

and an old insurgent trench. The Spanish fire that was too high for the American line swept this field incessantly and made it a perfect death trap. It was the only way up, however, and the Pennsylvanians crossed it gallantly.

Meantime help was coming. Lieutenant Krayenbuhl, with the first platoon of battery K of the Third regular artillery, acting as infantry, had been posted at the junction of the Manila and Pasal roads, with orders to advance if necessary. Lieutenant Kessler, with the second platoon of the same battery, was posted on the Pasal road. Lieutenant Krayenbuhl was on the right with the same orders. The latter met the messenger from the front and went forward immediately after sending word to Lieutenant Kessler to follow quickly. He arrived just in time. The ammunition of the Pennsylvanians was almost gone. The men were firing at will. Lieutenant Krayenbuhl drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who fired without orders. This soon restored confidence.

The regulars began volley firing at once. They had plenty of ammunition. Lieutenant Kessler soon arrived and danger of catastrophe was then averted. Captain O'Hara, who was in command of a battalion of the Third artillery, had been keeping track of the American fire, and knew that the ammunition would soon be exhausted. Without waiting for orders, he sounded an assembly and battery H responded, under Captain Hobbs. Captain O'Hara took an orderly and bugler and started ahead. He told Captain Hobbs to come when he heard the bugle. Captain O'Hara met the courier on the road who told him the Americans were beaten.

Captain O'Hara sounded the bugle and went forward on the double quick.

Captain Hobbs answered the bugle call and went in with Battery H on the run. Captain O'Hara kept sounding "Forward" while advancing to let the men in the trenches know that reinforcements were coming. Going up the Manila road, Captain Hobbs was shot in the leg, but he went on just the same. The road was mighty hot. The Spaniards had the range and kept it full of bullets. The men ran in double column, and finally reached a trench, into which they went cheering.

Private McElroth of Battery H, who was acting as sergeant, jumped on the parapet to steady the men and walked up and down. He was shot in the head and fatally wounded.

Captain Hobbs got on the parapet, too, to get the men steady. A well-directed and effective fire followed. The Spanish fire soon slackened.

Meanwhile a courier had reached General Greene and reported that everything was lost. General Greene took the news coolly. He ordered a general call to arms, and the entire camp turned out. The First battalion of the First California regiment was sent forward on the double-quick through the fields. Eight cartloads of ammunition were sent to the Pennsylvanians. The Second battalion of the First California were ordered to act as reserves, and the rest of the command was held in camp under arms. Word was sent to the Raleigh, which was lying off shore, to be ready to silence the Malate guns if necessary.

The Californians went forward through a hailstorm of bullets and shells. Captain Richter was shot in the head and probably fatally wounded.

Sergeant Jush was instantly killed and several men wounded. The Californians finally got into another insurgent trench, mistaking it for an American position, and opened fire on our men in the trench ahead. They fired three volleys before they were

stopped. There is no positive knowledge that any loss was caused by their fire. The Californians finally got in place at the right of the line and did good work.

Private J. F. Finly of Company C, of California, especially distinguished himself. He took eight cartloads of ammunition through a terrific fire in the open fields to the Pennsylvanians. One native driver was shot in the leg and the pony killed. The cart tops were riddled. When the pony was killed, Finly pulled the cart himself and delivered the ammunition. As he returned across the field he found Richter and took him to the hospital with another wounded man. Then he returned to the front with ten carts for the wounded.

#### A LETTER FROM PARIS.

The Isaac Pereire is not a large steamer but it is a fast one and is a very pretty and comfortable boat. I am here on board with a lot of people whose language I cannot understand except when it is an Englishman who speaks. There are here French people who remain on deck all day narrating, as I suppose, some rather coarse jokes, judging by the roars of laughter that welcome every new story; there are also Spaniards with their everlasting cigarettes; also Americans talking business, and at last but not the least, Englishmen who eat all the time and silently, huge slices of roast-beef while they sip their tea. I notice on board many Arabians in their native costume, which is beautiful. These children of the desert have been vanquished by France but they have not been conquered; their eyes tell the whole story of their miseries and the somber fire that sparkles from them at certain moments makes one feel uncomfortable. I have just made the acquaintance of Sidi Ben Ahmet, a powerful chief, or sheik, of his country. His family descends from the king of Granada-Boabdill, who, after having conquered Spain and reigned many years there, was driven from the peninsula by the victorious armies of Ferdinand and Isabella, led by the hero of Spain, the Cid. Sidi Ben Ahmet is a man of noble appearance, his costume is strikingly beautiful and his white "Burnaus" spread over his brilliant cavalry uniform enhances still his handsome countenance. His eye is proud and the expression of his face is cruel, but at certain times, when some lady passes him, the whole expression of his face changes and he looks as tender and meek as a lamb. He is a colonel in the French army and is a friend of France. He can talk the French language to perfection and understand English so well that I am delighted at having met him, especially because he has graciously offered to be my cicerone throughout Algiers when we arrive there. This colonel, whom I shall call Sidi Ben Ahmet in the future, is a nobleman, not only in bearing but in his heart. After having talked with him of many subjects, we began to speak about the dominion exercised by France upon his native land and as he gave me many particulars on the fall of his race: the revolt of the Kabyles, and the famous campaign when the great Abd-El-Kader, almost a prophet to his people, had fallen under the masses of the French cavalry, who under the command of Duke d'Aumale had captured the "Harem" of Abd-El-Kader; the eyes of my new friend were filled with tears at that dark recollection of his youth. I did not urge the brave soldier to speak further, because I myself felt moved by his sorrow, but suddenly after a few moments of silence and a few puffs from his cigar to give himself a coun-

tenance, he violently said: You see, no use to resist; the Arabs are degenerated, the race is going to pieces. We had a hope but it disappeared the day when Abd-El-Kader swore allegiance to France and became her friend forever. As long as Abd-El-Kader was free the war would never have ended, but when he lost his liberty, ours was lost also! Mahomet, who sees all from his celestial throne, has said it through our chief's mouth. "It was written" and it is better for the Arabs to obey the French than to be under the rule of England, who calls her subjects free while they are no more than slaves! And Sidi-Ben-Ahmet after these words fell back in his steamer-chair, seemingly depressed, although looking as if he were resigned to "fate."

The people have said that the Mediterranean sea is very mild, are mistaken, and I can testify that it is extremely rough. The waves are not as high as those of the ocean, but they are very short, which makes it very uncomfortable for the passengers. I am seasick, but I am not the only one here who suffers; even the horses are sick, and the poor creatures that we have on board seem quite downcast. The Mediterranean sea is beautiful to look at, it has a very peculiar color and its waters are more admirable than those of the ocean. The sunsets here are superb and it happens at times that through the effects of light, the line of the horizon does not exist any more, and the sea and blue heaven seem to be mingled together, without any division, just as if they rolled one into the other. I have seen paintings of this style in American by such artists as Frank Mosler, William Clamson and others, and thought they were the fancy of these artists, an effort of their imaginations, but it is not so, the peculiar effect of the sky and water mixed one in the other and without any deviation by the line of the horizon is altogether natural in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic and all the seas in these latitudes.

My new friend, Sidi-Ben-Ahmet says that by tomorrow morning we will arrive in Algiers, unless a gale blows from the coast of Africa or if the warm wind called "mistral" blows from the Sahara desert. Sidi-Ben-Ahmet states that sometimes when they are on a military expedition in the country around Algiers or Tunis and Oran, for he has been in all of these provinces, the greatest foe to the soldiers in the desert is that wind or another one called "Sirocco." The horses are so frightened, and the camels also, that they refuse to advance, and lay down upon the ground to avoid the danger of being carried away. The best thing to be done then is for every man to fall flat on the ground and stay there until the gale has passed; but it very often happens that in some places the sand is drifted by the wind and the men and animals are buried alive under mountains of this sandy soil.

My destination—I will, however, stop, because everyone is running up on deck and the cries, Land! Land! Algiers! Algiers! are heard. There is a stampede on the narrow staircase of the steamer, and in my attempt to climb up stairs I am almost knocked down, but after having fallen upon a lady, crushed the sore toe of a red nosed gentleman, I am lucky enough to reach the arms of my friend, Sidi-Ben-Ahmet, who steadies me once again, and I go on deck in his company.

The Arabian Knights have never depicted anything greater than the shining panorama that emerges, all bathed in misty lights, from the bosom of Amphitrititis! The cupolas and domes, the spiers and town clocks extend their arms toward the morning Aurora, who, in company with Phoebus, spreads light