

# ARE PLUCKILY FIGHTING BIG ODDS

## DESPERATE PLIGHT OF MARINES

Little Band at Guantanamo Repulses Continued Attacks.

Two Americans Killed and Four Wounded in a Fight on Sunday Night.

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CAMP OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES, OUTER HARBOR OF GUANTANAMO, Monday, June 13 (noon), by the Associated Press dispatch boat Wanda, via Kingston, Jamaica, June 14.—After two nights of hard fighting the American flag still floats over Cuban soil on the encampment of the marine battalion and our boys say they will keep it there until the belated troops arrive, if it takes until winter.

Thus far the marines have had the best of the fighting, but the situation is grave and they are exhausted from repelling almost incessant attacks. They have little chance to rest or sleep and the time of the arrival of the relieving troops is uncertain. Were it not for the guns of the fleet the gallant little band would be annihilated by the Spanish troops in overpowering numbers from Santiago de Cuba. As it is they probably can hold their position, but they cannot move forward until re-enforced by troops.

What first, with the white tents on a bold eminence against the tropic background, looked like a holiday camp is now grim reality. The tents have been struck and rolled into breastworks, supplemented by trenches around the crest of the hill. The spot is lamentably exposed, on ground, while surrounding it on all sides is heavy brush. The least movement in camp is the signal for instant target practice upon the part of the Spanish sharpshooters, whose rifles carry much further than ours, though their owners rarely hit anything they aim at.

It is impossible to accurately estimate the Spanish attacking force, but it is numerous enough. About two-thirds of this force surrounds the camp nightly, while the deadly ring and spitting of the Mausers make things quite lively, for the Spaniards are daring enough to crawl up and take a pop at the marines from the bushes about thirty yards from the camp. At night the besiegers fight like Indians, and our old Apache fighters would feel in their element. Every yard of chaparral is an ambushade, and picket duty is flipping coins with death.

After the first attack on Saturday night Colonel Huntington decided that another attempt

would be made on Sunday night, and he caused entrenchments to be thrown up on all sides of the

## FELL FIGHTING FOR THE FLAG.

CAMP OF THE MARINES, Guantanamo, June 13.—Two Americans were killed and four wounded or injured in a second attack by Spaniards last night. The dead are:

SERGEANT MAJOR HENRY GOODE, of the marines, shot through the right breast.

PRIVATE TAUMAN, wounded and fell off the cliff and was instantly killed.

The injured are: PRIVATE WALLACE, fell off the cliff and sustained a fracture of the leg.

PRIVATE MARTIN, shot through the left leg.

PRIVATE ROXBURY, shot through the arm.

PRIVATE BURKE, shot through the arm.

Of these men all but Private Burke were members of Company B.

camp.

In the trenches the main part of the battalion last night waited for the attack that the Colonel was certain would come. It arrived in a short time after dark, and from that time until day-break the firing was incessant and at times very heavy. On the American side two men were killed and four wounded.

The first attack of the Spaniards was made at 8 o'clock, and the last shot was fired by them at about 3 o'clock in the morning. During the night the Spanish attacked the camp of the marines on the shore, and the Marblehead, believing the Americans had been driven out, threw out several shells into the place. The attack, however, was repulsed by the small detachment of marines in camp without trouble. The shells of the Marblehead struck among the marines.

The fight was the first of the war in which the Cubans co-operated with the American forces, and their co-operation was not a glittering success. At one time during the afternoon whenever the marines were firing on a small detachment of Spaniards that made their appearance a short distance from the camp the Cubans began firing without orders and sent a volley right among the Americans. There were several narrow escapes, but no one was injured.

Lieutenant Neville of Company D was sent out on scout duty, and, as on the day previous, he attacked a small stone fort. A hot fight followed, and the Spaniards were driven off with loss. It was during this fight that Wallace and Tauman fell over the cliff.

Fifteen dead Spaniards,

including, one lieutenant were found in the fort.

During the attack several shots struck the ships in the harbor, penetrating the pilot-house of the Associated Press dispatch-boat Dandy. No one was injured on board of her, however.

The Dolphin this morning located the Spanish water station on the ocean side of the harbor entrance, which supplied the water for the attacking force. The well was situated in a block-house windmill, having a small garrison. It was shelled at 2000 yards.

The station was wrecked, and canister followed the retreating Spaniards up the steep ravine. Each shell disclosed the spot where it alighted by raising a cloud of dust. They were all well placed.

The arrival of the fleet this afternoon to complete the bombardment of the town and its defenses is expected.

## SHIPS IN THE STREAM AND READY

The Fleet Only Awaits the Signal From Merritt to Sail.

Brave Troops in Marching Column Cheered From the Camp to the Transports.

By Alice Rix.

Four thousand men went yesterday to the wars. At break of day the reveille woke Camp Merritt to speed the parting brave. Tents fell to the rising of the sun, men gathered early to the last mess, camps broke, the bugle called, the flag floated, the band played and the men of the Eighteenth and Twenty-third Regulars, the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, the Tenth Pennsylvania, the First Nebraska and the Utah Light Artillery shook the sand of the Richmond district lightly from their heels and set their faces to the water front.

They went by different ways to different ships, and scattered the march over the day. A detachment of the Utahs led to the Pacific Mall dock, where the Colon and China were lying, followed by the two battalions of Regulars, the Colorado and the Utah Light Artillery. They marched along First avenue to Point Lobos road, down Post to Stockton, down Market to Third and across Brannan to the dock, dropping B of the Utahs at Market and Third to make its way down Market and over East to the Zealandia at the Pacific dock. An hour later the Pennsylvanias came down Market street at a quickstep on their way to the Zealandia. As late as five in the afternoon the Nebraskas turned into East street

on their way to the Senator at the Broadway dock.

The city gathered to a civil leave-taking of these men. The streets were crowded for their passing, the docks were crowded for their waiting. Flags waved for them, cheers rang, godspeeds were given and a few tears shed. But the flags and the cheers were for the cause, the tears were tears of sentiment. No woman cast herself out of the crowd yesterday to hold her first born, or her last—and who shall say which is the dearer?—to her breast; no man seized the hand of his son and gripped it hard in that silence which between men means more than words; no wife clung weeping to her husband; no father took tender leave of his children; no sweet girl saw love's young dream go far from her to the wars. There were no last words, no last looks, no sad courage, none of the passion and pain of parting. These were our stranger brothers; we have already taken leave of our own.

That vivid personal interest in the patriot which shook California to her soul on the 23d of May, sobbed beneath her cheers, wept behind her smiles, made tragedy of her pride and mourning of her decorations—did not wake to the 14th of June. Such days must wait on wars. They do not come twice in the calendar of one generation.

Native sons and one brother who have enlisted with the Eighteenth and Twenty-third carried the larger crowd to the Pacific Mall dock, where it was mercilessly barred out by official order and lingered despondent by the gates. The troops were aboard the China and Colon as early as nine o'clock, and their ammunition and stores were not more than an hour behind them, but the order to move out into the stream loitered on the way, and the men, served with the last meal for the day, sat them down to chafe at the delay.

At the Oceanic dock matters hastened slowly. All day long the huge

### WILL SAIL THIS FORENOON.

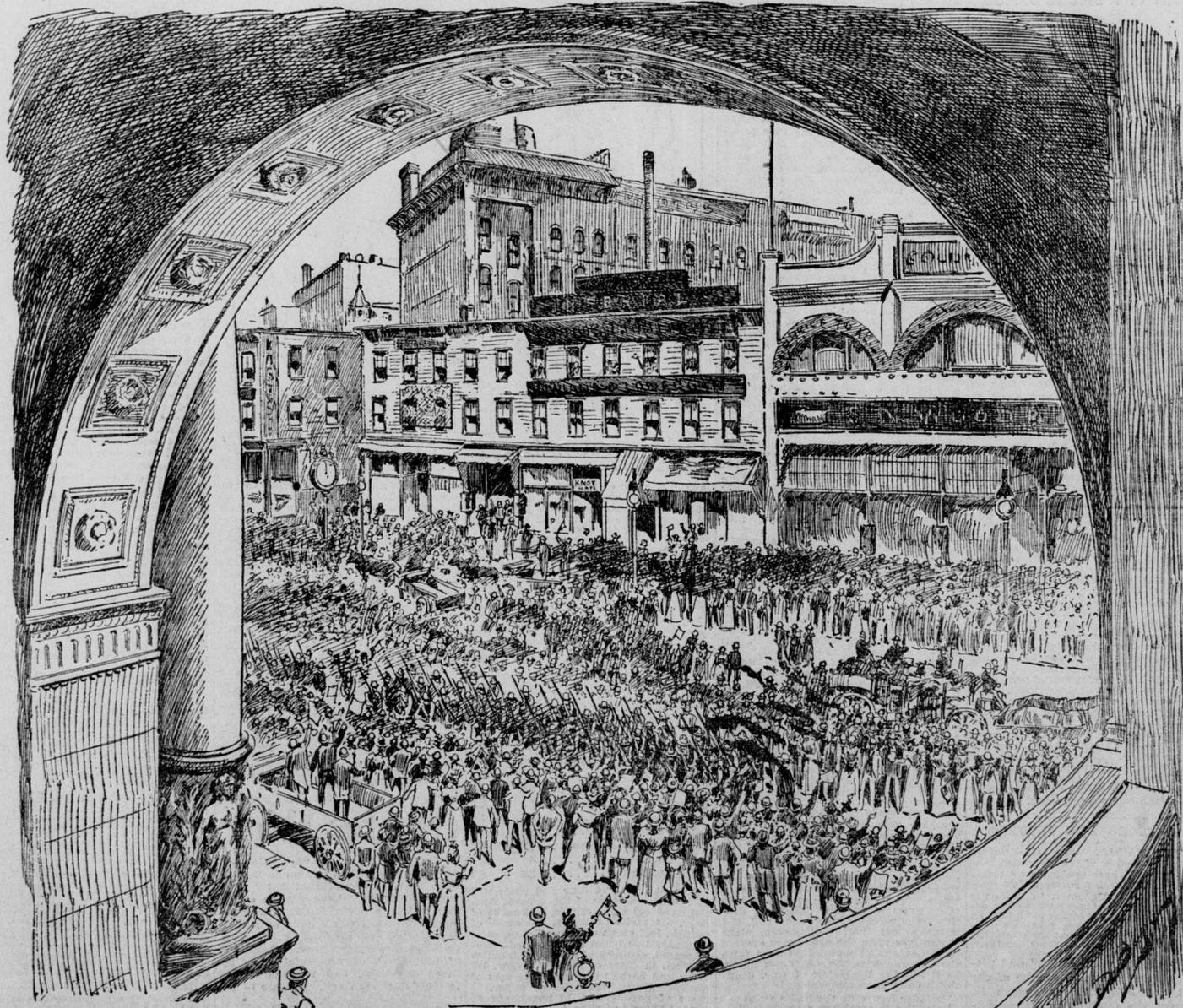
Orders Given to the Four Transports to Be Ready to Sail at 11:30 O'Clock.

General Green, commanding the second expedition to the Philippines, gave orders last night to the captains of the four troopships that will carry the troops across the Pacific to be prepared to hoist anchor and sail at 11:30 a. m. to-day. It is believed that the four vessels will get under way before noon, in view of the orders.

equipment wagons rolled down the dock and baggage was rushed up and on board as soon as it arrived amid curses against the quartermaster department, U. S. A., which had failed to supply sufficient trucks for transportation and was widely accused of never having trucks ready when they are wanted.

The men lunched on coffee and sandwiches passed around by a delegation from the Red Cross and turned in for rest after the march. They needed it sorely, for the day was muggy, the equipment and uniform heavy. A few officers got at once into the mutt of the tropics—linen uniforms, gay with blue and gold, Indian helmets and white gloves. The men stripped off their coats, rolled the sleeves of their teasing woolen shirts from newly vaccinated arms and stretched themselves out on the Turner beds on the "banana deck" or aft in the ordinary steerage, as they happened to be placed. There was a scuffle for the steerage, which seemed to be generally favored, but the "banana deck" is by no means so black as it's painted. The men squeezed down to it through the narrow hatchway, one by one, trailing their guns after them, feeling their way gingerly along the dark passages, grumbling or laughing, according to the heart that is in them for the fortunes of war, stumbling on the unaccustomed way, coming out suddenly on the network of iron three-deckers known as the Turner beds, of which there are 472 swung on the banana deck of the Zealandia. They are schemed to slide and fold one upon the other to form a sort of settee, cushioned by the mattresses and fairly comfortable in this climate, however they may be in the tropics.

Overhead great square pipes conduct a current of cold air constantly cir-



THE SECOND EXPEDITION OF TROOPS MARCHING TO THE SHIPS.