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FROM MANILA.

Another Letter from Dr. W. H. Dade—
Full of Interesting Reading.

MANILA, P. I., July 10, 1899.
Editor Roundabout:
We first sighted the Philippine Islands June 26th, about 9 a. m., and after steaming along the coast of Luzon until 8 p. m. we turned into the south channel at Corregidor, the entrance to the magnificent harbor of Manila Bay.

Our pilot took the south channel for the reason that a vessel drawing so many feet as our transport did requires more than the north passage, the one chosen by Dewey, affords. The electric lights were burning brightly along the Luneta, giving to this famous resort quite a metropolitan air; but not a soul was astir along its ways, for martial law is in force here, and after half past eight in the evening no one is permitted to walk the streets except government officials, policemen and those with duties to perform relating to the business of war. Dark, grim, stern looking men-of-war, merchantmen, passenger steamers for Hong Kong, India and Yokohama; little yachts and heavy freighters were riding carelessly at their anchors, disturbed only at stated intervals by the clanging of the ship's bells.

Many remained on deck until a late hour enjoying the cool breezes and the startlingly bright rays of a tropical moon. It must have been a knowledge of the brightness of this orb in the tropics that prompted Byron to say that the moon, instead of being chaste, sees more devilment in one hour than the sun does during his entire existence. For I never saw one that appeared as prying and capable of looking entirely through a person before.

Early the next morning the custom officer and medical officer of the port came on board to perform their respective duties, after which we were permitted to land some of our men to learn what disposition was to be made of our regiment, and to bring any news that might be of interest, singly or collectively, for right anxious we were, for the happenings of the world were blank to us since May 30th.

Our troops were not landed for several days, and then only one battalion a day. It is a very tedious task landing troops, and the experience had at Duquiri, Cuba, last year, does not seem to have benefited our troop handlers even a little bit. The boats used for that purpose here are called "cascos"—long, narrow bamboo boats capable of standing quite a deal of rough weather, and each one with a carrying capacity of 150 men. Four of them are lashed together and towed ashore by lighters provided for the purpose by the government.

Our regiment was ordered to go into temporary quarters at Nipa Barracks, in Malate, a suburb south of Manila a distance of two miles, and as fast as the battalions could be landed they were marched to this point and quarters assigned them. Every one was glad to get off the transport, for, while our trip was a most delightful one, it becomes fearfully monotonous to stay cooped up on a vessel for a solid month at a time.

Malate is the point where our men first battled with the Spanish, and later with the insurgents, the marks of which conflicts are still in evidence. The barracks here are in splendid condition, cool, comfortable and healthful. They are built of bamboo, in fact every thing is in this country, about three feet from the ground. The floors are made of long narrow bamboo strips tied to cross beams and separated from each other by a distance of a quarter of an inch to allow of free circulation of air (ants and mosquitoes as well). The roofs are made of coconut leaves woven together in a style peculiar to the natives, but serving their purpose admirably. Altogether a house constructed in this style is very comfortable, easily cleaned, and lasts for years with only an occasional patching here and there. After getting our trunks unpacked, our things distributed in convenient corners, mosquito nets adjusted, messes started and fervently praying that we were to be permitted to retain these princely quarters, at least until the rainy season, which had just set in, was over, we received orders that the first battalion would proceed immediately to strike camp and march to Deposito, while the second battalion would take up position at La Loma Church, and from there the two would throw out outposts which would connect the two battalions and form a guard line covering a distance of five miles.

The building I am occupying here at the Deposito was once

the palatial abode of some Spanish laggard, but later, by conquest, became the property of the Filipinos, who in turn relinquished all right to it and cast their fortune with those in rebellion against the power of the States. I have turned it into a regimental hospital and a residence for your humble servant. It has hard wood floors, mahogany, and a dado, composed of the same wood, running entirely around the rooms, ten in number; platted bamboo ceilings. Niches fill all the corners, where once the handsome china and wares of this leisure-loving people were kept. Sliding windows, with their tiny sea-shell panes, admitting a dull mellow light. The gardens surrounding all this are filled with the most luxuriant growth of tropical fruits, flowers and plants beyond my description.

Our stay here at this particular station will depend upon the duration of the rainy season, unless the insurgents quit their intrenchments and attack us, which is not at all unlikely, seeing that we think ourselves safely ensconced in dry quarters for the wet season.

The insurgents are massed at San Fernando, a small city distant about 35 miles from Manila, on the railroad, and in front of General McArthur's position. They are thoroughly entrenched; are constantly fortifying weak points; manufacturing ammunition and receiving arms and supplies from filibustering vessels, which, to the discredit of our navy be it said, are reported to be landing almost constantly.

It is currently reported here that some of our United States Senators are actually aiding the insurgents by these means. It is no secret that some who bitterly opposed the policy of the President have stooped to this contemptible policy to frustrate the plans of the majority who voted against them and to sustain the plans of the Executive. If their conscience will permit them to pocket the filthy lucre, stained with the blood of their fellow-countrymen, God help them. I can only assure you that arms are landed, and frequently at that, if the word of those who are in a position to know can be taken as worth repeating, as the insurgents have no funds of their own, and had no modern weapons to begin with except the few given them by Dewey from the arsenal at Cavite. These are now multiplied ten times over. The question is, where do they come from? Where do the rations necessary to sustain an army from ten to thirty thousand, the variously estimated strength of the insurgents, come from? They are not to be had in the districts they occupy, and must be imported, so it becomes a pertinent question, and lends color to the statement that they are getting outside aid. But let us hope the assertion that our own people are aiding them is not true.

The nation's solons have committed a most unwise act in placing an embargo upon the further landing of Chinese in these islands. If it was so that they were to compete with American labor it would command the respect of those who know the surrounding conditions, but such is not a fact. The Chinese, as he is called here, is the Philippine factotum. Without him these islands would not be worth a fig. In the first place only such people as are accustomed to the tropics can do manual labor. The natives are by no means industrious, and so long as they have a crust to eat and a shirt to wear (and I don't care how short the shirt is), they will not turn their hand to labor except for the most prodigious wage. As I have said, our laborers are not here, and could not stand it except after years of acclimatization, if they were at hand. The Japs are haughty, the gentlemen of the Orient, stuck up and proud far beyond any just claim to the attitude, and the most accomplished bare-faced thieves and liars the sun ever shone on. Now this places the Chinese at the top of the ladder when a laborer is needed. They are honest, humble and hard workers, and, unless the shortsightedness of this prohibitory act is recognized and the ban lifted, mark my word, the islands will suffer. It is strange our so-called "Peace Commissioners" cannot see the need of repealing this noxious law as it applies to the Philippine Islands.

A word or two of the city. Manila shows traces of its former splendor when the unjust taxation imposed by the Spanish kept the coffers full to overflowing with ill-gotten gold. But the constant turmoil of recent years has required that this money should go to fortifications instead of beautifying its once famous thoroughfares. The Luneta, a famous resort for an evening's entertainment, is about one-fourth of a mile in length, running along the sea

front in the heart of the city, where formerly at eventide the band played and fountains gave forth their cooling sprays, flowers, such as are seen nowhere else, lent their fragrance to enhance the surrounding charms, pedestals by the thousand, and traps, carts and victorias, all drawn by prancing ponies, passed in review of this scene, and where, at times, and many times at that, luckless conspirators against the cruel rule of the Don were led out upon this famous wall, and, in the presence of those who cared to see, were shot to death by platoons of Spanish soldiers. Here at sunset one can see the slow-moving water-buffalo as he draws homeward his burden and his Chinese master, who, together, have earned their daily wage; the lazy, lounging Spaniard, as he puffs joyously away at his fragrant Perfecto; the Jap, clad in his spotless white duck suit, looking as haughty and thieving as his nature really is; the flexible American disposition is here taking in everything that passes with an understanding not limited to his knowledge of the various languages; the astute Englishman, looking and wondering, but, like his capacity for appreciating a joke, not understanding until later, and the American soldier recently converted into an oriental policeman, slowly twirling his club and improving every opportunity to flirt with anything that wears a petticoat—how natural.

That part of Manila known as the "Walled City," and surrounded by a broad, deep moat, was the only part occupied by the Spaniards when our soldiers rescued them from the insurgents, and is really a very small part of Manila. It was the site selected by the founders, and this immense wall was built to protect the inhabitants from the frequent invasions of pirate kings and freebooters of the 17th century. It is still a very formidable protection and capable of standing quite a deal of hammering.

Manila is provided with street cars—such as they are—drawn by ponies, of the most unfed and dejected variety, and one feels much more like donating his ten cents "Mex" for forage for these poor brutes than to wards fattening the purses of those who own and do not care for them.

The most popular mode of travel here is by the regulation two wheeled cart, drawn by ponies, better groomed than their unfortunate brothers of the car line. The fare is twenty cents for the first hour and ten cents an hour for each hour thereafter, American money, or twice that amount in Mexican. This is the legal rate, but they always ask you anything they think you will be liberal enough or ignorant enough to pay. So the best way is to calculate your time and regulate your fee accordingly, pay him when you need his services no longer and leave him looking longingly after you and, no doubt, saying cuss words in Tagalog, of which you understand not a sentence, but then you always have an equal advantage of treating him likewise in English.

With the expenditure of a few thousand dollars Manila could be made one of the most beautiful cities in the world, and this will no doubt be done when quiet reigns and things are on a working basis. With the restoration of peace will come the construction of railroads to the interior, opening up fertile valleys and timbered lands, and mountains, rich in the most precious metals, making its value as a national possession almost incalculable. It is my belief that the city and the island as well have been grossly maligned by writers of travel and newspaper correspondents. They all tell of the enormous and very numerous snakes; of the small mosquito that can creep through the meshes of any net put up as a protection against him; of the fearful rains, and the sultry and unbearable climate; of the thousands of hideous rats, lizards, bats and bugs, and of legions of other "critters" equally uncanny and repulsive.

I have seen one snake only, and that a small water snake in the harbor. Mosquitoes are not more numerous than in any of the States, especially of the Southern States. Ants are here in abundance, that seem to have the power of scenting sweets a distance of many miles (?). You rarely see them unless you have stored away a box of candy, a jar of preserves or a can of vegetables and then in a few minutes they seem to come from under you, around you, every where until the article you desire to preserve is simply covered. As to the other "critters" I have mentioned, like the snakes and mosquitoes, are no more numerous than at home in God's country. The rainfall during the wet season is at times very hard, but, as a rule, there are one or two showers a day, followed by a bright sunshine, which dries everything quite rapidly. The

showers thus cool the atmosphere, lay the dust and are more to be longed for than dreaded. Then, again, the rain comes for a day or two at a time, as I imagine it must have when Noah had his attack of dampness, in perfect sheets, cloud bursts as it were, and in a short time everything seems to be afloat, but, the drainage being naturally good, it does not stand long enough to become stagnant and no harm results.

During the dry season I am told it is much hotter and the dust, often six inches deep, is unbearable. So that, to my thinking, if one is well housed the wet is preferable to the dry season. Of course the wet season is harder on the enlisted man, for, having to sleep in small shelter tents, their clothing soon becomes soaked and having to sleep on damp ground and in wet clothing, soon breeds fevers and diseases to which they are strangers.

It is the result of this condition of affairs that the Insurgents hope will so depopulate our ranks that we will think it a hopeless task to battle against disease and enemy too, and abandon the undertaking of conquering their army, at least I do not look for them to give up until we have given them a sound drubbing, after the rainy season is over, to demonstrate to them that we are a most lively corpse. This view is entertained by many.

I witnessed an act of marked bravery yesterday on the part of a private of Company C of this regiment. The heavy rains of the morning and the previous night had so swollen the San Juan river that, for a distance of a quarter of a mile on either side, the country was inundated. Anchored in the channel of this river was an old casco, with approaches of bamboo poles at either end. The boat covered the channel and was tied with a rope to the other bank. Normally the stream is a narrow one, but the current is very swift. A guard is stationed on this improvised bridge to ask "who comes there," and while attending to this duty the current swept away the approaches and the old casco swung to the shore to which it was tied, or rather what would have been the shore had the river been in its banks. The guard could not swim and begged for some one to lend him aid, for, had she parted from her mooring, the swift current would have swept him to sudden and certain death, and this was what every spectator expected to happen momentarily. At this moment, while we stood wondering how aid could reach him and how long the rickety old casco could hold on, we saw a man undressing on the rocks a few hundred yards above us and walking calmly down to the water he plunged into this mad current and headed for the other shore. We held our breath for now we were sure that the night's roll call would find two "absent but accounted for," but with a powerful, rapid stroke he reached the far side of the channel and drifted safely to the rope and with the aid of the man aboard was pulled into the boat. A cheer went up from the throats of those who had witnessed this piece of heroism that must have done his soul good. Resting for a few minutes he made fast a coil of small rope, which he had carried around his neck, to one of the uprights of the casco and giving his companion a few words of comfort and instruction he plunged in and made for the opposite shore where the current was not so strong nor the distance so great. He unbound his rope as he swam and soon felt a footing on the opposite side. He now waded up to a point opposite the casco and made taut the rope. Then, according to his instructions, his companion let himself down into the water and going hand-over hand along the rope soon reached a point of safety. They had hardly landed when the rope, rotten with age and dampness, parted, and in a few moments later we saw the old casco crash into the stone bridge below. Certain death would have been the fate of the guard had his rescuer tarried a few minutes longer before lending aid. They started, one wet and be-draggled, the other stark naked, for the camp of another company, stationed about two miles across country, to remain until such time as the stream would resume its normal proportions. But it was bravery, pure and simple, and one that is not an exception in the lives of these heroic men, who are in reality the true standard bearers of their country's purpose. I have not learned his name, but intend to see that the attention of his superior officers is called to his unselfish act, and try and get for him the open acknowledgment that such deeds justify.

Everyone uses tobacco here, in some form or another, from the gray haired patriarch to the tender sprouting juvenile. Those who use it at all

use the finest that can be bought as the finest cigars I have ever smoked can be bought for 2 1/2 cents apiece, and one far above the average can be had for one cent. Little girls no older than 8 or 10 years puff away at their cigarette as gracefully as the most accomplished apostle of Sir Walter Raleigh. Their favorite stimulant is what they call "Binio," a fermented juice of some kind, and which, to the uninitiated, is like so many hornets. It reaches the upper story very quickly and plays havoc with one's locomotion. The word "Bino" is a prostitution of the word vino—which means wine. They also chew a nut that grows on the islands, known as the "Beetle Nut." It is a large, pale reddish nut, resembling in size and appearance one of our largest hickory nuts. It stains the gums, teeth and tongue a dirty blood red, and giving much the appearance of our spitting brick dust moistened with saliva, a most repulsive aspect. It answers the same purpose for the Filipino that Haseesh does for the Hindoo, Opium does for the Chinese, Kola Bean does for the South African. Under its influence it is claimed the natives can go without food for a much longer time and still perform great labor. It has an acrid, brackish taste, and is anything but fascinating on primary introduction, but what follows later I do not propose to investigate.

I have heard from my earliest boyhood that the Manila game cock was the finest pit bird in the world. This may have been true at one time, but they are the poorest specimen of dung-hill now that one would care to look on. Cocking mains flourished when Manila was at the height of its glory, and vied with the bull fights as to which should gain supremacy as a national pastime. But in breeding has brought on degeneration until now I doubt if there are a dozen pure-bred game cock on Luzon.

The water buffalo is the beast of all burden, and, though very slow of action, is a most useful beast. A Chinese and his ox and cart can be hired for \$1.70 Mexican or 85 cents American money per day. They are of average size, very gentle, and strong, and pull enormous burdens. They can go for many hours, without food, but must be given plenty of water every four or five hours. If turned loose near a stream they plunge in immediately and soon nothing can be seen of him but his nostrils protruding above the surface of the water. After drinking to his full desire he feeds upon the lilies and buffalo grass that grow along in the shallow places until his master desires to resume his journey. Before coming out he wallows in a sticky mud and thoroughly coats his entire skin, which soon dries and offers protection against flies, and insects. When at leisure, this animal is accompanied by a small black bird as a constant companion, and who perches upon the back of the buffalo, where he remains entirely undisturbed. When the animal goes into the water the bird waits patiently on shore until his friend has finished his bath and they resume their former intimacy. The brute does not seem to mind the presence of the little fellow nor begrudge him free transportation while the latter catches the flies that come around and enjoys himself at will.

Dogs here are as numerous as fiddlers are said to be in the infernal regions, each one bearing evidence of at least forty different crosses. The authorities have established a pound which will no doubt rid the city of many of these worthless curs.

The country over which our troops have to march, in making advances and reconnaissances, is so rough wagon trains cannot follow, and the ponies given us are too small to travel over the rice fields, so that each company is provided with six Chinese coolies, and it is simply wonderful what strength and endurance these almond-eyed celestials possess. These six men are supposed to carry the extra rations, extra ammunition, cooking utensils, baggage of the three commissioned officers with each company, besides their own possessions, and they are not only supposed to do it—they do it. At the ends of a bamboo pole about 5 feet long are suspended two baskets into which their luggage is put, and this pole is shifted from one shoulder to the other with the dexterity of an adept. They go at a slow swinging trot and can easily keep up with a man on horse back, and in hot weather could kill any horse in a day's journey. They seem never to get hungry or tired, and stop during a day's march only for water or to light a cigarette. During a battle

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