

GALLANT ARMY HEROES.

Colonel Miles and Lieutenant Colonel Bisbee, Leaders of the First Infantry.



THE COMMANDER OF THE HISTORIC FIRST REGIMENT A VETERAN OFFICER WHO HAS FOUGHT MANY BATTLES.

Colonel Evan Miles, First United States Infantry, who leaves to-day for the front at the head of his superb regiment, is a veteran officer who has rendered his country distinguished service on many battlefields of the South and on the frontier. Since the war he has had his full share of honor and acquired himself nobly in the campaigns against the hostile Indians. The advancement of Colonel Miles has not been secured by the aid of influential friends in high places. If a political "pull" had been exerted in his behalf he would be holding the rank of brigadier-general at this time.

Colonel Miles was born in Pennsylvania March 28, 1838, and was appointed from the State first lieutenant of the Twelfth Infantry August 5, 1861. He was promoted captain January 25, 1862, and transferred to the Twenty-first Infantry September 21, 1866. He was promoted major of the Twenty-fourth Infantry April 24, 1888. He was subsequently promoted lieutenant-colonel and colonel of the First Infantry.

He was commended for bravery and efficiency while serving on the staff of Major-General Ayers, commanding the Second Division of the Fifth Army Corps. In the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Weldon Railroad and Chapple House he gained distinction for bravery and skill in action. Official reports and the recommendations of army commanders attest to the value of his services on the field. Colonel Miles was highly praised in official reports of General O. O. Howard, commanding the department of the Columbia, for gallantry and efficiency displayed during the battle of Clearwater, Idaho, against the hostile Nez Percés, on the 11th and 12th of July, 1877, and the battle of Umatilla Agency, Oregon, against the Snake-Plute Indians, on the 13th of July, 1878.

In a letter to President Hayes General O. O. Howard wrote: "I wish to say a few words concerning a worthy officer—Captain Evan Miles, Twenty-first United States Infantry. He has had an important command under me in two remarkable Indian campaigns. His record is as good as can be. In one action he had control of the field, was successful, and his name found its way with brightest praise in the journals of the day." In this letter General Howard spoke of the long service and excellent military record of Captain Miles.

In a letter signed by many of the Western Senators and Representatives, and addressed to the Secretary of War, mention is made of the memorable campaign against the hostiles. It was written: "The forced march and victory of Captain Miles, Twenty-first United States Infantry, was the means of saving the town of Pendleton, Or., from being burned by the Indians and several hundred people from being massacred."

The citizens of Pendleton wrote a letter to the Secretary of War in which they spoke of Captain Miles in the highest manner of commendation. This extract is taken from the letter:

"In July, 1878, our country was in the hands of the hostile Indians. Many of our citizens were massacred and vast property was destroyed. But for the excellent conduct of Captain Miles and his small command the neighboring tribes of Indians, already allied to the Snake-Plutes, would have destroyed everything before them. By the gallant conduct of this officer the town of Pendleton was saved from destruction and our Government was saved hundreds of thousands of dollars."

The successful campaign conducted by Captain Miles' small command, and the complete victory won in the battle of Umatilla Agency, restored lasting peace to the settlers of that region of country. The hostile Indians received a lesson that they did not soon forget.

The military record of Colonel Miles embraces mention of active and gallant service in the field and excellent administrative ability in the command of garrisons. He served in New York City during the riots of 1863, and when relieved of responsible duty there went to the front again. Since the war he has been stationed in New York, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Idaho, Dakota, Montana, Washington, Oregon, California, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming.

In 1878 he was promoted from lieutenant-colonel to colonel of the First Infantry. When the Fifth Artillery was ordered to New York Colonel Miles succeeded General Graham as commander of the post at the Presidio. It is a position that requires military judgment and executive ability of high degree. Colonel Miles has fulfilled every requirement of the station. He has many friends in the army and in civil life. He goes to the front to-day leading as gallant a regiment of Americans as ever went forth to uphold the honor of the country.

Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Bisbee, First United States Infantry, who leaves San Francisco to-day with his renowned regiment, has a bright military record. He was born in Rhode Island January 28, 1840, and gained his advancement from the ranks to his present command. He was breveted first lieutenant for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and was breveted captain for gallant service at the battle of Chattanooga. He participated in the battles of Stone River, Perryville, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, New Hope Church, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta and Jonesboro. He was wounded in the Atlanta campaign.

crowds and strode up and down the road, each with a young woman on his arm. Even the gunners said it was too bad. Two had just been married and the other two were going to be. One man's only regret was his bicycle and the Presidio road, another said he might have felt bad if "she" had "shown up," but, as she was nowhere to be seen, he guessed it was all the same.

The officers said good-by in their quarters, and finally, when they rode down to where the batteries stood at ease, there was a general leave-taking, which lasted until "attention" came clear and sharp from the battery buglers.

Each man sprang to his place and stood ready. They were a good-looking lot of fellows, all young, all quick and eager, and all buoyed up by the thought of a chance at last to ply their trade of death and destruction. The sleek, smooth, wicked-looking guns shone in what sunlight a mournful sky let past; the carriages and caissons had all been newly painted, and the men, equipped in heavy marching order, looked like old campaigners. Each man wore a haversack and canteen and a revolver or a saber. Their campaign hats were weatherbeaten, their uniforms were not the newest, and Captain Potts of Battery F wore the only white shirt and collar in the command. The men were at work, and they left behind the full dress of parade and holiday.

"Prepare to mount," and "mount" echoed cheerily over the parade ground by the stables, and each man swung into his saddle. "By the right flank," "Column right," chirped the bugles again, and as the batteries swung into line and started up the road past the new barracks the First Infantry band, which had been waiting, struck up "Marching Through Georgia" and led the column on its way.

"God bless you, boys," "We'll see you down there," "Good luck to you," "Hooryay, hooray," came from the crowd, and men ran along by the guns and shook hands with the cannoners just once more.

Turning in past the flag and the headquarters, the band led the way around the inside parade plane, down by the officers' quarters, then halted where the road turns off toward the eastern gate. The air trembled with the cheer and the "Hail, Columbia" and the good-bys and the waving handkerchiefs and hands, as the batteries wound down the road and out of sight, and then the men who had given such a hearty farewell went back to quarters to prepare to go away themselves for the First will leave to-day, and only the foot batteries of the Third and four troops of the Fourth Cavalry will remain.

A LEADER OF ARTILLERY. To Command the Light Batteries on the Field of Chickamauga.



Lieutenant Colonel Wallace F. Randolph, Third United States Artillery, Who Has Been Assigned to Important Duty.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace F. Randolph, Third United States Artillery, will leave here with General Shafter and staff next Thursday. Orders have been received from the Secretary of War directing Colonel Randolph to proceed to Chickamauga Park and take command of the light artillery there assembled. Colonel Randolph was probably selected for this command for the reason that he has for the past six years been in command of the light artillery school at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Colonel Randolph was born in Pennsylvania June 11, 1841, and entered the volunteer service as a private in Company F, Seventeenth Pennsylvania Infantry, April 18, 1861. He was discharged from the regiment June 28, 1861. On May 4, 1861, in conformity with the proclamation of the President a new regiment of twelve batteries was added to the artillery arm of the service and became known as the Fifth. Colonel Randolph was appointed second lieutenant in the newly organized regiment, his commission dating from May 14, 1861. He was promoted first lieutenant March 5, 1862, captain July 25, 1866. On April 25, 1888, he was promoted major, and in March, 1888, was made lieutenant-colonel.

Colonel Randolph earned the brevet of captain June 14, 1863, for gallant and meritorious service in defense of Winchester, Va. He was breveted major March 15, 1865, for good conduct and gallant services during the war.

His battery participated in the defense of Winchester, and occupied without adequate support an isolated, unprotected outpost, dominated by a mountain, to the west within range. Here the battery remained until late in the afternoon, when the enemy opened up with a plunging fire from sixteen guns. Many of the men and most of the horses were killed or wounded, and caissons and limbers blown up. The battery was so disabled inside of ten minutes that it became impossible to remove the guns. Suddenly the enemy charged with five regiments, which had been massed behind a ridge in front.

Nothing inside the works could stop this onslaught, but the men stood by their guns until the enemy had planted its colors on the parapet. Not till then did Randolph order his men to fall back. Lieutenant Randolph was carried wounded into the town and fell into the hands of the Confederates.

Colonel Randolph has served continuously with his regiment since the war at posts along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida. A few days ago he came to the Presidio, succeeding Colonel E. B. Williston.

Colonel Randolph's personal popularity in the army is great. The prediction is made that he will attain a high command in the approaching conflict with Spain. He possesses the elements of a leader and retains to-day the dash and vigor of the youthful soldier.

ALONG THE STREETS.

A Thousand Flags Greeted the Advancing Column.

As senior captain, Captain Potts commanded the battalion, as well as his own battery. He led the column down Lombard street and turned into Van Ness avenue, and as the leaders swung around the corner a thousand flags seemed to leap from the pavement and whirl dizzily over ten times as many heads. The school children were out and that was their greeting and farewell.

Two schools had gone to the Presidio, but they were just in time to see the troops from the hill, but the children on the avenue were in readiness and catching the note of the bugle sounding "column right" they were on hand with their cheers and their whistles, their flags and shouts of enthusiasm as soon as the column came into view.

There were children everywhere. They lined the curbs and stood out in the streets; they blocked the sidewalk and thronged the stairways; a vacant lot was a point of vantage to be taken by assault, so they swarmed over it and up the fences and along the walks, yelling and cheering and waving flags until the street was alive and the colors of their flags blended in a whirling screen of pink.

As the batteries came on pandemonium broke loose and the old folks joined with the young in the wave of enthusiasm. Windows were flung open and flags were thrust forth and waved with a vigor that defied subjection. Women leaned out of parlor windows and forgetting feminine dignity shook "tidies" and table covers and sofa cushions until the last man of the line was far out of sight.

As the column proceeded the crowds grew thicker and the younger element as well as the old became more boisterous until voices broke and throats were husky.

The drum corps of one of the schools beat a long roll, and the people accompanied it with their shouts, but deeper more full of meaning than any shout from the crowd, would come the sullen rumble of the guns when they left the smooth pavement and jolted over the tracks that crossed their path. It is like the warning from the rattlesnake; there is nothing on earth just like it, and every time the guns and caissons fretted over rougher pavement or crossing car tracks it chilled the cheer—for the men were not on parade, and the rumbling of the guns boded no good.

At Golden Gate avenue the column turned and forced its way through as solid a mass of people as ever blocked a thoroughfare. Every one had a flag,

haps the most striking feature was the array of working men who had left their toil to bid the boys godspeed. It was no superficial interest they exhibited. They were earnest and sincere. Their faces were indices to an intent, if need arise, to follow the regulars.

There was nowhere a jarring note. There was not one who looked on but felt a personal interest in the soldiers carried by on their rumbling artillery. "God bless you," was the message the soldiers received as they went along. At times the pressure of the throng almost stopped them. At the depot there was a multitude, gay with color, alert with enthusiasm, ready to cheer every soldier who came in sight. The crowd did not melt until the train rolled out, and on the other side were other crowds with as fervent a hail and farewell. For yesterday California took her soldier boys to her great heart. To-day when the First Infantry goes there will be an even more marked demonstration, as there will be no confusion as to the hour of starting.

era wind; the crowds that thronged the streets from curb to curb had work to shout for and more to think about than any that has gathered in years.

The going away commenced early in the morning, for it takes time and work to move eight guns and their equipment of men, horses and accessories. The work commenced at reveille, and by retreat the men were speeding away toward what the future has in store for them.

Bags and boxes, trunks, satchels, baskets and valises; bales of hay and sacks of grain for the horses; barrels of bread, of meat, of vegetables for the men; blankets, tents, tent poles and cooking utensils, everything that was movable and belonged to the battery—were loaded into the big army wagons and started for the Southern Pacific freight sheds. The ambulance and its equipment went with the big wagons, carrying the men of the hospital corps. The freight was all out of the post by 10 o'clock, and then there was only the last dinner, the good-bys at the parade ground, and the men would be gone.

The time was all too short, for under

the circumstances there is something serious in saying good-by, and the men spent their few short hours in the canteen or sitting around the guns talking to their friends—and most of these were women.

There were not many relatives—the men of the batteries are all from the East, but if they make as good an impression on the Spanish heads as they have upon the hearts here by the Golden Gate, their going will not have been in vain. It was a sorry gunner who had not at least one woman to wish him godspeed, and there were some who had good wishes to spare. A few of the soldiers are married, and the looks of the wives as the troops marched away robbed the scene of its holiday air. One big corporal strode up and down among the guns, carrying his little daughter, who crowded over the preparations and laughed in her mother's tear-stained face. A young fellow sat near the corner of the stable with a woman who clung to him and seemed to begrudge even the looks he cast away from her. She was his mother.

Two more drew away from the

to, and every one wanted space to wave it. The shrill, piping treble of childish patriotism had given place to the ringing cheer that has in it as much of the heart as of the head; that is like a draught of sparkling wine; a cheer that nerves a man to dare all things, to hear it swirling round his head if only once again. The men themselves took it up and waved their hats, and grabbing flags from offering hands they waved them over the crowd, shouting and cheering as if for this only they had been living.

A block down Golden Gate avenue an enthusiastic brewery with steam up let loose its whistle, and catching the note the crowd joined in in a long sustained

call until the ears of every one sung like a sashel.

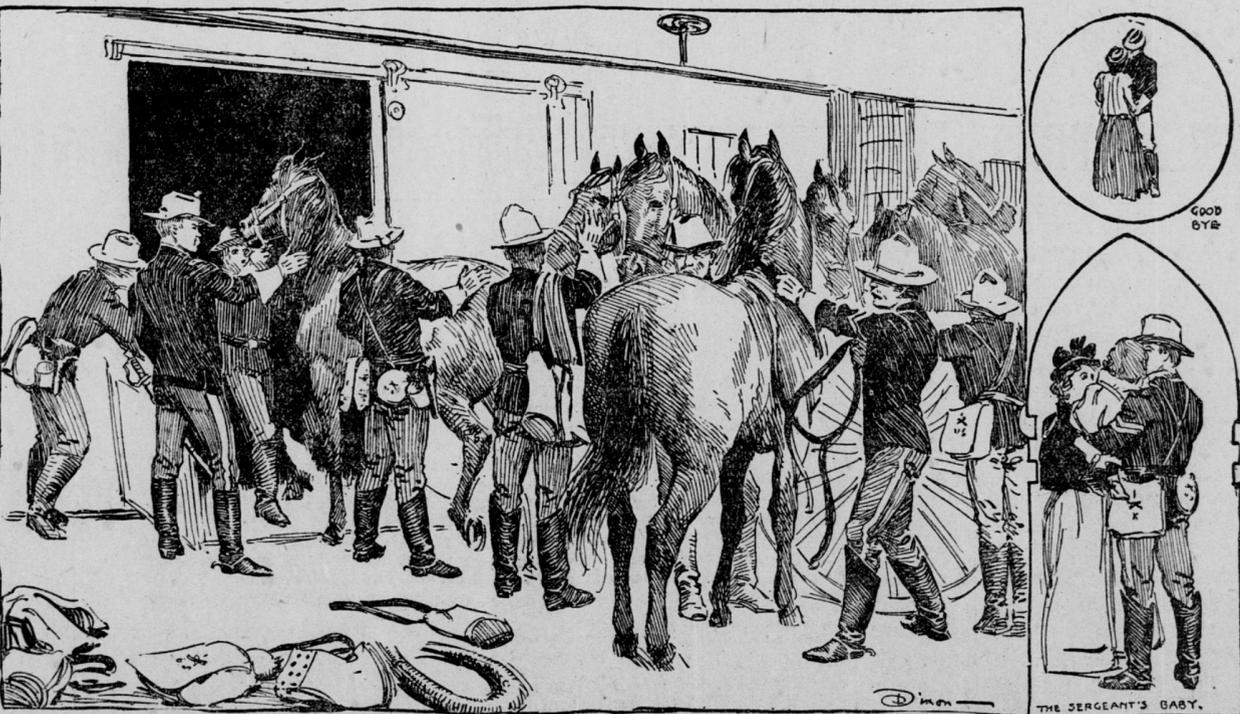
On down toward Market street the batteries went, going in single file and leaving the remainder of the street for the people. Along by the houses a constant stream of people hurried, keeping up with the head of the column. Boys ran ahead whistling through their fingers. Men elbowed their way singly, in twos and threes, and sometimes dragging a woman, or may be one on each arm. Along the edges of the sidewalks and out into the street the people stood tight packed like sheep in a strange corral, and along with the guns ran the small boy, hundreds of him, shouting and yelling as

he ran. Some had even climbed up by the guns, and as it was really not a parade the gunners let them ride.

With the basalt pavement as a basis the guns waked the echoes of Market street, and the frantic efforts of the people could not drown the rumble of their passing. But Market street is wide, and the size of the streets was the only thing that limited the crowds, so from Golden Gate avenue to where the column turned into Fourth street the march was more like a welcome home than the start of a journey that will end no one knows where. But those on the streets had forgotten that, and so there was nothing to hinder the cheer, and those on the guns didn't care, and so there was nothing to prevent an answering cheer, and so the shout went back and forth until the bugles called a halt among the freight cars.

They loaded the cars from the freight platform on King street. Dismount, strip the horses, harness and saddles in the sacks and the whole into those last two box cars; horses into the stock cars; guns and caissons on the flat cars; men in line and away for the boat.

Every man had his own work, and every horse had an owner. The horses objected somewhat to stock cars, but then they didn't know that war is about to be declared. In they went, fourteen to a car, and packed close as potted ham they bit and kicked until they were tired. They will be more tired still before they get out again, for there is no time to lose between here and Chickamauga.



ANOTHER CARESS. Words of Farewell at the Railroad Station.

The work of the soldiers was hampered by the people who filtered through the lines of policemen and who stood around and talked to the battery

Continued on Ninth Page.

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