A VOLUNTEER IN LUZON

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The clash between our forces and the Filipinos came at the San Juan del Monte bridge about 8:30 on Saturday night, Feb. 4, the first shots being fired by a sentry of the Nebraska regiment. The Nebraskans had originally been quartered in the San Nicholas district, near the Custom House, but there was so much sickness in the regiment that it was decided to put it under canvas in the outskirts of the city, the dry season having begun.

Its camp was pitched by the Santa Mesa, and to it was intrusted the duty of defending the city along the approach by the way of the San Juan del Monte road, the highway leading to the city reservoir and pumping station.

By this time there was no doubt whatever as to the exact lines of both armies. No American troops could cross the Filipino lines without knowing it, nor could Filipino troops cross ours without a deliberate purpose of doing so. For several days prior to the attack our lines had been encroached upon by small parties of Filipinos and our men had been taunted by them as cowards and told they were going to be licked. To these taunts no attention was paid, though the men were boiling over with wrath, and this wrath lent vim to their work when the fighting finally began.

On the night in question the American sentinel observed a squad of Filipinos crossing within the American lines and ordered them to halt, which they refused to do. Again he challenged without effect, and then he fired his piece, as under all military regulations it was his duty to do. The fire was returned, and he and his companion fired again. The Filipinos retreated, but in a little while a heavy fire was opened upon the Nebraska camp from the Filipino lines, which soon spread to the right and left to other lines, and the battle was on.

The rapidity with which the fire was taken up and its volume showed that the Filipinos were all ready for the fight and were in their defenses in large numbers, and that they had general orders as to attacking at all points. The fact that Aguinaldo was not immediately present, being in Malolos, I believe, and that some of his officers were in the city that night, has been cited to prove that the attack was not planned, but to my mind this only proves that it was not intended to attack that night. Lack of discipline in the Filipino army and the impatience and "cockiness" of a local commander were responsible for bringing on the fight one night too soon. The beginning of a general fire by the Filipino line after this little outpost firing and the rapidity with which it was taken up by the entire line and sustained quite a time before the Americans began to reply to it shows the Filipino intention to attack and their readiness for it. The attack had become general all around the east and north sides of the city on the part of the Filipinos before the Americans fired another shot after the clash at the outpost. As to who was the attacking party there can be no question. The whole affair would have been ended at the outpost so far as the Americans were concerned. It was the Filipinos who converted it into a general attack upon the city, certainly not without previous understanding and preparation.

EXCITING SCENES IN MANILA.

The scenes of former alarms were repeated on this occasion, and new and more tragic ones added. Men off duty rushed out of the saloons and cafes, or wherever they happened to be, and seized upon whatever conveyance they could grasp to take them back to quarters. Officers making evening calls cut them abruptly short and rushed back to quarters to turn out with their commands. Civilians got off the street as quickly as possible and locked their doors, leaving the soldiers to fight it out with the Katipunans, who were expected to rise all over the city and begin a work of general slaughter with their bolos, according to the well-understood plan.

The most excitement was at a small circus where some trained horses were being exhibited near San Sebastain Church. A soldier rushed through the door and shouted that the Filipino army was attacking the city. At least half the audience was composed of soldiers. They jumped to their feet and made a rush for the entrance, and that being immediately congested, they went under the canvas in a style showing practice in boyhood days. In a few minutes regiments were at their stations, and any possibility of the Filipinos capturing the city was at an end.

As for the uprising, it failed to materialize, chiefly for two reasons: It was not the night set for it, but one night too soon, and the Filipinos had not the nerve as individuals to begin the work. There were a few sporadic attempts in various places, but they all aborted. The street patrols took care of every person who made his appearance upon the streets. A few shots were fired at them from windows and some from the streets, but without effect.

Several officers hastening out to their commands were attacked, and one of them had to shoot two men who attempted to take him out of his carriage. The previous exhibitions the Americans had given of their readiness and the rapidity with which they could cover the city with troops made an uprising practically impossible on the part of such people as the Filipinos, who have no stomach for blows. Yet that one was planned there was ample evidence.

It was well known that men had been enrolled in companies all over the city and armed with bolos. Servants of friendly foreign residents had reported to them that they had been compelled to join such companies under pain of death from the Katipunans, and this had been reported to headquarters. Later, assembly places of these organizations were discovered and rosters captured.

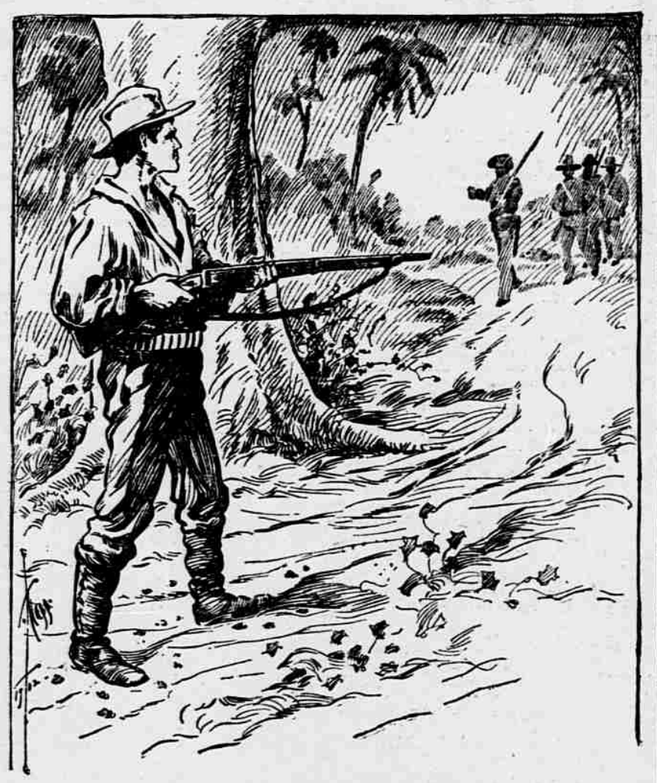
THE UPRISING OF FEB. 22.

Other uprisings have been planned on an elaborate scale since and have failed for the same general reasons, the readiness of the Americans for all emergencies, and the lack of nerve on the part of the plotters themselves. The most elaborate and the only one actually begun in earnest was that of a little more than two weeks later, on the night of Feb. 22. It was planned at that time to set the city on fire in several places, for the Katipunans to rise in the city, and for the army to take advantage of the confusion to make an attack and capture the city. The written instructions which were captured show that it was the plan to kill all foreigners of whatever nationality, men, women and children; but the plan was not carried out. Fires were set in numerous places, telegraph and electric light wires were cut, attacks were made upon our police force in the Tondo district, and our men putting out the fires were shot at by skulkers on roofs and in houses, but we put out the fires and prevented a general uprising, with the net loss of perhaps a score of natives killed by the patrol for cutting hose and firing upon our men, and the next day drove the armed bands that had entered town beyond the lines with a loss to them of about 100 more and to us of but one man. Since that wild night, in whose scenes I participated in the dual capacity of a fireman and a target, I have had no confidence whatever in the possibility of a Filipino uprising of any consequence. They have not the kind of courage necessary for it.

THE OREGONS IN THE ATTACK OF FEB. 4.

The Oregon Regiment was not called out the night of the attack upon the city until about 10:30 o'clock. The men had gone to bed at taps, and all was quiet in quarters. Over in the Pavillones, where the officers were quartered, we had not yet retired, but were some of us at the windows listening to the sounds of firing that could be plainly heard over in the direction of the Santa Mesa, when the general alarm was sounded.

Within five minutes from the first note of the bugle the entire regiment was organized and on the march to its positions. My own battalion was stationed at the outer wall beyond the south gate, it being the duty of our regiment to maintain order within the walled city and to protect it from any attack from without, it being understood that it was specially planned by the insurgents to gain possession of the walled city. There never was any danger of this happening from the first, as the street patrol was capable of handling any uprising and could be reinforced at a moment's notice, but we threw one battalion upon the outer wall and the other two into the Victoria trenches, making a display of force that was overwhelming.



THE AMERICAN SENTINEL ORDERED THEM TO HALT.

From our somewhat elevated position on the wall we had a good view of the city on all sides, and could hear the sounds of battle along the outskirts. For a time there was brisk firing, indicating several thousand guns in action, then came a lull for a little while, and then heavy firing broke out again, and thus it continued till nearly morning. We who had listened to the Filipino night attacks upon Manila recognized the sounds, and joked each other about it being the "same old thing." The sound made by the Mauser and Springfield are so different that the educated ear readily distinguishes them, and by careful listening we could tell that the firing was being done almost exclusively by the insurgents.

In our mind's eye we could picture them lying snugly under the shelter of their trenches and poking the muzzles of their guns over the top and blazing away in the general direction of Manila. In this way they poured several million Mauser bullets into the city at random, making it very unpleasant for the residents of that portion of the town within two miles of the Filipino lines, chiefly natives and sympathizers, who cowered within the protection of cement basements till morning. To this almost purposeless fire the Americans made but little reply, an occasional volley being sent to show that they were alert and ready for an attack. There were but few casualties on our side, notwithstanding the fact that we had no defenses or breastworks. Our men lay upon the ground, seeking such natural shelter as could be found, and waited for daylight, not caring to waste their ammunition in the dark.

The confidence of the Commanding General in the ability of his army to repulse a Filipino attack without defenses was justified by the outcome of this affair. This confidence was shared by the entire army, as was illustrated only a few days before by a little incident. Several of us were visiting the outposts out of mere curiosity to see how the land lay, since we expected them to be attacked any day or night, and in our rounds came to a Montana post on the road leading to the Chinese Cemetery and the La Loma Church. Here we found a post on the open road, with level country around it, in a most exposed position, while an attacking party a few hundred yards away would be able to find splendid shelter. An Irish Corporal was in charge of the post, and we asked him if he expected the Filipinos would try to get into the city by this road. He replied:

"They may try, sor, but they'll not get in. If they try to get in here, sor, they're all dead."

He was a good prophet, for at that point there was some of the hottest fighting of the next day when the Montanas and Pennsylvanias, after lying under fire all night, advanced with the Utah Battery and captured the cemetery, church, blockhouse and intrenchments that defended by an enemy that could withstand a charge would have proved impregnable.

CO-OPERATION OF THE NAVY.

One of the preparations that had been made was an agreement with the navy for co-operation. Dewey's fleet was stationed at Cavite, seven miles across the bay from Manila, where the Admiral remained on board his ship and seldom visited the city. A few days before the outbreak a picket ship, the Buffalo, I believe, was stationed opposite the line of Filipino intrenchments south of Malate, for the purpose of shelling them from the flank in case they made an attack upon the city. Another ship took similar position along the north line and another near the mouth of the river.

About midnight, while the guns of the Filipinos were keeping up an incessant rattle, we observed great shafts of light projected against the sky from the search light of the vessel at the mouth of the river, and soon we saw a similar beam come up from the horizon in the direction of Cavite and cross the former in the sky. These two shafts made wide sweeps to the right and left almost continuously for half an hour and then disappeared. It was the commander of the ship signaling to Dewey information of the Filipino attack upon the city and the search light of the Olympia sending back orders for the guard-ships to co-operate in the counter-attack Gen. Otis had decided upon at daylight.

About 12:30 the firing had died out and our regiment was sent back to quarters, but about 2 o'clock broke out fiercely again, this time on the south and southeast, which had not before been engaged. Apparently orders had been sent the Filipino commanders on that front to join in the attack. On that portion of the line the Americans had not fired a gun until this heavy fire was opened upon them, but they then replied to it with spirit for a few minutes, until they had checked any disposition to advance, and then lay quiet until daylight.

This sudden outburst again brought out the Oregon regiment after the men had a second time gone to bed, and then we remained in our position on the wall until breakfast the next morning. The night had turned cold, as it always does during the dry season after midnight, and having no covering of any kind the men were not entirely comfortable as they stretched themselves out upon the ground to get what sleep they could, for we expected to be busy the following day. As for myself, I had already learned a little wisdom, and I sought a cement gun foundation upon which to lie. I had discovered that stone heated under the hot rays of the sun retains its warmth much longer than the earth, and that such a stone bed, though harder, is warmer than the ground. Of course this rule is reversed when the stone is in shadow and has not stored up heat from the ardent sun.

The attack died out just before daylight, according to Filipino custom, and no doubt there was great jubilation in the insurgent camp at the great battle they had fought to the great demoralization of the Americans, who had not been able to fight back. They probably expected to do the same thing the next night, and the next, till the Americans either abandoned the city or surrendered, or were so badly beaten that the Filipinos could enter and work their sweet will. They doubtless judged the Americans by the Spaniards. That was the way they had done when attacking the city before, as I have fully explained, and as they had thousands in this battle where they had used hundreds before, they must have felt correspondingly elated. How much that was I was in a position to imagine from having heard their boasts about the terrible slaughter they were making among the Spaniards; at the time nobody was being hurt on either side. But before two hours had passed after the sun made its appearance on the scene they had their eyes opened to the difference between Spaniards and Americans, or, as one of the men put it, they had discovered that there "was a new coon in town."

CAPTURE OF FILIPINO INTRENCHMENTS.

Soon after daybreak, the men having been served with coffee and hardtack, orders to advance were given, for the purpose of capturing the line of Filipino intrenchments and blockhouses and to establish again the defenses of the city at the strategical points formerly held by the Spaniards outside the city limits. The nature of the advance can best be understood after a brief description of the topography.

Manila stands on low ground on the very shore of the bay, and tidal swamps and inlets penetrate the country around it and run into the city itself. Much of the outskirts is swamp, the highways leading out of the city running along little ridges of higher ground much like the spokes of a wheel. Ground not quite so low was cut up into rice fields, some of which were dyked heavily along their edges and these dykes crowned with fringes of trees. Other rice fields were broad and open and margined at the further side with trees and here and there among these trees was a Filipino trench. This was the general condition to the south and east.

To the northeast the ground rose more quickly, and there the Filipinos had trenches, blockhouses, stone walls and natural ravines for defenses.

On the north side near the bay, where the Kansas regiment fought, was again a succession of swamps and ridges of timber, most difficult ground to operate over and splendidly adapted to defense.

The advance was first taken up on the south and southeast in the Paco district, where the Washingtons, Idahos, and Californias were, and was soon participated in by the 14th Inf. and 3d Art. from the Malate line, which advanced in the direction of Singalon and captured in succession dyke after dyke and trench after trench.

Later the Wyoming battalion, the two Dakota regiments, the Colorados, Nebraskas, Pennsylvanias, Montanas, and Kansans did their share of the work on the east and north lines, the Utah and the 6th Art. batteries being stationed at various places in the line.

The Minnesotas, Oregons, and 23d Inf. were doing provost duty in the city, preventing an uprising. The only regiment at that time unassigned was the Tennessees, and in the morning this regiment was ordered to reinforce the south line. Just as it reached its position and was deploying for the advance, Col. Smith, its commander, fell dead from heart failure. He was a gallant old soldier and his death was as much deplored, and as honorable as though it had been caused by one of the many bullets that were already whistling around him.

I shall make no attempt to describe the fighting in detail. Indeed, I could not, because I did not see it, being most of the time engaged in the performance of duties that turned out to be far less dangerous than had been expected, owing to the failure of the uprising to materialize. Just after daylight the ships began to shell the insurgent intrenchments, the general location of which was known. The Buffalo lay about four miles south of us, and I watched her through my glass. A puff of smoke would arise from her side, followed a little later by a heavy boom, and a few minutes later, far over in the woods and out of sight, another boom would announce the bursting of the eight-inch shell several miles inland. It is not known that this shelling of the general Filipino position created much mortality among the insurgents, but it had a most demoralizing effect upon them and doubtless contributed to their heaviness of heart and lightness of foot when the soldiers charged them a little later. Still, I have seen them abandon heavy trenches and flee with equal haste when there was not a cannon within a dozen miles.

AMERICAN METHODS.

At first the Americans had to wade across creeks and sloughs, in mud and water up to their waists, and in places to their necks, holding their rifles and belts over their heads to keep them dry, while the Filipinos poured in a heavy fire upon them. When the lines reached higher ground they advanced steadily across the rice fields toward the insurgent trenches, and when within proper distance the charge was sounded they swept forward with yells and cheers.

Up to this time the enemy had not absorbed the idea that the Americans were actually going to charge right up to them in the face of their fire. This was something new in war to them. They had never done such a thing, nor had the Spaniards. It was a surprise to them, and we heard afterwards that some of the officers declared it was not fair. It certainly was not polite, but in action the American soldier is apt to overlook some of the finer amenities of social life. The consequence was that before the insurgents fully realized the situation our men were among them with the bayonet. Though they had just as good bayonets and outnumbered the attacking party, they made no attempt to use them seriously. It was a style of fighting for which they had no stomach, and to which they were instinctively opposed. Nor did they surrender. They simply scattered like quail and sought safety in flight, with the result that bullet and bayonet were kept at work among them. Had they thrown down their arms and asked for quarter or offered to surrender there would not have been so many of them killed, but so long as an enemy retains his arms, whether running or fighting, he is still a combatant and must be treated as such.

One of the Filipino styles of fighting is to play possum and then shoot or bolo an enemy when he is passing or has just passed. This was tried, with the result that many thus on the ground were bayoneted or shot, and this is what led to the reports that the Americans killed the wounded and took no prisoners. It is impossible when an enemy has weapons in his hands and shows a disposition to use them to stop to inquire whether or not he is wounded. No doubt many wounded were killed in this way, possibly some who had no intention of fighting further. But men who have seen their comrades killed or wounded by men lying on the ground cannot stop to make nice distinctions in the heat of battle. The experiences of this battle were related through the entire army, and soldiers were heard to say that they would take no chances with a man on the ground. A man in my own company a few weeks later had a toe shot off by a wounded man lying on the ground, and might have been killed had not a comrade knocked the Filipino on the head with his gun just as he was in the act of shooting.

AN ABSURD REPORT.

Following upon this gossip in the army came the story that verbal and unofficial orders had been issued not to take any prisoners, and I have no doubt a great many soldiers believed such orders had been issued, absurd as the idea was, and soldiers actually wrote home that there were such orders. This story was seized upon by the anti-expansionists, ever eager to find something discreditable they might say about the army, and a great howl was made about the barbarity and inhumanity of the American soldiers, in spite of the well-known fact that the Americans are the most humane and considerate of the feelings of a conquered enemy of any soldiers in the world.

It seems to please the bent of mind of a certain class of Americans to believe and assert whatever slanders, mendacity or ignorant gossip may create about their own countrymen, and particularly about those who had the courage and patriotism to volunteer to fight their country's battles. We are experiencing now a continuation of the same assertion and belief in the barbarity of the soldiers in the stories about tortures and the "water cure." It is true that individual soldiers have been guilty of barbarities, as individuals have in every war the sun has shone upon, and that even the "water cure" has been administered by them, a form of punishment learned from the Filipinos themselves and new to Americans; but it is not true that this was the result of orders or army policy, or that approval has ever been given to it. On the contrary, orders have been very strict against it and the utmost kindness of treatment has been enjoined, while many men have been punished severely and some sentenced to lose their lives when caught and convicted of such work.

The one specific incident cited occurred, if it did at all, four days later, at the battle of Caloocan. Lieut.-Col. Metcalf, of the Kansas regiment, was accused of having ordered two prisoners shot and this accusation has since been revived against him to serve political purposes. It was originally based upon a private letter written by one of the Kansas men, saying that he and a companion had shot two prisoners by order of an officer, because they did not want to be bothered with them.

Since coming home this man has made an affidavit that Col. Metcalf ordered him and another man to take the two prisoners to the rear, and that, wanting to join in a charge about to be made, they shot them without any orders or knowledge on the part of Metcalf. This may be true or may not. They may not have been killed at all. One thing is quite certain to the minds of those who know Metcalf or the regulations, and how they are observed, that he never ordered them killed. He could not even be expected to bother his head about them further or inquire what had become of them. He was busy with other things. Having sent them back to the provost guard that was the end of the matter for him.

Nothing is more certain than that there was not then and never has been any policy of killing prisoners or wounded or of torture, nor any toleration of it on the part of the army authorities in the Philippines. I served through the entire campaign following the outbreak of the war, and know the spirit of the army, both men and officers, and I know that every deed that was worthy of condemnation was individual and sporadic. One can scarcely treat with patience the slanders of these un-American Americans who, in public speech, in the press, and even on the floor of Congress, give them voice and currency. I have referred to this matter at length here because the incidents which led to the gossip in the army upon which these charges were originally founded occurred in this first battle.

FIGHTING IN FRONT OF MALATE.

The phase of fighting just described occurred between Paco and Santa Ana. In front of Malate the troops drove the enemy from one rice dyke defense to another. Every time they came into view they were fired upon from concealed positions and masked trenches, the smokeless powder of the Mausers rendering it impossible to tell just where the volleys came from. This was true generally in all parts of the field. On the contrary, the smoke from the Springfields revealed the American position even when occasionally sheltered by the woods. Another bad quality of the smoke was its obscuring the vision and preventing the Americans taking the careful aim at individuals which is necessary in modern warfare, and which explains much of the success of the Americans in the Philippines and the Boers in Africa.

Military men have come to know that it is not the preponderance of fire we used to hear so much about, but the preponderance of hits which determines battles. With the modern smokeless, long-range military rifle, it is the marksman who does the practical work. No man can be a marksman when he is enveloped in a cloud of smoke, as were the volunteers who were using the black powder and burning incense to the criminal stupidity of the War Department. As for the enemy, the smoke made no difference to them. Not being marksmen and not firing at our men individually, all they had to do was to keep on firing at our smoke, for our men were certain to be in it.

The Americans pushed the Filipinos back as far as they cared to do, or, more properly speaking, as far as Gen. Otis cared, for the men themselves were eager to pursue, and would have driven them 20 miles as easily as they did one. The most progress was made along the south side of the Pasig, where King's Brigade of Anderson's Division drove them about seven miles and captured Santa Ana and San Pedro Macati. It was gossip that this move was insisted upon by Gen. Anderson, who told Gen. Otis that he must advance his lines to a better defensive position, or else this much offensive work would not have been undertaken, but I have already expressed my opinion of the reliability of army gossip. Subordinates do not know very much about the plans and purposes of their superiors, but they are prone to think they do and discuss them.

ROUNDING UP FILIPINO BUSHWHACKERS.

During the day my battalion was sent down to the Paco Cemetery to clear out the bushwhackers who were firing upon the ambulances and the persons going to and from the front. These bushwhackers fired from the shelter of the swamps and from the windows of houses or from little trenches made beneath the houses and screened by banana leaves and bamboo branches. Smokeless powder made this sort of work easy, and made it difficult for us to discover them. The ambulances were continually fired upon, and there were several casualties among the wounded being brought in from the front by the bullets of these bushwhackers. They had a special range on the Paco bridge, and it was dangerous to cross that structure, even after the real fighting had progressed several miles from that point. These ambulances thus assaulted contained Filipino wounded as well as Americans, for several hundred wounded natives were brought to the hospital from the field and cared for the same as our own men, this fact of itself being sufficient disproof of the slander that no prisoners were taken and the wounded killed.

Perhaps the greatest piece of savagery of this kind was perpetrated at the hospital in Ermita. Some concealed sharpshooter made the hospital his special target. A soldier standing at the window was killed in this way. Finally a squad was sent out to see if the shooter could not be located, and he was discovered perched in a tree several hundred yards distant, smokeless powder having protected him from discovery sooner. A shot or two brought him down, and then it was seen that he was a man who had until a few days before been the driver of the hospital carriage. He was bombarding the very hospital that had employed him. The lack of all sense of gratitude or obligation which all students of the Filipino character agree is their chief defect, was well illustrated in this case, as well as the innate savagery that prompted him to fire upon a hospital and his companions to shoot into ambulances.

In clearing out the bushwhackers it is possible that our men fired upon natives not engaged in that business. It was impossible to tell the difference between a man in white clothes who was a bushwhacker and one who was not, provided the former had secreted his gun. Every man out in the swamp and acting suspiciously was treated as a bushwhacker. Finally we made a round-up of all the men in that district, and sent them to town as prisoners, and in this way the shooting was practically stopped.

During all this time spent balls from the front continued to drop into the street around us and go clattering through the bamboo sides of the houses, showing by their travel of some two miles that excited natives had pointed their guns pretty high into the air when they pulled the triggers. We knew that this meant that they were lying down behind some protection and shooting without looking. As the ambulances drove by us the drivers would hold up their fingers to let us know how many wounded men they contained, while men wounded in the arm or elsewhere slightly continually passed us on foot on their way to the hospital, each man having been given first attention at the field hospital and bearing his diagnosis tag tied to his clothing. This was a system of discrimination which saved many lives. The Surgeon in the field made a hasty examination of the wound and then a card was filled out with the nature of the wound and all the information possible to procure on the spot about the man's name, regiment and company. The card bearing this was fastened to his clothing, after the wound had been dressed preliminarily, and the ambulance picked him up as soon as possible and took him to the hospital. The color of the card told whether the man required immediate attention or not, and so as fast as an ambulance load was received there was no delay in picking out the cases requiring the most prompt attention, while the identity of the man was quickly established and an approximately correct report could be made at once.

The men who straggled past us, some wounded and others on various errands, gave us disjointed accounts of what was going on at the front. Possibly the most accurate and succinct account of the condition of affairs was given by a red-headed private of the Washington regiment, about whose head was tied a bandage whose blood stains matched the color of his hair. To the query of "What are you fellers doin' to 'em out there?" fired at him by one of our men, he replied:

"Nothing much. We've chased them seven miles out into the country, and I guess they're running yet."

On the following day the Nebraskas and a battalion each of the Oregons and Tennessees made a dash for the water works at Santolan and captured them and established posts protecting the entire pipe line to the city, a distance of about 12 miles. A hasty attempt had been made to render the engines useless by removing some of the parts, but after a search these were discovered, and in a few hours the works were performing their usual functions.

Four days later the Montanas, Kansans, Utah battery and the battalion of the 3d Art. pushed the north line further out and captured Caloocan. Then the lines were established from Caloocan to the Santolan water works and thence back and south by the way of San Pedro Macati to Malate, a total distance of about 25 miles. Then Gen. Otis ceased all offensive operations for six weeks, waiting for reinforcements and permitting the insurgents to recover from their defeat and demoralization, get their army together again, construct new and formidable intrenchments and make our next advance a costly one. Of course, I recognize the fact that the army was not ready for a campaign, but it should have been ready, since it had been morally certain for at least two months that a campaign would have to be made. There was no transportation provided, and the few field guns we had were being pulled about with ropes. We had neither horses, mules nor wagons. All the preparation that had been made was for defense merely. We were not prepared to take the field. The Quartermaster's Department requisitioned every horse and cart that could be found in the city, not excepting some fine race horses and the trained animals of the circus, but this hasty equipment was not enough. Carabao, too, had to be procured for the ox-carts, which were to prove our main reliance for transporting commissaries and ammunition.

Had we possessed transportation it has always seemed clear to me that we possessed troops enough to have continued our advance, completed the work of smashing and scattering the Filipino army and capturing the capital of Malolos, which was so easily done two months later under far more difficult conditions.

UNNECESSARY DELAY.

I have always believed that an exaggerated idea was held at headquarters of the number of men necessary for the protection of Manila. I do not believe there ever was a time after the first day when three regiments could not have made the city absolutely secure against outside attack and uprising from within. It was demonstrated absolutely on that occasion, as it had been before to those of us who made a study of the subject, that the Filipinos are not often offensive fighters. If with all their preparation, with their large force, with their confidence in themselves, their contempt for us, and their ignorance of our style of fighting, they did not make a single serious advance or determined effort to enter the city, and gave way at all points before the assaults of the Americans the next day; if then, at the very apex of their military potency and confidence, they could not assume a genuine offensive, how could they ever be expected to do so at any other time? In fact, they never did. Beyond a few night attacks of a minor nature, the waylaying of detachments and the ambushing of scouting parties, they have never assumed the offensive, and at no time have they demonstrated the capacity for assembling and handling a large force offensively. They have neither the discipline nor the cohesive power necessary for offensive warfare against a vigorous and active enemy. There was, then, no necessity for such strong defense of the city and this remaining on the defensive for reinforcements, except as it was the result of lack of preparation for the campaign and an undue fear for the safety of the city and an exaggerated opinion of the offensive capabilities of the Filipinos.

The inability of the Filipino to make a determined assault or to stand up against one is racial and instinctive and is the result of heredity. For generations unknown his ancestors were jungle fighters, where surprise, stealth, treachery, and ability to deliver a blow and get away unhurt were the qualifications of a successful warrior. He stole up behind his victim and struck him with a poisoned dart from a blowgun; he shot an arrow into him from some perch behind the screen of leaves of a large tree, or he laid in wait by a trail and slashed him with a knife or pierced him with a spear as he passed. He built pitfalls for him in the trails, with sharpened stakes at the bottom. Having delivered a secret, treacherous blow, he made haste to get away before he could be discovered or a blow struck in return. No wonder, then, that the Filipino of to-day is not an offensive fighter nor a sturdy taker of blows on the defensive; that his tactics are those of small forays by night, of ambush of small parties, of the quickly-delivered blow and the hasty run for shelter; that he cannot fight in large combinations, and that in the moment of peril, when he should stand shoulder to shoulder with his fellows, he seeks his individual safety in flight. How different this from the fighting customs and instincts the American has inherited from his Saxon, Jute, Dane, Norman and Teuton ancestors, those sturdy and unyielding givers and takers of blows.

This instinct of hiding and delivering blows from positions of safety fully account for the fact that, lazy and averse to work as he is, the Filipino will work a great deal harder throwing up intrenchments than the American. The American soldier is satisfied with "any old thing" in the way of intrenchments, any mound of dirt that will stop a bullet, and he does not care to have it more than breast high, for he wants to see over it to shoot. Not so the Filipino. He wants it wide and high, and is willing to do the work necessary. The insurgent trenches were monuments to the industry and skill as well as to the timidity which made them build them as they did. One captured at Malabon by the Oregon regiment may be taken as typical of the best of them. It was eight feet high and 15 feet thick at the base, tapering towards the crest, being proof against shells from our field pieces. A dirt cover supported on bamboo matting and posts extended over the heads of the defenders, thus protecting them from shells and shrapnel bursting overhead. About three feet below the top the trench was pierced with portholes, made by laying blocks of stone in such a way as to make a little tunnel, through which the guns could be thrust for firing. It was a fort rather than a breastwork. As we advanced upon this formidable defense, the Filipinos poured a storm of bullets in our direction, but not into us. Many of them came among us, as our list of dead and wounded shows, but most of them went wild and far over our heads. Had marksmen been behind such defenses not a man of us would have lived to reach them. The German Consul visited the battlefield the next day, and when he saw the captured trenches and the wide, open field we had to cross to reach them, and was told that they had been captured by an assault of infantry without the aid of artillery, he expressed his astonishment, and said it was impossible. When also informed that it was volunteers and not regulars who had done the work, he was still more surprised, as a volunteer in the European mind is a new recruit, untrained and undisciplined, while these volunteers had received practically the training and discipline of regulars and had heard bullets whistle before. What made the feat possible was the care the Filipinos took of their individual safety. They never put their faces in front of the portholes to take aim, but standing to one side they thrust out the gun and pulled the trigger, letting the bullet wander into space at its own sweet will. Otherwise we would have all been dead, as the Montana Corporal said the Filipinos would be if they attempted to enter the city where his regiment was stationed.

One more feature of this battle around Manila I must mention because it is so little understood. We who were fighting with inferior weapons were much amused by cartoons we saw in papers that came over to us, picturing the American soldier with a gatling gun and the Filipino soldier with a bow and arrow. This makes it necessary to relate the sad story of the poor Igarrotes who came down to help drive the Americans into the sea with arrows and spears. Aguinaldo had succeeded in making these people believe that an army of barbarians had landed on the island and was going to enslave all the inhabitants unless driven away. He had been careful not to let them know who the Americans were; how they were armed and how they fought. Indeed, about the latter he did not know himself till afterwards. The Igarrotes, it must be explained, are a primitive race of people living in the mountains north of Manila, and are believed to be descendants of some Chinese pirates of several centuries ago, intermingled with the Nigitos, or primitive black race which inhabited Luzon Island before the Malays took possession of it. They are small of stature, go almost naked, and as weapons have bows, arrows and spears. Thus arrayed for battle, with their skin or wooden shields, they reported to Aguinaldo about 500 strong about a week before the trouble began. I saw a copy of the Heraldo de Revolucion, the insurgent paper, a day or two before the outbreak, telling of the arrival of their brave allies from the mountains, and that El Presidente Aguinaldo would "honor them by giving them a place in the forefront of the battle." As this was printed several days before the attack it shows that the Filipinos intended soon to make the assault. They were thus honored, being, I believe, in front of the Montana regiment and Utah battery. Many were killed and many wounded, among the latter being their Chief. He was brought to the hospital, and when he was cured was discharged, going back to his mountain home vowing vengeance upon Aguinaldo for deceiving him. That was the last of the bow-and-arrow fighting.

As for the blow-guns something has been said about, they were never used in battle. A good pair of lungs can project the dart about 100 feet. They were found quite often in Filipino houses in the country, where they are used for killing chickens, because of their habit of taking refuge in the clumps of thorny bamboo. These guns were but bamboo or wooden tubes about 10 feet long. Quite a number were brought home, and if with them has come any story of being captured in battle that story should be accompanied by a question mark. I brought one home myself which I found at a house in San Isidrom, far in the interior, but some person kindly relieved me of it while I was in muster-out camp at the Presidio. If the person who took it is telling a tale of war connected with its capture, he is probably telling as much truth as similar tales of other blowguns that may happen to be found in a collection of Filipino curios and war relics.

(To be continued.)

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THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

BY EUGENE F. WARE.

I'm ignorant of music, but still, in spite of that,
I always drop a quarter in an organ-grinder's hat.
I welcome on the pavement that old, familiar noise,
Around which gaily gather all the little girls and boys;
While solemn, sad and hungry stands, a-turning at the crank,
A nob'eman from Europe, of attenuated rank.

The nobleman looks sad, but gives with organistic glee,
A ballad of old Ireland, the jewel of the sea——
"The most distracted country that we have ever seen;
They're hangin' men and women there for wearin' of the green—
For wearin' of the green, for wearin' of the green;
They're hangin' men and women there for wearin' of the green."

And then I think of those who went a-marching off with me,
Who claimed a home in Ireland, the jewel of the sea;
My comrades and my messmates, none braver or more true;
Holding aloft the Stars and Stripes, a-wearing of the blue.
Alas! far down in Dixie their many graves are seen;
Beneath the grassy hillocks they are wearing of the green.

Immortal little island! No other land or clime
Has placed more deathless heroes in the Pantheon of time.

Anon the noble Roman brings his music to a halt.
There seems an indication of a neighboring revolt.
He takes a change of venue of about a dozen feet,
And enfilades the windows that are fronting on the street.
Around him whirl the girls and boys, with animated glee.
Once more he grinds; I recognize "Der Duetscher Companie."

"Der Deutscher companie ish her beshtest companie"——
The music bears me backward to the year of '63.
I saw a German regiment step out from our brigade;
It marched across a meadow where a hundred cannon played;
Its bugles hurled defiance as it skirmished up a slope
Amid a fire that gave no man a promise of a hope.

They fell like wheat; they came not back; at night no bugles played——
There was no German regiment attached to our brigade.

The world has seen thy valor, O land of song and vine!
Since Hermann plucked the eagles from the ramparts of the Rhine.
Down valor's lustrous colonnade is seen the marble throng——
Thy warriors and thy scholars, O land of vine and song.
About this time the nobleman is asked to take a rest;
The fires of indignation light up his Romulistic breast.
He stops the crank; he gazes up defiantly, yet mute.
While from the second story there proceeds an ancient boot.
With steady gaze he watches it, and, like a man of nerve,
He accurately calculates its hyperbolic curve.

He dodges it; he marches on; but soon this man of Rome
Begins again to turn the crank,—"Johnny comes marching home."
"When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!——
The women will sing, the men will shout,
The boys and girls will all turn out;
We'll all be gay when Johnny comes marching home."

And then I think of those again who went with me to war——
They knew where they were going, and what they were there for;
They felt that there was little left of present or of past,
Of hope, of home, of future, if the die were wrongly cast.
Fires smouldered at the fireside, when the Nation called, "To arms!"
My comrades left the forests, the foundries, the farms;
They fought the Nation's battles, on the land and on the sea——
Alas! alas! no millionaire to war went off with me.

The merit of the country marched, and filled the Union ranks—
The money of the country marched, and filled the English banks.
At last, when all was over, and Johnny ceased to roam—
He came with bugles playing; the specie sneaked back home.

O outcast organ-grinder, thy simple ballads start
The frenzy of the cyclone through the highlands of my heart.
Some sneer thy ragged music, because to them there comes
No bawling of the bugles, no raving of the drums.
They hear no "boots and saddles" sounding in the midnight chill;
They hear no angry cannon thunder up the rocky hill.
They hear no canteens rattle; they see no muskets shine.
As ranks sweep by in double-quick to brace the skirmish line.

Go play thy simple music, O friendless sport of fate.
The ballads of the people are the bulwarks of the State.
The bugles that hang dreaming now, like bats upon the wall,
Remember well those choruses which rose above the call;
And in unconscious musings, those battered bugles see
The glories of the future in the centuries to be.