

we are. They have a Mauser rifle, a rifle of German make, which is one of the best rifles made. It is, however, in no way superior to our Krag-Jorgensen. Both are magazine guns. But the only troops with us having the Krag-Jorgensen guns are the regulars, four companies of the Eighteenth Infantry and two companies of the Third artillery. The Pennsylvania, Colorado, Nebraska and California regiments have the old Springfield.

Those Mauser bullets do have an ugly sound as they ping through the air or clip off the tops of trees or blades of grass within a few feet of our head. Two guns of our battery and two of Captain Grant's were also in the trenches—ours on the right, his on the left. As good luck would have it, we had moved our guns from the insurgent position in the rear of their new resting places the morning before the engagement, and Captain Grant had taken up two of his guns. I had very carefully concealed my guns by putting thatches in front of the embrasures, or holes through which the guns protrude, and I and all of us are quite convinced that the Spanish were taken wholly by surprise when my two guns opened on them—they supposed they were still in the rear—in the old insurgent position—and that is where they got, fooled, to their cost we believe. Captain Grant had taken no means to conceal his embrasures, although they were in fact partly hidden and Lieutenant Grow feels assured that the Spanish believed that the only guns they would have to deal with were the two on the left—for that reason they kept a thin line in front of the left wing, putting most of their men on our side in order to avoid the guns.

There had been skirmish fire during the day between the sharpshooters, but nothing serious. About 5 in the afternoon I had gone up on a porch on the third floor of the monastery, with Captain Grant and Lieutenant Kragenhuhl, Third artillery. We crawled out to the end of the porch where we had a splendid view of the Spanish lines. I had just left them and had crawled up the rear slant of the roof to the gable (I had seen Colonel Hale in the same excellent position in the morning) when the Spaniards began firing like sin. I don't know whether it was at us or not, if so, nothing came very close, but Grant and Kragenhuhl made a bee line for the staircase, and from thence down into the trenches. But for me escape was not quite so easy, so I made up my mind to stay on the roof until things looked more encouraging. There I remained to the immense enjoyment of the boys in the trenches below, for about half an hour, and then I sneaked down pretty close to the staircase, and got down in a hurry, I assure you. As a matter of fact, we have all been where the bullets fly ever since we came. A bullet comes through camp once in a while. A man was shot in the leg by one yesterday morning.

To return to the battle. All was comparatively silent, until 11:30. The boys were crouching behind the earthworks, most of those belonging to the battery being asleep under the canvas shelter I constructed for them. Then there arose from the Spanish lines a sheet of flame. Our boys say there were at least 3,000 of the enemy. Their guns back in their lines joined in and the dark and rainy night, disagreeable enough under any circumstances, was made hideous by the sight of messengers of death. The enemy came out of their earthworks with the evident intention of throwing our right flank, which was supposed to be in charge of the insurgents but which in fact was most woefully weak and unprotected. The Pennsylvania boys valiantly returned the enemy's fire, rising up over the parapet to de-

liver their shots and loading under cover. When things got intolerable Lieutenant Gibbs let drive with one of our pieces, knocking out the temporary cover to the embrasures; this was followed by Lieutenant Grow on the west. They fired shrapnel (shells each containing 200 bullets) right into the enemy's flashes. Lieutenant Kragenhuhl says that each shot left a gap in the Spanish lines. The Pennsylvania boys fired so rapidly that before long they were almost without ammunition, then for a time things looked extremely blue. The Spaniards seemed to have an inexhaustible supply, and their firing kept up intermittently. Gibbs cut his shrapnel at zero, so it would explode in the gun, and let them have it right and left. Grow followed suit. Just at the critical moment up came the reserves under Lieutenant Kragenhuhl. They came through the mud at a double time with their bugles blowing, they fled into the trenches and were received with a hearty cheer by the boys. Immediately the commands "load," "ready," "aim," and "fire" were heard and the regulars rose above the works and poured volley after volley into the almost victorious Spaniards. Then up came other regulars, Third artillery, then the Colorado boys and some California company and the Spaniard concluded he had had enough and retreated after two hours' hard contest. We do not know how many were killed among them, but it must have been a considerable number, they were out of their trenches, we were in ours and we had our cannon right against their lines.

You should hear the praises bestowed on the Utah boys. It is frequently stated that we saved the day, that the Spanish would have been too much for our infantry without the protection of our guns. We fired 160 cannon shots during the engagement. One provoking feature of the affair was the shooting into our batteries and trenches by some California companies. The latter went into the insurgent abandoned trenches behind us and must have mistaken our lines ahead for the Spaniards and let us have a volley or two, apparently without killing anyone, however.

At the earliest moment we sent up two limbers full of ammunition to each battery. It took 20 men to pull each limber, but the boys went through the mud with a right good will in constant danger of their lives. Captain Grant and I also went up into the lines as soon as we learned that General Greene had nothing else for us to do. Nelson went with me.

Yesterday Lieutenant Webb took Gibbs' place and again last night the firing started. The wind was the other way and we did not hear so well, but our lines were much stronger and were in command of Colonel McCoy of Colorado, a splendid and efficient man, who made up his mind to let the Spaniards stand off and do all the firing they wished so long as they did not come into our camp, and reserve his force until it was really necessary, and not needlessly expose a man. I do not believe we fired a gun. Several wounded have been brought in, however, and I am very anxious to hear from Lieutenant Webb.

Lieutenant Webb came, and with him the good news that only one of our men had suffered. A stalwart fellow from Colorado was shot through the head. He was aiming over the top of the parapet when an ugly little Mauser went through his open eye and on through his head. When his eye was closed you could not see where he was hit. Several others were wounded in the Colorado regiment. The attack was like that of the night before. A strong infantry fire and the fire of a number of guns. The Spaniards have the range

perfectly and drop shells in our lines with fearful accuracy. Lieutenant Critchlow was assisting in the aiming of one of Grant's guns, when a shell came through the embrasure, struck the frame of the gun, knocked it off and exploded it. Fortunately no one was hurt, though pieces flew in all directions. Lieutenant Webb did not fire. In fact we had day before yesterday as yesterday the strictest orders not to fire unless the enemy came out of his trenches. So last night, when the attack was repeated just as before, we did not fire a shot, though the infantry poured out 60,000 or 70,000 bullets. The Spanish aim is splendid; nothing saves us but the entrenchments. The Monterey (monitor) has not arrived yet. Dewey, it seems, must have her before he starts in. There seems to be some apprehension that the German fleet, which is strong, will resent the bombardment of the town and that our admiral will have the Dutchmen also to fight, so he wants his strong vessel. He has no armored ship here, but the Monterey is one of the most powerful warships afloat. More anon. I must post this.

GENERAL ORDER OF THANKS.

The following is the general order of commendation and thanks issued by command of General Greene:
Headquarters Second Brigade,
U. S. Expeditionary Forces,
Camp Dewey, near Manila,
Aug. 1, 1898.

General Orders No. 10.

The brigadier general commanding desires to thank the troops engaged last night for the gallantry and skill displayed by them in repelling such a vigorous attack by largely superior forces of the Spaniards.

Not an inch of ground was yielded by the Tenth regiment Pennsylvania infantry and batteries A and B, Utah artillery, stationed in the trenches. The battalion Third United States infantry moved forward to their support through a galling fire with the utmost intrepidity. The courage and steadiness shown by all in their first engagement are worthy of the highest commendation.

The dead will be buried with proper honors under the supervision of regimental and battalion commanders at 3 o'clock today in the yard of the convent near Maricaban.

By command of Brigadier General Greene. W. G. BATES,
Assistant Adjutant General.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

A Sunday school conference for the northern part of Cache Stake was held in Smithfield Tabernacle, Sunday, Aug. 21st. Services began promptly at 10 a. m. On the stand were Elders L. John Nuttall, J. W. Summerhays and J. M. Tanner of the Sunday school board, and Wm. G. Reese, assistant Stake Sunday school superintendent.

An excellent program was rendered, consisting of questions and answers, songs, recitations and musical exercises.

A report from each of the Sabbath schools was given.

Elders Nuttall and Tanner gave good instructions and advice and spoke highly of the exercises.

At 2 p. m. the exercises were continued, and in addition to those on the stand in the forenoon were Elders Heber J. Grant and Mathias F. Cowley; Stake, President Orson Smith; Stake Sunday School Superintendent O. C. Ormsby. Elders Grant and Cowley spoke upon the law of Tithing and the many great blessings that will be derived by strict obedience to this law. They also gave other good advice.

FRANK COLEMAN, Clerk.