

A VOLUNTEER IN LUZON

By CAPT. HARRY L. WELLS, 2d Ore., U. S. V.

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Gen. Anderson was unremitting in his efforts to get his army into shape for capture of the city. When he discovered that the first hour after dawn was the best for drill because the coolest, he changed the hour for reveille to 5 o'clock, and the drill call was sounded at 5:45.

spoken of, and so one night a working party was thrown about 100 yards in advance of the Filipino trench, and by morning an earthwork reaching from the Camino Real to the bay had been constructed.

This completely blanketed the Filipino trench, and the action of the Americans was not at all well revealed by them, showing as it did a complete ignoring of them in our own plans for taking the city.

On Sunday, July 21, only a few days after the trenches had been constructed, I heard one of the men, who had been a railroad brakeman before enlisting, shout to another that he had enlisted for a soldier, and had not "hired out to work on no farm."

When the second expedition arrived there was no place to house it at Cavite, and Gen. Anderson determined to put it under canvas on the mainland about two miles in the rear of the Filipino intrenchments, near Parangue. Camp Dewey was then established, the first time troops were ever made to live in tents in the middle of a rice field during the very height of the rainy season.

Just to the left of the road stood a large, two-story wooden house, which had been a sort of school, which was riddled with bullet holes, having been in the direct line of fire between the Spanish and Filipino trenches during the noisy night battles I have described.

The discomfited of that camp could scarcely be exaggerated. In order to keep out of the mud a little the men built little platforms of bamboo and put their tents over them, and were thus enabled to sleep without lying in the mud and water, but they were constantly rained upon and almost constantly wet. Gradually, as transport after transport arrived, there were collected at Camp Dewey the regiments from Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Colorado, California, Nebraska, Idaho, Wyoming, North Dakota, South Dakota, a battalion each of the 14th, 18th and 23d Regulars, a battalion of the 3d Art., serving as infantry, and the Utah and the Batteries.

On the evening a steady rain set in, and it poured down until almost morning. We had retired to the cold comfort of a bamboo bunk, with our wet clothing still on, and had gone well to sleep when we were aroused by the sounds of conflict.

Late in July it was determined to defend the camp by an American trench, regardless of the Filipino trenches already

VIEW OF SPANISH TRENCHES. Into this house we went to get a good

view of the Spanish lines and Fort Malate. Up to this time there had been no shooting between the trenches. The Spaniards had not undertaken to interrupt their construction, and were doubtless glad of the cessation of the nightly duels they had been holding with the Filipinos. As there was a mutual willingness to let each other alone, and I was informed that orders had been given not to do any sharpshooting at the Spanish trenches, whether by Gen. Greene or only by the local officer in command before the present force relieved him I did not learn.

Col. Hawkins, of the Pennsylvania, was at headquarters begging the privilege of firing at the Spanish trenches, and for God's sake wouldn't the General send some help. As for himself, if they would only give him a gun he would go back and fight. His belt was full of cartridges, and his own gun probably lay where he had thrown it in his flight.

There had suddenly broken out in our front a sort of musketry and incessant crack of quick-fire pieces as put the Filipino quick-battle to the lurch. The whole camp was aroused at once. Regiments were formed and reported for orders. Messengers soon arrived from the front calling for aid, with the report that the Spaniards had made a sortie and had attacked the small force in the trenches, attempting a flank movement on our right, where they had run upon a company of the Pennsylvania's who were at work extending the trench to the right beyond the road, and had thus had their surprise culled.

The surprised company had taken to their arms instead of their legs, and with the help of the other company and the battery had prevented the further advance

of the enemy, but were now in danger of running out of ammunition. Such was the story that came to us by official messengers, but a worse one came by the few stragglers who had forsaken their comrades and run back to Camp Dewey, and in doing so getting into more actual danger than had remained under the protection of the trench, since they had passed through the danger zone from bullets fired high. One of these I remember especially, a man named Gen. Greene, who, as a rag, supported on either side by a soldier of the guard detail. He told a most gruesome tale of slaughter. His company had been cut to pieces and perhaps destroyed, all but himself, and for God's sake wouldn't the General send some help.

Galantly through the dark and rain, and wading through the mud and water of the field between the road and the bay, since the road was swept by the fire of the enemy, who had its location exactly, these organizations advanced into the danger zone, which was the worst about 500 to 1,000 yards from the trenches.

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The surprised company had taken to their arms instead of their legs, and with the help of the other company and the battery had prevented the further advance

of the enemy less than a week. Of such material is the American volunteer.

While the days passed without the Americans making any more upon the shore, the natives in Cavite were very anxious to know why we did not do something. In our visits to the little shops, most nightly as they were, we were constantly being asked the question: "Why do you not even see these Manila men?" "Manana," we would reply, with a somewhat sarcastic allusion to the "manana habit" with which we had already become disgusted, but which was entirely lost upon them.

Discipline is not designed to be put to such tests as this, and it is well for the credit of the service to say no more about the matter.

Right here I cannot help voicing a protest against the distribution of honors after the fall of the city. Gen. Merritt never set his foot on land, never reviewed his troops nor even saw them, unless he used a powerful glass, and the city would have been captured in exactly the same way had he never arrived at all; yet he absorbed credit and promotion for his capture, and members of his staff who never had the least to do with it and never left the transport until the city was safely in the possession of the Americans were given brevets, while many of the actual performers of the work, who had suffered for weeks in the torrid climate and had worked day and night in preparation for the task, were neglected. I have specially in mind the Regular Army Artillery, who were the brigade of the first expedition, who performed the prodigious labor which made possible the establishment of Camp Dewey, the capture of the city and the feeding of the troops immediately after its capture without a day's delay. He was not even mentioned in the report of Gen. Merritt, who really did not know enough about what had happened to make a report, while the men who made up Gen. Merritt's staff who had done nothing at all were recommended by him for brevet promotion, and I presume received it.

Only a few weeks later Gen. Merritt was ordered to Paris to aid the Peace Commissioners with his knowledge of affairs in the Philippines. Arriving but a few days before the capture of the city, he set his foot on land after it had been effected, living removed from contact with the natives for but a short period, he was probably less capable of telling the commissioners about the Filipino people and conditions in the island than any other officer of intelligence in the whole army. The officers who really did know something about the Filipinos from personal contact and experience were had no opportunity of giving the Government the benefit of it. If they had done so the Americans would not have been caught so entirely unprepared for a campaign when Aguinaldo finally made his attack upon them.

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IT'S NOT BE SO THIN. FREE REMEDY.

Many ladies and gentlemen who cannot complain of any kind of sickness are much to be pitied and have not found relief on the right amount of food. Our New Nerve and Flesh Builder is not alone intended for those who are sick, but also for those who appear well and hearty, but who require sufficient food to round out the form and give the elegant appearance which is the mark of a well-developed man. It is unequalled. In order to demonstrate the wonderful merits of our New Nerve and Flesh Builder we will send a trial package in plain wrapper absolutely free to every serious applicant, who will forward his name to:

Stilled the voice of the soul's sweetest strain, And so stilled the best within that these Who most of murder did were hailed as heroes.

And earned a Nation's thanks. 'Tis well that I, A stranger, tho' of blood akin, should be the first to offend the God of peace. If he In other days my deeds and words had far Less of strife, and more of love, remember Me then, not as one whose hands are red with blood.

Who in the maddening tide of war was swept, Had in recognition of favors shown, And half by blind impulse hurried, into a Wild and awful strife whose thundering notes Were sadly out of harmony with the Carols my lips had often sung before.

This interesting relic is in the large civil war collection of Lieut. James W. Eldridge, of Hartford, Conn., which consists of some 1,300 pieces, brought together during 30 years of intelligent and energetic collecting. It is especially the best in the United States, in that it has historic value, established in great part by sworn, descriptive affidavits from the men who were with it, and is especially in John Brown, and also contains the famous collection of Col. Amos D. Webster, of Grant's staff, pertaining to Gen. Grant, and which was made by the State of Massachusetts, and important mementos of Lincoln, Jeff. Davis, "Stonewall" Jackson, and many others; the largest aggregation of Confederate domestic war knives known, all having been made by the blacksmiths of the Southland; section of first shell that burst in Fort Sumter; first Confederate stars and bars that crossed the Potomac River; first weapon captured from a Union by a Confederate soldier on the soil of Virginia; gangway, head board and official mail bag of the frigate Hartford, Farragut's flagship; compass stand of the famous Keokuk, and many others of equal interest.

One forty-five minute treatment of the above makes of most of the bad Spanish, Splint, Rheumatism, Curb, etc., just as easily cured by the same remedy. These state-her scholars a colored man named Mathew Slaughter. He had formerly lived at Big Bethel Church, or 'Big Bethel Crossing.' My sister always had much interest in anything that related to the war, and she guided the soldier to places of interest, going to Yorktown, Williamsburg, Hampton, Newport News, and other historical fields. During the early part of the war Mathew Slaughter had been an eye-witness to many of the skirmishes that took place about the localities already named, and was an unwilling witness to the battle at Big Bethel between a detachment of B. F. Butler's troops, sent out from Fortress Monroe, and a body of rebels entrenched at Big Bethel, under Col. M. J. Watkins. This battle was fought on June 10, 1862.

Mathew Slaughter's house, a small, low, partly frame and partly log affair, was situated at the junction of the road coming from Newport News to Big Bethel and the road running to Hampton. The hottest part of the fight took place around and near this house. The rebels were firing on both sides was at first only by the infantry, but after the rebels were driven back into their intrenchments both sides used artillery, the rebels being the first to open fire, and the Union first shot passed over the heads of the 2d N. Y., and embedded itself in the walls of the house of Mathew Slaughter. Mathew was standing near the front of the place when the shot struck. The Union troops fell back for a second time, and finally retreated toward Fortress Monroe, crossing Hampton Creek before noon.

Mathew Slaughter helped put the bodies of Maj. Winthrop and Lieut. Greble, who had been killed in the fight, into his wagon, and drove to Hampton Creek and deposited the bodies over to the Union troops. Four days after the fight at Big Bethel the rebel troops fell back to Yorktown. Slaughter then returned to his house and moved his family to Hampton, where he was employed as a servant by Gen. Pierce.

In the summer of 1862 Slaughter returned and took up his residence in his old home. He told Miss Drinkwater, his teacher, the facts already related, and said he had often looked at the ball embedded in the logs of his kitchen, but he never dared to touch it, because he feared it might be a lead shell. When the old man related his experience to his teacher, she determined to see the shot and procure it if possible. She succeeded in having the ball cut out of the log, and then satisfied herself from many inquiries that the story of Mathew Slaughter was true in every particular.

In 1880 she, the company with others, was at a musical entertainment given in Portland, Me., in honor of Nicholas Crouch, the author of the well-known song "Kathleen Mavourneen." He having mentioned that he served all through the war as a member of the Richmond Howitzers, Miss Drinkwater told him she had in her possession the first shot fired by that organization. She related to him the circumstances already told, giving him the full particulars. Mr. Crouch said it was true in every detail; that the Confederates did fire the first artillery shot, and he remembered perfectly well that the first gun was aimed too high, and what is of great additional interest, he added that I myself fired the first shot, and now history proves that the hand of an English and not an American fired the first artillery shot on the soil of Virginia in the war between the States.

Mr. Crouch expressed a desire to see and handle the now historic 'Big Bethel Ball,' Miss Drinkwater sent her home for the relic, and in a few days Mr. Crouch had the pleasure of handling and carefully examining the cherished memento. A few days after Miss Drinkwater's return home, she received some lines written by Mr. Crouch commemorating the battle, which he had in his hand this first shot.

"The facts here stated I have taken from an account written by my half-sister, Miss Hannah E. Drinkwater, just before her death in 1881. The original lines were written and signed by Mr. Crouch were lost in a fire that destroyed my mother's house in 1881; through this fire the 'Big Bethel Ball' also passed and was afterward recovered.

On all dear old Virginia's sacred soil, I, who had piped of tender love and Sweet wined peace, and now lent my hand To fret the common air that brothers never can dim our nation's glory. The deadly screech and awful roar of war

The Co-operative Club.

Pass this list from friend to friend, and see how easy it is to raise a club of 10.

It will be seen by terms of the guessing contest, given below, that guesses are allowed to club-members only. By this co-operative plan, however, each member of the club is counted a club-member, and is therefore entitled to guesses. The subscriber who starts the club, who is designated the Captain of the Club, secures the signature of club-member No. 1. Then club-member No. 1 takes the paper and secures the signature of some acquaintance, who signs as No. 2. Then No. 2 takes the paper and secures signature No. 3; and so on until No. 10 signs. No. 10 will not get another member, but will return the paper to the Captain of the Club.

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Table with 2 columns: Prize amount and corresponding number of guesses. 1st prize \$5,000 11th to 20th 2d " 1,000 21st to 30th 3d " 500 31st to 40th 4th " 400 41st to 50th 5th " 300 51st to 60th 6th " 200 61st to 70th 7th " 100 71st to 80th 8th " 100 81st to 90th 9th " 100 91st to 100th 10th " 100

The National Tribune of Washington, D. C. 25 years old, non-political and unsectarian, is all that a great weekly ought to be. It is instructive, keeping its readers acquainted with the progress of the world, and especially of our own country. It is helpful: a comradeship among its subscribers often leads to important, practical assistance of each other. It is entertaining: so filled with good stories that its weekly arrival becomes one of the greatest pleasures in life. Subscribing for it is one of the best investments and the cheapest treat (less than 3 cents a week) that any good, straightforward United States American can indulge in. One dollar a year.

I am thoroughly satisfied this contest is absolutely fair. I will allow guesses to each club-member for each dollar he subscribes.

CLUB CAPTAIN. Name, P. O. Street address, State.

Table for Club Members. Columns: No. (1-10), Name, Address, if any. Includes a section for Club Members with a list of names and addresses.

FIRE BY ALIEN HANDS.

Nicholas Crouch, Author of Kathleen Mavourneen, Reputed to Have Sped the First Cannon-Shot in Field Action.

Perhaps no better history concerning the first cannon-ball fired in field battle during the war of the rebellion can be had than a copy of the statement made under oath of the party from whom it was obtained, which is as follows:

"In 1871 my half-sister, Miss Hannah E. Drinkwater, was appointed a teacher among the colored people in Virginia. Her first school was at Warwick Court House.

While stationed there she had among her scholars a colored man named Mathew Slaughter. He had formerly lived at Big Bethel Church, or 'Big Bethel Crossing.' My sister always had much interest in anything that related to the war, and she guided the soldier to places of interest, going to Yorktown, Williamsburg, Hampton, Newport News, and other historical fields. During the early part of the war Mathew Slaughter had been an eye-witness to many of the skirmishes that took place about the localities already named, and was an unwilling witness to the battle at Big Bethel between a detachment of B. F. Butler's troops, sent out from Fortress Monroe, and a body of rebels entrenched at Big Bethel, under Col. M. J. Watkins. This battle was fought on June 10, 1862.

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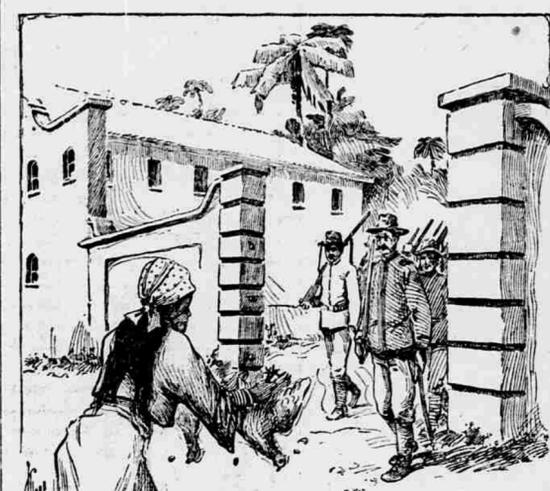
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CLUB MEMBERS. NAME. ADDRESS, IF ANY.



"SHE RUSHED ACROSS THE STREET AND THREW INTO HIS REPELLING ARMS THE TWO CHICKENS."

wherever it was possible to do so without endangering the Spanish fleet also, but none of their shots hit anything but the water. If these two guns should be used in defense of the city, and it became necessary to fire upon them, any shell that went a little high would go over them and into the city itself, doing immense damage and probably killing many people. The Spaniards were given to understand that if they did not attempt to use these guns no shell would be fired in their direction, and the city would not thus be incidentally bombarded. The mounting of these guns right at the edge of town was a piece of nonsense and impracticability only the Spanish would have been guilty of under present conditions of warfare. Engineers now, in these days of heavy ordnance and long-range guns, put their defenses of cities at a distance from them, so that the defenses may not be in fact the cause of their destruction.

There was no place to which the foreign residents could go except out upon the waters of the bay, since they did not feel safe among the insurgents outside the city. Every craft in the river which was floatable was started to get away from the dangers and uncertainties of the next few days. The shallow waters of the bay were all but impassable for the larger international yacht race were on foot. Pressure was brought to bear upon the Governor-General to surrender, since defense was hopeless; but he declared that Spanish bay was not to be surrendered. The bay was made, and he would not give up the city without some sort of a fight. Then an appeal was made to Dewey for another day, the Belgian General being the person who acted as an intermediary. The delay was granted by simply refraining

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