

battle is over and neither I nor any Utah men has so much as been wounded.

Monday, Aug. 15, 1898.

I did not get very far with my letter yesterday. Something came along to interrupt me. Here I will go again. Well, we are now in Manila, or more properly, in Malate, a suburb of that city, rather miserably situated, but looking forward to the time when we shall get into permanent barracks. This is now impossible, since after conquering the Spaniards, we find ourselves with the natives in a somewhat ugly mood—they have been considering themselves, as indeed we have treated them in some respects, as our friends and allies—they have been fighting Spaniards for years, have pushed them right into their capital and then, they say, we come along and take all the fruits of victory, and quite naturally they ask where they come in. So far as our present policy is concerned, they are not to be permitted to come into Manila at all. They want to loot the city; we expect either to turn back to the Spanish or keep the city, and in either event do not want the city pillaged or burned.

The Filipinos are fighting for independence, and will feel ugly at any solution of the difficulty not recognizing them as independent.

But I have not said a word about the battle yet.

At 6 o'clock I started out from Camp Dewey for the trenches about two miles distant with 60 odd men. Lieutenant Webb having started earlier with 12 to go to a position farther east, when we had found a portion of a swamp for our two "pups, or sea guns. We had not reached our position when a lively cannonade started up in the right of our lines. We afterwards learned that it was a scrap started by the Filipinos, which drew a good many shots from the Dons, mostly directed at Lieutenant Grow's gun, still farther to the right than Webb. We are fearful that they would begin the ball before we got behind the trenches—this would have been extremely dangerous to us—nearly all of those killed and wounded in our other engagement were hit while coming up behind the trenches—but fortunately for us, the firing was confined to the right of our line, about one-half mile away. Some of the shells came somewhat near us. We quickened our pace and sneaked up through the brush into the trenches, the first troops of the battle detail to arrive on the line.

I immediately set to work to strengthen the breastworks where necessary and also conceived the idea of protecting the gunners by putting two sandbags on each side of the gun on seats provided for the cannoners. We got our gun detachments all told off so that every man knew his place. I got the sergeants and gunners together and gave them some instructions about elevations on their sights, windage, drift, etc., and impressed them with the idea that we were there to make a reputation. Pretty soon the Colorado regiment came filing in from camp and relieved the Pennsylvania boys who had been on guard the previous day. We are thoroughly in love with Hale's regiment—it is a splendid lot of fellows—brave, willing to work and well disciplined. We were delighted to have them around us.

General Greene soon came with his staff and took up his position in the now celebrated church as headquarters.

About 9 o'clock we saw the ships of Dewey's fleet begin to move out from their places in Cavite and to proceed up the bay.

The Spaniards fired a few Mausers down our way, but hurt no one. About half past 9 we heard the boom of one of the fleet's guns, soon followed by others. I was at General Greene's side and he told me to let them have a

few rounds, and sent the same word to Captain Grant, farther to our west. I fired the first shot from my No. 2 piece with sight set at 1,050 yards. The estimate was exact. The shell sped with the wings of light over to the Spanish breastworks on top of Malate fort, and knocked the sandbags galley-west, showing that our aim and elevation was exact. I immediately followed with other guns, and Captain Grant opened out below. Nearly every shot struck the parapet—one from Lieutenant Naylor's piece struck a shed or something of the sort, and made the planks and beams mount into the sky in great shape. One of the other guns of my battery, at one round, got such a fine opportunity on the breastworks that it lifted one sandbag at least 50 feet in the air and others almost as high. There were other guns just below the fort and one across a bridge, near by at which I directed a few shots, and each time we could see the sand mount skyward. Oh, these guns we have are daisies! If the Spanish had had any nearly so powerful we could not have held our position at the church as we did, after nights of bombardment. In the meantime the navy were pouring it into the Spanish fort and along their trenches, which they had a splendid chance to do from the bay. The navy did not shoot nearly so accurately as we did, but it was a caution to see how their big eight-inch and other guns did rip things up when they did strike.

After shelling for about an hour the infantry, which had not fired a shot, were thrown forward of our lines, by battalions in skirmish lines. Even after they were out we fired right over their heads, but it made them duck—the feeling is not comfortable, I have no doubt. For the first time the Spaniards showed some life; they fired some small arms, but a few volleys from the Colorado boys silenced all that. The Colorado regiment went out in three lines. Everybody expected every moment that the Spanish would open fire on the advancing lines, and perhaps lay out a hundred or two, but the truth was as we imagined—the fire of the fleet and of our own guns was so intense and terrifying that they had fled in panic after the first shots which struck and penetrated their lines with deadly aim and irresistible power. The small river between our position and the Spanish fort was forded near the mouth on a bar. The Colorado regiment was followed by others.

They advanced cautiously up to the Malate fort and soon we saw Old Glory flying from the corner of the fort which a few moments before, had been the target for our fire. A great cheer went up all along the line.

There, from the top of the church, we saw the infantry pushing up along the Calle Real, the principal street of the suburb. They were fired upon some, but did not lose a man. All seemed quiet then for an hour, when the American flag was seen to fly from the main flag staff of the walled city, this was followed by another cheer from the soldier boys in reserve.

In the meantime there was fighting on our right. The right of our brigade, the dismounted Third artillery, and Lieutenant Webb's two guns were not engaged, but still farther to the right, where the first (or General McArthur's) brigade was situated, there was a warm scrap or two in which a dozen or so men were killed and forty or fifty wounded.

Lieutenant Grow had been detailed to take a gun up to an insurgent breastwork on the Pasai road. He was in full readiness in the early morning when the damned insurgents fired a sawed-off cannon they had there at the Spanish lines, not more than 300 yards

away. The effect was to bring an artillery fire down on Grow and the troops along there. This did not last long, nor result seriously. So when the word came later for Grow to fire, he put a shot through the Spanish blockhouse No. 14, destroying the number painted on the outside and blowing the inside out. This he followed with several other shots. As a result the Spaniards were driven from their lines so that the Twenty-third United States Infantry went over the Spanish breastworks without a show of opposition, but they encountered some opposition up the road on their way to the city, and lost a few men. Still further around to the right, the Astor battery had been placed with their little guns (gun and carriage, weighing only 520 pounds each). They also fired and drew some Spanish artillery fire.

Then, when it seemed that the Spaniards were silenced, they advanced with two of their guns over the breastworks and along the road, accompanied by infantry—the Thirtieth Minnesota. They were met near a little church with a few volleys of Mausers from an entrenched house a little farther on and lost a few men (the infantry). Gen. McArthur called for volunteers to dislodge the enemy in the fort. Singularly enough, Captain Murat of the Astors volunteered. Singularly, because his men only had cannons and revolvers. They did not succeed in dislodging the Dons, and lost their first sergeant and ranking duty sergeant in the charge, and had nine or ten men wounded. They were driven back and nearly lost their two guns. Soon the Spaniards were compelled to retreat, because their compatriots in front of our line on the right were defeated.

Well, we were ordered to bring our guns and come into the city and a battalion of Idaho troops ordered to assist us in pulling them. So we struck up along the beach in the pathway of the infantry and forded the stream with water to our knees, up past the Malate fort and into quarters a little farther on. Every house in the vicinity was abandoned. Beds, furniture, clothing, everything left in the greatest disorder—already the natives were beginning to rob. We had scarcely had our supper, when we were again ordered to move. So we packed up and loaded up and moved up a mile through two dark streets to the Cuartel de Malate, or Malate barracks, a big square filled with barrack buildings, fine in architecture, with a stone wall capped with an iron grating fence surrounding it. Here we found apparently thousands of our soldiers, pushing and crowding and cooking their scanty meals on fires made in the areas of the barracks. We ran our gun into the enclosure and were pointed out a thatched but comfortable building on the other side of the street for our men to sleep in. Yesterday I made an effort and moved up all—or nearly all—the camp equipment, to our present place. All the men but three are now here. I am now going to send 40 men and one of our caisson bodies back for the rest of our tentage. Captain Grant was with us the first night, but got orders to move further up into the city, and is now most palatially located in one of the city administration buildings.

We (the officers) are occupying the rear room of one of the buildings in which the men are quartered. O, we have had the devil's own time for several weeks. Mud, rain, trenches, work day and night, sleeping anything, never dry, eating hardtack, etc., and not even settled.

We are kept down here at General McArthur's headquarters in order to assist in repelling the insurgents should they get ugly and attack. In a day or so the situation will clear up, and we