life, but they helped to teach the insurgents that the Americans meant to subdue them and do it by going after them into the very interior of their mountain fastnesses.

On the 12th of January the Thirty-eighth Infantry, under General Schwan, succeeded in routing the enemy at San Tomas, where they captured the town and its treasury, containing \$20,000. Sixty Spanish prisoners were also released from captivity. In this engagement the Filipino losses were considerable, while the American troops lost but one man killed and one wounded.

About this time re-enforcements were sent to the Islands of Samar, Leyte and Negros, where the insurgents were showing unusual signs of activity. The inhabitants of these islands were known as the most peaceful, but when they rose in revolt they at once became the worst enemies of the American soldiers that could be found in the whole Philippine Archipelago.

At the same time the insurgents in Luzon became more troublesome, and the troops went after them with renewed vigor. On one occasion the rebels attacked a pack-mule train of twenty mules, accompanied by fifty men of the Thirtieth Infantry, in command of Lieutenant Ralston.

They were traveling along the route between San Tomas and San Pablo, in the Province of Laguna, when suddenly they were attacked by a superior force of insurgents, who first fired upon them from ambush and then dashed out upon the command, dispersing them and capturing the entire mule train. The Americans retreated in good order, taking with them their two killed and five wounded. Nine were reported missing.

The Filipino losses could not be ascertained, but as the Americans made a determined stand before retreating their losses must have been considerable. The detachment returned to San Tomas with its wounded.

Continued fighting of this character was kept up throughout the year, in which the Filipinos were almost invariably repulsed with severe losses, and, although no less than 1,000 of these engagements were fought since the outbreak of hostilities, the wily insurgents were not yet under control.

Towards the end of the year the situation in the islands was practically the same as at the beginning, with the exception that Aguinaldo was rapidly losing his power among the Filipinos, and shortly after the beginning of the year 1901 his power was completely gone, he having been captured by United States troops in command of General Fred Funston.

CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO

GENERAL Emilio Aguinaldo, the leader of the insurrection, was captured by General Frederick Funston March 23, 1901, in the following manner:

The confidential agent of Aguinaldo arrived at Pantabangan in the province of Nueva Ecija, northern Luzon, February 28th, with letters dated January 11th, 12th and 14th. These letters were from Emilio Aguinaldo ordering that General Alejandro be supplanted in the command of the provinces of central Luzon. Aguinaldo also ordered 400 men to be sent him as soon as possible, saying that the bearer of the letters would guide these men to where Aguinaldo was.

General Funston secured the correspondence of Aguinaldo's agent and laid his plans accordingly. Some months previously he had captured the camp of the insurgent general Lacuna, incidentally obtaining Lacuna's seal, official papers and a quantity of signed correspondence. With this material two letters were constructed, ostensibly from Lacuna to Aguinaldo.

One of these contained information as to the progress of the war. The other asserted that, pursuant to orders received from Baldermero Aguinaldo, Lacuna was sending his best company to President Emilio Aguinaldo.

His plans completed and approved, General Funston came to Manila and organized his expedition, selecting seventy-eight Macabebes, all of whom spoke Tagalog fluently. Twenty-four had insurgent uniforms, and the others the dress of the Filipino laborers. This Macabebe company, armed with fifty Krag-Jorgensen rifles, was commanded by Captain Russel T. Hazzard, of the Eleventh United States Volunteer Cavalry. With him was his brother, Lieutenant Oliver P. Hazzard, of the same regiment. Captain Harry W. Newton, Thirty-fourth Infantry, was taken because of his familiarity with Casiguaran Bay, and Lieutenant Burton J. Mitchell, of the Fortieth, went as General Funston's aide. These were the only Americans accompanying the leader of the expedition. With the Macabebes were four ex-insurgent officers, one being a Spaniard and the other three Tagalogs, whom General Funston trusted implicitly.

General Funston and the American officers wore plain blue shirts and khaki trousers. They each carried a half blanket, but wore no insignia of rank. The Macabebes were carefully instructed to obey the orders of the four ex-insurgent officers.

On the night of March 8th the party embarked on the United States gunboat Vicksburg. It was originally intended to take cascoes from the island of Polillo and drift to the mainland, but a storm arose and three of the cascoes were lost. This plan was abandoned. At 2 A. M., March 14th, the Vicksburg put her lights out and ran in-shore 25 miles south of Casiguaran. The Americans had never garrisoned this place, and the inhabitants were strong insurgent sympathizers. Having arrived there, the ex-insurgent officers, ostensibly commanding the force, announced that

they were on the way to join Aguinaldo between Pantabangan and Baler, that they had surprised an American surveying party of whom they had killed a number, capturing five. They exhibited General Funston and the other Americans as their prisoners.

The insurgent president of Casiguaran believed their story. Two of the Lacuna letters previously concocted were forwarded to Aguinaldo at Palanan, Province of Isabela. General Funston and the other Americans were kept imprisoned for three days, surreptitiously giving orders at night. On the morning of March 17th, taking a small quantity of cracked corn, the party started on a ninety-mile march to Palanan. The country is rough and uninhabited, and provisions could not be secured. The party ate small shell-fish, but were almost starved. Wading swift rivers, climbing precipitous mountains and penetrating dense jungles, they marched six days and nights, and on March 22d had reached a point eight miles from Palanan. They were now so weak that it was necessary to send to Aguinaldo's camp for food. Aguinaldo dispatched supplies and directed that the American prisoners be kindly treated but not allowed to enter the town.

On the morning of March 23d the advance was resumed. The column was met by the staff officers of Aguinaldo and a detachment of Aguinaldo's bodyguard, which was ordered to take charge of the Americans. While one of the ex-insurgent officers conversed with Aguinaldo's aide, another, a Spaniard, sent a courier to warn General Funston and the other four Americans, who, with eleven Macabebes, were about an hour behind. Having received the warning, General Funston avoided Aguinaldo's detachment and joined the column. The Tagalogs went ahead to greet Aguinaldo and the column slowly followed, finally arriving at Palanan.

Aguinaldo's household troops, fifty men in neat uniforms of blue and white, and wearing straw hats, lined up to receive the new-comers. General Funston's men crossed the river in small boats, formed on the bank and marched to the right and then in front of the insurgent "grenadiers." The Tagalogs entered the house where Aguinaldo was. Suddenly the Spanish officer, observing that Aguinaldo's aide was watching the Americans suspiciously, exclaimed: "Now, Macabebes, go for them!" The Macabebes opened fire, but their aim was rather ineffective, and only three insurgents were killed. The rebels returned the fire. On hearing the fire Aguinaldo, who evidently thought his men were merely celebrating the arrival of re-enforcements, ran to the window and shouted: "Stop that foolishness; quit wasting ammunition!"

Hilario Placido, one of the Tagalog officers, and a former insurgent major, who was wounded in the lung by the fire of the Kansas regiment at the battle of Calocan, threw his arms around Aguinaldo, exclaiming: "You are a prisoner of the Americans!"

Colonel Simeon Villia, Aguinaldo's chief-of-staff, Major Alambra and others attacked the men who were holding Aguinaldo. Placido shot Villia in the shoulder, Alambra jumped out of a window and attempted to cross the river, and as he was not

again seen it is supposed that he was drowned. Five other insurgent officers fought for a few minutes and then fled, making good their escape.

When the firing began General Funston assumed command and directed the attack on the house, personally assisting in the capture of Aguinaldo. The insurgent bodyguard fled, leaving twenty rifles. Santiago Barcelona, the insurgent treasurer, surrendered without resistance.

When captured Aguinaldo was very much excited, but he calmed down under General Funston's assurance that he would be well treated. General Funston secured all of Aguinaldo's correspondence, showing that he had kept in close touch with the sub-chiefs of the insurrection in all parts of the archipelago. It was also discovered that Aguinaldo, on January 28th, had proclaimed himself dictator. He had been living at Palanan for seven months, undisturbed, except when a detachment of the Sixteenth Infantry visited the town. On that occasion the entire population took to the mountains and remained there until the troops retired.

Aguinaldo admitted that he had come near being captured before, but he asserted that he had never been wounded, adding: "I should never have been taken except by a stratagem. I was completely deceived by Lacuna's forged signature."

He feared that he might be sent to Guam, and he was quite glad to come to Manila.

Palanan was guarded by numerous outposts and signal stations. During the fight none of the Macabebes were wounded.

The expedition rested March 24th and then marched sixteen miles the following day to Palanan Bay, where General Funston found the Vicksburg, which brought him to Manila. Commander Barry, of the Vicksburg, rendered General Funston splendid assistance.

Aguinaldo arrived at Manila a few days after his capture. He now entered the Filipino capital a prisoner of war instead of a victor and the president of an independent republic, as he had so fervently hoped. However, from the very first hour of his captivity his conduct was dignified and peaceable, his spirit of rebellion and revolt giving way to one of reconciliation and submission to an inevitable fate. On April 1st he was persuaded to take the oath of allegiance and become an American citizen.

The insurgent leader not only gracefully made his peace with the government of the United States, but on April 19th issued the following significant manifesto:

"I believe I am not in error in presuming that the unhappy fate to which my adverse fortune has led me is not a surprise to those who have been familiar with the progress of the war. The lessons taught with a full meaning, and which have recently come to my knowledge, suggest with irresistible force that a complete termination of hostilities and lasting peace are not only desirable, but absolutely essential to the welfare of the Philippine Islands.

"The Filipinos have never been dismayed at their weakness, nor have they faltered in following the path pointed out by their fortitude and courage. The time

has come, however, in which they find their advance along this path to be impeded by an irresistible force, which, while it restrains them, yet enlightens their minds and opens to them another course, presenting them the cause of peace. This cause has been joyfully embraced by the majority of my fellow-countrymen, who have already united around the glorious sovereign banner and believe that under its protection the Filipino people will attain all those promised liberties which they are beginning to enjoy.

“The country has declared unmistakably in favor of peace. So be it. There has been enough blood, enough tears, and enough desolation. This wish cannot be ignored by the men still in arms if they are animated by a desire to serve our noble people, which has thus clearly manifested its will. So do I respect this will, now that it is known to me.

“After mature deliberation, I resolutely proclaim to the world that I cannot refuse to heed the voice of the people longing for peace nor the lamentations of thousands of families yearning to see their dear ones enjoying the liberty and the promised generosity of the great American nation.

“By acknowledging and accepting the sovereignty of the United States throughout the Philippine Archipelago, as I now do, and without any reservation whatsoever, I believe that I am serving thee, my beloved country. May happiness be thine.

“EMILIO AGUINALDO.”

The capture or surrender of other insurgent generals of importance and prominence occurred at the same time.

On February 2, 1901, General Delgado surrendered to General Hughes, with 30 officers and 140 armed men. As a result of this surrender 41,000 inhabitants of the Province of Iloilo took the oath of allegiance. On March 15, 1901, General Trias, commander of the insurrectionary forces in southern Luzon, surrendered to Lieutenant-Colonel Frank D. Baldwin, Fourth United States Infantry, and in a manifesto urged his followers to give up all further resistance to the American troops. Generals S. Juan and Blas Villamor, two brave Filipino fighters had surrendered early in January, 1901, and on May 1st of the same year General Manuel Tinio, who had covered Aguinaldo's retreat at the mountain passes, gave up the struggle. The surrender of Generals Alejandrino, Lacuna and Cailles, together with the capture of the entire insurgent cabinet members, plainly told of the utter collapse of the insurrection. The total surrenders of insurgents from December 1, 1900, to the last day of May, 1901, numbered 1,699 officers and 19,372 men. During the same time the casualties of the American forces were: Killed 245, wounded 490, captured 118, missing 20.

Henceforth the pacification progressed steadily, although the work did not proceed without many engagements and fights with small bands of bush-whacking insurgents.

THE MASSACRE AT BALANGIGA

THE difficulties which our troops experienced in subduing the insurrection were manifold, especially in those districts of the Islands where the insurrection had seemingly been suppressed, and "Amigos" were trying to gain the friendship of the Americans only to lure them into ambush. The shrewd and intelligent Filipinos would then form treacherous plans to surprise and destroy the so bitterly hated Americans. Woe to them if they were not always on their guard, or if the officers had ceased watching for signs and symptoms of hidden treachery.

A case where officers as well as enlisted men were cleverly lured into such a trap was experienced by Company C, Ninth United States Infantry, on Saturday, September 28, 1901, on the Island of Samar, near Balangiga, and the result of this negligence was a disaster to our troops which had no equal during the whole campaign. Not more than twenty-four of the entire company of seventy-two men escaped with their lives, the others sharing a terrible fate at the hands of the frenzied natives.

The garrison of the entire island had been too small for so large an area, being fully as large as the State of Ohio, and having but 2,500 men stationed at different places. Speedily the important towns and centers were occupied by small bodies of our men. Spain had up to this time never attempted to occupy Samar, and therefore the insurgents had believed themselves masters of the island. However, they were, as on all the other islands, conquered, and from that time on the Filipinos had carried on a guerrilla warfare. Operations against them were difficult.

The Ninth United States Infantry had seen service during the preceding summer in China, and after its return to the Philippine Islands a battalion was sent to Samar.

Previous to the arrival of the ill-fated Company C at their station colored troops had occupied the place, the inhabitants had become acquainted with the soldiers and seemed in the best of harmony with them. This, however, was a ruse, for as soon as Company C had settled down and through the seeming friendship of the natives had slackened their vigilance, the surprise was carried into effect with disastrous results.

The following details about the affair were gathered from the survivors, and it can be termed a wonder that any had a chance to escape the massacre, so well planned and executed was the surprise:

The night before the massacre the village presidente came to Captain Connell, then in command of Company C, and declared that it would take 100 more natives to do certain pioneer work which had been ordered by the command and was to be done by natives. An agreement was reached by which the work was to be started the next morning. This arrangement gave 100 or more natives a chance to come into camp with their bolos, pretending to cut underbrush with them. They chatted, laughed and carried on as if actually going to work. No sooner, however, had the last man passed the sentry than, upon a given signal, the latter was cut down, and



THE BALANGIGA MASSACRE.

with tiger-like swiftness they all dashed upon the barracks, and a fearful slaughter was begun. The soldiers were completely surprised; most of them were at the breakfast table, and their arms being on the floor above, they had no chance at all to defend themselves. The natives had divided; half of them murdered every soldier on the upper floor of the barracks, while the other half forced the mess-room, killing every one they could reach. The attack came so sudden and was carried out so fiercely that within a few minutes the dastardly work was done and a large number of horribly mutilated American soldiers were lying upon the floors.

Captain Connell apparently was awakened in his quarters by the attackers pouring in. He was alone, so he jumped from the window down where he supposed his guards were, but they had all been slaughtered. He was struck by many bolos as soon as he reached the ground. Not satisfied with killing him, the assassins hacked his body and severed the head, upon which they piled paper and sticks of wood, setting them on fire to render the face unrecognizable.

Separated from their weapons, most of the rank and file fought like heroes, with table knives, stones, clubs and such rude weapons as chance threw in their way. It was a bitter fate that befell those who closed with the Americans before they had received their death wounds.

During these trying moments many deeds of self-sacrifice were performed by our soldiers. They fought desperately, and never turned their backs upon the scene of carnage until all was lost, their comrades slaughtered and a terrible vengeance executed upon the enemy. Then they were compelled to save themselves, and, retreating slowly, fought for every foot of ground.

During the retreat a rifle in the hands of the first sergeant of the company rendered a terrible account. The sergeant killed the faithless presidente, who led the attack. With six men he also fought his way to the headquarters building to see if they could rescue or pick up some stricken comrades. Despite the mad rushes of the savages that surrounded them, they were able to secure the post colors. Then they cut their way back to the beach, where another little knot of comrades were defending their wounded companions.

After the alarm had been given re-enforcements arrived and the camp was at once recaptured. The bodies of the slain American soldiers had to be searched for all over the ground. Lieutenant Bumpus and the doctor were found upon a bridge leading up to the quarters, over a little stream. The lieutenant had a bolo cut horizontally across the forehead, almost severing the top of the head, and a deep gash down each side of the face, so that when his body was picked up the face was practically severed from the rest of his head. The doctor's body was not so badly mutilated. Some of the native dead were buried by their own crew before they fled, but Colonel De Russy was compelled to bury a very large number more after arriving on the scene.

It would be improper to dignify as battles the desultory engagements which at irregular intervals occurred after the affair at Balangiga. They were no more than skirmishes, the conflicts of wandering bands of insurgents without organization and patrolling detachments of American troops. One of the most sensational of these skirmishes in Batangas was that which Lieutenant Hennessy of the Eighth Infantry experienced. He was detailed with a scout and six trusty Filipinos to make a reconnoissance in Batangas, then the hotbed of what spirit of resistance there still remained. Lieutenant Hennessy secured information of the presence of a small company of insurgents in the immediate vicinity. By strategy, diplomacy and daring he actually captured with his little detachment of eight men (seven of them Filipinos) a body of forty-two insurgents, fifty rifles and a large supply of ammunition and rice.

At the town of Lepa, also in Batangas, a large force of insurgents attacked the American troops. Several Americans and one native ally were killed in the first volley. The natives then fled, but Troop F succeeded in heading them off and killed ten of the wily insurgents before they got back into the impenetrable jungle.

At Labo, Province of Camarines, the Twentieth Infantry was attacked by a large force of insurgents. Three Americans fell and the insurgents were beaten off with a heavy loss.

Captain F. H. Schoeffel, Co. E, Ninth Infantry, was on November 17th at a point six miles from Tarangnan, on the Island of Samar. Fifty bolo-men and insurgents, armed with rifles, broke from ambush and attempted to rush the American detachment. As soon as they encountered resistance they broke and scattered. Of the Ninth a corporal and a scout were killed and a private wounded. Sixteen of the bolo-men were found dead after the engagement, while the native riflemen escaped.

During the month of November Captain Herman Hall of the Twenty-first United States Infantry was scouting in Batangas Province, and during that period in the field he had four distinct skirmishes with the insurgents in that province. Judging from the firing of the natives on these occasions, Captain Hall estimates the number in the rebel bands from thirty to fifty; certainly no more. In no engagement did the insurgents make any effort to charge the American detachment. As a result of his reconnoissance, Captain Hall captured one insurgent officer and 50,000 pounds of rice.

On November 15th Captain Hartman and a troop of the First Cavalry came upon and attacked 400 insurgents intrenched in rifle pits at Buan, Batangas Province. The rebels were driven from their fortifications and routed and the Americans sustained little or no loss.

From an enumeration of these small engagements it is perfectly apparent that it is in Batangas Province that guerrilla warfare and desultory fighting are still continued by wandering bands of insurrectos without leadership or organization. Gen. Bell reports that they make no firm resistance; they fire a volley from ambush and then scatter before the scouts of the American troops.

BEFORE this section is closed the records of a few brave American soldiers, who have won the coveted Medal of Honor for personal bravery during some of the important actions in the island, are given in the following lines.

It was at San Miguel, May 13th, 1899, where Filipinos numbering three hundred were vigorously repulsed and routed by the gallant action of Major William E. Birkhimer, U. S. Artillery, who with twelve men fearlessly attacked this vast superior force.

Captain William H. Sage, Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, won his Medal of Honor at Zapote River, Luzon, June 13th, 1899, by volunteering to hold an advanced position. With nine men he fought under a terrific fire from the enemy estimated one thousand strong. Taking up a rifle from a wounded man he personally killed five of the enemy and held them in check until his small squad had reached the company in safety.

The severe engagement at Bobong, Negros, July 19th, 1899, gave Major Bernard A. Byrne, Thirteenth U. S. Infantry, an opportunity to display exceptional gallantry as a leader. The line had been broken by the insurgents and the men commenced a hasty retreat over the bridge. This the Major frustrated and without regard for his own personal safety rallied his men on the bridge, a target for Filipino sharpshooters.

An incident at the battle of Calamba, Luzon, July 26th, 1899, aroused the greatest enthusiasm among the attacking American troops. After the attack had been brought to a halt on the banks of the San Juan River, Captain Hugh A. J. McGrath, Fourth U. S. Cavalry, and Captain Matthew A. Batson of the same regiment were seen to swim the river in the face of a deathly fire. Some of their men followed and the enemy was driven from his intrenchments. The deed was so conspicuous that cheer after cheer went up from the ranks of the soldiers who witnessed the incident.

First Sergeant Charles H. Pierce, Company I, Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, and Sergeant Charles Ray of the same company won their Medals of Honor on the 19th of October, 1899, near the town of San Isidro, Luzon. A detachment of this company under the command of the Sergeant encountered strong positions of the enemy and a desperate fight ensued for the possession of the bridge. It was finally captured by our men, and with great determination held. Sergeant Pierce, although severely wounded, and Sergeant Ray displayed exceptional gallantry in defending this bridge until relieved.

With a detachment of but four men Second Lieutenant Clarence M. Condon, U. S. Artillery, charged and routed forty entrenched insurgents, inflicting upon them heavy loss. This action occurred at Calulut, Luzon, November 5th, 1899, and for his gallantry the Lieutenant received the Medal of Honor.

Private John C. Wetherby, Company L, Fourth U. S. Infantry, the recipient of a Medal of Honor, won same on the battlefield near Imus, Luzon, on November 20th, 1899. He was carrying important orders, when a rebel bullet laid him low. However, he managed to crawl on his hands a great distance, far enough to deliver his orders and faint away.

“For most distinguished gallantry in defending, single handed and alone, his mortally wounded captain from an overwhelming force of the enemy at Mt. Amia, Cebu, on February 4th, 1900,” reads the inscription on the Medal of Honor which was awarded to Private Louis Gedeon, Co. G, Nineteenth Infantry.

Corporal George M. Shelton, Company H, Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, won his Medal at La Paz, Luzon, on April 26th, 1900. It was given to him for gallantry displayed in advancing alone under heavy fire and rescuing a wounded comrade.

Exceptional gallantry was displayed by Corporal Henry F. Schroeder, Company K, Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, at Carig, September 14th, 1900. With twenty-two men he gave battle to a force of insurgents four hundred strong. No less than thirty-six of the enemy were killed and ninety wounded.

Lieutenant Allen S. Greer, Fourth U. S. Infantry, distinguished himself on July 2nd, 1901, near Majada, Luzon, by charging alone an insurgent post. With his pistol he killed one, wounded two, and captured three of the rebels, including their rifles and equipments.





Painted by Robt. Hopkin.

TRANSPORT ENROUTE TO MANILA.

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THE SAMOAN IMBROGLIO

SAMOA is the collective name for a group of thirteen islands in the southern Pacific, situated between latitude $13^{\circ} 30'$ and $14^{\circ} 30'$ south, and between longitude $169^{\circ} 14'$ and $172^{\circ} 50'$ west. Its aggregate area is 1,700 square miles. The group lies almost in the direct line of communication between the American continent and Australasia, and within easy striking distance, in these days of fast cruisers, of the great streams of commerce which are perpetually passing between America and Japan, China and India. Consequently Samoa must always be regarded as a point of considerable value in the estimation of naval strategists. And of the magnitude of the commercial interests which are held to be involved in the neutrality or the proper guardianship of this group there could not be a possible doubt.

The three largest islands were Tutuila, with the excellent harbor of Pago-Pago, now in the possession of the United States, and Savaii and Upolu. Savaii takes first place as to area, being about forty miles in length and about twenty miles wide. Upolu, with the principal town, Apia, is by far the most important and valuable island of the whole group. It now belongs to the Germans.

But before this division was effected Samoa formed an object of bitter political strife of over twenty years' duration between three great nations, the United States, Germany and England. The United States claimed precedence over the other two in dealing with these islands, as Captain Meade of the United States steamer *Narragansett* had concluded the Pago-Pago treaty with the Chief Maumea as far back as 1872. Germany claimed that her commercial interests and possessions in Upolu surpassed all the others combined, and Great Britain showed that she was superior to the other two in the carrying trade. All three were equally concerned in the strategical position of the islands. In course of time, as the Germans preponderated in number, and also perhaps through race tendencies, it came to pass that the British and Americans usually formed one side and the Germans the other. The natives were divided accordingly. Although naturally a kindly, careless, peaceable and well-disposed race, the foreign factions succeeded often enough in inciting them to civil war and bloody strife, which caused the kanaka's latent savagery to spring forth in the commitment of all sorts of cruelties.

A certain king, Malietoa Laupepa, died in the summer of 1898, and the question of who should succeed him brought out again the slumbering antagonism in all its old intensity.

Malietoa had left a young son, Malietoa Tanu, whom the Americans and British wished to see anointed king. But there was also the old and renowned war chief and ex-king, Mataafa of Saana, who had already been appointed king by his numerous followers right after his return from an exile imposed upon him by the British, and the Germans favored him. The Chief Justice in Apia, an American, decided the legal question in favor of Malietoa Tanu. Mataafa was told by the Germans that he

need not heed the justice's decision. Consequently Mataafa gathered his braves and attacked Malietoa Tanu in his camp. In the ensuing battle Tanu's forces were routed and many heads were taken. This barbaric custom of severing the heads of the dead and wounded the Samoans cannot be made to abandon, even when professing to be otherwise good Christians. They will say: "Is it not so that when David killed Goliath he cut off his head and carried it before the King?"

About this time, early in March, the United States steamer Philadelphia arrived in Apia, under Rear-Admiral Kautz, U. S. N. She was the first American warship that visited the Samoas in seven years. There were a German and two British gunboats in Apia then. The American admiral assembled a conference of the consuls and naval officers of the three powers, and thereafter issued a manifesto declaring the provisional government previously established by the consuls under pressure of the Germans to be unauthorized by the treaty commanding its members to return to their homes and threatening violence if they failed to do so; he also caused Malietoa Tanu to be appointed king. The German consul-general issued a counter proclamation to this, urging the provisional government to stand by its colors. It did. So the American admiral proceeded to carry out his threat, and, aided by the British gunboats, but not by the German, bombarded portions of the town of Apia and other places along the sea-coast, where Mataafa's followers or supporters were suspected of having taken refuge. This was on the 15th of March.

It became necessary to protect the property of Americans and English on shore against nightly raids of Mataafa's marauders, and detachments from the warships of the two nations were sent on shore.

The British gunboat Tauranga arrived and aided in the exploits of the others.

On the 1st of April an expedition consisting of 105 men of the Philadelphia and Tauranga, commanded by the British Lieutenant Freeman and the American officers Lieutenant Philip V. Lansdale and Ensign John R. Monaghan, was sent on shore toward Mulifanuu and the German plantation Vailele, east of Apia, to drive back a large force of Matafaa's followers assembled there.

Not far from the plantation the white force ran into an ambush, in which they were surrounded by 800 of Mataafa's warriors the wily kanakas concealing themselves between the palm and banana trees. Lieutenant Freeman fell dead, shot through the heart. The automatic Colt gun of the Philadelphia detachment jammed. While Lieutenant Lansdale was trying to fix it he was severely wounded in the thigh. A panic seized the men. Seeing two of their officers shot down, they retreated back to the beach. In vain did the gallant Ensign Monaghan call out to them to stand by and not leave their wounded officer to the mercy of the savages. It was a hopeless situation.

The brave young officer stepped up to his wounded comrade and made ready to defend him to the last. Lansdale was heard to call out to Monaghan to save himself. But the ensign only shook his head and then raised his revolver against the nearest of the onrushing enemy.

That was the last seen of the two men alive.

In the meantime some of the men went forward again to rescue their wounded officers, all the time imploring the main body of marines to make a stand, but the fire was too severe and they were forced to retreat.

Gunner's Mate Frederick T. Fisher, U. S. Navy, Sergeants Michael J. McNally and Bruno A. Forsterer and Private Henry L. Hulbert, of the Marine Corps, were the men who distinguished themselves in this engagement by their fearlessness in facing the ambushed enemy, and also by attempting to rescue their officers and rally the retreating men, in consequence of which they were awarded the Medal of Honor.

Towards evening French missionaries carried ominous bundles into Apia, which they had taken from the savages. In them were the heads of Lansdale, Monaghan, Freeman, two sailors, Butler and Edsal, of the Philadelphia, and one of the Tauranga.

It was a sad day's ending for the American and English settlers. The next morning the bodies were recovered.

They were laid to rest with military honors, and a simple monument now marks the spot where American and British seamen died together in the fulfillment of their duty.

This unfortunate affair stirred up public sentiment again, especially in the United States and Great Britain. The governments of the three concerned nations realized that their joint rule over the Samoas was fraught with dangerous possibilities to their mutual understanding. Naturally the representative of each of these governments would strive to gain advantages over his two colleagues, especially in the commercial field, and the much-needed harmony of action became more and more chimeric.

The three powers agreed finally to appoint a special commission, consisting of a representative of each government, they to be endowed with the necessary power to end hostilities, appoint a king and re-establish peace and order in the islands and straighten out all unsettled questions.

The three commissioners started on their voyage to Apia with all possible haste, and succeeded soon in bringing about as satisfactory a state of affairs as the extremely difficult conditions allowed.

It was plain that any arrangement based on the three-power rule could, at the best, be only temporary. This conviction probably aided in bringing about the final treaty between Germany and Great Britain in November, 1899, ratified by the United States in January, 1900, in which the difficult question was settled forever by dividing the islands. Great Britain withdrew all claims whatever, Germany, which had the largest interests involved, became owner of Upolu, Savaii and adjoining islands, and the United States of Tutuila, with the excellent Pago-Pago harbor, and surrounding islands.

Of the estimated population of 36,000 natives, about 30,000 inhabited the German possessions. The white populace was almost exclusively limited to Apia and the

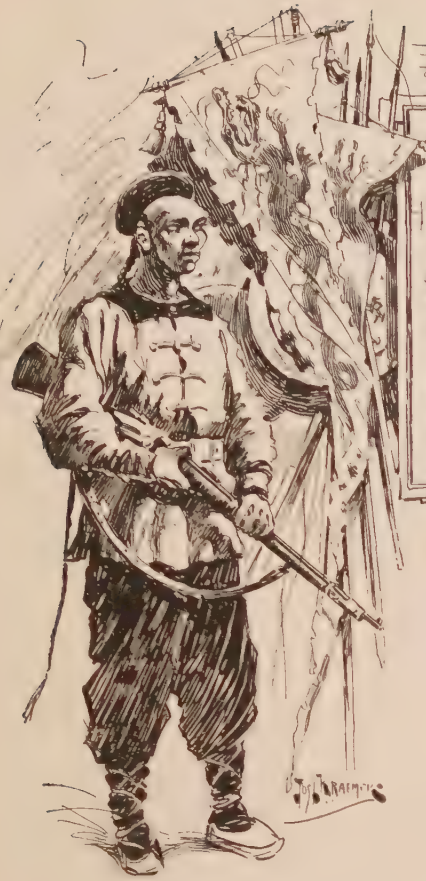
immediate neighborhood, numbering in all about 350 persons, of which 75 were Americans, 100 English and 175 Germans.

Both governments now in possession of the group of islands immediately reconstructed the laws and concessions in their respective domains satisfactorily, and thus it happened that the United States and Germany became near neighbors in the far-away southern seas.

So far there has been no recurrence of troubles with the natives since the days of excitement and warfare in March, April and May, 1899, and owing to the excellent management of their respective islands by both governments concerned in this group most likely never will.

The old war-chief, Mataafa, was honored by the Germans, and thereby the natives, ninety per cent of whom had been his followers, were appeased, becoming once more absolutely harmless and the most satisfied inhabitants of those beautiful islands, as which they have always been known.





THE war between China and Japan in 1894 left the interested European powers in a rather unsatisfactory state as to their relative position in the Middle Kingdom. Japan was unable to earn the full and deserved fruits of her victory, as she was turned out of Korea by the concerted action of Germany, France and Russia. Great Britain, standing isolated, could not help Japan, and Germany sought her reward for the pretended act of friendliness towards Russia by the sudden seizure of Kiao-Chau and the establishment of claims of interest over the entire Province of Shantung. Her direct pretext was the murder of two missionaries in this province. Other powers followed, or tried to follow, by similar procedure at different parts of the coast, and the hostile feeling of the "learned class" in China, which rules the country, became intense. Hatred against the foreigners had, for obvious reasons, always been strong in China. Now the secret anti-foreign societies which had also been foremost in their aversion of the "Ocean-Men," found their opportunity to strike a blow. With great activity and a secrecy only possible in China, the preparations were conducted. The coming danger was felt and soon plainly appreciated by the better-informed of European residents. But the lack of cohesion and faith in a common cause among the representatives of the different nations prevented timely concerted action, which alone could have checked the outrages that followed.

So the uprising of the most powerful organization known as the "Boxers" broke like a tidal-wave, sudden and overwhelming, over the northern Chinese lands and swept hundreds of Europeans and thousands of Chinese Christians helplessly into cruel destruction.

The several nations interested in affairs in China, who had embassies and legations in Peking, at once united their forces and a campaign was begun against the "Boxers" and the Chinese government, which secretly supported them.

UPRISING OF THE BOXERS

THE secret society I HoChunan—that is, Fists of Righteous Harmony—known among English-speaking residents of the Celestial Empire as Boxers, is more than 100 years old. Founded in the year 1796, during the reign of the Emperor Chia Ching, the Boxers were condemned by this latter ruler through an imperial edict, which caused the order to slumber in oblivion for a full century.

Europeans in China became first alarmed about the Boxers shortly after the German seizure of Kiao Chau; it was then that the “Fists of Righteous Harmony” became widely known in north China through their intense anti-foreign agitation.

The murder of Reverend Sidney Brooks, of the Anglican Mission, on New Year’s eve, 1899, was ascribed to their doings. They succeeded in distributing in almost every village throughout northern China their pamphlets asserting that their crusade was based on no human design, but on a Divine command, and would consequently be supported by Divine assistance. Their proposal was to destroy the foreigner and all his works, to restore the old habits of thought and life endeared to the people by the experience of tens of centuries.

In the fall of 1899 a great drought prevailed in all the northern Chinese land, which rendered the planting of crops useless. The Boxers, using this misfortune in their agitation, succeeded easily in rousing the feeling against the “Ocean-Men” to the highest pitch in all the rural districts; the native adherents of Christianity were denounced as aiding the foreigners.

Even the better class of well-to-do farmers joined in the anti-foreign movement and invited Boxer emissaries to their villages to preach their doctrine to the peasants. Among the powerful officials, the strongest and boldest supporter of the “Fists” was Yu Hsien, the governor of Shantung. It was said among the people that his own son was a Boxer leader, and this belief alone furnished thousands and thousands of new followers.

In December, 1899, the government removed Yu Hsien, as the violent agitation created dread in official circles against European armed intervention; but Yu Hsien was received with high honors at court, and the Empress Dowager secured immediately the appointment of him as governor of Shansi. His successor in Shantung was the shrewd Yuan Shi Kai, who soon perceived that the Boxer movement, if allowed to spread, must end in the ruin of his country, and who acted accordingly, suppressing the organization as much as was in his power. It was due to his firmness that Shantung, with a populace of nearly 40,000,000, kept quiet when the Boxers ran riot in Chihli.

Among the foreign representatives in Peking it seems that Baron von Ketteler, a thorough master of the Chinese official language and an experienced dealer with affairs Chinese, foresaw the coming crisis. The subsequent events showed that he probably could not impress the real gravity of the situation upon his colleagues.

On the 13th of January, 1900, an imperial edict was issued urging the officials to deal leniently with the societies and to be careful not to confound the innocent with the guilty. It caused great apprehension among the foreigners and spread consternation among the native Christians in the capital.

Several foreign head missionaries of different nationalities held conferences and begged the Anglican Bishop Scott to unite all Christian missionaries in China in taking common action against the terrible danger looming up in the immediate future. But nothing was done or could be done, and the Boxers, at the door of the foreign and native Christian settlements, continued gathering adherents on all sides. They had formed alliances with all the native mutual defense guilds, and it was in these days that foreigners, walking harmlessly through the streets, were greeted in different northern cities with the ominous and fanatic yells: "Kill them! kill them!"

The foreign ministers repeatedly sent protests to the Tsung li Yamen, the Chinese foreign office, but with what results may be seen from the following Boxer placard which was posted on the walls throughout West Peking on April 29th:

"In a certain street in Peking some worshipers of the Iho Chuan at midnight suddenly saw a spirit descend in their midst. The spirit was silent for a long time and all the congregation fell upon their knees and prayed. Then a terrible voice was heard, saying:

"I am none other than the great Yu Ti (God of the Unseen World), come down in person. Well knowing that ye are all of devout mind, I have just now descended to make known to you that there are times of trouble in the world, and that it is impossible to set aside the decrees of fate. Disturbances are to be dreaded from the foreign devils; everywhere they are starting missions, erecting telegraphs and building railways; they do not believe in the sacred doctrine and they speak evil of the gods. Their sins are as numberless as the hair of the head. Therefore I am wroth and my thunders have pealed forth. By night and by day have I thought of these things. Should I command my generals to come down to earth, even they would not have strength to change the course of fate. For this reason I have given forth my decree that I shall descend to earth at the head of all the saints and spirits, and that wherever the Iho Chuan are gathered together, there shall the gods be in the midst of them. I have also to make known to all the righteous in the three worlds that they must be of one mind, and all practice the cult of the Iho Chuan, that so the wrath of heaven may be appeased.

"So soon as the practice of the Iho Chuan has been brought to perfection—wait for three times three or nine times nine, nine times nine or three times three—then shall the devils meet their doom. The will of heaven is that the telegraph wires be first cut, then the railways torn up, and then shall the foreign devils be decapitated. In that day shall the hour of their calamities come. The time for rain to fall is yet afar off, and all on account of the devils.

“I hereby make known these commands to all you righteous folk, that ye may strive with one accord to exterminate all foreign devils, and so turn aside the wrath of Heaven. This shall be accredited unto you for well-doing; and on the day it is done the wind and rain shall be according to your desire.

“Therefore I expressly command you to make this known in every place.’

“This I saw with my own eyes, and therefore I make bold to take my pen and write what happened. They who believe shall have merit; they who do not believe shall have guilt. The wrath of the spirit was because of the destruction of the temple of Yu Ti. He sees that the men of the Iho Chuan are devout worshipers and pray to him.

“If my tidings are false may I be destroyed by the five thunderbolts.

“Fourth moon 1st day (April 29, 1900).”

This message (the translation is the one sent by the British minister, Sir Claude Macdonald, in his dispatches) describes exactly the true meaning of the Boxer uprising.

Whatever may be the opinion about the Boxer movement during its later and last stages, it is but justice and fairness to concede to it a spirit of true Chinese patriotism. The Boxer slogan, “Death to the foreigners,” which is the Chinese way of expressing the more civilized “China for Chinese,” has as much justification as “America for the Americans”—the fundamental principle of the Monroe doctrine. The very fact that the Boxer movement was intensely and solely anti-foreign made it a patriotic one—from the Chinese point of view.

The question arises as to the reasonableness of this hatred of all foreign influence, this bitter feeling against the foreigner, which is without parallel among the civilized nations.

Was there a real reason for this persecution of the Caucasian? Of what grave offense were the Europeans guilty to have incurred the deadly enmity of the Chinese?

The answer to this query will at once explain the cause of the Chinese war and throw light upon the honorable and dignified course of the American government during the controversy and subsequent bloody events.

Ever since the war between Japan and China, in 1894, the European powers had looked upon the helpless empire as legitimate prey for colonial and territorial exploitation. The big powers seemed to have arrived at the conclusion that the time for the “partition of China” had come, a conclusion which they formed as if by a tacit understanding, although mutual jealousy prevented an agreement on the manner of the “partition”—the division of the spoils. The principle being recognized, the case resolved itself into a sort of land-grabbing competition. Japan, as the result of its war, had seized Port Arthur, but had been compelled to evacuate it under pressure from the united powers, who protested that the integrity of the Chinese Empire must be preserved.

Shortly afterward, however, Germany made its famous seizure; then Russia astonished the world by occupying the strategic harbor of Port Arthur under the rights of a "lease" from the imperial government at Peking.

And then the "leasing" of Chinese territory began.

England seized Wei Hai Wei and claimed an exclusive sphere of commercial influence in the rich provinces of Kiang Su, Ngan Whei, Kiang Si, Hu Peh, Hunan and Suchuan.

France took the island of Hainan, a coaling station at Kwang Chow Wan, and claimed an exclusive sphere of influence in the provinces of Kwang Tung, Kwang Si and Yunnan.

Russia occupied Manchuria; England took another slice of property. No less than thirteen provinces, all told, were thus divided among the European powers. In exchange the benefits of modern civilization were fairly thrust upon the Mongolians, who had gotten along without it very well, and yet felt happy and contented. It was a two-fold civilization, too, industrial and spiritual, that was being introduced, for the benefit of the almond-eyed "barbarians," but it was not cordially received.

As to the benefits of modern progress the conservative Chinaman was very skeptical. In the introduction of machinery he saw only disaster and commercial calamity, owing to the over-population of the country. And as to the teachings of a new religion he was more than reserved and loath to exchange the good old faith of his forefathers for a creed which was so much in dispute among the foreigners themselves. There was the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Roman Catholic, the Baptist, all teaching a faith of their own and decrying each other as false apostles and religious impostors. How was the Chinaman to choose? What would he gain by the exchange? Besides, these foreign missionaries were by no means as lowly and meek as one would infer from their teachings. On the contrary, relying upon the support of a powerful government which was always more than willing to punish an insult by a territorial grab, these bearers of the new religion were of a quite independent spirit, and at the slightest provocation, real or imaginary, appealed to their respective governments for protection. The missionaries became very unpopular with the masses in China, and this unpopularity was extended to every foreigner. The invasion of territory by the powers also added to the general ill-feeling, and finally developed into a hatred for everything and everybody from foreign shores.

The United States government had not taken part in the "partition of China"; it had neither "leased" nor "seized" any of the Chinese Empire's territory. The statesmen in Washington had likewise maintained a dignified and just attitude toward the court at Peking in pressing claims for damages for insults and injuries.

It was only when it became apparent that the Chinese government itself secretly encouraged and assisted the Boxer movement, and that the lives and property of American residents were in serious danger, that the President joined in the concerted action of the European powers and participated in the war against the common enemy. Again, America was the first to withdraw its troops from the forces of the

allied powers as soon as the object of the expedition, from the standpoint of the United States Government, had been accomplished.

It now becomes necessary to follow the Boxer movement in order to comprehend the events which finally led to the actual hostilities.

Nothing can better illustrate the condition in the Chinese Empire than a letter addressed by the French Bishop Favier to the French minister at Peking, M. Pichon. This letter reads as follows:

“PEKIN, May 19, 1900.

“YOUR EXCELLENCY:

“The situation is becoming more and more menacing. In the prefecture of Pao-ting-fu more than seventy Christians have been massacred; three other neophytes have been cut to pieces. Several villages have been looted and burned, a still greater number completely deserted. Over 2,000 Christians are fugitives, without food, clothes or shelter; in Peking alone about 400 refugees—men, women and children—have already been given shelter by us and the Sisters; in another week's time we shall probably have several thousand to look after; we shall be obliged to disband the schools, colleges, and all the hospitals, to make room for these unfortunate people.

“On the east, pillage and incendiarism are imminent; we receive more and more alarming news every hour. Peking is surrounded on all sides; the Boxers are daily approaching the capital, being only delayed by the measures they are taking for destroying all the Christian settlements. I beg of your Excellency to be assured that I am well informed and not making assertions at random. The religious persecution is only a sham; the main object is to exterminate all the Europeans, and this object is clearly indicated and written on the standards of the Boxers. Their accomplices in Peking are awaiting them; they are to begin with an attack on the churches and to end in an assault upon the legations. For us, indeed, here at Pe-tang, the day of attack has actually been fixed; the whole town knows it, everybody is talking about it, and the popular excitement is clearly manifest. Last night, again, forty-three poor women, with their children, flying from massacre, arrived at the Sisters' home; over 500 people accompanied them, telling them that, although they had succeeded in escaping once, they would soon all perish here with the rest.

“I will not speak of the numberless placards which are posted in the town against Europeans in general; new notices appear daily, each more clearly expressed than the last.

“People who were present at the last massacre in Tien Tsin thirty years ago are struck by the similarity of the situation of those days with that of to-day: the same placards, same threats, same notices and the same want of foresight. Then also, as to-day, the missionaries wrote and begged, foreseeing the horrible awakening.

“Under these circumstances, your Excellency, I think it is my duty to request to send us, at least to Pe-tang, forty or fifty sailors, to protect us and our property. This has been done on much less critical occasions and I trust your Excellency will consider favorably my humble application.”

And the foreign diplomats at Peking? They met and conferred and protested and exchanged civilities with the Yamen until it was too late. They believed the assurances of the Chinese officials that the Imperial Government was determined to stop all further progress of the Boxer movement, but when the ambassadors requested an explicit statement of the measures the government had taken the answer failed to come. But all of these pourparlers consumed much time and aggravated the situation.

The foreign representatives were loath to believe that the Yamen was in collusion with the leaders of the Boxer movement.

Towards the latter part of May the ambassadors sent a joint note demanding from the representatives of the Imperial Government an explicit statement of the measures that had been taken to suppress the Boxer movement. This note sounded like an ultimatum and remained unanswered. On May 27th the ministers of France and Russia telegraphed for a sufficient number of guards to protect their legations. Two days later the American and English diplomats followed suit and made similar requests. The English ambassador had been especially tardy in his appeal for help from the home office. He



MOUNTED CHINESE POLICE.

was the last to doubt the sincerity of the Celestial officials, the first to accept their assurances that they had no communication or sympathy with the anti-foreign movement, and it was only when the howls of the rebel mobs were heard at the walls of Peking and the city itself was threatened that he changed his optimistic views of the situation.

On May 30th the first foreign marines were landed at Tien Tsin, but the Tsung li Yamen refused permission for their arrival at Peking. Nevertheless the marines proceeded to march to the Chinese capital, but, a large number of troops being sent to enforce the edict of the Dowager Empress they returned to Tien Tsin. On May 31st the Tsung li Yamen yielded to the renewed pressure brought to bear by the ambassadors and on the afternoon of that day a special train brought the following international force to the metropolis of the Celestial Empire: Seven American officers and fifty men, three British officers and seventy-five men, three Italian officers and forty-seven men, two Japanese officers and twenty-three men, three French officers and seventy-two men, four Russian officers and seventy-one men, a total force of 22 officers and 338 men, who had brought with them five rapid-fire guns and a respectable quantity of ammunition.

While the arrival of these troops afforded some protection, however slight, to the European and American colony at Peking, still their presence had a more irritating than reassuring effect on the populace. There was no use denying the fact that the foreigners were hated and that the presence of these foreign soldiers was looked upon as an armed invasion. Events then rapidly shaped themselves for the worst.

About the time the marines landed the Boxers destroyed the railroad between Shang-sin-tien and Pao-ting-fu, and kept the Belgian and Italian engineers prisoners at the former place. The escape of these men with their wives and children forms a thrilling episode of the turmoil and shows the extent to which the whole country had been torn up by the Boxers. The party consisted of some forty people, among whom were eleven women, and a few children. They managed to make their escape, thirty fleeing to Tien Tsin by the river route, the others taking an overland course. Their voyage was a succession of harrowing experiences and narrow escapes. They were shot at, stoned, insulted, hooted, and the clothing torn from the bodies of the women, two of whom were in a delicate state of health. They were compelled to leave their boats, the mob lining up on both sides of the narrow river, shooting and pelting the roofs of the junks with stones. In their despair they had to plunge into the marshes to escape death at the hands of a howling mob of at least 4,000 Boxers who clung to their trail like a pack of hungry wolves. It came to a hand-to-hand fight, during which the women and children fought alongside of the men. With almost superhuman efforts this heroic little band beat its way through the ranks of the Chinese and continued on its way toward Tien Tsin. Here the Belgian consul had heard of their plight, and organized a relief expedition which went to the rescue of the refugees. They found the women nude, the children limped, with their clothing torn into shreds, the men were almost exhausted from fatigue and weariness, and there was not a single person in the entire group that was not injured or wounded and in dire need of medical help. Of the other party no one ever returned to Tien Tsin to tell the tale of the overland flight. The mutilated body of the wife of one of the engineers was found floating down the river and taken from the water. It told the story of the whole party.

Other murders of Europeans, mostly missionaries, were reported at Peking from all parts of the country.

To add to the uncertainty of the situation the Dowager Empress had left Peking and taken up her imperial residence at some other place.

Remonstrances by the ambassadors were answered with insulting impudence by the remaining officials, who declined to assume any responsibility.



A BOXER.

On June 6th, however, Prince Ching made a frank statement to the foreign representatives. He feared that the Celestial government was not able to cope with the Boxer movement, since it expressed the popular and universal feeling of the population. The railway from Tien Tsin to Peking, he said, was guarded by 6,000 imperial soldiers, but the loyalty of the troops was problematical and their efficiency in a combat with the overwhelming number of the well-trained Boxer forces in still greater doubt. Prince Ching regretted that he could not vouchsafe the life or property of any foreigner in Peking, and with the Dowager Empress ill-advised, the officials in the most important departments in league with the disturbers, he was unable to remedy the evil, although he fully realized that by his own admission he would only hasten foreign intervention.

The interview with Prince Ching was important from one standpoint only: it served to impress the diplomats at Peking that henceforth they had to rely on themselves for their own security; that they could expect no support from the Chinese government. Urgent appeals were made to the home offices and measures were now taken which finally led to the Chinese expedition.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S EXPEDITION

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR, the commander of the English squadron in Chinese waters, had already ordered the Phoenix and Aurora from Wei Hai Wei to Taku, and the Humber to Shan Hai Kuan. The United States government had already dispatched the Newark, Rear-Admiral Kempff commanding, and those of Germany, Russia, France, Italy, Austria and Japan had likewise sent warships to the Chinese ports.

On June 6th the senior officers of the various naval forces met in conference on the British flagship Centurion, but definite action was not taken.

That same day the Imperial Government issued the following edict to the people:

“The western religion has existed and been disseminated throughout China for many years, while those who disseminated it have done nothing except to exhort the people to do good. Moreover, converts to the religion have never, under the protection of religion, raised up disturbances; hence converts and people at large have always remained at peace with one another, each going his own way without let or hindrance. Of late years, however, with the constant increase of western churches throughout the country and the consequent overwhelming numbers of converts joining them, men of evil character have stealthily gained a footing in their ranks, making it difficult, under the circumstances, for missionaries to distinguish the good from the bad among the converts.

“Taking advantage of this, these evil characters have accordingly, under the guise of being Christians, harassed the common people and bullied the country-

side. Such condition of affairs cannot have been viewed with favor by the missionaries themselves. As to the Iho Chuan, this society was first prohibited during the reign of the Emperor Chia Ching (1795-1820). Owing, however, to the fact, that of late the members of this organization simply trained themselves for the purposes of self-protection and to defend their homes and villages from attack, and, moreover, because they had abstained from creating trouble, we did not issue our ban of prohibition according to precedent, but merely sent repeated instructions to the local authorities concerned to keep a proper restraint on the movements of the society. We pointed out to the said authorities that the present was not a question of whether these people were society men or not, but that the point was whether, being banded together, their object was to create trouble in the country or not. If, then, the society men should indeed rise up and break the peace, it should be the duty of the authorities to make a strict search for the law-breakers and punish them according to law. Whoever these parties may be, whether Christians or society men, the throne makes no difference in its treatment of them, for they are all children of the Empire. Moreover, in cases of litigation between Christians and the common people, our instructions have ever been that the authorities should settle them according to the rights of the matter, no favor being allowed to be shown to either party. It transpires, however, that of late years our commands have never been obeyed.

“The officials of the various prefectures, sub-prefectures, departments and districts have been proved to have neglected their duties. They have neither acted in friendly conjunction with the missionaries, sympathized with the people under them in their difficulties, nor settled litigation in the spirit of impartiality, and the consequence has been that those concerned began to hate one another, the enmity becoming deeper and deeper as occasions for ill-will multiplied. On account of this, therefore, we now find the members of the Iho Chuan Society banding themselves together as village militia and declaring war against the Christians. At the same time we find discontented spirits, in conjunction with lawless ruffians, joining in the movement for their own ends.

“Riots are the order of the day; railways are destroyed; churches burned down. Now, the railways were constructed by and are the property of the government, while churches were built by the missionaries and their converts for their own occupation.

“Do these society men and others, then, think that they will be allowed to burn property at their own sweet will? In this running riot these people are simply opposing themselves to the government. We, therefore, appointed Chao Shu-ch'iao, Grand Councilor and Governor Adjunct of Peking, to proceed as our Imperial Commissioner to restore peace and to call upon the people and society men to disband immediately and return each man to his own vocation and daily work. Should traitors and revolutionary society men try to stir up the people to rise up and pillage and destroy the country-side, we hereby call upon the Iho Chuan people to hand over to the authorities the ringleaders for punishment according to the laws of the

land. Should there be any so misguided as to persist in disobeying our commands, they shall be treated as rebels, and we hereby warn them that when the grand army arrives their fathers, mothers, wives and children will be separated from one another and scattered, their homes destroyed and they themselves slain. They also will bring upon themselves the stigma of disloyalty and of being false to their country, for it will then be too late to repent. Our heart is filled with pity when we think of the retribution that will then overwhelm our people. We, therefore, hereby declare that if, after this warning, there should still be any who refuse to obey our commands, we will immediately order the generalissimo, Jung Lu, to send Generals Tung Fu Hsiang, Sang Ch'ing and Ma Yu K'un with their commands to punish these rebels and to disperse them.

“Finally, in sending out troops the primary purpose is to protect the law-abiding people, but we now hear that those sent out by the Chihli provincial authorities have not only failed to afford such protection and restrain evil characters, but, on the contrary, have themselves been guilty of preying upon the country-side. We now hereby command Yu Lu, Viceroy of Chihli, to investigate this matter at once, and also to send trusty deputies to make secret investigations. If it be found that these military officials have indeed been guilty of encouraging their men to loot and pillage, such guilty officers are to be summarily executed. There must be no leniency or mercy shown to such offenders.

“Let this, our decree, be copied on yellow paper and posted throughout the country as a warning to the people and army, and that all may know our commands.”

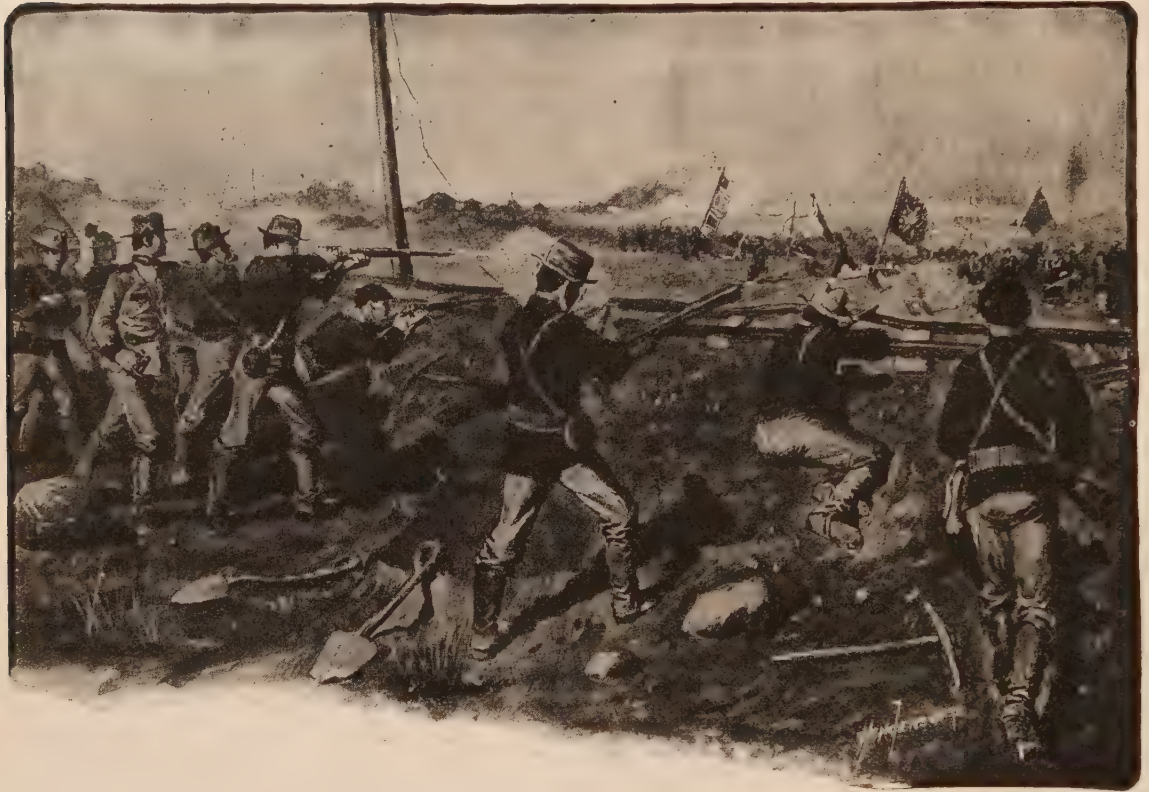
This edict did not have the desired effect; it pleased neither the Boxers nor the Christians. Besides, the time for imperial decrees had passed; the movement was beyond control by manifestoes.

By unanimous consent Vice-Admiral Seymour was appointed commander of the international forces stationed in China, and on June 10th decided to increase the legation guards at Peking, permission having been obtained from the Tsung li Yamen to increase the number to 1,200 men.

Accordingly, on the evening of that day the following force, under command of Vice-Admiral Seymour, left Tien Tsin on three different trains:

One hundred Americans, 915 British, 450 Germans, 300 Russians, 158 French, 52 Japanese, 40 Italians and 25 Austrians. To make repairs to the railroad, if such were necessary, 100 coolies were taken along. The train reached Yangtsun, 30 miles from Tien Tsin, at 1 P. M. The road was in good condition and guarded by imperial troops. About four miles beyond, however, the expedition met the first obstacles and was compelled to halt, the tracks having been broken up. The troops encamped for the night and the next morning proceeded slowly towards the next station of Lofa, the roadbed having been repaired by the coolies with the material that had been carried along.

Late in the afternoon the advance guard of seventeen men, under Major Johnstone, reported that a body of Boxers had attempted to cut them off from the trains. The marines had been forced to retreat and during their flight kept up a hot running fire. The train stopped and then a force of Chinese was seen approaching, some mounted, others running barefooted, shouting, waving old swords and spears, pitchforks and clubs. They made straightway for the guns—a fanatical, frenzied crowd of some 1,500 young men and boys. When within a few yards from the guns,



"THE ENEMY WENT DOWN BEFORE THIS FIRE."

the troops poured their deadly volleys into the crowd, and the enemy went down before this fire in rows. The unfortunate fanatics again and again advanced, only to share the fate of those that were laid low in former attacks. For an hour the fusillade was kept up. After that the road was clear. There were no more Chinese to shoot at.

On June 11th the allies were re-enforced by 200 Russians and 58 French, and the day following Vice-Admiral Seymour received an additional command of 300 Russians, making the total strength of the relief expedition on the way to Peking 2,300 men.

Lofa was reached without further incidents, and excepting constant harassings by the enemy, who could be seen on all sides of the advancing columns, no noteworthy attack took place. At this latter station, however, the progress of

the expedition was interrupted, because north of this place the rails had been twisted, torn up and carried away. Henceforth the march toward the Imperial City resembled the pace of a snail, not through any fault of Vice-Admiral Seymour or his plucky troops, but because of the exigencies of the occasion, repairs being necessary every inch of the way, the hostile attitude of the population demanding the utmost caution. From June 13th to June 14th only three miles were covered by the troops.

News of the most important nature reached Vice-Admiral Seymour at this point. A large army under General Tung Fu Hsiang had left Peking to oppose by force any attempt the allied forces might make to enter the Celestial city. At the same time, the situation at Tien Tsin and Taku began to assume a threatening aspect, and it was not long before the commander-in-chief of the relief expedition realized that the Chinese were determined to prevent his further progress and cut off his rear. Reports from Peking also indicated that the situation there was fast approaching a critical stage.

A casual glance at Peking will, at this juncture, be sufficient to appreciate the condition of things.

On June 11th the Japanese secretary of legation, Mr. Sugiyama, was murdered by soldiers of General Tung while on his way to the railway station. A party of legation students walking harmlessly on the streets was attacked by an infuriated mob and only escaped annihilation by defending themselves with drawn revolvers.

June 13th the summer residence of the British legation, twelve miles from Peking, was burned; the same night the custom house and the grand stand at the race track were leveled, various mission schools and residences of Christians were forcibly entered, the contents looted and the inmates attacked. At the European graveyard the bodies were disinterred, desecrated, and the tombstones smashed. Peking was seething with riot and disorder.

All of this was not unknown to Vice-Admiral Seymour and his brave troops of all nations. Frantic efforts to repair the railroad and proceed, even in defiance of the large body of Chinese regular soldiers, were made; repeated attempts to start the expedition were undertaken, but the difficulties increased with every foot of ground covered, and ere long the relief expedition was in need of assistance as much as the people it had intended to relieve at Peking.

A party of Americans had an engagement with a large body of Boxers on June 13th and killed a number of them.

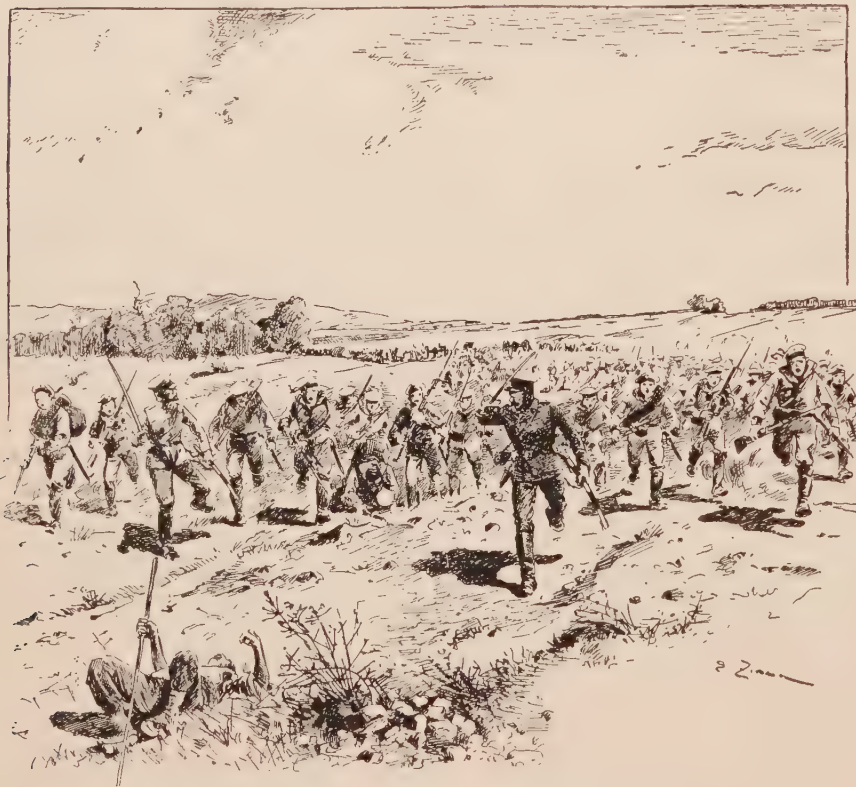
On the 14th the Boxers, numbering many thousands, made a foolhardy attempt to rush the trains of the allied forces, and were repulsed only when a Maxim gun was brought into play and brought death and destruction to the fanatics. A second attack, near the depot at Lanfang, met with a similar repulse.

These defeats did not discourage the Boxers. On the contrary, their wrath was increased by the sting of defeat, and what they lacked in personal experience and training they sought to accomplish by the force of overwhelming numbers. By

repeating their attacks upon the foreign troops and exhausting them they expected to annihilate them.

Realizing the danger to his own men and the futility of further advance, Vice-Admiral Seymour decided to return to Tien Tsin.

And now he discovered that the railroad from Lanfang to that city had also been destroyed, even at Yangtsun, where, as has been stated, a body of soldiers had been ostensibly guarding the tracks. Thus there were as many difficulties to get back to Tien Tsin as to reach Peking. June 15th, 16th and 17th passed, however, without severe attacks, and on the morning of the 18th the Germans succeeded in taking a number of imperial junks, loaded with railroad material. This capture was ac-



“IT WAS NECESSARY TO MAKE SEVERAL SORTIES.”

complished after a lively brush with the enemy. In the afternoon a battle occurred between the troops and the Boxers, re-enforced by some 5,000 imperial soldiers—the first time that governmental troops and Boxers joined forces to fight the foreign invaders.

The fighting was severe. It was necessary to make several sorties to keep the Chinese in check.

The latter were

well armed, even the Boxers having been provided with Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, and fought with great gallantry. Had it not been that they were poor marksmen and invariably aimed too high, the result would have been disastrous to the allied forces. Late in the afternoon the battle ended; the Chinese were routed and defeated all along the line. They lost at least 500 men in killed alone.

The allies had six killed—two British, three Russians, one German—and sixty wounded—thirty British, twenty Germans and ten Russians.

June 19th and 20th the retreat toward Tien Tsin continued. The trains were abandoned and the provisions were carried along by water. The march was neces-

sarily slow. The telegraphic communication with the coast was cut, which added to the distress of the expedition.

At the village of Pei-tsang, on June 21st, the allies met the imperial troops, who at once opened a heavy fire upon them. Vice-Admiral Seymour's men fought most determinedly and succeeded in dislodging the enemy, who intrenched themselves at the village proper.

It took four hours of hard fighting before the allies succeeded in driving the Chinese out of their trenches; then they entered the village under cover of darkness.

On June 22d an endeavor was made to open a line of communication with Tien Tsin. The allies were in possession of some forts on the left bank of the Pei-ho river, and from there a detachment of 120 marines, under Captains Beyts and Doig, started for Tien Tsin. This detachment met with such forcible opposition that it was compelled to return during the evening. The Chinese also made a violent attack upon the allies to recapture the forts, but were repulsed.

The American marines displayed great coolness and daring in this attempt to open communication with Tien Tsin, in which the exceptional bravery of the following men elicited universal commendation and gained for them the Medal of Honor:

Privates of Marines Thomas W. Kates, Alfred R. Campbell, Chas. R. Francis and Clarence F. Mathias.

Among the many wounded was the gallant American, Captain McCalla of the Newark, whose intrepid bravery had won the admiration of every officer of the troops, no matter of what nationality.

From June 24th to June 26th the troops enjoyed comparative rest. The allies held undisputed possession of the Wuku forts and arsenals and had plenty of fighting material, guns and ammunition at their disposal, and also a sufficient supply of provisions. The care of the many wounded, 228 in all, and the inability to leave the fort, either to retreat or advance, was the only embarrassment. By means of signal lights at night, rockets and similar signs of distress, and the invaluable aid of a messenger, who succeeded in breaking through the hostile lines and arriving at Tien Tsin, the foreign troops at that city were apprised of the plight of Vice-Admiral Seymour's expedition.

On the morning of June 26th Lieutenant-Colonel Shirinsky, with eight companies of infantry and marines, moved toward the Wuku forts and liberated the cooped-up allies. The joint forces then entered Tien Tsin unhampered and unopposed, to the great joy of the foreign population and the civilized world in general, which had heard nothing of the expedition for several days and had entertained serious fears for its safety.

The list of casualties of this memorable expedition is as follows: Killed—American 4, British 27, French 1, German 12, Italian 5, Japanese 2, Austrian 1, Russian 10; total 62. Wounded—American 25, British 97, French 10, German 62, Italian 3, Japanese 3, Austrian 1, Russian 27; total 228.

Thus ended the first attempt to rescue the foreigners and native Christians at Peking.

The superior fighting qualities of the allied troops in this expedition were brought out in the various engagements with the Chinese and Boxer troops. Numerous individual acts of bravery were performed, many of them by the American sailors and marines, which won for them the admiration of not only their own officers, but also the officers and men of the foreign troops.

Among those of the Americans whose bravery was most conspicuous and who now have the distinction of wearing the Medal of Honor for their heroic deeds on Chinese soil are the following:

Chief Boatswain's Mate Joseph Clancey, Boatswain's Mates Edward Allen and William E. Holycoke; Cockswains John McClery, Jay Williams, Francis Ryan and Martin T. Torgarson; Machinist Burke Hanford, Chief Carpenter's Mate William F. Hamberger, Seamen Hans A. Hansen and George Rose, Ordinary Seaman William H. Seach, Landsmen James Smith and Joseph Killecky and Oiler Frank E. Smith of the navy, and Gunnery Sergeant Peter Stewart, Corporal Reuben J. Philips and Private Henry W. Orendorff of the marine corps.

THE CAPTURE OF THE TAKU FORTS

WHILE the relief expedition under Vice-Admiral Seymour was being driven back the Chinese government made warlike preparations which could not be ignored by the European powers. Troops were massed in the vicinity of Tien Tsin and Taku and torpedoes placed at the mouth of the Pei-ho. The commanders of the allied fleet viewed these preparations with distrust and alarm, and upon instructions from their home offices met in conference on board one of the ships to discuss the situation. It was determined to demand from the governor of Chihli and General Lo Yung Kwang, who commanded at Taku, that he surrender to the allies the strongholds on both sides of the river and withdraw his forces to the interior. They were given until June 17th, at 2 P. M., to comply.

This ultimatum was followed up by another conference on board the Russian gunboat *Bobr*, when the plans for a forcible capture of the forts were formulated and the preliminary orders given.

The Taku forts, five in number, on both sides of the river, were the key to the position in North China in case of war. Their occupation by the allies was therefore of great strategical importance.

The United States government, however, had held itself aloof from these negotiations. Indeed, Rear-Admiral Kempff had been instructed to refrain from participating in any action which might be construed as a declaration of war with the Chinese government, with which this country was at peace.

Consequently, although Commander Wise of the *Monocacy* attended the conference, he refrained from signing the ultimatum, and was, during the subsequent

events which culminated in the capture of the forts, a disinterested spectator. Curiously enough, the *Monocacy* was one of the first boats struck by Chinese shells; the damage done was trivial.

The Chinese not only refused to accede to the terms of the ultimatum, but on June 17th opened a severe bombardment on the foreign fleet and a fight ensued which lasted fully seven hours and ended in the capture of the forts. The Chinese lost 400 men; the allies 21 killed and 57 wounded. The Germans suffered the most, but they were also credited with having held the most dangerous position during the bombardment, and their gunboat *Iltis* actually led the fight. The Americans took on board the *Monocacy* thirty-seven women and children refugees who had fled from the mission at Taku and also gave assistance to the wounded.

THE CAPTURE OF TIEN TSIN

IT now becomes necessary to revert back to the incidents which had occurred at Tien Tsin since Vice-Admiral Seymour with the relief force had left the city. In order to better comprehend the subsequent events it will be necessary to give a brief outline of the city itself, the population of which is estimated at 1,000,000.

The walled native city was of a rectangular shape. The foreign settlements and concessions were about two miles southeast of the native city, and consisted of a large French concession along the south bank of the Pei-ho River, with the British settlement southeast of it, still along the west of the river, and the extra British concessions south of the French settlement. The German settlement adjoined the British.

There was an almost continuous succession of native houses between the native city and the foreign settlement, especially on the southeast and nearer the river, while on the west there was much open ground and large patches of water, even within the famous mud wall, which in an irregular fashion surrounded the native city, all the settlements, the railway station, the north fort, and also a long stretch of the Pei-ho River.

The mud wall, about ten feet high, ten feet broad on the top and thirty at the base, was built by the Chinese to protect the city and settlements during the time of the Tai-ping rebellion. It was only a few yards from the settlements. The American consulate, almost the last house in the extra British concession, was situated only about 350 yards from the wall, where the naval guns were subsequently mounted for the defense of the settlement.

The north fort, built by Li Hung Chang, was outside the native city, on the north bank of the Pei-ho, near its junction with the Grand Canal.

Huge mounds of salt along the water, used with much success by the Chinese for the purposes of defense, were features of Tien Tsin.



AMERICANS ATTACKING TIEN TSIN.

The West Arsenal, or Joss-house Arsenal, lay west of the settlement, and due south of the native city. Between the arsenal and the city were a great number of Chinese graves and earth-mounds, of which the Chinese took advantage, digging trenches in addition for further protection; and the extensive graveyards north of the railway station, on the opposite side of the stream, were used by them in the same way.

To the south and west of the settlement were large tracts of comparatively open country, with a few Chinese houses scattered here and there, and a few low-hutted villages which afforded good shelter.

Nothing of note occurred June 11th, 12th and 13th. On June 14th 1,700 Russian soldiers arrived, originally to join Vice-Admiral Seymour's forces, but this plan was changed owing to the spirit of unrest apparent at every corner in Tien Tsin itself, and it was thought wise to keep this detachment in the city for the protection of the foreign population. On the 15th an armored train was sent out to re-enforce the British commander-in-chief, but the obstacles were so many, the hostile forces encountered on the way so strong and the attacks so fierce that the train returned to Tien Tsin in all haste, the men glad to have escaped annihilation.

That same night the Boxers succeeded in gaining the upper hand in Tien Tsin and the first attack upon the foreign settlement was made.

On June 17th, the day of the capture of the Taku forts, the Boxers, now in complete control of the native city, made an attack upon various parts of the settlement, but were repulsed. The casualties to the foreign troops were nine killed and twelve wounded. An attempt to seize the pontoon bridge leading to the station ended disastrously to the Chinese, who lost heavily during the brief but sharp engagement.

From June 18th to June 21st the Chinese attacked and harassed the settlements and kept the allies on the alert by throwing bombs and shells, posting guns and sniping across the Pei-ho River.

On June 22d several large detachments of foreign troops left Taku to relieve those besieged at Tien Tsin. They met a large force of Boxers and imperial troops and were held in check all night, losing in killed and wounded 224 men. However, early in the morning the Chinese retired and the relief force entered the settlement and relieved Tien Tsin. The Chinese troops and Boxer forces still held possession of the walled city and the fortifications and continued to shell the European concessions.

The force that by this time had been landed at Taku comprised 335 Americans, 26 Austrians, 570 British, 421 French, 1,340 Germans, 138 Italians, 602 Japanese marines and 1,050 infantry, 235 Russian marines and 3,500 troops. Japan had 2,100 more men on the way, France a battalion of infantry and a battery of artillery; Russia had already 4,000 and Germany 1,300 men on Chinese soil.

On June 22d Li Pingheng, High Commissioner of the Yangtse, and a number of high ranking officials of several Chinese provinces memorialized the throne and

implored their majesties, the Emperor and the Dowager Empress, to suppress the rebellious Boxers and save the country from foreign invasion by quieting the disturbances and restoring law and order.

“The Boxers ought to be suppressed,” urged the memorialists by telegraph. They are not content with having forced the country into war with the foreign powers, but they must damage foreign property. We humbly pray your majesties to immediately issue edicts ordering the severe punishment and extinction of the Boxers, to prevent the imperial troops from making further trouble, and to relieve the anxiety of those residing in the legations by informing them that there is no intention of going on with these troubles.

“We also pray that edicts be sent by wire to the ministers of China in various countries apologizing for the past troubles. * * * This will appease the anger of the foreign countries. A few days’ delay may mean the breaking up of the country, and then it will be too late.”

And the throne’s answer to this eloquent and patriotic appeal was an “imperial edict,” vague and meaningless, one calculated to have no force or weight.

In the meantime events took their warlike course at Tien Tsin.

On June 26th Lieutenant-Colonel Shirinsky and Vice-Admiral Seymour returned from Wuku arsenal, as previously described.

For the next two weeks, June 27th until July 13th, there were many skirmishes and small engagements, but no fight of real importance took place, the allies getting ready, mounting guns and preparing for the attack on the walled native city, the Chinese busying themselves by strengthening their line of fortifications.

On July 6th two battalions under Colonel H. Liscum disembarked at Taku and arrived at Tien Tsin on July 11th.

The attack on the city began early on the morning of July 13th.

The allies had at their disposal two 4-inch rapid-fire naval guns, one on the road to the arsenal, the other near the mud wall, and besides had some thirty field-pieces and eight Hotchkiss quick-firing guns. A heavy cannonade was the prelude to the ensuing fight. Under the protection of these guns a combined force of some 2,000 Japanese, 800 British, 600 French, 900 Americans, 100 Germans and 100 Austrians, all under the command of the Japanese Major-General Fukushima, advanced on the walled city from the south, while another combined force of Germans and Russians moved forward from the northeast.

The advance proceeded under the greatest difficulty imaginable: a swampy ground and lack of shelter from Chinese bullets; and the losses to the allies were heavy.

Of General Fukushima’s forces the American marines were on the extreme left wing, the Japanese in the center, the British on the right and the Ninth United States Infantry on the extreme right wing. The Chinese were only too well prepared for the fray. Their modern guns, served by experienced men, dotted the walls

at frequent intervals, while large bodies of regulars, all armed with the latest arms, occupied a position of vantage, being placed at the most favorable points on the wall, which, in addition, was also manned by large bodies of Boxers.

For every inch of ground the allies gained they had to fight hard and pay for with the lives of some of their brave fellows. But yield they would not, and slowly but steadily they approached the death-dealing wall, until by nightfall they were almost under its shadow.

While the conduct of the men of all nationalities was superb, that of the Americans was especially distinguished, since they bore the brunt of the fighting and were honored with the selection of holding the most difficult position, a dyke only seventy-five yards from two Chinese guns and fully exposed to the enemy's fire.

When the Americans gallantly stormed the dyke the color-bearer was shot and fell carrying the flag of the regiment with him to the ground. Colonel Liscum at once ran up to the wounded man and grabbed the flag. He waved the stars and stripes high above his head and continued the attack at the head of his wildly cheering men. Presently a bullet—a muffled cry—a shout—and dead to the ground dropped the colonel. The cheering ceased. The men halted, wavered—but a single moment only. In the heat of battle there is no time to mourn even the dearest loss. Already another brave American officer, Lieutenant Charles A. Coolidge, had stepped into the breach made by the commander's fall and was leading the men with renewed vigor and pluck. And the dyke was carried. For fifteen hours the regiment maintained a position that seemed almost a folly to hold a single instant and then retired only when commanded to do so by imperative orders.

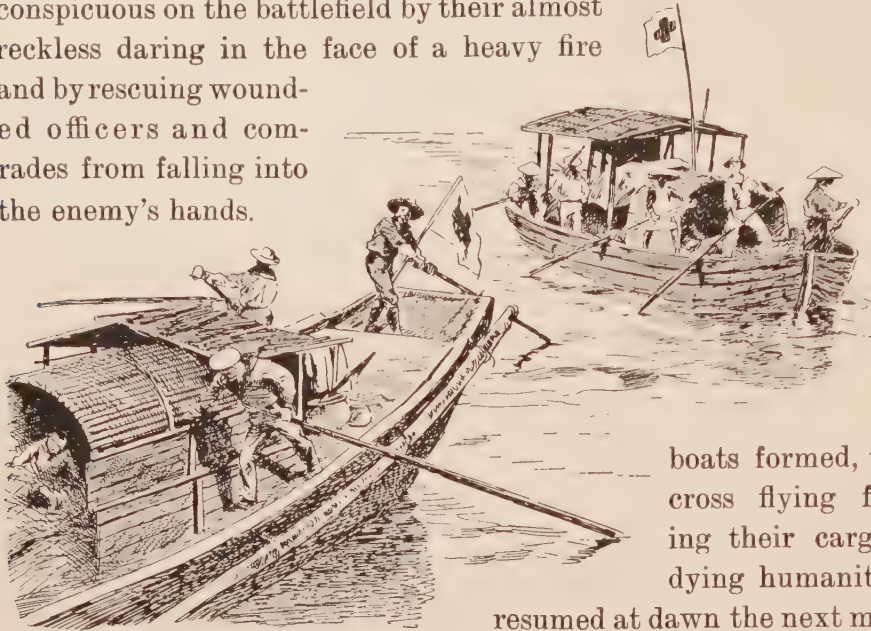
The losses of the Americans—seventy-seven wounded and eighteen killed—express more eloquently than words can ever describe, the unflinching bravery of the American on Chinese soil.

Among the others killed of the American force was Captain Davis of the Marine Corps, and among the wounded Captains Lemly and Long and Lieutenants Butler and Leonard.

The British General Dorman, to whose brigade the gallant Ninth had been assigned, says in his official report: "I desire to express the high appreciation of the British troops of the honor done them in serving alongside of their comrades of the American army during the long and hard fighting of the 13th inst. The American troops had more than their share of the fighting."

The praise thus bestowed upon their sons on foreign shores filled the people of the United States and the government with pride, which found substantial expression at Washington by granting Medals of Honor to the men whose deeds of heroism were most conspicuous. It was not easy to differentiate between the conduct of such gallant and brave men. However, these were the fortunates who were thus distinguished:

Sergeants of Marines Clarence E. Sutton, John M. Adams and Alexander M. Foley; Corporals Harry C. Adriance and Private James Cooney. These men were conspicuous on the battlefield by their almost reckless daring in the face of a heavy fire and by rescuing wounded officers and comrades from falling into the enemy's hands.



REMOVING THE WOUNDED.

Most of the wounded in this battle were conveyed down the Pei-ho in junks and flat boats, and it was a solemn procession which the many

boats formed, the flag of the red cross flying from them indicating their cargo of disabled and dying humanity. The attack was

resumed at dawn the next morning. The plucky little Japanese succeeded in blowing up the South Gate. The large city gates being double

an effort to blow up the second gate had to be made. While this was being attempted number of Japanese scaled the big wall and the first of the allied troops were now inside the native city. With a leap they made for the second gate, and after a fierce hand-to-hand struggle overpowered the guards and forced it open. Shouts and hurrahs went up from a thousand throats as thus the long-fought-for entrance had finally been gained, and the Japanese and the American, the British and the French troops poured into the town, shooting down every Chinese who attempted to stem the tide of victory. Through the narrow streets the fight was continued, the Chinese stampeding in every direction. A large part of the town was set on fire and the frenzied Celestials hurried away, carrying on their backs their few belongings or a beloved relative they intended to save from the scene of disaster and death. The dash of the victors progressed over a route strewn with the disfigured corpses of the dead and the groaning bodies of the wounded. When darkness fell upon the gruesome scene the Americans found themselves in possession of the arsenal and the flags of all nations were flying from the battered walls of the defiant Chinese city.

The next day the city was looted by the allied troops, and the soldiers of every nationality helped themselves to the property of the conquered enemy. There was no exception, the difference being marked only by the various desires and tastes. But it must be stated that most of the property taken was either deserted by the rightful owner or in danger of being destroyed by the raging conflagrations or would have fallen into the hands of looters not of the allied forces. Indeed, the

next day the looting did become general, one Chinese taking property from the other and trading it or selling it to the foreign invader.

For days after the capture of the city these Chinese looters—men, women and children—were seen digging in the ruins of burned houses and shops for valuables and fighting among themselves for the possession of every article of value found. Those who did not participate in this wholesale robbery and theft stood trembling for fear in the doorways of their homes holding in their hands small flags of truce made of paper or cloth.

They were models of meekness and displayed an air of friendliness and smiling courtesy to every allied soldier that were too ostentatious to be sincere. Tea and cold water could be had for the asking, sometimes, and more often they were tendered without even being asked for. Everybody had an inscription on his flag of truce, which read: "Poor man, please allies' officer don't kill me." "Vive la France." "A friend of England." "A friend of the great McKinley." "Hurrah Deutschland." Most of these inscriptions were addressed to the Japanese, but many were in poor English, German or French. Small, home-made, primitive-looking flags of all nations were also carried by the completely cowed Mongolians. A native without a flag or pass was at once made a prisoner or simply shot. Little mercy and no consideration were shown to anybody exhibiting defiant tendencies.

The Yamen of the viceroy was occupied by the Russians. It had been stripped of everything that was precious by the Chinese mobs, the papers and documents of great historic value, such as treaties with foreign nations, being swept in a pile by an army of coolies and thrown into the canal. The viceroy's account book was found in this lot. Among the entries was the payment of a reward of fifty taels to Major Cheng Kuo Chun for capturing two American guns June 19th, and one for the payment of 100 taels to Colonel Wan Yi T'sai for the heads of two American marines. The book also showed many and large payments to the leaders of the Boxers, which proved conclusively that the Chinese government was supporting and encouraging the anti-foreign movement.

On July 21st Vice-Admiral Seymour was able to telegraph officially that Tien Tsin and vicinity were free from Chinese forces and under complete control of the allied soldiers.

The troops, tired from long voyages, exacting marches and hard fighting, settled down for rest and recuperation during the subsequent two weeks. The commanders still kept in view an early relief of Peking, but it was not considered wise to proceed until a sufficiently strong force had been collected to attempt a second expedition. An army of at least 25,000 men was believed to be necessary, with an equally large force to maintain the base of supplies at Tsien Tsin and along the route.

In the meantime the foreign powers kept pouring in troops at Tsien Tsin. Rear-Admiral George C. Remey, commander-in-chief of the Asiatic Station, was ordered to proceed with the cruiser Brooklyn from Manila to Taku by the United States Government, where he took charge of naval matters at the seat of war. On July

28th Major-General Adna R. Chaffee arrived at Taku as commander-in-chief of the American land forces in China, with instructions to so conduct himself in his operations as not to limit the home government as to its future course and conduct. The troops at the general's disposal were, besides those already mentioned: Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, Colonel A. S. Daggett commanding; a light battery of the Third U. S. Artillery, parts or all of the First, Second, Fifth, Eighth, Fifteenth, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth U. S.

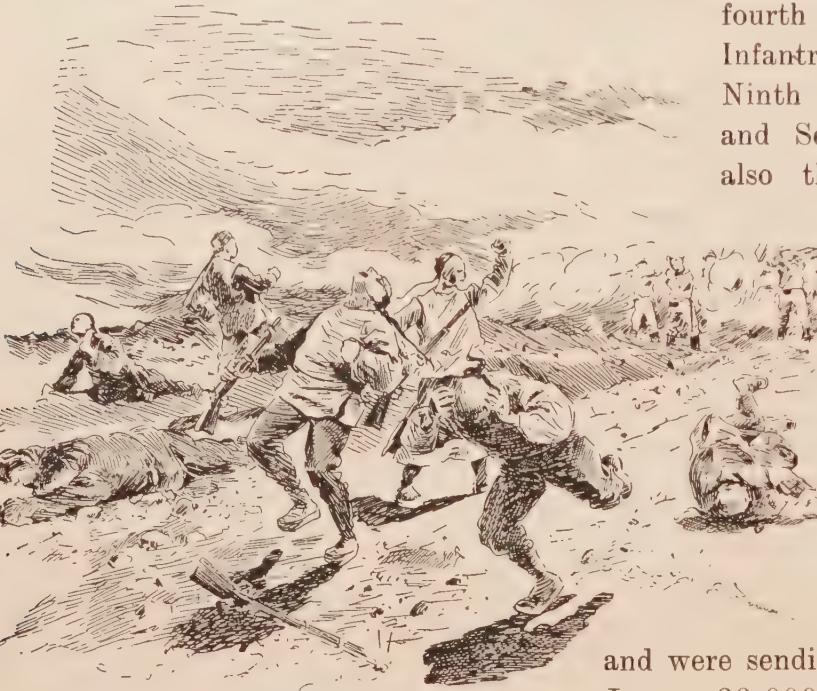
Infantry, the First, Third and Ninth U. S. Cavalry, the Fifth and Seventh U. S. Artillery, also the necessary engineers

and medical corps, altogether an army of 17,550 men, some 6,000 of

which arrived in China before the capture of Peking.

The other nations had likewise made ample preparations,

and were sending large forces, to wit: Japan, 23,000 men; Russia, 25,000; Germany, 15,000; England, 11,000; Italy,



ALLIED PICKETS DRIVING OFF BOXERS.

3,200; Austria, 2,500. These troops, however, arrived slowly and at long intervals and caused much delay. The anxiety felt in Europe and this country for the safety of the diplomats and foreign residents at Peking expressed itself by severe criticism of the army commanders for their apparent inactivity. However, the second expedition got under way as quickly as it was possible to do so.

Nor were the commanders at Tien Tsin less apprehensive as to the fate of those imprisoned within the walls of the Chinese capital than the people in other parts of the world. Constantly arriving messages gave them an idea of the situation at Peking and of the approaching crisis, and kept stirring them to incessant energy.

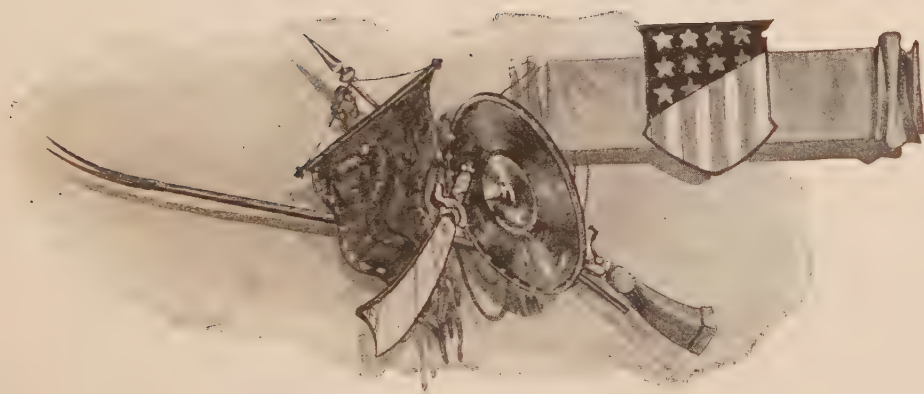
A message received at Tien Tsin July 9th stated that two legations at Peking were still uncaptured and that the foreigners still had sufficient food and ammunition. More serious was the news from Sir Claude MacDonald, the British ambassador, which was received at Tien Tsin July 29th and read:

“We are surrounded by Chinese imperial troops who have fired upon us continuously since June 20th. Enemy are enterprising but cowardly. They have four or five cannon, used mostly for battering purposes. Our casualties are, up to date, forty-four killed and about double that number wounded. We have provisions for

about two weeks, but are eating our ponies. If Chinese do not press their attack we can hold out for some days—say ten—but if they show determination it is a question of four or five, so no time should be lost if a terrible massacre is to be avoided.

“The Chinese Government, if one exists, has done nothing whatever to help us. We understand that all gates are held by the enemy, but they would not stand an attack by artillery. An easy entrance could be effected by the sluice gate of the canal, which runs past this legation through the south wall of the Tartar City.”

These alarming messages caused the foreign commanders to redouble their efforts to get the second expedition under way for the relief of the besieged city of Pekin.



THE EVENTS IN PEKIN

IT was Queen Victoria's birthday, May 24th. A large party of British and other foreigners gathered at the British Legation to celebrate the festive day. There was an elaborate banquet, and the guests sat down to enjoy the rich menu amidst pleasant speeches, patriotic toasts and general good feeling. Following the repast was a dance in which old and young participated. They could have heard, had they listened, the mutterings of a discontented mob penetrate to the very hall of pleasure, a noise like the rolling of distant thunder, indistinct and faint, but audible nevertheless. It was the last celebration before the war.

Already the walls of the city were covered with rebellious, incendiary placards; already the spirit of hatred of the foreigner had made its appearance at all corners of the city. More and more did the city begin to look like a barrel of gunpowder, to which the Boxers needed only to apply the match to cause an explosion.

It has been shown how the Boxer movement had been spreading all over the country, carrying with it death and destruction. From Archbishop Favier's letter it was apparent that Peking itself was in imminent peril of invasion and foreign troops were asked for and sent to Peking for the protection of the legations.

The foreigners who succeeded in making their escape fled to Peking and sought refuge within the various legations, which were hastily made defensible by the military. The premises were patrolled day and night by volunteers, mostly students.

Word was received almost hourly of the progress of the Boxers.

On May 29th the electric street car line outside of the city was destroyed and the homes of many foreigners just outside the walls burned down. The arrival of the military detachments of the foreign nations was none too soon, for the Boxers had at last entered the gates of the Imperial City.

One June 1st a general massacre of the foreigners had been planned, but the appearance of the foreign soldiers with their small cannon and the rumor that an army of several thousand more of these "foreign devils" was on the way had a salutary effect and dampened somewhat the ardor of the bloodthirsty Boxers; they graciously condescended to postpone the massacre to June 5th. On the 2d the Chinese government informed the ambassadors that it was powerless to check the Boxer movement and advised self-protection. On Sunday, June 3d, the last mail was received at the legations.

The British Legation offered the best chances for an effective resistance and therefore formed, as it were, the citadel of the diplomatic territorial fortress. It was by far the largest legation, being 2,000 feet long and 600 feet broad, and surrounded by strong walls. Its boundaries on the north were the Chinese official grounds, known as the Carriage Park, on the east a canal and on the south and west the Mongol Market, a number of Chinese houses and the Carriage Park. Within this

space there were some thirty different buildings. Here were domiciled the representatives of most foreign nations and the refugee women and children. The American, German, French and Russian legations were also fortified and saw some hard fighting during the siege. The Soo Wang Foo, grounds of a Mongol prince across the canal from the British Legation, were also made defensible and quartered 2,000 Christian Chinese and refugees. At the British Legation there were 600 foreigners and 1,000 Chinese. The military force was a little over 400 men. The Teitang, or Northern Cathedral, a Catholic house of worship outside of the legation district, was also besieged. Here were huddled together no less than 4,000 wretched, unfortunate Chinese, men, women and children, who had called down the wrath of their fellow-countrymen for no other reason than because they had embraced the Catholic faith. Nearly all of them were unarmed and utterly unfit to defend themselves, so that the sole defense rested upon the heroism of a small band of forty soldiers, sent there by the ambassadors. Archbishop Favier accomplished wonders in providing for such a large and heterogeneous crowd, keeping up their drooping spirits and conducting the defense, which was maintained until the siege was raised. It was the most remarkable feature of the whole war.

June 8th the grand-stand at the race track was destroyed and a party of Americans was attacked by Boxers and narrowly escaped death.

Wherever the face of a foreigner was seen the cry of "Sha! Sha! Sha!" (Kill! Kill! Kill!) went up, and wherever a house was found, known to have been occupied by a foreigner or a converted Chinaman, it was leveled to the ground.

Women were divested of their clothing, insulted most outrageously and tortured to death. Repeated attacks were made on the several legations and repulsed only after severe fighting.

On June 20th the most tragic incident, and one which stirred up the whole civilized world, occurred—the murder of Baron von Ketteler, the German ambassador. On the preceding day the Yamen had addressed a note to the foreign representatives calling their attention to the fact that the powers were about to take Taku by force and demanding that the ministers leave Peking within twenty-four hours. The Yamen offered to guarantee a safe passage as far as Tien Tsin.

Upon receipt of the note the diplomats discussed the advisability of leaving, but came to the conclusion that it would be almost suicidal to risk the departure. No foreigner's life was safe in the streets of the capital, and the country between the two cities was in a still more dangerous condition. Trust the faith and loyalty of Chinese troops? None of the ministers would even consider the probability of the existence of any such virtues in a Chinese military body. However precarious was their situation, however critical, it was still considered safe in comparison with a trip to Tien Tsin.

The ministers spent all night in discussing the matter, and finally concluded by declining to leave.

The Yamen had invited them to call and give their answer, but none dared to go except Baron von Ketteler, who thereupon was authorized to convey to the Chinese officials the decision of the other ambassadors.

Shortly before 8 o'clock in the morning Baron von Ketteler and Mr. Cordes, his secretary, were on their way to the Yamen. At the Austrian outpost an Imperial Chinese guard was waiting and ready to conduct them safely to the palace. The baron, who never knew what fear was, dismissed his own guard and he and his secretary trusted their fate in the hands of the armed men of the Dowager Empress. But reliance in the honor of the Chinese soldier cost him his life. Shortly before entering the Yamen an imperial banner soldier raised his gun into the sedan chair where the German Ambassador was boxed in, a helpless victim, and shot him through the head. The treacherous deed was the signal of an apparently premeditated attack, for now other soldiers of the guard were turning the murderous steel into the chair and found a fiendish delight in the utter helplessness of their victim. Mr. Cordes, too, was attacked and dangerously wounded by a shot, but in the general uproar and melee managed to make his escape. He was able to reach the legation and confirm the news of the foul murder, rumors of which had already reached the plucky defenders. This deed, more than any other outrage, raised a cry of indignation throughout the civilized world and stirred up all the nations. In Germany, especially, feeling ran high, and the people's demand for retribution was imperative, justifying Emperor William II to at once mobilize a large force.

The murder, too, served to demonstrate the folly of leaving Peking, as the Yamen wanted the foreign ministers to do, and they now, more than ever, were resolved to remain where they were, defend themselves as well as they could and fight it out to the bitter end.

The dismissal of Prince Ching as the head of the Yamen and his substitution by Prince Tuan destroyed the last vestige of hope that the Chinese Government would not stand by idly in case a wholesale slaughter of the foreigners was about to be perpetrated. Prince Ching was a man of broad views and strong pro-foreign tendencies. It was he who had thus far saved the foreign element. Prince Tuan, on the other hand, was an enemy of the foreigners and fanatical in his hatred of modern advance. It was well understood that his elevation was intended to mean death to the brave men and women whom the Chinese believed were at their mercy within the legation walls.

From July 20th until August 2d a heavy bombardment was kept up, being especially heavy July 30th and 31st and August 1st. The drooping spirits of the defenders were revived with new hope by the arrival of a messenger from Tien Tsin July 31st, announcing the welcome news of the speedy departure of the second relief force. From August 9th until the 14th, when the relief was effected, the Chinese soldiers and Boxers, made supreme efforts to capture the legation district, efforts which were counteracted by the heroism, almost without parallel in the history of the world, on the part of the defenders.



Painted by I. R. Bacon.

THE ATTACK ON THE LEGATIONS IN PEKIN. Copyright, 1907.

Nothing can better describe the condition of the besieged district than the report from General Chaffee, the American commander, who said: "Upon our entering the legations the appearance of the people and their surroundings, walls, streets, alleys, entrance, etc., showed every evidence of a confining siege. Barricades were built everywhere and of every sort of material, native brick being largely used for their construction, topped with sand-bags made from every conceivable sort of cloth; from sheets and pillow-cases to dress materials and brocaded curtains. Many of the legations were in ruins, and the English, Russian and American, though standing and occupied, were filled with holes made by bullets and shells. The children presented a pitiable sight, white and wan from lack of proper food, but the adults seemed cheerful and little the worse for their trying experience. They were living on short rations, a portion of which consisted of horse or mule meat daily. The Christian Chinese were fed upon whatever could be secured. All the surroundings indicated that the people had been closely besieged, confined to a small area without any comforts or conveniences, and barely existing from day to day in hope of succor."

"Sand-bags made from every conceivable sort of cloth," brocaded curtains"—these two expressions speak volumes for the devotion and sacrifices of the women within the legations during the siege, while the fact that the besieged were able to withstand the persistent and furious assaults, and hold out so long, is proof sufficient of the bravery and heroism of the men.

At the Pei-tang, or Northern Cathedral, when, as has been stated, Archbishop Favrier was bravely defending the lives of 4000 Chinese refugees, a similar condition of affairs existed. Owing to the location of the church in a populous section of the city the Chinese dared not use their large field pieces or any other cannon, and confined themselves to the use of small arms only.

Of the many heroic deeds performed during the siege of the legations none are worthier of praise than those which made Joseph Mitchell, a gunner's mate of the United States navy, the hero of the siege. He had captured an old Chinese cannon and worked it all alone, the only large gun the besieged had at their disposal. Mitchell fought desperately during the entire siege until a few days before the relief was effected, when he was wounded and placed hors de combat. He graphically describes the affairs in the legations as follows:

"After we had reached Peking on the 31st of May affairs grew worse for the legations daily and skirmishes were the order of the day, in some of which we had hard work to extricate our small commands from the surrounding Chinese hordes. One day, which will always be memorable to the small band that was with me, we were wedged in on three sides by the enemy, but we held two breastworks. One of these was erected at the American and the other near the German Legation, about 2,000 yards away from each other. I was stationed at the British Legation when orders were given to bring the Colt automatic gun, which I handled, over to the German Legation. I was compelled to climb the incline to the wall with my gun in the face

of a murderous fire directed from both sides. To turn back, as I would have been justified in doing, never entered my mind, so I took the automatic gun about 2,000 yards over the wall to where our men were stationed. When about half way across the stretch I had to traverse, the gun which I had used with such good effect right along became jammed, and I was compelled to sit down under that heavy fire until I had it fixed, for to re-enforce our men with a broken gun was useless. Yet my efforts did not bring the necessary relief to our pressed men; the fire of the Chinese became so severe I had to leave the wall and return the same way I had come.

“At another time the only piece of artillery we had was the gun which I had constructed, and this was used all during the siege. It was known by all the besieged as “The Old International.” It was about 100 years old. To mount it I took a piece of timber and lashed the gun to the station water carriage. It had no trunnions or sight, but nevertheless it was of good use. I used Chinese and German powder, Russian shell and Japanese fuses with it, and to work the old cannon I fought under the flag of every nation in the legation district and the breastworks of the enemy were leveled rapidly. Sometimes I was within six feet of the enemy, and never more than thirty feet from them.

“‘The Old International’ and my services were wanted everywhere, and we kept the old-timer moving from place to place just long enough to knock down newly-erected breastworks in front of the wall. This sort of work I kept up throughout the siege until I was wounded while firing. I had to work the old gun all by myself, as everybody was afraid it would burst. When wounded the enemy were only ten feet away from me.”

Mitchell managed to fire the “International” successfully wherever and whenever it was used, and it was considered by all the only thing that saved the legations, and his ingenuity and heroism are known in all countries.

He seemed to know no fear. At one time during the siege the Americans, in an advanced position, sent for an Italian one-pounder. It was brought up and fired, but the fire of the Chinese was so severe that in a short time the two Italian gunners were wounded. No one but Mitchell was able to handle the gun, and he did it well until the small force was driven off the wall. Mitchell would not, however, desert the gun, and only through his energy it was prevented from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Mitchell also enjoys the distinction of having captured a Chinese flag. He had espied it in a fortification near the wall and, approaching it slyly, had made a sudden grab for the colors when he was discovered. The Chinese soldiers held on to the flag-pole. Mitchell stuck to the flag. They shouted, stabbed and shot at him, pulled at the flag-pole, but the plucky American would not let go of his prize. Presently the flag-pole broke and Mitchell ran away with the flag, which subsequently was sent to Washington as a war trophy.



"HE MANAGED TO FIRE THE 'INTERNATIONAL' SUCCESSFULLY."

From June 20th, the day on which Baron von Ketteler was murdered, until July 16th, many acts of exceptional heroism were performed in Peking. Those which were rewarded by the Medal of Honor were performed by Sergeant E. A. Walker, Corporal John O. Dahlgren and Privates Martin Hunt and F. A. Young, of the Marine Corps, and Hospital Apprentice Robert Stanley, the latter having distinguished himself by voluntarily carrying messages under heavy fire to the commanding officers.

The following also received the Medal of Honor for distinguished conduct in erecting barricades under heavy fire from July 21st to August 17th: Privates Erwin J. Boydston, William C. Horton, Albert Moore, Herbert I. Preston, David J. Scanell and Oscar Upham, while a Medal of Honor was sent to the heirs of Private of Marines Fisher, who was killed while participating in the work of the marines just mentioned.

Besides these, Drummer John A. Murphy and Privates William I. Carr, Henry W. Davis, Louis R. Gaienne, Francis Silva and William Zion, of the Marine Corps, Chief Machinist Carl E. Peterson and Seaman Axel Westermarck, of the navy, received the Medal of Honor for distinguished conduct in the presence of the enemy at Peking.

THE SECOND RELIEF EXPEDITION

THE allied troops, consisting of about 19,000 men, among whom were the Ninth and Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, numbering 2,000 men, under General Chaffee, left Tien Tsin on the afternoon of August 4th and met a strong Chinese army entrenched at Pie-tsang the day following. An attack was commenced at once and carried out principally by the Japanese, who, after a most gallant fight, drove the enemy from their positions and into hopeless confusion and flight. The victory was followed by a quick move on Yangtsun, twelve miles from Tien Tsin, where the Chinese had made another stand. A battle raged for several hours, the Chinese behaving most gallantly and putting up a strong resistance. The losses to the allies were severe, the Russians alone losing 117 in killed and wounded. The Americans took a conspicuous part in the battle, but suffered more through an unfortunate mistake than from the bullets of the Chinese. At first the French fired into the American lines, then the English by a worse mistake sent some shells into the ranks of Co. E of the Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, under Colonel A. S. Daggett, killing eight and wounding nine of the men.

The Chinese were dislodged once more and Yangtsun fell into the hands of the allies.

The march from here to Tung-chou, at the junction of the Peking canal and the Pei-ho, thirteen miles from Peking, was practically unopposed by Chinese troops or Boxer bands.

The entire route from Tung-chou to Tien Tsin was guarded by detachments numbering altogether 3,000 men. The attack on Peking was decided for August 14th, but during the night the Russians moved away and the next morning made an independent attack on the Tung-pien-men gate. They, however, failed in their attack and were thrown into confusion and saved from a worse fate by the timely arrival of the other forces of the allied troops.

The same morning Japanese and American forces advanced on the city, the former reaching the wall about 8 o'clock in the morning had to stand the brunt of the battle. Great courage was displayed by them during the day. The Chinese had evidently expected the main attack on this side, and had concentrated most of their forces there. Not before 9 o'clock in the evening was the task of blowing open and forcing the gate accomplished. Meanwhile the other forces of the allied troops had attacked from different points. The British met with little or no resistance; they having entered the city through the Shan-huo gate, which was opened for them by the Chinese themselves. They advanced towards the legations and saw that the legation guards were still holding a part of the wall. As they approached they were hailed and cheered by the besieged, and soon they reached the legation grounds closely followed by the American forces under Colonel Daggett. The reception given them as they entered through a passage in the wall, known as "the sluice," was tremendous.

The American forces, comprising the Ninth and the Fourteenth Infantry, did not fare so well as the British. They encountered greater difficulties and severe fighting. The heroism displayed by some of the men in these attacks was exceptional. Their intrepidity and dash caused the American flag to be the first planted on the Chinese wall by the allied forces.

This feat was accomplished when re-enforcements from the allied troops came to the help of the Russians, who were badly pressed, and had received severe losses. The Chinese were driven back and a small number of plucky Americans under Captain Crozier managed to scale the wall and reach the position of the Russians.

The relief of the besieged, however, did not end the fight. Russians and Japanese were still fighting at their positions, and even in the inner city volleys were delivered by the enemy into the legation grounds. This fire was stopped short by the Americans and Sikhs, who rushed the barricades and drove out the Boxers as well as the Chinese soldiers from the strongholds they had held so many weeks.

The relief of Peking practically ended the Chinese war. Count von Waldersee, the German field-marshal, who had been selected by the powers concerned to command the allied forces, arrived on the scene shortly after, but his efforts were confined to the re-establishment of law and order within the city and Empire and avoiding outbreaks of jealousy and rivalry within the ranks of the allies themselves. The Americans, acting upon instructions from Washington, refrained from all further hostilities. As far as they were concerned the object of the expedition



THE BATTLE ON THE WALL AT PEKIN.

had been attained. Minister Conger, and with him the lives of all other Americans who had been imperiled, had been saved.

On August 28th detachments of the various troops entered the Forbidden City — the palaces of the Emperor and Dowager Empress — and penetrated to grounds upon which hitherto no “foreign devil” had ever set his foot.

The court had fled to Singan-fu, 500 miles from Peking, and, owing to this distance, and the stubborn conduct of the Chinese court, peace negotiations consumed much time. The well known tactics of Chinese diplomacy were again employed. The negotiations were being stretched by them in the hope that the allies would fight among themselves and thus give them a chance to gain better terms than those which had been dictated.

To frustrate these plans, and also to check and disperse the renewed gatherings of large Chinese forces at several points in the province, the commander-in-chief was forced to send several expeditions in different directions. All of these expeditions, which were undertaken during a period of several months, were carried out successfully, although some of them were accompanied by heavy losses to the allied forces in the field.

Serious differences among the allies for which the Chinese had hoped actually occurred, but were always amicably settled by Count von Waldersee, the commander-in-chief.

One of the most serious differences arose when the Russians had secretly obtained a concession from the Chinese government for the occupation of Manchuria. Japan protested and actually made threats, but Waldersee's diplomacy prevented the worst, — a break which would have brought on a war among the powers.

At another time the English and the Russians got into a dispute over a stretch of railroad, for which a concession had been given to both by the Chinese government. Here again Waldersee showed his skill and tact and trouble was averted. Had it not been for this leader's wise conduct of all affairs, China would have witnessed what it had wished and hoped to bring about, a war among the allies themselves. Anticipating such a calamity, the United States Government had abstained from further actions after the siege of the legations had been raised.

After the demands of the allies, that some of the government leaders in the outrages against the “foreign devils” were to be punished by being decapitated in the presence of representatives of all powers, had been fulfilled, peace was finally concluded on the following terms:

An Imperial Prince to apologize to the German Emperor for the murder of Baron von Ketteler. Punishment of the leaders of the Boxers and three officials who were known to have been in league with them. Reparation to Japan for the murder of Secretary Sugiyama. Expiatory monuments at all cemeteries where the bodies of foreigners were desecrated.

A monument on the site of the murder of Baron von Ketteler with inscriptions in Latin, German and Chinese, expressing the regret of the Chinese Emperor for the murder. Payment of indemnity to the various nations, societies and individuals affected by the Boxer movement. Permanent legation guards at Peking. Destruction of the Taku forts. Prohibition of import of arms and of their manufacture. Maintenance of foreign troops at all strategic points between Peking and the sea. Change of mode of communicating with Yamen in accordance with the wishes of the powers. Reform in all trade relations and the issuing of imperial edicts for the next two years admonishing the people to treat all foreigners with becoming kindness and telling the population of the punishment meted out to the Boxers.

These conditions may seem harsh and severe, yet the Chinese government was not in a position to reject them. Besides, they were mild compared with the original demands of some of the powers. If these demands had prevailed the "partition of China" would have been an accomplished fact.



TERRORS OF THE ARCTIC

THE heroes of the battlefield are the ones most dear to and most willingly admired by the human heart. This is human nature, for their deeds being achieved in the midst of dramatic, stirring incidents and inspiring surroundings act upon the quick impulsive imagination and emotion in man. But as soon as we admit reasoning into our feeling we must concede that there have been done deeds of heroism unaccompanied by the grand scenery of the battlefield and still equalling or even surpassing anything on record in that respect as to silent courage, wonderful enduring and that grandest of all qualities in the race, the selfsacrificing grim devotion to duty unto death.

For deeds of this kind the geographic exploration of our globe, especially the search for the north pole, have offered a wide field. Most conspicuous among all of these and before all nations stand out the two American arctic explorations known to the world as the Jeannette expedition of 1879-1881 and the expedition of Greely 1881-1884.

In both of these exploits participated all in all fifty-six men and officers; only fifteen of these reached the United States again; forty-one perished after untold miseries and privations. The record of their behavior under the most terrible misfortunes forms one of the proudest and most brilliant pages in the annals of American manhood and prowess.

Two lonely cairns are now standing, thousands of miles apart, one on the western foreland of the Lena Delta on the Siberian coast, the other near Cape Sabine in Smith sound, objects of passing curiosity to the roaming half wild Tunguse hunter or the spearskilled Eskimo, but silent witnesses of the heroic sacrifice of so many brave American men.

Of those who led these men the most famous are still alive: Rear-Admiral Melville, the conspicuous figure in the Jeannette drama, General Greely, now Chief Signal Officer in the U. S. Army, and Vice-Admiral Schley, he of Santiago, who commanded the party that rescued Greely and his men.

Beside the American home country the whole scientific world owes gratitude and appreciation to these two expeditions. In summer 1881 the American government, through the Signal Service of the Army, established two meteorological stations, in accordance with the agreement of the International Meteorological Congress. One of these was at Point Barrow, north of Behring Strait, in charge of Lieutenant Ray, U. S. A., and the second, in charge of First Lieutenant Greely, was at Fort Conger in Lady Franklin Bay. Both of these American outposts of science were much farther north than the stations of any of the European nations, in fact, the fate of the Greely station showed that the limit of reasonable safety had been transgressed in the patriotic zeal to outdo all others.

How the valuable scientific records of this expedition were gathered in the midst of dramatic incidents of most appalling character will be described later on.

As to the Jeannette expedition its plan as conceived by its leader, Lieutenant-Commander G. W. DeLong, U. S. N., was an entirely novel one and had it not been for the "Noros trousers", of whom more anon, the daring Northman Nansen would probably never have undertaken his famous expedition of 1893.

In the seventh decade of the nineteenth century many geographers, including their acknowledged authority, Peterman of Gotha, believed the north pole to be surrounded by a great continent, which was supposed to stretch from somewhere north of Wrangel Land over the pole to Greenland that was considered part of it.

James Gordon Bennett, who wished to have light thrown upon this question, fitted out an expedition at his own expense and made DeLong its leader. DeLong had demonstrated to him that the Behring Strait was the proper route through which to start for the pole; this idea had never so far been entertained by any explorer of the Arctic.

After the foundering of the illfated Jeannette, when the sleigh crews worked their difficult way across the pack towards the New Siberian Islands, one of the men, seaman Louis P. Noros, left his oilskin trousers on the ice. Nine or ten years after these same oilskins, bearing the stamp of Noros' name and that of the ship, were found by Eskimoes near Goodhaab, on the eastern shore of Greenland, on the drift ice. They were taken to Kopenhagen, where the fact was published in some scientific Danish paper, and thus Nansen heard of it. The fact of this drift confirmed his conviction that there was a slow current running over the pole, and in consequence he shaped his plan, whose splendid execution brought him so much success and fame.

THE JEANNETTE EXPEDITION

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GEORGE WASHINGTON DELONG, the leader of the James Gordon Bennett expedition for the finding of the most proper route to the north pole, had everything ready by the beginning of midsummer 1879, and on the 9th of July of the same year the Jeannette steamed out of San Francisco on her adventuresome and perilous trip. The ship had been fitted out in the most thorough and liberal way. DeLong had his own choice of officers, the men were most carefully selected, and on the commander's suggestion Congress had caused the whole crew, officers and all, to be put under the regulations and orders of the United States regular naval service.

The muster roll of the ship including officers and crew at leaving Unalaska was as follows:*)

- *Lieutenant George W. DeLong, U. S. N., Commanding.**)
 - *Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, U. S. N., Executive.
Master John W. Danenhower, U. S. N., Navigator.***)
 - Passed Assistant Engineer (George W. Melville, U. S. N., Chief Engineer.****)
 - *Mr. Jerome J. Collins (shipped as seaman), Meteorologist.
Mr. Raymond L. Newcomb (shipped as seaman), Naturalist.
 - *William Dunbar (shipped as seaman), Ice Pilot.
John Cole (shipped as seaman), Boatswain.
William Nindemann (shipped as seaman), Ice Quartermaster.
 - *Alfred Sweetman (shipped as seaman), Carpenter,
*Peter E. Johnson, Seaman.
 - *Walter Lee, Machinist.
*Hans Halmer Ericksen, Seaman.
 - James F. Bartlett, Fireman.
*Heinrich H. Kaack, Seaman.
 - *Geo. W. Boyd, Fireman.
Frank E. Munson, Seaman.
 - John Lauterbach, Coal Heaver.
*Carl A. Goertz, Seaman.
 - *Walter Sharwell, Coal Heaver.
Herbert W. Leach, Seaman.
 - *Niels Iversen, Coal Heaver.
*Edward Starr, Seaman.
 - Louis P. Noros, Seaman.
*Henry D. Warren, Seaman.
 - *Adolph Dressler, Seaman.
*Albert G. Kuehne, Seaman.
 - Henry Wilson, Seaman.
- | | | |
|---------------------------------|---|----------|
| Steward Charles Tong Sing. | } | Chinese. |
| *Cook Ah Sam. | | |
| Cabin Boy Ah Sing. | | |
| *Dog Driver and Hunter Alexey. | } | Aleutes. |
| *Dog Driver and Hunter Aneguin. | | |

The Jeannette had been constructed as a pleasure yacht for Arctic waters by Sir Allen Young, who owned her several years under the name Pandora. For the present trip she had been especially strengthened against ice pressure in the best and most thorough way science could suggest. She was a barkentine rigged steamer; her speed under steam alone proved to be four to six miles an hour. The arrangements for the housing of both officers and men proved comfortable and healthy.

Nothing extraordinary happened during her trip from San Francisco to the Behring Strait. In St. Michaels the two dog drivers, Alexey and Aneguin, were taken on board, and then with the supply schooner Clyde as a convoy, the voyage was continued. In Little Harbor, on the Siberian Coast, the supplies from the Clyde

*) Those marked by an asterisk before their names lost their lives.
 **) Promoted November 1, 1879, to Lieutenant-Commander.
 ***) Promoted August 2, 1879, to Lieutenant.
 ****) Promoted March 4, 1881, to Chief-Engineer.

were transferred to the *Jeannette*, and on the 27th of August they parted, the *Clyde* sailing south, the *Jeannette* to the north into the unknown. After passing Behring Strait and Nordenskjold's winter quarters, near Cape Sjerdze-Kamen on the north-east coast, the *Jeanette* turned northward and entered the pack-ice on the 5th of September, in sight of Herald Island, bearing in a northwesterly direction. On the 6th of September the ice closed around the ship, and thus the *Jeanette* remained practically ice-bound until the fatal crush came, on the 12th of June, 1881.

The long interval of time between those two events showed the general monotony and dreariness so characteristic of life on an ice-bound ship in the Arctic. The monotony was often rudely broken by the imminent danger of being crushed between the floes whenever the pack started moving. It seems that in this point, too, the *Jeannette* was less lucky than other exploring vessels, for there is hardly a polar trip of modern times on record where the vessel was so often on the very verge of annihilation as this ship in the pack off Herald Island. From the end of October there hardly passed a week in which the restless and resistless jamming of the floes did not cause the endangered crew preparing for the abandoning of the ship. It was one day in January, 1880, that the ship sprung a leak forward at the keel; the captain computed the daily amount of water entering thereby at over 4,800 gallons, which had to be pumped out by hand until a windmill pump was rigged. In the meantime the floes which imprisoned the *Jeannette* drifted steadily toward the north-west. In the spring of 1881 land was discovered in the southwest. When the *Jeannette* was only about 12 miles away from the shore, DeLong sent Melville, (Chipp, Danenhower and Newcomb were ill in bed) with Ice-Quartermaster Dunbar, Nindemann, Ericksen and Sharwell, fifteen dogs, a sleigh and a dinghy on an exploring trip on shore. This was on the 31st of May. It was a most hazardous and tiresome trip over the moving, whirling ice-fields. Melville accomplished it splendidly, though; his party reached land on the next day. He seized the island in the name of the United States, and raised the stars and stripes. It was christened Henrietta Island, after Mr. Bennett's mother, and then its position and its limits were established and surveyed. The party returned without mishap on board the ship on the morning of June 5th. Another island, further south, was discovered, its bearings were taken, and it was entered on the map as *Jeannette* Island.

On the morning of June 10th the movement of the ice became so violent and threatening that everyone on board believed the end of the ship to be near. In the following night the floe suddenly, with a tremendous report, split fore and aft on a line with the keel; the ship kept hanging fast to the starboard half, while the port half, on which were the dogs, the observatory, and other things, moved several hundred yards off.

When DeLong asked the ice expert, the old whaler captain Dunbar, what he thought of the situation, the man replied: "She will be either under the floe or on top of it before tomorrow night." His words came true. Careful preparations had

been made for the emergency of abandoning ship ever since the first jam after the vessel was frozen in, twenty-one months ago.

During the afternoon of June the 11th the order was given by DeLong to abandon ship. This was done according to the preconceived plan, orderly and quietly, while DeLong looked on from the ship's bridge, coolly smoking his pipe. Hardly had the stores and boats been secured to the ice floe, some five hundred yards away, when the ever increasing crowding of the hummocks made the ship heel over in such a way that standing on the bridge was no longer possible. Everyone else of the crew having by this time left her, DeLong jumped from the ship upon the ice, and waving his cap and shouting, "good-bye, old ship!" he greeted her for the last time.

Towards four o'clock in the morning of the 12th of June the men were awakened from their slumber by the sudden shout of the watch, seaman Kuehne: "Hurry if you want to see the last of the Jeannette. There she goes! There she goes!" While the crew came running out and amid the rattling and battering of her timbers the ship righted and stood almost upright; the crushing floes backed slowly off and "as she sank with slowly accelerated velocity," describes Mr. Melville this last moment, "the yard-arms were stripped and broken upward, parallel to the masts, and so, like a great, gaunt skeleton clapping its hands above its head, she plunged out of sight."

So there was the crew now, cast upon the ice and left to themselves, five hundred miles from the mouth of the Lena river. Although everyone could not help realizing what a difficult and arduous task was before them, it was fortunate that none of them could read the future, that none of them had the slightest suspicion of the terrors they were to pass through, of the miseries in the midst of which so many of them were to perish.

The first few days on the ice were spent in thoroughly organizing the camp. There were five sleds, six tents and three boats, which formed the basis for the following organization:

Sled No. 1, to first cutter, DeLong.

Sleds No. 2 and No. 4, to second cutter, Chipp.

Sleds No. 3 and No. 5, to whaleboat, Melville.

Sled crews No. 1 and No. 4 to man first cutter.

Sled crew No. 2, the second cutter.

Sled crew No. 3 and No. 5, the whaleboat.

Of the six tents one was reserved as headquarters; the other five sheltered the men and were in charge of the following officers: No. 1, DeLong; No. 2, Chipp; No. 3, Melville; No. 4, Danenhower; No. 5, Dr. Ambler. From the stores and provisions saved a reserve for 60 days was packed into the sleds and was not to be touched at all as long as the rest lasted. The matter of clothing was regulated and restricted to the least possible weight; the ammunition taken amounted to twenty rounds per man. They had twenty-three dogs, and at the time of the start there

were five men sick and under the care of the surgeon, namely: Chipp, Danenhower, Kuehne, Alexey and Tong Sing.

On the fifth day, the 17th, everything being ready, the expedition started south on the following evening, Saturday, June 18th, at seven o'clock. It was found more practicable and consistent with circumstances to march during the night and rest during the daytime.

The humor of the men was excellent, but the road was extremely difficult, so ragged and interspersed with hummocks, that Melville, in charge of a working gang, had to even the way before the boats could be dragged along. The hard work in the wet of the slush and over the sharp edges soon tore the footwear, and after two or three weeks the men had to resort to all kinds of tricks to keep their feet off the ice, but frequently it was all in vain. Melville says: "Many, many times, after a day's march, have I seen no less than six of my men standing with their bare feet on the ice, having worn off the very soles of their stockings. A large number marched with their toes protruding through their moccasins, some with the "uppers" full of holes out of which the water and slush spurted at every step. I have here to say that no ship's company ever endured such severe toil with so little complaint. Another crew, perhaps, may be found to do as well, but *better*—never!" Brave men! But what were all the hardships they were so cheerfully enduring in comparison to those that the near future had in store for them.

The little band had been on the march for several weeks, straining every muscle in covering some twenty-five miles as a daily average, when Captain DeLong was enabled to take an observation of the sun. Imagine his disappointment when the subsequent calculation, and after that a "Sumner" calculation for verification, revealed the discouraging fact that in spite of all their endeavors they had actually drifted twenty-five miles to the northwest. This was indeed a gloomy if not desperate state of affairs. DeLong kept his secret to himself, still the men guessed it since the result was not announced to them. The effect was plainly visible on their faces. However, a week later, when a second observation was possible, the encouraging result that they had covered some twenty-odd miles toward the southwest spread joy and new hope among the much suffering party. Slowly they continued their advance southwestward, the distance covered often amounting to not more than a mile during the twenty-four hours.

On the 12th of July land was sighted toward the southwest some twelve to fifteen miles distant, but it took more than two weeks of incessant and extraordinary toil before they finally reached this land on the evening of July 29th. It was newly discovered land, and DeLong, christening it Bennett Island, took possession of it in the name of the United States. After being compelled to have ten of the poorest of the dogs shot, and after depositing a record in a cairn, DeLong left this island with his comrades on the 6th of August. They proceeded this time in their boats, which were laden with the sleds in addition to the provisions. The crew was distributed in this manner: First cutter, DeLong, Ambler, Collins, Nindemann, Ericksen,

Kaack, Boyd, Alexey, Lee, Noros, Dressler, Goertz, Iversen; Second cutter, Chipp, Dunbar, Sweetman, Sharwell, Kuehne, Starr, Munson, Warren, Johnson, Ah Sam; Whaleboat, Melville, Danenhower, Newcomb, Cole, Bartlett, Wilson, Lauterbach, Leach, Aneguin and Tong Sing. The dinghy, which was taken in tow by the first cutter, contained the dogs, in charge of Ericksen and Lee. Later on, on the 5th of September, Munson was shifted to the whaleboat and Ah Sam to the first cutter, in order to lighten the second cutter, which acted badly in heavy weather. In the same order as they were now divided the men were soon to meet their fate, Chipp's cutter to founder on the 12th of September, with all hands on board, in a gale; DeLong and Melville to reach the land at separate places, and the former and his crew, with the only exception of Nindemann and Noros, to starve slowly and helplessly to death in the Lena Delta.

By sailing, rowing or sledging, as the occasion required, the party made their way due south, covering at an average five miles a day. On the 8th it was found necessary to lighten the first cutter's ballast by shooting two dogs; eight others had strayed away during the passage over the ice-fields, so there remained only two. On the 18th DeLong dealt out the last bit of bread. Two days later DeLong held council with Chipp and Melville, giving them directions in case the boats should become separated by the ice or the gales. It was now plain that the second cutter offered difficulties in handling, but nothing could be done to improve the seaworthiness of the boat, so they kept wearily on, through fogs and gales and ice-fields, towards the southwest, passing between Novaya Sibir and Fadeyeff Islands, then by the south shore of Kotolnoi toward Semonoffski. On the 12th of September, when about half way between the latter island and Barkin, in the Lena Delta, they were caught in a terrific gale. By this time the boats had been lightened as much as possible, the dinghy and the sleds having long ago been rendered into kindling wood, and only one dog remained, which DeLong meant to keep as a last resort in case provisions gave out before reaching relief. At nine o'clock in the evening of this day it was no longer possible to keep the boats together in the terrific gale and sea without seriously endangering their safety. DeLong motioned to them to take care of themselves. Melville, who was in the lead, disappeared quickly in the darkness toward the south; so did Chipp with the second cutter, who had kept about six hundred yards to the rear on the port quarter of DeLong's boat. There were in both Melville's and DeLong's boats men who declared that they had discerned the hapless cutter being swamped by a huge wave. At any rate there was nothing heard or seen after that night of either boat or crew.

DeLong kept on toward west-south-west and struck the northernmost point of the Lena Delta on the afternoon of the 17th of September, effecting a most difficult landing through a waist deep icy surf. The men were, with very few exceptions, so thoroughly exhausted that only by exerting their utmost will power they succeeded in securing the provisions and necessary stores on shore. On the morning of the 19th, after breakfast, DeLong ascertained that they had three and a half days'

rations left; and they did not know where they were, except somewhere in the immense Lena Delta.

Before following further their gruesome experiences, let us turn to Melville. During the terrible night of the 12th the whaleboat hove to by means of a sea-anchor, improvised after Melville's direction by Cole and Munson; its proper position was given it by sliding the copper fire pot, the only available weight, down to the drag, and between fear and hope the thirsty, hungry, drenched and shivering crew awaited the break of morning, anxiously occupied with bailing their little craft between sets of the dreaded "three waves." But it was toward evening of the 13th ere the gale and the sea subsided sufficiently to permit a getting under way. Melville shaped his course toward the south and east, as he believed himself to be near Cape Barkin, toward which his orders directed him. The weather improved a good deal, and things would have had a brighter aspect if it had not been for the entire lack of fresh water, which caused much suffering among the utterly exhausted men. They were hardly able to swallow dry their quarter of a pound of pemmican for meals. As the condition of the weather cut off the progress toward the south, Melville took an easterly course, and found himself towards morning about twenty miles toward the east of the supposed point of Cape Barkin, consequently in Borkhoi Bay. As the weather was comparatively fine he shaped again his course to the westward, but perceiving an opening in the shore line towards the south he run into it and entered one of the mouths of the Lena estuary during the 16th of September, his men being by this time almost overcome by the agony of their thirst. Now they soon reached fresh water, which enabled them to quench their craving. Melville felt scruples, though, as to not fulfilling orders concerning Cape Barkin, and he announced at noon his intention to turn the boat about and attempt reaching the cape. The boat's bow was turned, when a timely and common sense remark of fireman Bartlett aroused suspicion in the intrepid engineer's mind as to the prudence of his manoeuvre; in an inkling he made up his mind, feeling the soundness of Bartlett's view, and turned the boat again down stream. In doing so he undoubtedly saved the lives of the whaleboat's crew, as they would, without question, have shared the fate of the hapless first cutter's party, for further investigation proved Cape Barkin a barren, uninhabited place, where they all must have starved during the fast approaching arctic winter.

As it was, they continued up river, with an east wind, until toward evening they sighted an abandoned hut on the bank; they landed and established their night camp, but their stiffened, cramped and frozen limbs were so affected by the heat of the camp fire that none of the men were able to sleep, and the morning found them suffering excruciating pain, well nigh unfit to continue their journey. Yet they managed to start again; toward evening they landed and passed the night on shore at a spot which from its nature they christened "Mud Camp." In a similar manner they continued their way, always up stream, toward the south and west, when shortly after noon on the 19th they espied three natives in three boats rowing

toward them. That meant "saved at last." One of Melville's men felt so enthusiastic that he presented every one of the utterly amazed natives with a hearty kiss upon each cheek. The natives gave the men venison and fish; still Melville had his suspicions and watched them closely so as to prevent any possible attempt on their part to steal away and leave the white men in the lurch. Melville hoped the natives would easily help him to reach the nearest inhabited settlement, Belun, from where he might speedily obtain succor to ascertain the fate of the other two boat crews. But the natives refused point blank, explaining that a trip to Belun, at this time of the year meant certain death. As it was the party continued their way among the direst hardships to a place called Zeemavelicki, where they arrived totally exhausted on the evening of the 26th. They were quartered in a house and scantily provided with poor, often half decayed food by the starosta or elder. All efforts to reach Belun, said to be "sixteen days" distant proved in vain. A Russian exile named Kopaloff lived in the same house with the Americans and was a great help to them as he proved willing and more intelligent than the natives. As week after week passed without the slightest prospect of establishing communication with Belun the situation became very trying, and an almost unendurable restlessness seized the leader and his men. The disgusting filth in which they lived added to their discomfort. The following scenes, described by Mr. Melville, may serve as an illustration: "Mrs. Chagra, assisted by some of her female friends, put on a large kettle of ancient but hardy geese that had long and honorably served the natives by raising numerous progeny of their kind. But they had been slaughtered during the summer, when in pin-feather, and hung in pairs, with their bills interlocked, across a pole, out of the reach of dogs and foxes, and as they had neither been plucked nor dressed, the juices of their poor bodies naturally gathered at their extremities, hence, ere freezing, the dead geese had generated another and more prolific family within themselves. So when such are heated for the purpose of cleaning, the natives are usually saved the trouble of opening them, for the whole after part of the fowl drops out of its own accord—anything but a pleasing sight to contemplate, particularly if the agony, or inside, be long drawn out. Still we ate of the geese, and heartily." And again: "During the nesting season the eggs are also gathered in large quantities and buried in earth until winter, their state of incubation, however far advanced, mattering but little to the accommodating taste of the native, who, in fact, makes use of all kinds of eggs, and finds no fault with the fresh ones. And though when eating them raw the presence of a young bird in the shell does not seem to perturb him, yet I have noticed that everywhere he is particular, when frying his eggs, to pick out the yellow feathers from the pan. When the American sailors were supplied with such eggs there was at first some discussion in the hut as to the propriety of using the over-ripe eggs, but I finally concluded to cook them all together, and thus the identity of the poor little geese was lost in the 'scramble.'" Thus in spite of all their efforts and protests the shipwrecked sailors could do nothing but keep their patience and wait. At last, on the 10th of October,

a soldier-exile by the name of Kusma Germayeff happened to arrive from Belun. Melville promised him money and the whaleboat if he would return immediately with the letters, or take one of the crew as a courier with him. In vain; only after several days was Kusma ready to depart, and did so entrusted with letters to the Russian commandant or highest official at Belun. He had promised to be back within five days.

He returned finally, but on the afternoon of the thirteenth day, the 29th of October, he having had great difficulty in passing several streams that in the meantime, through a change in the weather, had become nearly impassable. Imagine the astonishment and excitement of the Melville party when one of the three written communications Kusma brought was a crumpled and dirty scrap of paper with the following message:

“Arctic steamer Jeannette lost on the 11th of June; landed on Siberia 25th September or thereabouts; want assistance to go for the Captain and Doctor and (9) other men.

“William F. C. Nindemann,

“Louis P. Noros,

“Seamen, U. S. N.

“Reply in haste; want food and clothing.”

It was further learned from Kusma that the two men of DeLong's crew had been discovered exhausted, sick “and suffering fearfully from hunger and cold in a hut at a place called Bulchur, and that they were now on the way to Belun. Melville at once gave direction to get a fresh dog-team and everything else ready to take him to Belun. The next morning, October 30th, he started. Lieutenant Danenhower had been instructed to wait for the announced arrival of the Cossack Commandant Byeshoff, from Belun, and then to proceed with the men and him to the latter place, there to await Melville's return. The trip to Belun, in the grim Arctic winter gale, in an open dog-sleigh, with tattered clothing, was an excruciating hardship for Melville, who was yet unable to use his frozen limbs freely. On that evening they reached a place called Tamussi, where a new sleigh had to be equipped. Little did the intrepid American officer think that this very evening, some hundred and odd miles away, sealed the fate of his brave comrades with DeLong. It was on this day, a Sunday, that the heroic commander, with the last effort of ebbing life, made the last entry in his famous ice-journal.

Melville finally reached Belun, toward evening, after several days of hard traveling and many mishaps and difficulties. He proceeded at once to look up Nindemann and Noros, a whole band of natives acting willingly as his guides. The meeting can only be properly described in his own words: “They opened an outer door, but refrained from touching an inner one, which opened into the apartment where were my two comrades, Nindemann and Noros. Pausing an instant I pushed open the door, which was covered on one side with deer skin, on the other with woolen felting to keep out the cold. . . . I remained silently standing for a brief spell to see if Noros would recognize me. He stood up, facing me, behind a rude table.

not more than ten feet off, holding in one hand a loaf of black bread which he was in the act of cutting with a sheath knife when I entered. Nindemann was nowhere to be seen. A dim light straggled through an ice glazed window in the rear of Noros, and to the left, around a fire in a small alcove, a number of Yakuts were cooking their supper. At my entrance Noros glanced up from his bread but did not know me, and was about to resume operations on the loaf, when 'Halloa, Noros,' said I, 'how do you do?' at the same time advancing toward him with outstretched hand. 'My God! Mr. Melville,' he exclaimed, 'are you alive?' And then Nindemann, hearing my voice, arose from a roughly made bed, and cried out: 'We thought you were all dead, and that we were the only two left alive; we were sure the whaleboat's were all dead and the second cutter's too.'"

Melville told them that his men were safe and sound, and that he was hurrying to get relief for DeLong and his party. But as Nindemann and Noros both declared that it was useless to try to help their companions, since by this time they must all be dead, they all three broke down from grief and emotion. By and by Melville extracted from the two sailors their story.

When DeLong's party, after the landing, started on their march southward, Boyd, Ah Sam and Ericksen had great trouble to keep on their feet, which were more frostbitten than those of the others. Ericksen especially was in bad shape; the brave Dane had exposed himself unflinchingly, and, being of Herculean build, had willingly borne the brunt of the work and the hardships. On the fourth or fifth day Ericksen lay down and wanted to be left. DeLong induced him to get up again, but contemplated at that time already to send two men ahead as a relief-searching party; these were to be Dr. Ambler and Nindemann. The little band opened their last can of pemmican, (forty-five pound), and by dexterously cutting it DeLong divided it into rations for four more days. As a last resort, they had still the one dog, Snoozer, to keep immediate starvation off.

Two days later the sufferers were somewhat cheered up by a piece of good luck on the part of Alexey, the Chinook hunter; he shot two reindeer, killing both with the same bullet. They had now over one hundred pound of clear meat, and at the first deer dinner each man was allowed one and one-half pound of the fresh, delicious venison. Their daily march averaged at that time about five miles. On their way they found abandoned huts, fox traps, an old boat and other signs of the presence of man, but to all indications no human beings except themselves had been around there for a long time.

On the 27th of September, when they were again at the end of their resources for food, Nindemann and Alexey secured once more a reindeer, out of a herd of ten which they had managed to stalk successfully.

On the 1st of October Dr. Ambler amputated Ericksen's toes on both feet. On the 3d of October, no other food remaining, they had to kill the dog. DeLong allowed one-half pound of dog meat per day for each man. On the morning of the

6th of October poor, heroic Ericksen died in great agony, the first victim of the first cutter's party. His body was buried in the ice, the Captain reading the burial service.

On the seventh they ate their last half-pound of dog for breakfast. Toward evening Alexey shot a ptarmigan, (Arctic grouse a little larger than a pigeon), and they made soup of it for supper.

On the 9th of October DeLong deemed it imperative to send two of the strongest men on ahead to secure relief if possible. He selected Nindemann and Noros. They started at seven o'clock, amid the feeble cheers of their starving companions. It was a Sunday; the two men had been furnished with a copy of DeLong's chart, a rifle and some ammunition, and were instructed to make for Ku Mark Surka, which was supposed to be about twelve miles distant. As a matter of fact, Tit Ary, where DeLong thought he was himself, was nearly a hundred and twenty miles away, and the two sailors reached it after a fortnight's march, and Ku Mark Surka lay thirty-three miles beyond that.

Nindemann and Noros followed their instructions as well as they could, and by dint of marvellous exertion, coupled with miraculous good luck, they reached a hut where they were found by a native on the morning of the 22d of October, weak, sick, starving and exhausted, at the place mentioned before, Bulchur. This man fetched succor, and they were taken to Ku Mark Surka, which they reached on the twenty-fourth. All efforts of Nindemann to make the natives understand him were futile. Finally, on the twenty-seventh, Kusma Germayeff fell in with them and promised to forward to the Commandant at Belun a note which the two men composed, the identical one that Kusma delivered soon after into Melville's hands.

The latter made hurried dispositions for the transportation of the men to Verkhojansk and Irkutsk and finally back to the United States, and then organized without delay, although still very much suffering from frostbites, a searching expedition. Following back the track of Nindemann and Moros, he searched from the 7th until the 21st of November when the task had to be abandoned on account of the wintry season and the absolute refusal of the natives to continue. But Melville, Bartlett, Nindemann, Munson, Leach, Lauterbach and Aneguin stayed in Siberia to resume the search again in the spring. The United States government sent several officers over to assist them. In the meanwhile Aneguin died at Kirinsk of the small-pox. Danenhower with the rest of the survivors reached on the 17th of December Yakutsk, from where they returned home. John Cole, the boatswain, had become insane and ended in the United States Insane Asylum.

On the 18th of February, 1882, Melville's searching party were again assembled at Belun and on the 16th of March he set out with Nindemann and Bartlett. On the 23rd of March Melville and Nindemann found the corpses. First they saw some sticks protruding from the snow at the high river bank; they discovered one of the sticks to be a Remington rifle, they noticed a camp kettle half buried in the snow

and while Melville reached out to pick it up, he stepped over something which he suddenly recognized as the arm of a man. It was the body of De Long, nearby lay Ah Sam and Dr. Ambler. Not far off lay the famous ice-journal of De Long. With the deepest emotion did the searchers open the weather-worn leaves of this priceless document. It showed that the second day after Nindemann's and Noros' leaving found the party already unable to move further. On that day they had "one spoonful of glycerine and hot water for food," with no more firewood in the vicinity. On the 18th of October Alexey died. The last page of this extraordinary monument of endurance and truest devotion to duty runs thus: "October 21st, Friday, one hundred and thirty-first day." (Since leaving the ship) "Kaack was found dead about midnight between the doctor and myself. Lee died about noon. Read prayers for sick when we found he was going. October 22nd, Saturday, one hundred and thirty-second day; too weak to carry the bodies of Lee and Kaack out on the ice. The doctor, Collins and I carried them around the corner out of sight, then my eye closed up." (De Long had suffered much from eye troubles, and, as Nindemann stated, was nearly blind, when the two sailors left on the ninth.) "October 23rd, Sunday, one hundred and thirty-third day. Everybody pretty weak. Slept or rested all day and then managed to get wood in before dark. Read part of divine service. Suffering in our feet. No footgear. October 24th, Monday, one hundred and thirty-fourth day. A hard night. October 25th, Tuesday, one hundred and thirty-fifth day. October 26th, Wednesday, one hundred and thirty-sixth day. October 27th, Thursday, one hundred and thirty-seventh day. Iversen broken down. October 28th, Friday, one hundred and thirty-eighth day. Iversen died during early morning. October 29th, Saturday, one hundred and thirty-ninth day. Dressler died during night. October 30th, Sunday, one hundred and fortieth day. Boyd and Goertz died during night. Mr. Collins dying."

This was the last entry. After searching further Melville and his companions found in a small cove in the bank the bodies of Lee, Kaack, Dressler, Iversen, Goertz, Boyd and Collins, together with the flag and the two boxes of records. Erichsen's body was found soon afterwards, and on April 6th and 7th the mortal remains of these valiant, unfortunate sons of Columbia were buried together in one grave on what is now called Monument Hill and a huge cairn with a cross erected on their last resting place. *Alexey's body was never found, and search for any signs of Chipp proved fruitless. Thus ended one of the most remarkable expeditions in all the history of Artic exploration, most remarkable indeed on account of the unprecedented endurance and unsurpassed devotion of those who took part in it.

*) The bodies of the dead on Monument Hill were disinterred later on and conveyed to the United States for final burial.

THE GREELY EXPEDITION

Complying with the suggestions of the Third International Polar Conference for the establishment of circumpolar stations of observation the United States agreed to organize two, one at Point Barrow, north of Behring Strait, the other at Lady Franklin Bay on Grinnell Land. The latter was established and worked by the Greely expedition, or, as it was officially called, the Lady Franklin Bay expedition, under the command of A. W. Greely, First Lieutenant 5th Cavalry, Acting Signal Officer U. S. A. The order of the General commanding the Army which assigned Mr. Greely to this new duty was issued on March 11th, 1881. On June 19th the following officers and men were detailed as Greely's command by the Chief Signal Officer, General Hazen:

Second Lieutenant Frederick F. Kislingbury, 11th U. S. Infantry.

Second Lieutenant James B. Lockwood, 23rd U. S. Infantry.

*Sergeant Edward Israel, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Sergeant Winfield S. Jewel, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

**Sergeant George W. Rice, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Sergeant David C. Ralston, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Sergeant Hampton S. Gardiner, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

Sergeant Wm. H. Cross, General Service, U. S. A.

Sergeant David L. Brainard, Co. L., 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.

Sergeant David Lynn, Co. C., 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.

Corporal Daniel C. Starr, Co. F., 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.

***Corporal Paul Grimm, Co. F., 11th Infantry, U. S. A.

Corporal Nicholas Salor, Co. H., 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.

Corporal Joseph Elison, Co. E., 10th Infantry, U. S. A.

Private Charles B. Henry, Co. E., 5th Cavalry, U. S. A.

Private Morris Connell, Co. B., 3rd Cavalry, U. S. A.

Private Jacob Bender, Co. F., 7th Infantry, U. S. A.

Private Francis Long, Co. F., 9th Infantry, U. S. A.

Private William Whisler, Co. F., 9th Infantry, U. S. A.

Private Henry Biederbeck, Co. G., 17th Infantry, U. S. A.

Private Julius Frederick, Co. L., 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.

Private James Ryan, Co. H., 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.

Private Wm. A. Ellis, Co. C., 2nd Cavalry, U. S. A.

The plan laid out for the undertaking was in short that a chartered steamer should take the party from St. John's, New Foundland, to its place of destination;

*) Specially enlisted for the expedition; was a professional astronomer.

***) Specially enlisted for the expedition; was a professional photographer.

***) Private Roderick R. Schneider, 1st Artillery, U. S. A., took his place, Grimm having deserted before the start was made.

the expedition should there establish its station, the ship to return, and supply vessels to visit the permanent station in 1882 and 1883; the station should not be abandoned before the 1st of September, 1883, and efforts towards new discoveries by means of sledge parties were to be made to the northeast, the high land near Cape Joseph Henry.

On July 4th, 1881, the chartered steamer *Proteus*, displacement 619 tons, under the experienced ice navigator Captain Richard Pike, left St. Johns with all of the expedition on board except the surgeon, Dr. Octave Pavy, who was under contract for this expedition as Acting Assistant Surgeon and joined at Disco. Dogs and other supplies were taken on board here and at Rittenbenk. Arriving at Upernivik on the 23rd, six days were spent here in completing the last preparations. On the further way northward supply depots at Southeast Cary Island, Cape Hawks and other places were inspected and found in fairly good condition; Greely made a cache of 225 rations at Carl Ritter Bay, about 75 miles from the end of the journey. But just at entering Lady Franklin Bay the *Proteus* was locked in by the ice and did not reach her destination until the 12th of August. The station was established in the winterquarters of the *Discovery*, in *Discovery* harbor, and christened Fort Conger. Starr and Ryan were ordered to return with the *Proteus* as they showed signs of physical ailments. On the 25th the *Proteus* left to return home, and Greely and his companions, numbering twenty-five in all, were now left to their own resources. They were well provided with all that could serve to make life bearable in those regions. Their provisions were ample for three years, and before the ship left they had had the luck to kill musk-oxen enough to furnish besides three full months' rations of beef. Furthermore, Greely had sent back special instructions as to some essential matters for the relief parties, so, apparently, everything pointed to a successful and not very difficult future.

There was one feature, however, which might by a good many, and probably rightly, be considered a foreboding of evil. That was the early sign of an easy possibility for disharmony among the party. On the 26th of August, Lieut. Kislbury requested to be relieved from the expedition as he did not approve of the rules; his request was granted, but before he could reach the *Proteus* the latter was gone. So the discontented officer had to return to Fort Conger. As he was relieved from duty he did none, nor, according to Lieut. Greely's statement, did he at any time request to be assigned to duty. It was only after Lieut. Lockwood's death in the April of 1884, that Greely deemed it proper to assign work to him. It is probably best to mention right here, that disharmony, quarrelling, theft and disobedience appeared as most painful features toward the end of the expedition. Greely himself tried to find an excuse for it in the fearful privations from which the men suffered and which rendered them irritable and unquestionably sometimes even irresponsible. Still, when the individual actions of many of Greely's men during their direst trials are compared with the behavior of other crews under similar circumstances—take for instance De Long's and Melville's men—it is plain that the selection of the

members of the Lady Franklin Bay expedition must have been lacking in something. The manner and actions of the surgeon especially were such as tending to undermine all discipline, and although Greely is very reticent on this point, a little reading between the lines shows how hard it must have been for him to endure these entirely unnecessary and cruel difficulties. On the other hand, the leader himself and some of the men evinced an heroism never surpassed as yet. Such men were Brainard, Long, Frederick, Lieutenant Lockwood, Elison, Biederbeck, Israel, Rice, Ralston, Connell, Gardiner, Lynn, Jewel, Ellis and the two Upernivik Eskimos, Jens Edwards and Frederick Christiansen. Besides, if bad luck and, at least in a measure, bad management had not rendered the two first relief expeditions of 1882 and 1883 unsuccessful, the latter even a dismal failure, the horrible miseries of Camp Clay during the winter and spring of 1883-'84, would never have come to pass.

At Fort Conger the party occupied most comfortable winter quarters, a well arranged, warm, dry and spacious house; as said before they were provisioned amply and exquisitely for three years and over. But Greely's orders from his superiors contained the passage that if no ship or communication had reached him by the end of summer, 1883, he should start on his march south not later than the 1st of September, 1883; that he would then find ample supply depots at Cape Sabine and Littleton Island in Smith Sound, and several other places further south.

The details of the explorers' activity during their stay at Fort Conger have no room here except the mentioning of Lockwood's, Brainard's and the Eskimo Christiansen's sledging trip along the northern coast of Greenland. They started on April the 3rd, 1882, and on May 13th they had pushed to latitude 83° 24' north, the farthest point north so far reached by man. The place was on an island they christened Lockwood's Island. So it was by American soldiers that the British lost their record for the northernmost point which they had held undisputed for three hundred years. Lockwood's record led thirteen years until it was broken by the Norseman Nansen, who in April, 1895, reached latitude 86° 17' north. It goes without saying that Lockwood's trip exacted much fortitude and endurance, the temperature in April, when they started, being registered at 42 degrees below zero. The lowest temperature during the whole period of the expedition was recorded in February of the same year, 62.1 degrees below zero. But such severity of climate had been anticipated and the explorers were as well and probably better protected against it than any of their predecessors. The most dangerous enemy of the Arctic explorer, lack in variety of diet, was entirely eradicated; here for instance is the menu of a Tuesday at Fort Conger: Breakfast—Musk-beef hash, oatmeal, fresh bread. Dinner—Bean soup, roast musk-beef, tomatoes, fresh apples. This was the first Christmas dinner: Mock turtle soup, salmon, fricasseed guillemot (kind of a gull), spiced musk-ox tongue, crab salad, roast beef, eider ducks, tenderloin of musk-ox, potatoes, asparagus, green corn, green peas, cocoanut pie, jelly cake, plum pudding with wine sauce, several kinds of ice cream, grapes, cherries, pineapples, dates,

figs, nuts, candies, coffee, chocolate; egg-nogg was served in moderate quantities, and an extra allowance of rum issued in celebration of the day.

What a contrast to Camp Clay, at Cape Sabine, when two and a half years later the rescuers found that the dead had been cut and the flesh removed to still the craving of hunger in some of the wretched survivors.

The first relief expedition sailed from St. John's on the 8th of July, 1882, in the Neptune, in charge of William M. Beebe, a former officer on the war staff of General Hazen. His orders were to convey the stores to Lady Franklin Bay, or in case this proved impossible to cache 250 rations at a place as far north as possible on the east coast of Grinnell Land, if possible in sight of Cape Hawks, and the same amount on Littleton Island in Smith Sound, the rest of the stores, amounting at least to 2,000 rations, to be brought back to St. John's. The reason of this last order, if ever there was any, has never been accounted for. Beebe, trying to fulfil his orders, attempted four times to reach Cape Hawks but never came nearer to it than ten miles. Finally he made up his mind to cache 250 rations, a whaleboat and some wood at Cape Sabine. Then, during the first days of September, he renewed his efforts twice to penetrate northward, but in vain. At last he stored 250 rations at Littleton Island and returned with the rest of his stores to St. John's; 2,000 rations which "would have kept better in the ice upon the rocks of Cape Sabine," as Commander Schley sarcastically remarks in his description of the different relief trips. For any mistake or misjudgment in this first attempt for relief the responsibility rests not with Beebe, who obviously did his full duty, but with those who shaped orders for him.

The second expedition, of 1883, was intended to leave St. John's by June 15th so as to improve as much as possible the probability of its reaching Discovery Bay. In February 1883, First Lieutenant Ernest A. Garlington of the 7th Cavalry, who had been stationed at Dakota for six consecutive years, was assigned to command it. The Proteus, which had taken Greely north, was chartered for this purpose, and the United States Steamer Yantic, Commander Frank Wildes, was to act as a tender as far as Littleton Island. Garlington had been fully impressed by his superiors and was probably equally fully aware himself of the momentous importance of his task and that the "to be or not to be" of the Fort Conger party depended almost wholly upon his action. It is impossible to go here into the details of this unfortunate relief trip; there are too many technical questions involved which raised a storm of dispute among the professionals, and they were of such a nature that no agreement could be reached; all that might be said is that the fault of failure should rather be found with the method than with individuals. The Proteus reached Smith Sound alone, lingered before Cape Sabine without adding new provisions to the two caches there, got beset soon after, on the 23rd of July, not far from Cape Albert in Kane Sea, and was crushed by the nip and sent to the bottom on the evening of the same day. Garlington saved some of the stores on board, and a clever young naval officer, Lieut. Colwell, U. S. N., who happened to be a volunteer passenger on board the hapless Proteus, took some five hundred rations on shore in a whaleboat and

made a depot a few miles northwest of Cape Sabine, known afterwards as the "wreck-camp cache." Then both the relief party and the Proteus crew turned south in their boats and, after missing the Yantic a considerable number of times at different places in Smith Sound, met her at her arrival in Upernivik on the 2nd of September. Any further effort was useless then as the season was too far advanced, and the expedition corps returned to St. John's on the naval vessel. "It is my painful duty to report the total failure of the expedition." Thus began the first despatch of Garlington to the Chief Signal Officer at Washington, dated St. John's, September 13th, 1883.

So after the three ships Neptune, Proteus and Yantic had, during 1882 and 1883, taken not less than 50,000 rations up to or beyond Littleton Island, they had only cached about a thousand in the vicinity; the rest was brought back to the States or lost with the Proteus!

What was to be done now! By this date, the one of Garlington's first despatch, Greely and his men were without doubt two weeks under way from Fort Conger, on their perilous fall march toward Cape Sabine, trusting for their subsistence to the promised supply depots along the coast. The whole nation was incensed and deeply concerned. However, careful deliberation decided that the season was too far advanced to send out another expedition this same year; according to all human experience and calculation such an undertaking must come to grief. The only thing to do, therefore, was the careful preparing of a third expedition which must start for the north next spring at the earliest time possible. It must be stated here that Greely himself and some other men of experience in the Arctic took a different view. According to Greely's opinion the party could have been saved by another expedition during the same fall of 1883.

As it was, the task was this time entrusted to the navy, and the Navy-Departement secured by purchase from British firms the two steam whalers Thetis and Bear before the beginning of spring 1884. The British naval vessel Alert, one of the ships of Nares' expedition in 1875, was presented to the United States by the English government. This vessel was intended as an auxiliary ship. The officers appointed in command of these ships were Commander W. S. Schley, the Thetis and in charge of the expedition; Lieutenant H. H. Emory, Jr., the Bear; and Commander G. W. Coffin, the Alert. The Bear left first, steaming out from New York Harbor on the 24th of April, 1884, one week later the Thetis followed. The Bear arrived at St. Johns on the 2nd of May, and on the 13th at Godhavn. The Thetis reached St. Johns on the 9th of May where she found the coaling steamer Loch Garry which was chartered to take 500 tons of Cardiff coal to Littleton Island for the use of the expedition. Both vessels left on the 12th and reached Godhavn on the 22nd of May. On the 29th the Thetis and Bear met at Upernivik. The Alert, which left New York on the 10th of May, reached Upernivik on June 13th, the Loch Garry waiting for her. The Thetis and Bear had already left for the north on the 28th of May, their next object being Melville Bay. The expedition did not know, of course, whether Greely had really

started south from Fort Conger towards the end of summer or whether he had concluded to pass through his third winter there. The relief squadron was therefore prepared to look for him along the west coast of Smith Sound from Cape Sabine northward, and, if not successful in finding him, to attempt with all means to push through to Discovery Bay. Under great difficulties and dangers, and managed with commendable skill, these two ships worked their way toward Smith Sound during the first weeks of June having as companions several Dundee whalers who were perfectly willing to neglect their professional work to make an effort in finding Greely first so as to gain the reward of \$25,000 which the United States government had offered on the 16th of April to any party bringing in Greely and such men as might be with him or furnishing reliable news about him. The *Thetis* and *Bear* managed to outstrip the whalers, though, and touched Carey Islands and Littleton Island on Saturday, the 21st of June. Finding no trace of Greely they started for Cape Sabine at 3 o'clock p. m. on Sunday, June 22nd, with a heavy gale blowing over the stretch of 23 miles which constituted the strait.

Let us now turn to Greely and his comrades. He had made up his mind during the summer that the march toward the south would have to be attempted since there was no sign of any relief vessel. August 8th was set for the day of departure which was carefully prepared. Bad weather on that day frustrated the plan, but they left on the afternoon of the next day for Cape Baird, on the southern shore of Lady Franklin Bay, twelve miles distant. As the situation was, there were the following small depots distributed along this coast: Between Fort Conger and the first depot station, Carl Ritter Bay, Greely had himself established an intermediate small depot at Cape Baird, as the distance to the Bay was 75 miles. At the latter place there were cached 225 rations or nine days' supply by the *Proteus* on her way up to Lady Franklin Bay. Sixty-two miles further down, at Lake Collinson, was the Nares depot, of 250 rations. The next one, of eight or ten days' supply, established by Nares, was at Cape Hawks, on the west shore of Kane Sea. Finally at Cape Sabine, 53 miles further, there were in several small caches about a thousand rations in all which were estimated representing about forty days' supply. At Littleton Island, 23 miles across the Sound, there were some more depots, but they are of no interest in connection with Greely as his party was not able to reach that spot.

So at the time when Greely left his base at Fort Conger, between that place and the last, the fatal Camp Clay, north of Cape Sabine, there were only provisions for perhaps seventy-five days' subsistence altogether. And it was now August, and more than three hundred days were to pass before relief reached the remnants of the unfortunate little band in June 1884. If only Greely could have anticipated this. But he had no choice; there were his orders and he must obey them.

On the perilous march southward the party progressed mainly by boat, their steam launch towing the other boats until she had to be abandoned in the ice on September 10th. After extraordinary dangers and trials the brave men effected a landing near Cape Sabine towards evening on the 29th of September. They had

covered about 500 miles on their retreat from Conger, 400 of which were made in the boats, in fifty-one days. Greely felt greatly relieved when he had finally gathered his little band around him on *terra firma*, all safe and sound, for now there was a fair prospect of finding game in sufficient number to ward off privation from hunger should relief fail. The party established a camp of ice and stone huts not far from where they landed, and Greely sent Sergeant Rice and some others further up along the coast-line to reconnoiter the caches. Rice returned on October 9th with the record of the Colwell cache and of the foundering of the *Proteus*. From the word ing Lieutenant Greely gained the impression that "everything within power of man" would be done to rescue them and he decided therefore to proceed north of Sabine and await help in the vicinity of the Colwell caches. The state of the ice and the tides in the sound rendered the passage of twenty-three miles across to Littleton Island entirely impossible.

Greely declared afterwards that could he have known that no help would be sent him that year he would certainly have turned his back to Cape Sabine and starvation, to face a possible death on the perilous voyage southward along shore. In the caches near Cape Sabine, Rice found about 1,300 rations, and in Payer Harbour the whaleboat which had before been abandoned by the party.

The camp of the party having been shifted to its new location, a stone and ice hut was built, the whaleboat put on the walls of the house as ridge-pole, and this improvised roof covered with canvas. Greely says of this building: "The scarcity of rocks prevented our building higher walls. Sitting in our bags the heads of the tall men touched the roof; under the whaleboat was the only place in which a man could get on his knees and hold himself erect." This, then, was Camp Clay, situated north around the promontory of Colwell cache cove, and on this dreary spot the fast approaching winter evolved the drama which left of this healthy, strong and intrepid band of twenty-five only six to return alive to their home and country to tell the tale.

On the 1st of November the reduction of rations commenced. Greely had detailed Long and the two Eskimos as hunters of the party who were frequently joined by Lieutenant Kislingbury. Greely's hope was that they might kill some walrus, two of which would have furnished provisions sufficient for subsistence till April. But fate would not have it. The hunters shot occasionally a seal, or some dovekies (sea birds), and once a bear. Sergeant Brainard caught shrimps regularly, but sometimes the catch amounted to only a few pounds. Later on, when everything gave out, they ate lichens which they gathered from under the snow on the rocks.

In November, when the wintry blasts began to chill the poor, helpless sufferers in their miserable hut in the dreary Arctic night, and the fearful pangs of hunger were first felt in all their agonizing cruelty, they realized for the first time the horrors that were yet to meet. On December 22nd, Brainard, the most cheerful and energetic man of the whole party, Greely himself excepted, wrote in his diary: "Mouldy bread

and two cans of soup make a dinner for twelve. At Fort Conger ten cans of soup were needed to begin dinner. But even the dire calamity which now confronts us is insufficient to repress the great flow of good nature in our party generally." It was during this month that the first signs of collapse were noticed among some of the men. On the 14th of January it became obvious that Sergeant Cross was very badly off; he acted as if demented, and showed signs of physical weakness. Ralston, Lynn, and Jewel had fallen into a state of apathy from which they could only be aroused with great difficulty. Lieutenant Lockwood, the hero of the farthest north, began to be suffering from a deep mental depression.

On the 18th of January, Cross died, the first man in the expedition to pay with his life for the awful sufferings his body had been forced to endure. They sewed him up in canvas and buried him on the summit of a nearby hill, Greely reading the service of the Episcopal church at the burial. Such ceremonies at the occasion of death were soon to cease, for the latter became too common and the mourners too weak and indifferent. The sick were now Lieutenant Lockwood, Jewel, Ellis and Elison. The latter had his limbs frozen two months previous in an exploring expedition and finally lost his hands and feet so that his comrades were compelled to feed him. He never complained in spite of his terrible extremity, but suffered in silence and was still alive and mentally entirely well when the rescuers reached them five months later.

At that unspeakably dreary mid-winter time early in 1884 the main hope of the explorers and their grand theme of conversation was the belief that Garlington was at Littleton Island with abundant provisions and only waiting for the first chance to relieve them.

On the 2nd of February Rice and the Eskimo Jens started on an attempt to cross Smith Sound to Littleton Island. Rice was held in high esteem by Greely on account of his cheerfulness, his readiness to do whatever might be required of him, and his excellent judgment. The two men took six days rations and one of Lieutenant Kisingbury's guns and departed early in the forenoon. Four days later they were back in camp and reported open water off Brevoort Island as far as they could see. Greely wanted the Sound frozen over and told his men that he trusted this state would arrive with the beginning of March. During this month it was noticed that Private Henry was stealing provisions. Greely gave orders to watch him carefully. Frederick, who had many times distinguished himself by deeds of extraordinary endurance and unselfishness, was promoted to Sergeant, the same as Long, the indefatigable hunter of the party. During the end of March the apathetic spirits of some of the party became revived and more hopeful than at the beginning since Long and Rice had been fairly lucky in the last week in catching shrimps and killing dove-kies. But depression set in again on April 5th when the faithful Eskimo Christiansen, who had suffered by attacks of delirium the previous day, died during the forenoon. On the next day, April 6th, Lynn became unconscious early in the afternoon and died six hours later. On that same day at midnight two of the bravest

men of the party, Rice and Frederick, set out to the accomplishment of a task, which cost one of them his life and showed the splendid mettle, the grand unselfishness of the two heroes who had volunteered for it against even the wish and advice of the commander himself. They went to attempt to find one hundred pound of English beef which had been abandoned near Baird Inlet in November 1883, such abandonment having become necessary at that time to save the life of frostbitten Sergeant Elison. The two men had this dangerous expedition in mind since March but Greely objected foreseeing the fatal result. However, since the men persisted in declaring their ability and strength to do it, Greely, realizing the desperate straits to which the whole party was now reduced, gave finally, although reluctantly, his consent. So at midnight a hearty godspeed and a feeble cheer sent the courageous pair on their hazardous trip.

On the 8th of April, in the afternoon, Lieutenant Lockwood expired; utter exhaustion and mental depression evidently combined to hasten his end. On one of the following days the party was much startled and shocked by the return of Frederick alone who announced the death of Rice. According to his story they reached the old camp at Eskimo Point on April 9th, left their equipment there except the sled and proceeded to the cache where the beef was left, six miles away. They found this place in the afternoon but the meat had disappeared. They had to turn back to Eskimo Camp to rest; on the way Rice collapsed. Frederick did everything he could for him, cooked some food and gave him rum with ammonia; he even stripped his coat which he wrapped around the feet of the already dying man. Sitting on the sled in his shirt-sleeves he held Rice's head in his arms until death came, towards eight o'clock in the evening. Frederick buried him and then he drudged his way in an intense snowstorm to where the sleeping bag was left. Resting there a little while, he continued on his march, and by superhuman efforts he succeeded in reaching Camp Clay. There it was found that this man, as loyal as he was fearless, had brought back Rice's ration which he never touched in spite of his fearful exhaustion and his craving for more food.

On the 12th of April Jewel died from weakness through lack of food. It was on this very day that Sergeant Brainard discovered the form of a bear among the rocks and hummocks. Long and Jens succeeded in killing it. "This game seemed to insure our future," wrote Greely in his journal on this day of joy.

In spite of such rare moments of luck the horrible daily sufferings caused signs of rapid collapse to become frequent in the party. On the 14th of April Lieutenant Kislingbury broke down, and Gardiner, Israel, Salor, Connell, Whisler and Biederbeck showed a distressing weakness, the usual forerunner of worse symptoms and the end. On the 25th happened a very disagreeable incident: Private Henry, taking advantage of the commanders temporary illness, obtained some extra alcohol and became helplessly drunk on it. Henry was a powerful man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and the fact that he could have handled any two of the exhausted other men rendered him bold and reckless in his depredations on food and drink until the measure

was filled and fate met him in the shape of a Remington bullet fired by order of the commander.

A few days later, untiring and faithful little Jens Edwards, the skilled Eskimo hunter, lost his life while out hunting in his kayak between the floes. Long, who watched him from the shore, noticed that the man was in trouble, but could not help him as before many seconds the forepart of the kayak rose high out of the water and Jens disappeared below the waves to be seen no more.

It was during these terrible weeks of suffering and disaster that a quarrelsome, mutinous disposition began to spread among the weaker men. Leaving alone Dr. Pavy who had all along been extremely troublesome on account of his utter lack of discipline and reliability in statements it came to pass that two or three of the weakest in character and vital energy talked back to Greely or did not mind orders. The commander, who was suffering intensely from temporary heart trouble and different other serious ailments brought on through exposure, felt necessarily extremely grieved and irritated at such painful occurrences but refrained from serious measures for several reasons, the strongest being that mental excitement was a welcome antidote against the dangerous and increasing apathy and a stimulant to the fast failing energy of the men.

On May 19th Ellis died, on the 23rd Ralston. Ralston, Israel, who was also in a hopeless condition, and Greely occupied the same sleeping bag. Ralston was seized with the death-struggle while all three men were in the bag. Israel struggled out of the bag after his comrade's death, but Greely felt so weak and benumbed that he stayed in the bag for four hours until the chill of the dead body drove him out. On that same day a tent was erected with great difficulty and occupied by those who were ill. The stronger ones remained in the dilapidated hut whose interior by this time was in a fearful condition. The next day Whisler passed away, and Sergeant Israel followed on the 26th. Israel was a graduate of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, Mich., a professional astronomer and a highly cultivated young man whom his zeal for science induced to enlist for this expedition which cost him his life. Lieutenant Kislingbury was the next to go; death claimed him on the 1st of June. There were thirteen men left now, every one of them being seriously affected by the protracted lack of nourishment and the cruel exposure. Salor and also Dr. Pavy died between June 3rd and 6th. On this latter day occurred Henry's execution. As he was caught again and again stealing, Greely issued an order on that day to Brainard, Long and Frederick, that the man must be shot. The order was promptly executed, Greely does not say by whom of the three. Bender died on the same day, Gardiner on the 12th and Schneider on the evening of the 17th. The next days were spent by the few surviving men in dumb agony and suffering which no pen can describe. On the 21st Connell became unconscious and was seemingly dying. A fierce gale blew down one end of the tent, but the men were too weak to put it up again. On the evening of the 22nd, Greely, turning feebly towards Brainard and Long, remarked that he just heard the whistle of a steamer. The two men

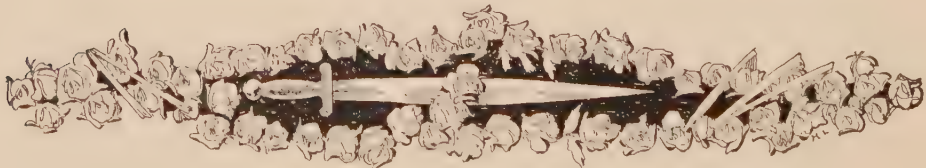
started out to investigate. Brainard returned soon with the sad report that nothing was to be seen. Long went further to set up the distress flag which had blown down.

But Greely had not been mistaken; the whistle was that of the *Thetis* which was recalling her searching parties from Colwell's cache, around the promontory towards the southeast. Soon after the steam-cutter of the "*Bear*," in command of Lieutenant Colwell, U. S. N., rounded the cape which separated the cove of Colwell's cache from Camp Clay. On the top of a little ridge, a small distance from above the ice-foot, was plainly outlined the figure of a man. The coxswain in the cutter waiving an American boat flag, the man on the hill—it was Long—responded by waiving the distress flag of Camp Clay. Lieutenant Colwell had soon reached him and was shocked by his ghastly, emaciated appearance. A few moments later Greely was aroused from his lethargy by hearing his name called by strange voices. But he could not move. When Lieutenant Colwell came up he saw before him, on his hands and knees, a dark man clad in tatters, with wild staring eyes. When Colwell stepped up the man raised himself a little and put on a pair of eye-glasses. "Who are you?" asked Colwell. The man stared but gave no answer. "Who are you?" again from Colwell. One of the men said: "That's the Major—Major Greely." Now Greely spoke the following words: "Yes—seven of us left—here we are—dying like men—did what I came to do—beat the best record." Then he fell back in a faint.

But the agony was over at last. The seven men, Greely, Brainard, Long, Biederbeck, Frederick, Elison and Connell, were taken on board the two vessels, where everything was made as comfortable as possible for the poor sufferers. They reached home in safety with the exception of Elison who died in Godhavn, July 8th, from the effects of his injuries and an amputation.

The bodies of the other nineteen dead were also taken home; that of the Eskimo Christiansen was buried at Godhavn. The eighteen Americans, including Elison, were brought to the United States where they were buried with military honors.

Thus closed a chapter of Arctic exploit which is and will always remain one of the most stirring and dramatic in that great history of extraordinary adventures.



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MEDAL OF HONOR WINNERS

The following two pages are devoted to the names and ranks of men who won their Medal of Honor during the several wars and expeditions against the Indians, in Naval Combats during the great Civil War and during the Spanish-American War. Their names have not been mentioned on previous pages. The grounds of award differ in the individual cases, but they all properly come under the general head of "For distinguished gallantry in action outside the line of duty."

INDIAN WARS

ACHESAY Sergt., Indian Scouts.	DANIELS, JAMES T. Sergt., Co. L, 4th U. S. Cav.	HEYL, CHARLES H. 2d Lieut. 23d U. S. Inf.
ALBEE, GEORGE E. Lieut. 24th U. S. Inf.	DAY, MATHIAS W. 1st Lieut. and R. Q. M., 9th U. S. Cav.	HILL, FRANK E. Sergt., Co. E, 5th U. S. Cav.
BAILEY, JAMES E. Sergt., Co. E, 5th U. S. Cav.	DAY, WILLIAM L. 1st Sergt., Co. E, 5th U. S. Cav.	HILL, JAMES M. 1st Sergt., Co. A, 5th U. S. Cav.
BRADBURY, LANFORD 1st Sergt., Co. L, 8th U. S. Cav.	DEARY, GEORGE Sergt., Co. L, 5th U. S. Cav.	HINEMANN, LEHMANN Sergt., Co. L, 1st U. S. Cav.
BARNES, WILLIAM C. 1st Class Priv. Signal Corps, U. S. A.	DENNY, JOHN, Sergt., Troop B, 9th U. S. Cav.	HOOVER, SAMUEL Bugler, Co. A, 1st U. S. Cav.
BARRETT, RICHARD 1st Sergt., Co. A, 1st U. S. Cav	DICKENS, CHARLES H. Corp., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.	HUBBARD, THOMAS Priv., Co. C, 2d U. S. Cav.
BEAUFORD, CLAY 1st Sergt., Co. B, 5th U. S. Cav	DONAHUE, JOHN L. Priv., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.	HUFF, JAMES W. Priv., Co. L, 1st U. S. Cav.
BERTRAM, HEINRICH Corp., Co. B, 8th U. S. Cav.	ELSATSOOSU Corp., Indian Scouts.	HYDE, HENRY J. Sergt., Co. M, 1st U. S. Cav.
BESSEY, CHARLES A. Corp., Co. A, 3d U. S. Cav.	ELWOOD, EDWIN L. Priv., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.	JARVIS, FREDERICK. 1st Lieut., Co. F, 54th Ohio Inf.
BISHOP, DANIEL Sergt., Co. A, 5th U. S. Cav.	FERRARI, GEORGE, Corp., Co. D, 8th U. S. Cav.	JIM Sergt., Indian Scouts.
BLAIR, JAMES 1st Sergt., Co. I, 1st U. S. Cav.	FOLEY, JOHN H. Sergt., Co. B, 3d U. S. Cav.	KREENAN, BARTHOLOMEW, Trumpeter, Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
BOYNE, THOMAS Sergt., Co. C, 9th U. S. Cav.	GARLAND, HARRY Corp., Co. L, 2d U. S. Cav.	KELSAY Indian Scout.
BRATLING, FRANK Corp., Co. C, 8th U. S. Cav.	GARLINGTON, ERNEST A. 1st Lieut., 7th U. S. Cav.	KOSOHA Indian Scout.
BROGAN, JAMES Sergt., Co. G, 6th U. S. Cav.	GATES, GEORGE Bugler, Co. F, 8th U. S. Cav.	KELLEY, CHARLES Priv., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
BROPHY, JAMES Priv., Co. B, 8th U. S. Cav.	GEORGIAN, JOHN Sergt., Batt. U. S. Eng.	KILMARTIN JOHN Priv., Co. F, 3d U. S. Cav.
BROWN, BENJAMIN Sergt., Co. C, 24th U. S. Inf.	GOODMAN, DAVID Priv., Co. L, 8th U. S. Cav.	KIRK, JOHN 1st Sergt., Co. L, 6th U. S. Cav.
BURKE, PATRICK J. Farrier, Co. B, 8th U. S. Cav.	GREAVES, CLINTON Corp., Co. C, 9th U. S. Cav.	LENIHAN, JAMES Priv., Co. K, 5th U. S. Cav.
BUTLER, EDMOND Capt., 14th U. S. Inf.	GRESHAM, JOHN C. 1st Lieut., 7th U. S. Cav.	LEONARD, PATRICK Corp., Co. A, 23d U. S. Inf.
CANFIELD, HETH Priv., Co. C, 2d U. S. Cav.	GUNTHER, JACOB Corp., Co. E, 8th U. S. Cav.	LEWIS, WILLIAM B. Sergt., Co. B, 3d U. S. Cav.
CARR JOHN Priv., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.	HAMILTON, FRANK Priv., Co. E, 8th U. S. Cav.	LYTLE, LEONIDAS S. Sergt., Co. C, 8th U. S. Cav.
CHIQUITO Indian Scout.	HARDING, MOSHER A. Blacksmith, Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.	LYTTON, JEPTHA L. Corp., Co. A, 23d U. S. Inf.
CO-RUX-TE-CHOD-ISH (MAD BEAR) Sergt., Pawnee Scouts, U. S. A.	HARRIS, CHARLES D. Sergt., Co. D, 8th U. S. Cav.	MACHOL Priv., Indian Scouts.
CRIST, JOHN Sergt., Co L, 8th U. S. Cav.	HAUPT, PAUL Corp., Co. L, 8th U. S. Cav.	MAHERS, HERBERT Priv., Co. F, 8th U. S. Cav.

MARTIN, PATRICK
Sergt., Co. G, 5th U. S. Cav.
MATTHEWS, DAVID A.
Corp., Co. E, 8th U. S. Sav.
MAYS, ISAIAH
Corp., Co. B, 24th U. S. Inf.
McBRYAR, WILLIAM
Sergt., Co. K, 10th U. S. Cav.
McDONALD, FRANKLIN M.
Priv., Co. G, 11th U. S. Inf.
McDONALD, JAMES
Corp., Co. B, 8th U. S. Cav.
McNALLY, JAMES
1st Sergt., Co. E, 8th U. S. Cav.
MEAHER, NICHOLAS
Corp., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
MILLER, DANIEL H.
Priv., Co. F, 3d U. S. Cav.
MOQUIN, GEORGE
Corp., Co. F, 5th U. S. Cav.
MORRIARTY, JOHN
Sergt., Co. E, 8th U. S. Cav.
MORRIS, JAMES L.
1st Sergt., Co. C, 8th U. S. Cav.
MURPHY, PHILLIP
Corp., Co. F, 8th U. S. Cav.
MYERS, FRED
Sergt., Co. K, 6th U. S. Cav.
NANNASADDIE
Indian Scout.
NANTAJE
Indian Scout.
OLIVER, FRANCIS
1st Sergt., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
ORR, MOSES
Priv., Co. A, 1st U. S. Cav.
OSBORNE, WILLIAM
Sergt., Co. M, 1st U. S. Cav.
PENGALLY, EDWARD
Priv., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.
POWERS, THOMAS
Corp., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.

RACRICK, JOHN
Priv., Co. L, 8th U. S. Cav.
REED, JAMES C.
Priv., Co. A, 8th U. S. Cav.
RICHMAN, SAMUEL
Priv., Co. E, 8th U. S. Cav.
ROGAN PATRICK
Sergt., Co. A, 7th U. S. Inf.
ROWALT, JOHN F.
Priv., Co. L, 8th U. S. Cav.
ROWDY
Sergt., Co. A, Indian Scouts.
RUSSELL, JAMES
Priv., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
SALE, ALBERT
Priv., Co. F, 8th U. S. Cav.
SCHNITZER, JOHN
Wagoner, Troop G, 4th U. S. Cav.
SCHROETER, CHARLES
Priv., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.
SCOTT, ROBERT B.
Priv., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.
SEWARD, GRIFFIN
Wagoner, Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.
SHEERIN, JOHN
Blacksmith, Co. C, 8th U. S. Cav.
SPENCE ORIZOBA
Priv., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.
SPRINGER GEO.
Priv., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
SMITH, ANDREW I.
Sergt., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.
SMITH, OTTO
Priv., Co. K, 8th U. S. Cav.
SMITH, ROBERT
Priv., Co. M, 3d U. S. Inf.
SMITH, THEODORE F.
Private, Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
STANCE, EMANUEL
Sergt., Co. F, 9th U. S. Cav.

STANLEY, EMMEN
Priv., Co. A, 5th U. S. Cav.
STANLEY, EDWARD
Corp., Co. F, 8th U. S. Cav.
STAUFFER, RUDOLPH
1st Sergt., Co. K, 5th U. S. Cav.
STEINER, CHRISTIAN
Saddler, Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.
STICKOFFER, JULIUS H.
Saddler, Co. L, 8th U. S. Cav.
STRAYER, WILLIAM H.
Priv., Co. B, 3d U. S. Cav.
SUMNER, JAMES
Priv., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
TAYLOR, WILLIAM N.
Corp., Co. K, 8th U. S. Cav.
THOMPSON, JOHN
Sergt., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
TRACY, JOHN
Priv., Co. G, 8th U. S. Cav.
TURPIN, JAMES H.
1st Sergt., Co. L, 5th U. S. Cav.
VOKES, LEROY H.
1st Sergt., Co. B, 3d U. S. Cav.
VON MEDEM, RUDOLPH
Sergt., Co. A, 5th U. S. Cav.
WALKER, JOHN
Priv., Co. D, 8th U. S. Cav.
WARD, CHARLES H.
Priv. Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
WATSON, JOSEPH
Priv., Co. F, 8th U. S. Cav.
WEISS, ENOCH R.
Priv., Co. G, 1st U. S. Cav.
WHITCOME, JOSEPH
Priv., Co. B, 8th U. S. Cav.
WILSON, MILDEN H.
Sergt., Co. I, 7th U. S. Inf.
WOODALL, ZACHARIAH
Sergt., Co. I, 6th U. S. Cav.
YOUNT, JOHN P.
Priv., Co. F, 3d U. S. Cav.

WAR OF THE REBELLION — NAVY

ANDERSON, AARON
Landsman, U. S. S. Wyandank.
ANDERSON, ROBERT
Quartermaster, U. S. S. Crusader.
ANGLING, JOHN
Boy U. S. S. Pontoosuc.
ASTEN, CHARLES
Quarter-gunner, U. S. S. Signal.
AVERY, JAMES
Seaman, U. S. S. Metacomet.
BARRETT, EDWARD
Second-class Fireman, U. S. S. Alaska.
BARTON, THOMAS C.
Seaman, U. S. S. Hunchback.
BETHAM, ASA
Cockswain, U. S. S. Pontoosuc.
BIBBER, CHARLES J.
Gunner's Mate, U. S. S. Agawam.
BLAIR, ROBERT M.
Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Pontoosuc.
BRADLEY, CHARLES
Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Louisville.
BREEN, JOHN
Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Commodore Perry.
BROWN, JAMES
Quartermaster, U. S. S. Albany.
BYRNES, JAMES
Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Louisville.
CLIFFORD, ROBERT T.
Master-at-Arms, U. S. S. Monticello.
CONNOR, WILLIAM C.
Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Howquah.
GILE, FRANK S.
Landsman, U. S. S. Lehigh.
CONLAN, DENNIS
Seaman, U. S. S. Agawam.

COTTON, PETER
Cockswain, U. S. S. Baron De Kalb.
DITZENBACK, JOHN
Quartermaster, U. S. Monitor Neosho.
DORMAN, JOHN
Seaman U. S. S. Carondelet.
ERICKSON, JOHN P.
Capt. of Forecastle, U. S. S. Pontoosuc.
FERRELL, JOHN H.
Pilot, U. S. Monitor Neosho.
FRANKS, WILLIAM J.
Belonging to U. S. S. Marmora.
GARVIN, WILLIAM
Capt. of Forecastle, U. S. S. Agawam.
HAMILTON, THOMAS W.
Quartermaster U. S. S. Cincinnati.
HARDING, THOMAS
Capt. of Forecastle, U. S. S. Dacotah.
HARRINGTON, DANIEL
Landsman, U. S. S. Pocahontas.
HARRINGTON, DAVID
First-class Fireman, U. S. S. Talapoosa.
HATHAWAY, EDWARD W.
Seaman, U. S. S. Sciota.
HAWKINS, CHARLES
Seaman, U. S. S. Agawam.
HILL, JOHN
Chief Quarter Gunner, U. S. S. Kansas.
HINNEGAN, WILLIAM
Fireman, U. S. S. Agawam.
HORTON, JAMES
Gunner's Mate, U. S. S. Montauk.
HORTON, JAMES
Capt. of Top, U. S. S. Constitution.

HUSKEY, MICHAEL
Fireman, U. S. S. Carondelet.
IRVING, THOMAS
Cockswain, U. S. S. Lehigh.
JACKSON, JOHN
Seaman, U. S. S. C. P. Williams.
JOHNSON, JOHN
Seaman, U. S. S. Kansas.
JOURDAN, ROBERT
Cockswain, U. S. S. Minnesota.
KANE, THOMAS
Capt. of Hold, U. S. S. Neureus.
LAFFEY, BARTLETT
Belonging to U. S. S. Petrel.
LAKIN, DANIEL
Seaman, U. S. S. Commodore Perry.
LANN, JOHN S.
Landsman, U. S. S. Magnolla.
LAVERY, JOHN
Fireman, U. S. S. Alaska.
LELAND, GEORGE W.
Gunner's Mate, U. S. S. Lehigh.
LEON PIERRE
Capt. of Forecastle, U. S. S. Baron De Kalb.
MACK, JOHN
Seaman, U. S. S. Hendrick Hudson.
MAGEE JOHN W.
Fireman, U. S. S. Tallapoosa.
MARTIN, WILLIAM
Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Benton.
MATTHEWS, JOSEPH
Captain of Top, U. S. S. Constitution.
McDONALD, JOHN
Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Baron De Kalb.
McWILLIAMS, GEORGE W.
Landsman, U. S. S. Pontoosuc.

MERTON, JAMES F. Landsman, U. S. S. Colorado.	RICE, CHARLES Coal Heaver, U. S. S. Agawam.	THIELBERG, HENRY Seaman, U. S. S. Minnesota.
MONTGOMERY, ROBERT Capt. of Afterguard, U. S. S. Agawam.	RINGOLD, EDWARD Cockswain, U. S. S. Wabash.	THOMPSON, WILLIAM Signal Quartermaster, U. S. S. Mohican.
MOORE, WILLIAM Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Benton.	ROBERTS, JAMES Seaman, U. S. S. Agawam.	VERNEY, JAMES W. Chief Quartermaster, U. S. S. Pontoosuc.
MORTON, CHARLES W. Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Benton.	ROBINSON, ALEXANDER Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Howquah.	WARREN, DAVID Cockswain, U. S. S. Monticello.
MULLEN, PATRICK Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Wyandank.	ROBINSON, CHARLES Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Baron De Kalb.	WEEKS, CHARLES Capt. of Foretop, U. S. S. Susquehanna.
NEIL, JOHN Quarter Gunner, U. S. S. Agawam.	ROBINSON, JOHN Capt. of Hold, U. S. S. Yucca.	WILLIAMS, ANTONIO Seaman, U. S. S. Huron.
NIBBE, JOHN H. Quartermaster, U. S. S. Petrel.	ROUNTRY, JOHN Fireman, U. S. S. Montauk.	WILLIAMS, ANTHONY Sailmaker's Mate, U. S. S. Pontoosuc.
NUGENT, CHRISTOPHER Sergt. of Marines, U. S. S. Fort Henry.	SCHUTT, GEORGE Cockswain, U. S. S. Hendrick Hudson.	WILLIAMS, HENRY Carpenter's Mate, U. S. S. Constitution.
O'BRIEN OLIVER Cockswain U. S. S. Canandagua.	SMITH, EDWIN Seaman, U. S. S. Whitehead.	WILLIAMS, JOHN Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Mohican.
Ohmsen, August Master-at-arms, U. S. S. Talapoosa.	SMITH, JAMES Seaman, U. S. S. Kansas.	WILLIAMS, ROBERT Signal Quartermaster, U. S. S. Benton.
ORTEGA, JOHN Seaman, U. S. S. Saratoga.	SMITH, OLOFF Cockswain, U. S. S. Richmond.	WILLIAMS, WILLIAM Landsman, U. S. S. Lehigh.
PETERSON, ALFRED Seaman, U. S. S. Commodore Perry.	SMITH, THOMAS Seaman, U. S. S. Magnolia.	WILCOX, FRANKLIN L. Seaman, U. S. Minnesota.
PYNE, GEORGE Seaman, U. S. S. Magnolia.	STODDARD, JAMES Belonging to U. S. S. Mar-mora.	WOOD, ROBERT B. Cockswain, U. S. S. Minnesota.
PURVIS, HUGH Private Marine, U. S. S. Alaska.	SULLIVAN, JOHN Seaman, U. S. S. Monticello.	WOODS, SAMUEL Seaman, U. S. S. Minnesota.
REGAN, PATRICK Seaman, U. S. S. Rensacola.	SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY Cockswain, U. S. S. Louisville.	WOOD, JOHN Boatswain's Mate, U. S. S. Pittsburg.
	TALBOTT, WILLIAM Capt. of Forecastle, U. S. S. Louisville.	WRIGHT, WILLIAM Yeoman, U. S. S. Monticello.
	TAYLOR, JOHN Seaman, Picket-boat, N. Y. Navy Yard.	YOUNG, HORATIO N. Seaman, U. S. S. Lehigh.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

BAKER, EDWARD L. JR. 2d Lieut., U. S. Philippine Scouts.	CUMMINS, ANDREW J. Sergt., Co. F., 10th U. S. Inf.	RESSLER, NORMAN W. Sergt., Co. D, 7th U. S. Inf.
BROOKIN, OSCAR Priv., Co. C., 17th U. S. Inf.	FOURNIA, FRANK O. Corp., Co. H, 7th U. S. Inf.	SHEPHERD, WARREN J. Corp., Co. D, 7th U. S. Inf.
CANTRELL, CHAS. P. Priv., Co. F., 10th U. S. Inf.	KELLER, WILLIAM Priv., Co. F, 10th U. S. Inf.	WANTON, GEORGE H. Priv, Troop M, 10th U. S. Cav.
	LEE, FITZ Corp. Troop M., 10th U. S. Cav.	

