BATTLE OF MALATE

Our Land Fight in the Big Trench Near Manila.

HAIL OF SPANISH BULLETS.

Battle in the Dark That Cost the First Lives Lost There.

The Din of Small Arms and Cannon in the Pouring Rain of July 31 — It Was a Needless Fight, and Cost the Tenth Pennsylvania Dear—Stout-Hearted Utah Men Serving Their Cannon — Colorado Boys Fire on Their Comrades in the Darkness —Panic in the Trench When It Was Thought the Spanish Were Flanking Us —Heroic Deeds of Capt. O'Hara and Private Finlay—Advance of the Spaniards to Within Fifty Yards of Our Trench—Our Loss Was 13 Killed and 47 Wounded.

CAVITE, Philippines, Aug. 4.—The fight in the trenches south of Malate on the night of Sunday, July 31, which resulted in the first loss of life for the American forces in the conquest of the Philippine Islands, as the cable has told you already, differed in only one important particular—the one which cost less—from the occurrences of previous or subsequent nights. It began with the usual evening firing by the Spaniards, kept up against the Americans, just as they had kept it up against the insurgents when only Filipinos occupied trenches in their front. The unusual feature of the night's work was introduced by our men in replying to the Spanish fire. They replied as Americans always will, standing up and exposing themselves in order to make their fire effective. The Spaniards shot surprisingly well, and many of those who were exposed were hit. As usual, the most dangerous place was the open ground behind the trenches. Our reinforcements crossed this ground, and there a large part of our loss was incurred. That the Spaniards also suffered there can be no doubt whatever, but estimates of their loss are all guesswork. Several stories have come in. One man reported seeing five cartloads of dead soldiers hauled into Ermita. There was a report from Manila that the Spanish loss was 300. But just as after Dewey's Mayday fight, there is absolutely no way of arriving at anything like a trustworthy account. The Spaniards do not know themselves, and if they did they could not be depended upon to tell the truth.

ALL A MISTAKE.

As the unfortunate affair gets further away and so into better focus, it becomes more and more clear that it was a mistake, and it cost the Tenth Pennsylvania men who made it dear. There was no need of replying to the Spanish fire. The intrenchment was almost perfect protection. When the men kept well behind their earthwork the Spanish fire was practically harmless. The First Colorado men, who began the trench, and the First Nebraska boys, who finished it, suffered no loss, although they worked steadily through the day as well as at night in throwing up the parapet. There was desultory firing at them much of the time, but it was all wild and they made no response. They paid not the least attention to the Spaniards and went on with their work.

The day after the fight I went over to Camp Dewey from Cavité, and spent that night in the trench with the First Colorado, Utah batteries and Third Battalion, First California. The Spaniards kept up a terrific fire nearly all night. For a few minutes after it began the Utah boys kept up a lively fire with their 3-inch guns, and the Colorado boys showed the Spaniards a trick in volley firing. Then our fire ceased and thereafter from the main trench not a shot was fired all night. Not a man was hurt after our firing stopped. They sat behind their parapet and let the Spaniards blaze away. Bullets and shells flew over our heads in whistling chorus until daylight, and then there was a tremendous outburst. Col. Hale, however, kept his men down, and after a while the Spaniards got tired.

It was on the morning of Friday, July 29, that our men first went forward to the trenches. From the time, about the middle of July, when the first battalion of California men located the camp at Tambo, which Gen. Anderson afterward named Camp Dewey, outposts had been stationed regularly somewhere near the insurgent line. When the Colorado men were sent to camp with the other battalions of the First California they sent outposts out also and got into the trouble of which you have been told. Finally, when the camp grew to its present size and there was prospect that it would grow still larger, it became undesirable to have the insurgents in our front. There was no telling when the Spaniards might make a rush and drive them back, as they were reported to have done that night the Colorado men turned out the whole camp. So Gen. Greene sent to Aguinaldo, in Gen. Merritt's name, and asked to have the insurgents restrained from stirring up the Spaniards every night. The high firing sometimes dropped shells and bullets among our outposts, and it wasn't a good thing anyway to have another force between us and our enemy. So the insurgents were withdrawn from their outposts all along our front, clear over to Pasai, as the maps have it, or Pineda, as the people call it, and on Friday our troops were sent forward to take their place.

It was the lot of the Colorado men first to take position directly in front of the enemy. Two battalions went forward under Lieut.-Col. McAvoy and the third battalion was held in reserve. Col. McAvoy saw at once that the old insurgent trench was untenable. It was in a bad place, easily flanked, and there was good cover in front of it. Beyond the right end there was thickly wooded country, through which the enemy could make an advance with good chance of escaping observation. Col. McAvoy decided to advance the line to the old Capuchin Chapel, which stood in the middle of the field in front of the old insurgent trench. He looked over the ground with his engineers and then laid out the line of the intrenchment.

ADVANCING THE LINE.

It was 1 o'clock in the afternoon when the men went to work on the ditch. It had been raining pretty steadily for a week, and there were heavy squalls at frequent intervals that afternoon, but most of the time the Spaniards had an entirely unobstructed view of the Americans and what they were doing. They took note of it occasionally in a disinterested sort of way by sending a Mauser bullet down now and then to investigate. The messengers were almost all very high and no damage was done to our men, who kept at work, undisturbed by the desultory shooting. The Colorado boys had the making of a good breastwork done when they were relieved in the morning by the First Nebraska Regiment. The ditch, trench, outwork, or whatever you call it, was simply a lot of dirt piled up in a line that ran at right angles to the beach and the main road to Manila—Camina Real—and extended across the 250 yards, more or less, between them. It crossed fairly open country, on ground that is reasonably called high for that locality. It is level and perhaps six feet above the sea, highest just at the beach line. A line of bamboos fringes the east side of the Camina Real and a similar line runs all along the edge of the beach.

The Nebraska boys kept up their work on the breastwork all day Saturday, and the Spaniards paid them no more attention than they had paid to the Colorado boys the day before. The Nebraska men worked on both sides of their parapet, making two ditches, the dirt from both of which they heaped on the long pile that gradually rose to a height of nearly seven feet all along the line. Behind the parapet the ditch was made wide but shallow, so that water would not stand in it. Vain hope! Water will stand in a boot track anywhere on that field after such rains as we are having now.

About seventy yards west of the road stands the ruin of an old Capuchin chapel. It was in good condition when this rebellion began, but many bullets and shells have wrecked it almost completely. In the centre of it north and south a wide hall runs through from east to west. On the east the trench began just north of the big double door that opened into this hall and ran straight to the road. On the west, on the sea side, the trench joined the chapel at the north corner. Earth was piled against the north end of the chapel to the height of six or seven feet, up to the level of the two iron-barred windows. At the beach the parapet jumps forward about five yards and then swings across the eight or ten yards of beach to the wreck of an old caisson, such as the Spaniards used in Cavité to fill with rocks and put in front of their ships as improvised armor. At the base of the inside of the parapet there is a solid shoulder projecting out about two feet all along the line for the men to stand on when they rise up to fire over the earthwork. Along the top of the parapet there are notches and peepholes for the lookouts.

On Saturday, July 30, the work was far enough advanced to place some artillery in position, and light batteries A and B of the Utah Battalion sent forward two guns, each with eight men to a gun, under command of their Lieutenants. The guns of Battery A were placed on the right of the chapel, about equidistant from it and the road. Battery B's guns were placed at the left of the chapel, a little to the east of the line of bamboos that fringes the beach.

FIRST AMERICAN BLOOD SPILLED.

The Spaniards kept whacking away at our boys occasionally on Saturday, but did no damage whatever at the trench. Further down the road, however, at the barricade where the footpath crosses the road north of the Pasai road, they drew the first American blood that was let in the conquest of the Philippine Islands. Private W. H. Sterling of Company K, First Colorado, was the man hit. His regiment had been relieved by the Nebraska boys at 10 o'clock and was returning to camp. As he was marching along a bullet that had been fired high came down the road and took him in the muscle in the upper part of the left arm. It stung and it bled, but it didn't hurt very much and did no serious damage. Sterling will soon be about his work again as if he never had been hit by a Spanish bullet.

ASTOR BATTERY'S POWDER SPOILED.

Saturday afternoon the report came over to Cavité that the Astor battery had been moved up into the trenches, but it was a mistake. The Astor battery had no ammunition. When the Astors were landed from the Newport there was a nasty surf running and their cascos could not get in to the beach. They waded ashore and dragged their guns through the surf. Their ammunition was soaked. It had been bought as waterproof, but Capt. March took no chances and examined one of the big brass shells. He found that the water had got into it and turned the powder to mush. So he had the whole lot examined and found nearly all spoiled. The bad powder was taken out and thrown away and the Astors are now reloading their shells with powder given them by Admiral Dewey.

On Saturday night the Spaniards put a little more spirit into their work, and peppered away in lively fashion. The breastwork was nearly finished, and the Nebraska boys took no chances by trying to go on with their work at it. Col. Breitt had them all inside the parapet. They kept as sharp a lookout as was possible in the nasty night, and for the rest sat tight, making no reply to the Spanish fire. The result was that no one was hurt. They had thrown pickets out to their right, across the road beyond the line of intrenchment. There was no effort to flank them, and the pickets had no work to do. The Utah artillerymen tore up part of the floor of the old chapel and built platforms for their guns to keep them out of the mud and water as much as possible, and to make a comparatively easy place for landing them. The embrasures were strengthened and closed up as much as possible, and when that was done the rest of the lumber was turned into shacks beside the guns, into which the young artillerymen from Utah crawled and went to sleep, sheltered from the rain, and as little concerned about the Spanish bullets as they were about the water, which fell in torrents from the unfriendly skies upon the Nebraska infantrymen.

On Sunday morning, July 31, the Tenth Pennsylvania relieved the First Nebraska in the trench, and a new detachment of Utah men went up to man the four guns of their batteries. The men worked along that day completing the parapet and strengthening it, and were undisturbed by the Spaniards, who were hardly wide enough awake to keep up the desultory fire with which they had tried to annoy the Colorado and Nebraska men on the two previous days.

THE SPANISH TRENCHES.

The Spanish trench is about 750 yards from that occupied by the Americans. It begins at the beach south of the Polvorm, outside the old fort at Malate, and runs northeast until it clears the fort, then turns to the east and runs in a straight line well out beyond the Camina Real. It is a solid-looking fortification, with plenty of rocks in the parapet, and topped with sandbags. In front of it, to the south, a small creek wriggles about over the low, swampy field. A road which leads from the fort to the Camina Real crosses this creek by a stone bridge, which has been piled high with sandbags. About 150 yards in front of our trench a little strip of tall grass runs across the open field from the beach to the road. Further north about 150 yards runs the trench the Spanish occupied at first, but from which they retreated a couple of weeks ago when the insurgents got their battery of old smoothbores at work down the road a little way. The country between the two trenches is low and level. About the Camina Real the field, which is fairly open nearer the beach, is full of bunches of scrub, here and there a banana growing wild, a clump of acacias or a bunch of bamboos. It's just the kind of country for men who are game enough to sneak up on their enemy and try to pot him when he doesn't suspect any danger.

East of the Camina Real, behind our position, the country is low and swampy, with a few paddy fields, and much bamboo and banana scrub. In front and to the right of our position the field is fairly open, but there is considerable scrub. There the ground is higher. Ultimately our work will extend across this field. Just now the trench is little more than begun.

DID THE SPANIARDS TRY TO TURN OUR FLANK?

Of just what happened on Sunday night there always will be many stories. There are a great many going about now, some of them decidedly contradictory, and more of them are fulminating. The one which has perhaps more supporters than any other, and enjoys besides the merit, or at least the fact, of having been accepted by Gen. Greene and published in General Orders, is that the Spaniards attempted to flank our line. That may be true. It has one fact in its support and there are two against it. The one fact in confirmation is that in the fight which occurred our men going up as reinforcements were subjected to a cross fire. There is no doubt that some Spaniards had left their trench and crawled out into the scrub in front and to the right of our right of line, then resting in the Camina Real at the end of the trench. The pickets of the Tenth Pennsylvania were driven in. They had been posted for the most part directly in front of their regiment, but some of them were east of the road and ahead of the line.

The two facts against this theory are, first, that the fire of the Spaniards was very heavy and that most of it was by volley, which it could not have been from men scattered about in the scrub brush and grass; second, that the outposts of the second platoon of Battery K, Third United States Artillery, were not driven in and did not come in until they were relieved at their station on Monday morning. This platoon of K Battery was stationed on the Pasai road in reserve. Lieut. Kessler sent forward four or five Cossack posts—four men and a non-commissioned officer. These outposts were stationed to the right and ahead of our line, but through all the heavy firing of the night they made no report. No Spaniards came their way, a very singular fact if there was an effort to turn our right flank.

BULLETS BEGAN TO WHISTLE.

It seems much the most probable of all the stories that this is what happened: The Spaniards, having recovered from their lethargy of a few days, concluded to stir things up. They had not been stirred up themselves for several days. The insurgents had not been there to harass them, and our men had orders not to begin an engagement. The Spaniards must have known that the insurgents had been withdrawn from the trenches and that the Americans were in. There is no more resemblance between our trench and the insurgent affair than there is between a clipper ship and a coal barge. Accordingly, about 10 o'clock on Sunday night, the Spanish fire took on a regularity which showed that there was definite intention and purpose somewhere in the camp. The bullets began to whistle about our fellows in droves. The guns at Malate opened up also, and their roar, the shriek of their shells and the loud cracking report of bursting shells added to the other general evidence to the Pennsylvanians that they were under fire. The Spanish fire, heavy as it was, was harmless as long as they kept down behind the earthwork. But the Pennsylvanians could not resist the temptation to return the fire, and straightway the trouble arose.

It was a terrible night. Rain fell incessantly and in torrents. A fierce wind drove it across the fields and into the trench, under the little shelter the men had thrown up. A quarter moon struggled to force a little light through the heavy clouds and succeeded only in making a ghostly glow, through which all objects showed black and awful. The long bamboos were tossed about by the wind that roared through giant acacias and mangoes with the rush and noise of a Niagara. The little clumb of bamboo and acacia that dotted the field in front of our line bobbed about in the gale and were beaten down by the rain in such fashion that they made the best kind of cover for venturesome devils—if there are any such among the Spanish—in crawling out to attack our line. The ditch behind our parapet filled up with thin mud. Little streams of mud ran down the embankment into this little lake. The platforms built by the Utah boys for their guns were four inches under mud, and still the rain drove down in blinding sheets.

POSITION OF OUR FORCES.

Col. Hawkins being on the sick list that night, the Tenth Pennsylvania was in command of Major Cuthbertson, the senior Major. The Lieutenant-Colonel is in Pennsylvania recruiting the regiment up to its full strength. There are only two battalions here. Major Cuthbertson sent Company A in on the left of our line. They manned the trench at the beach. A Company was posted on both sides of the guns of Battery B of Utah. C Company occupied the space between Battery B and the old chapel. On the other side of the chapel I Company was posted, with Battery A of Utah Light Artillery. K Company—support—was in the barricade, where the old insurgent trench joined the Camina Real, and B Company—also supports—was on the Camina Real at the first barricade. D and E companies, under Major Bierer, were held in reserve, posted at McLeod's house, in rear of the insurgent trench, on the beach, and used by our forces for a field hospital. This house was occupied by its owner, an Englishman, when this row began, but long ago he gave it up. It has been shot through and through from both sides and is ruined. Where the Pasai road turns off from the Camina Real Lieut. Krayenbuhl was posted with the first platoon of Battery K, Third United States Artillery, as infantry. Up the Pasai road, almost to the village, Second Lieut. Kessler was posted with the second platoon of Battery K, each platoon about eighty men strong, headquarters guard, camp guard and detailed men counted out. This was stronger than the companies of Pennsylvania men, who have only about eighty-five to a company, all told, and the details now are very large.

Soon after the Spaniards began their regular and heavy fire the Pennsylvania pickets began to come in. They had been posted in Cossack outposts almost directly in front of our line, about seventy-five yards distant. Some of the posts extended over to the right of our line, and should have been in touch with the posts set by Lieut. Kessler from Battery K. They were not in touch with the regulars, however, because they returned to the trench and reported that they were driven in, whereas the regulars never were heard from, and were relieved next morning at their stations. There had been heavy firing on their left nearly all night, they reported, and they had taken some part in replying to it, but no enemy had appeared before them and they had suffered no loss.

When the Pennsylvania pickets came tumbling back into their trench, they reported that the enemy was in force on our right front and was trying to flank us. That was serious business. Major Cuthbertson brought K and B companies up the Camina Real into the trench at once and sent word to Major Bierer to come forward with D and E companies and go in on our right across the road. While this was going on, the firing of the Spanish was maintained at a terrific rate. The crack of their Mauser rifles, short, sharp, spiteful, was like the long roll beaten on a giant bass drum. It was punctuated continually with the bursting of the shells they were throwing from the fort at Malate. The American reply was as vigorous. At the start the Pennsylvania men fired by volley and did it well. The roar of their old Springfields all loosed off together was like the report of a 10-inch rifle. It was almost impossible to tell here in Cavité whether it was volley firing or cannonading. At times it sounded as if the Raleigh, which had taken the Boston's place off Camp Dewey, had moved up opposite Malate and opened on the Spaniards with her 8-inch rifles. The artillery men from Utah were as cool as if they were bathing in their favorite salt lake. They got their four guns into action in a hurry, and kept them there with a regularity that was undisturbed by the terrific assault made on them by the Spaniards. Small as they had made the embrasures for their guns, they were yet large enough for a hailstorm of Mauser bullets to sweep through. How more of the men were not hit can never be explained. The steel-cased bullets kept up a constant ringing on the metal of the cannon, but only one struck a gunner, and he got off with a flesh wound in the arm. Lieut. Gibbs of Battery A, standing with his right hand resting on the wheel of one of his guns, got an illustration of how close one may come to being hit. A bullet struck the tire of the wheel just inside his thumb and passed under his hand, leaving a little burned strip across his thumb where it passed.

FIGHTING IN DEAD EARNEST.

By this time it was a business fight. The Spanish were using their magazines and firing by squads. A great deal of the fire was high, some of it very high, but never before had any of our boys seen the Spanish anywhere near so accurate, and some of the Americans had been under their fire in the insurgent trenches many times. The bullets were flying over their heads in swarms. They whizzed, they whistled, they sang as a telegraph wire does in a wind. They zipped, they buzzed, they droned like a bagpipe far away, like a June bug seeking a light on a hot night, like a blue bottle buzzing against a window pane. They beat against the outside of our embankment with a sound like hailstones striking soft mud, like the faint hoofbeat of the horses going up the backstretch in the Suburban as it comes to you on the patrol judge's stand at the middle distance. They rattled against the old Capuchin chapel and ripped through its iron roof with a noise such as children make with a stick on a picket fence running along and drawing the stick across the pickets, or like a man drumming on a window blind.

BULLETS BEAT A TATTOO ON THE CHAPEL.

Did you ever hear the cook beating up eggs on a platter with a big spoon? If that noise were magnified a thousand times it would give a suggestion of the tattoo the bullets beat on that old chapel. And all this time there were the shells. Men who were in the civil war say the shells came through the air saying "Where is you? where is you?" all run together. They sound like the ripping of silk, and they give you the same feeling down the back that it does to pull string through your teeth. The shells smashed through the poor old chapel and burst inside. They burst as they struck its heavy brick walls; they burst short; they struck our embankment and burst; they burst over the heads of our men; they flew high and went down the fields, bursting sometimes among our men hurrying up to reinforce the Pennsylvanians; they burst along the Camina Real; they were almost as thick as the bullets, and yet, strange as it seems, there is record of only one man who was hurt by a shell, and he was not at all seriously wounded. He was Second Lieut. A. J. Buttermore, D Company, Tenth Pennsylvania. A shell burst just in front of and over him. A piece of it hit him over the left eye and knocked him down. It made an ugly cut, but that was all. He got up and went on about his work, too busy to stop and hunt in the dark for the piece that hit him.

COOLNESS OF THE UTAH BOYS.

All this time—it seemed long, but it wasn't—our fellows were pumping away at a great rate, and the roar of our volleys was warning the officers and men in Camp Dewey that there was hot work at the front. The Spanish were giving us a practical lesson of the value of smokeless powder. Every time our guns cracked a line of flame ran along the top of our embankment. Every sheet of flame drew a fresh hail of Mauser bullets. Every time a Utah gun cracked a Spanish cannon was aimed at the flash. There our boys had as good a mark as the enemy, and they did their best. It was only guessing at the range by the time be w en flash of gun and burst of shell, and there wasn't a stop watch on the line to give greater accuracy. But they did good work, and they fired as coolly as if they were at target practice. Their work was invaluable. Not only were they perfectly calm and in command of themselves, but they helped to steady their friends from Pennsylvania, who were beginning to get excited. Reports began to go along the line that the enemy were getting around the right flank. The infantrymen thought they could detect a change in the direction of the bullets that were whistling over their heads. More of them seemed to be coming from the east, down our line, instead of from the north, across it.

CROSSING THE OPEN FIELD.

While this was going on Major Bierer was taking D and E companies into action on our right. To do this he had to cross the open field in rear of our trench. It was a perfect hell he had to go through, a hundred yards of open ground, without sign of protection, swept by a storm of Mauser bullets that came from left, from front and from right, with shells from the Spanish guns bursting among and around them all the time. Then the first American soldier in the Philippines fell before Spanish bullets. He was Corporal W. E. Brown of D Company. A Mauser bullet struck him through the body and he fell dead in his tracks. All about him men were dropping with bullets in the legs or arms. Some who were wounded kept on toward the enemy. A little beyond where Brown fell, Private William E. Stillwagon of E Company got the bullet that cost him his life. Still the men went on with fine courage, and into position in the open field across the road at the right of our line. There they held their ground, pumping away at the Spaniards as hard as they could.

Now a perfectly natural thing occurred with these green troops. Their pluck was as fine as man could ask. They were game to try to do anything they were told, but they had never been "shooted over," as the English say, and they got excited. They lost the regularity of their volley fire and their effectiveness decreased tremendously in consequence. They could not see their enemy in the terrible night, and they could not see the flash of his rifles. They could not locate him and they were firing absolutely in the dark. With the roar of your own guns in your ears it is hard to judge by the crack of the enemy's Mauser where he is. It is difficult to tell where a Mauser is fired when you have quiet and daylight. How almost impossible it is in the dark with battle raging about you, and a howling wind driving a terrific rain in eddies and gusts into your face and down your neck.

CAPT. O'HARA'S BRAVE ACT.

For an hour the fight had been going on fiercely. The noise of it got out to the ships of the fleet, drifting against the wind, and the searchlights began to wink and to travel over toward the Spanish position. Blessed relief to our men. It gave them now and then a glimpse of the country ahead of them. They could see something of where they were shooting, but still they could see no enemy. Camp Dewey had been awake a long time. Lying in his tent, almost at the north end of the camp, Capt. O'Hara, in command of the battalion of the Third Artillery, unable to get sleep, had been keeping track of the firing. He knew our men had but fifty rounds of ammunition with them, and he realized that at the rate they were shooting that would soon be expended. He didn't know what the trouble was, but he did know that if they were attacked they would want help when their ammunition was gone, and they would want it mighty badly. Battery K of his battalion was in position as supports, but the orders were not to go in unless the Pennsylvanians were in a pinch. Capt. O'Hara counted the volleys until the firing became indiscriminate and he understood that the boys were getting rattled. He had no orders, but he took a chance, and he took it just in time.

He sounded the assembly. As the bugle call rose over the camp, out of their tents tumbled the men of Battery H and into line they ran, Krag-Jorgensen rifles in hand and 150 rounds in their double belts. Down the camp below the Third Artillery another bugler picked up the call. The First Colorado men heard it and swarmed out with their guns. Nebraska followed suit, and soon half the camp was in arms.

Leaving Capt. Hobbs, in command of Battery H, with orders to be ready to advance at the bugle call and to bring 10,000 rounds of extra ammunition, Capt. O'Hara with his orderly and his bugler started up the road toward the front. A little beyond the corner of the camp he met an orderly from Major Cuthbertson coming on the dead run. The orderly was blown and frightened. He had run through a rain of bullets on his way back for help, and it had increased his excitement and enlarged his notion of what had occurred.

"We're whipped!" he shouted to Capt. O'Hara. "We're"——

CAPT. O'HARA'S RUSH FORWARD.

But O'Hara didn't care what else had happened. His bugler was already putting his soul into the command "Forward!" O'Hara heard the answer from Hobbs's bugler, and Captain, orderly, and bugler charged up the road to the front with all the speed their legs would give. The bugles sang along the road in the steady, reassuring song of "Forward!" and the men of Battery H, toiling up through the dreadful mud, answered with a cheer and a fresh spurt.

Somewhere ahead O'Hara knew Krayenbuhl and his own battery were. If they had not gone in already he would take them. He met men coming to the rear with wounded, and now some coming without wounded, straggling.

"We're beaten," they shouted, and the ready bugler shouted the single reply of "Forward!" The shamefaced stragglers fell in with the Captain, the orderly, and the bugler, and the little procession swept on toward the fight.

It was hot work in the Camino Real. Much experience had given the Spaniards a first-class idea of the range, and they lined the road with bullets, for they knew that reinforcements would be likely to come that way. The mud was ankle deep most of the way, and, in spite of the rain, which was unceasing, the heat was awful. But there was trouble ahead, and on they went, with the exultant bugle singing its single word "Forward!" Every time the answer came sharp and clear from Battery H, and up the road they doubled for dear life. At the crossroad and the first barricade, where Krayenbuhl had been posted with his regulars, there were only some stragglers, and Capt. O'Hara thanked God and sounded "Forward!"—the regulars had gone in. The stragglers swung in with O'Hara, and they went on up the road. The bullets spattered the mud in their faces and they hugged the bamboos at the sides of the road. They advanced in double column, one on each side of the road, and so they escaped harm. Just beyond this barricade Hobbs and his men of Battery H overtook them. The bugles commanded "Forward!" and on they ran. The song of the bugles carried down the wind to the trenches. The hard-pressed Pennsylvanians heard it and answered with a cheer that drifted back to the hurrying regulars and put strength for a new spurt into their tired legs.

As they went along Capt. Hobbs felt a sudden sharp sting in his right thigh. He put his hand down and felt blood and knew he was hit. But his leg worked all right and he had his bugler sound "Forward!" and went on.

REGULARS TO THE RESCUE.

O'Hara was right about Krayenbuhl. The young Lieutenant had been keeping sharp watch of what was going on in his front, and when the American firing ceased to be by volleys and ran into an indiscriminate helter-skelter, he concluded that it was about time for him to go in. Then a man came back with the report that everything was going to the dogs, and Krayenbuhl started, sending a message to Kessler, over on his right, to come along in a hurry. Kessler was expecting the order and was ready for it, and in went the men of Battery K on the jump. Krayenbuhl got there first and he was none too soon. The Pennsylvanians were almost out of ammunition. Some of them had four or five rounds left and some of them had none. Those who still had cartridges were potting away indiscriminately, firing at will. Nothing was the matter with them but rattles. They had not been hurt. There had been reports from across the road of the loss D and E Companies were suffering, and some of the men had seen their dead, but in the trench they were all right, and the Utah artillerymen, cool as a New England Christmas, were serving their guns with clock-work regularity, undisturbed by rumor or shell.

As the regulars went in and Krayenbuhl realized what was going on he drew his revolver and jumped among the excited men, who were firing at will, shouting to them to get together, and threatening to shoot the first man who fired without orders. His own men swung into action, and his command and their work had the desired effect. The Pennsylvanians steadied down at once. The first volley of the regulars, fired as if it was only one gun, brought the volunteers back into shape, and they cheered the men of Battery K with a cheer that rang back along the road to O'Hara and Hobbs, puffing up with Battery H. The roar of the Krag-Jorgensen volley told O'Hara and Hobbs that their own men were in action, and the cheer that followed let them know that it was all right. But they did not slack up. Their bugles sounded the old command of "Forward!" and they kept on.

In the meantime the frightened courier had stumbled through the camp and into the tent of Major Jones, the master of transportation. The Major had been up and about for some time, expecting that reinforcements would be sent forward and ready to send extra ammunition as soon as the orders came from Gen. Greene. The courier was almost in hysterics when he found the Major, and he was exhausted with his hard run of two miles through the mud.

"Somebody take my gun," he cried. "Help me to Gen. Greene! Where's the General? Somebody take me there! We're whipped! We're whipped! Oh, it's awful!"

GEN. GREENE ORDERS.

They almost picked him up and dragged him across the lot and up the steps to the General's quarters in a native hut just in front of the camp. The General was up, expecting a message from the front.

"General," cried the wretched courier, "send reinforcements—send every man, send every company. We're whipped, we're whipped! The whole battery is wiped off the earth. We're out of ammunition. Send help—send"——

Gen. Greene put his hand on the frightened messenger's shoulder, and said, steadily:

"Keep cool, young man. It's all right. We'll take care of you."

After a little he got a more explicit report, but already he had ordered the general call to arms to be sounded through the camp and ammunition to be sent forward. At the general call the bugles rang all over the camp, and every man answered with his rifle and his belt full of cartridges. Col. Smith of the First California was ordered to go forward with his regiment at once, and before the miserable courier had half finished his dreadful story the first battalion under Major William Baxter was doubling up through the fields and the Colonel in the road was overhauling the two artillery Captains and the men of Battery H. The Second Battalion, under Major Hugh Sime, followed, to be held in reserve, and the Third Battalion, under Capt. Cunningham, in the illness of Major Tilden, was left in camp, it being booked for duty in the trench the next day.

At last Gen. Greene got the messenger's story as fully as the badly scared soldier could give it, and dismissed him. The poor fellow started back through the camp surrounded by men eager to hear from the front.

"Did you hear any bullets?" some one asked him.

"Bullets!" he cried; "they're like hail."

Gen. Greene at once ordered Capt. Febiger of the Twenty-third United States Infantry to go out to the Raleigh and tell Capt. Coglan to be ready to engage the Malate battery. A terrific surf was booming in on the beach in front of the camp, and Capt. Febiger had no boat. After a lot of work he succeeded in signalling to the little Callao, which was lying in shore off the Raleigh, to send a boat. Finally the boat got through the surf and Capt. Febiger put out. It was a tremendous task, but the Callao's men were equal to it, and the Captain, wet as if he had been dragged into a lifeline, boarded the Raleigh. Capt. Coglan's orders from Admiral Dewey put him practically under Gen. Greene, and he at once prepared to respond to the General's command. The ship was cleared for action and the crew went to quarters. Meantime Capt. Febiger had returned to Gen. Greene, who sent word back to the Raleigh by the Callao's boat that a rocket would be the General's signal for the Raleigh to go in. So the Raleigh stood by with guns shotted and crew at quarters waiting for the rocket, but to the great disappointment of the jackies it was not fired. The regulars in the trenches settled the matter, and no help was needed from the navy.

MISTAKE OF THE CALIFORNIANS.

Before Capts. O'Hara and Hoff got to the trench with Battery H Kessler had joined Krayenbuhl with the second platoon of K. The steady, heavy volley of the Krag-Jorgensen rifles of the regulars warned the Spaniards that reinforcements had come, and that a new force was against them. Then came Boxton's battalion of California men and made a terrible mistake. They marched up through the open field under the hailstorm of shells and bullets from the Spanish. Capt. Reinhold Richter of Company I was the first to fall, hit on the top of the head on the right side by a bullet which made a pulp of the outer layer of the skull. The doctors hope he will recover, but his condition is very critical. As the men advanced First Sergt. Morris Jurth of Company A fell, instantly killed by a bullet through the body. Every few yards some man fell, but the battalion kept on until they reached the old insurgent trench. They had not been at the front before since our own outwork was built and they thought this old trench was ours. They saw firing ahead of them and they heard the bullets whistle by. They did not stop to ask what had become of our men, but opened fire by volley straight into the backs of the Pennsylvanians and the regulars in the trench ahead of them.

Col. Smith, who had caught up with the regulars of Battery H and was with Capt. O'Hara in the trench, at once sent one of his officers back to warn Major Boxton of his mistake. The officer went on the run, but before his message was delivered three volleys had been fired. It was impossible to tell what the result of the shooting was or whether any of our men were hit. The surgeons say that they cannot distinguish a Mauser wound from a Springfield, but that no man was killed by a shot from behind. One man was hit in the back, but that was by a Mauser bullet that struck him as he was lying down in the advance across the open field. The bullet stuck in his cartridge belt, and that's how it was shown to be a Mauser.

When the California battalion finally got to the front it was sent out with part of the regulars to the support of D and E companies of the Pennsylvanians on the right. There and in the march up through the open field most of our loss was met with. But there were some casualties in the trench. Private Brady of I Company, Tenth Pennsylvania, was killed in the trench, and Private McIlrath of Battery H got the wound there from which he died the next morning. McIlrath had been in the regular army for fifteen years, and was a first-class man. He was acting Sergeant in command of twenty men. When his men got to the trench there was a great deal of confusion and excitement among the Pennsylvanians, and McIlrath jumped up on top of the parapet and shouted:

"It's all right, boys, now we've got 'em. Get together and give it to 'em in volleys."

He was walking back and forth on top of the parapet steadying the men, when he was hit in the head by a Mauser bullet and fell back among his comrades. He died in the brigade hospital early on Monday morning.

BRAVE PRIVATE FINLAY.

Private J. F. Finlay of C company, First California, especially distinguished himself. For such work as his Englishmen get the Victoria Cross. Finlay is detailed to Major Jones's transportation department as interpreter. His mother was a Mexican, and he learned Spanish before he did English. When ammunition was sent forward Finlay was in charge of the train. He had eight carromatta loads of it, each carromatta with a native driver. He started when the Spanish fire was hottest and went straight up through the open fields. The bullets buzzed and whistled all about him. They ripped through the tops of his carts, and one of them hit one of his drivers in the leg.

Finlay kept on as if he were going after corn on a pleasant afternoon until he reached the old insurgent trench. Then he halted his train and went forward alone to find some one from the Tenth Pennsylvania to whom he could deliver the ammunition. That last hundred yards into our trench was what Capt. O'Hara, a grizzled veteran who has seen a-plenty of hot work called a "very hot place." It was swept incessantly by Spanish bullets. But Finlay hunted around until he found his man, went back and got his carromattas, and started forward. One of his ponies was shot just in the rear of our trench. Finlay took it out of the cart and with the native driver hauled the cart along to its place, delivered his cartridges, and started back.

On the way he found Capt. Richter lying in the field where he had fallen. He jumped out of his carromatta, put the Captain in, and started on. Pretty soon he found another wounded man. That one was picked up, too, and back he went to camp. Then he turned the wounded over to the surgeons and got orders to take ten carromattas to the front and bring back the wounded. Back over that bullet-swept field he went again, as cool and unconcerned as if on a drive through Golden Gate Park, did his work, brought in the wounded, and turned in to get what sleep he could before the hard day's work began soon after daylight.

REPULSE OF THE SPANISH.

After he had sent forward everything that he could to help the men at the front, Gen. Greene went out himself. By this time it was after 2 o'clock and the worst of it was over. The regulars were pumping in heavy volleys, and the Utah boys were cracking away at their undisturbed target practice and the "attempt at flanking" was repulsed. Gen. Greene stayed at the front until after 3 o'clock, and then returned to camp. At daylight there was a sharp burst of firing by the Spaniards, but our men did not respond, and there was no damage done. The wounded were all brought into camp, and the serious cases were treated at the brigade hospital; the others were taken care of at regimental hospitals or went to their tents.

In the afternoon the eight dead were buried in the yard of the old convent at Maribacan, back of the camp. There were no coffins available, so each man was sewed up in his blanket, and an identification tag was sewed fast to it. They were buried all in one trench, and headboards were set up to mark the graves, bearing the names of the dead. The Chaplain of the Tenth Pennsylvania took a careful description of the place and the graves, with the names and records of the dead.

The surgeons worked all day over the wounded and did not get through until 9 o'clock in the evening. They found several very serious cases, some of which have since resulted in death.

SHARP FIRE ALL NIGHT.

On Monday two battalions of the First Colorado and the third battalion of the First California were sent into the trenches with a new detachment of the even-tempered Mormons. They finished the work on the embankment, and the California men, who went in on the right of the road where D and E companies of the Pennsylvanians suffered so severely the night before, began to dig a trench for themselves. It was a nasty, slimy place they had and hard work intrenching. Just as they had got a ridge of mud about two feet high thrown up in front of them the Spaniards cut loose again. A red hot fire was kept up all night and the Californians responded with vigor. One man was shot through the left shoulder, but it was only a flesh wound and not serious.

When the evening performance opened, the Colorado and Utah men in the trenches replied hotly, the infantrymen firing volleys that were hard to tell from big gun firing, and the Utah men blazing away in their old level-headed fashion. The practice of the Spanish gunners was excellent and the shells burst all about the intrenchment. The Spaniards left their trench and advanced into the scrub. Apparently they had one field gun with them, and it paid particular attention to the guns of Battery B of Utah. Finally one of its shells came through the embrasure and burst on top of the gun, knocking off the sights. The Utah men had a shrapnel shell in their gun at the time, and they let it go. It burst right where the flash of the Spanish gun had been seen and the Spanish gun was heard no more that night. Whether it was disabled or not cannot be told.

Just after the firing began Private Fred Springstead, D Company, First Colorado, was killed. He was posted at lookout and was peering over the top of the trench. A Mauser bullet struck him in the left eye and went through his head, killing him instantly. His head dropped on his hand, but that was a common action with the lookouts, and no attention was paid to it by his comrades until he collapsed and fell down. The ball struck him so quickly that it did not mark the eyelid, and when the lid was closed no mark of the wound showed. One man in G Company was shot in the thigh that night. That sums up the loss.

Most of the night the Colorado men sat still and let the Spaniards waste their ammunition. At daylight there was a sharp fire by the Spaniards for twenty minutes. They shelled the old chapel with excellent aim, their shells bursting in and around it constantly, but doing no damage to our men. Their advance had crawled to within fifty yards of our trench, and Major Bell of the Engineers, chief of Office of Military Information, on Gen. Merritt's staff, urged Col. Hall to go over the breastwork and capture them. But Col. Hall wisely refused. Some of his men surely would have been killed, and the loss of one man would not have been compensated for by the capture of the whole Spanish advance. We have more prisoners now than we know what to do with, and the capture of these would not have done any good; it wouldn't have put us any nearer Manila.

Since that afternoon the wind has been blowing a gale, and it has been so rough on the bay that it is not possible to communicate with the camp. On Tuesday night there was more firing, and the report brought around by land is that one Nebraska man was killed and nine wounded. The report did not name them. There is no report yet of any trouble last night.

To date the list, as far as obtainable in Cavité, is:

Dead.

TENTH PENNSYLVANIA.

Brady, John, Jr., private, I Company, enlisted Greensburg, Pa.; shot through head in trench July 31. Had been First Sergeant Second United States Cavalry.

Brown, Walter E., Corporal, D Company; enlisted at Connellsville, Pa.; shot through body while advancing into position on our right.

Bunton, William E., private, E Company; had been in Eighteenth United States Infantry; enlisted at San Francisco; shot in body; died in camp on Aug. 1.

Hull, Jacob, Jr., private, E Company, enlisted at Mount Pleasant, Pa., shot in the body while advancing into position on our right. Hull's father came clear across from Mount Pleasant to San Francisco to say good-by to the boy when the troops sailed.

Noss, Jesse, private, E Company, Mount Pleasant; shot in the body.

Stillwagon, William H., private, E Company, Mount Pleasant; shot in the head while advancing.

Snyder, Lee, private, E Company, Mount Pleasant; shot in right groin; died in camp on Aug. 2.

FIRST CALIFORNIA.

Justh, Morris, First Sergeant, A Company, enlisted at San Francisco; instantly killed by bullet through body while advancing with reinforcements.

THIRD ARTILLERY.

McIlrath, J. A., Acting Sergeant, Battery H; shot in head while standing on top of parapet; died in camp on Aug. 1; enlisted New York; fifteen years in service.

Winfield, Charles, private, Battery H; shot in neck while advancing into trench; died in camp on Aug. 2.

Dawson, Ellis, private, Battery K, enlisted from Iowa; instantly killed in the trench; shot in the head.

FIRST COLORADO.

Springstead, Fred, private, D Company, enlisted at Greeley; instantly killed in the trench by a bullet in the left eye on Aug. 1.

FIRST NEBRASKA.

——, Lewis, private; shot in trench Aug. 2.

Wounded.

TENTH PENNSYLVANIA—A COMPANY.

Funkhouser, Harvey, Corporal, enlisted at New Brighton; shot in nose.

Johnson, Arthur J., private, enlisted at Monongahela, shot in head and skull fractured; serious.

D COMPANY—ALL CONNELLSVILLE.

Buttermore, Albert J., Second Lieutenant, hit by fragment of shell above left eye; slight.

Bishop, Harry L., Corporal, left arm.

Calhoun, George W., Corporal, left forearm.

Cromwell, H. E., private, left leg and arm.

Lowden, A. J., private, right wrist.

Maloy, C. E., private, flesh wound, right arm.

Ulsh, Samuel V., First Sergeant, right groin; serious.

Shaw, J. Earl, private, left arm.

Snyder, Alva, private, left wrist; slight.

Walters, Alva M., Sergeant, left breast; serious.

Wallace, Charles E., private, throat; serious.

Welsh, M. J., private, right hand.

E COMPANY—ALL MOUNT PLEASANT.

Loar, James A., Captain, scalp wound; not serious.

Bobbs, Sylvester B., private, left arm.

Emenheiser, Charles H., private, right hand and arm.

Hurst, Nathaniel J., First Sergeant, right side head; not serious.

Miner, Howard, private, right hand.

Schachte, J., private, right arm.

Washebaugh, George, private, flesh, left shoulder.

H COMPANY—WASHINGTON, PA.

Shidler, Walter, private, scalp wound.

I COMPANY—GREENSBURG.

Laird, First Lieutenant, slight wound right thigh; shot as he was carrying a wounded man to the rear.

Powell, Archibald, Corporal, right leg.

K COMPANY—WAYNESBURG.

Gordon, George L., Second Lieutenant, superficial abdominal flesh wound.

Carter, Charles P., private, right breast and lung; serious.

Holmes, Victor, private, right lung; serious.

Humwell, Albert, private, right hand; slight; also suffered rupture.

FIRST CALIFORNIA—A COMPANY.

Edwards, Callistas, J., private, detailed as hospital orderly; shot in body.

B COMPANY.

Rodgers, Samuel L., private, right ear and chest; serious.

H COMPANY.

Davis, Edwin F., First Lieutenant, scalp; not serious.

Pierson, John, private, right arm.

I COMPANY.

Richter, Reinhold, Captain, right side top of head; probably mortal.

Nicholsen, Robert W., private, right shoulder.

O'Neil, Daniel, private, lumbar region, left to right. Bullet passed through two cartridges in the belt and lodged in the third, not exploding any of them.

Payson, H. C., musician, right thigh.

Schmidt, William E., private, left leg.

Stuart, Charles E., private, right hand.

F COMPANY.

Field, Fred H., private, flesh wound, left shoulder; shot on Aug. 1.

THIRD U. S. ARTILLERY—BATTERY H.

Hobbs, C. W., Captain, flesh right thigh; shot while taking up reinforcements night of July 31.

Sauer, Philip, private, left thigh; shot while advancing.

Stockfleth, Henry, private, flesh of back.

BATTERY K.

Officer, Robert L., private, left shoulder.

UTAH LIGHT ARTILLERY—BATTERY A.

—— Gibbs, Lieutenant, right thumb.

BATTERY B.

Wakler, I. G., private, left forearm.

FIRST COLORADO—G COMPANY.

Zachary, Edgar L., private, right thigh; shot on Aug. 1.

K COMPANY.

Sterling, W. H., private, left arm; shot while returning to camp on July 30. First man in Philippine expedition hit by Spanish bullet.

Capt. Richter's case is very serious, but the surgeons hope for his recovery. The bullet had an explosive effect and smashed the outer layer of the skull into pulp. The inner layer was depressed on the brain so that the Captain was unconscious. Craniotomy was performed and the depressed bone was lifted. As soon as the Captain recovered consciousness he opened his eyes and said to Dr. Deywalt, who was watching him, "How are the boys?" His thoughts were with his company.

Gen. Greene issued a general order congratulating the Tenth Pennsylvania and the Utah Battery on their "gallant stand in the face of superior forces" and their repulse of an "attempt to turn our right flank." He also complimented very highly the Third Artillery and the First California on their work in advancing "under a galling fire" to reinforce the frightened Pennsylvanians. This was very nice and let the Pennsylvanians down easy, and the fact remains that the whole affair was useless and not a life was lost or a man hit necessarily. Nothing whatever is gained by trying to fight the Spaniards at that place. When everything is ready the guns of the navy can chase the Spaniards away very quickly and lay open the way into the city. Until then every attempt to advance at that place is foolish.

Admiral Dewey was greatly disappointed about the fight. He had taken the fleet without the loss of a man, and he wanted to take the city the same way. He was confident he could do it, and was only waiting for the monitors to come so as to be prepared for any possible German trick. If the Pennsylvanians had been content to wait, we might have marched into Manila without a man lost. The Spaniards were ready to surrender. Now they may be encouraged to resist, and that foolish fight may yet cost more lives.