

of climate, of ground and of food to which we were subjected have never been surpassed in any work which American soldiers have been called upon to perform, and for two weeks were forced to remain quiet under a constant and deadly fire from the enemy until the plans for a joint land and naval attack were perfected. These difficulties were met in a spirit not only free from complaint, but of generous and hearty enthusiasm. We have our reward in the capture of this fortified city, with slight loss. You have thus forever associated your names with one of the most important events in American history, and have won the gratitude and esteem of all your countrymen.

F. V. GEENE,

Brigadier General Commanding.

Tomorrow I will visit the trenches, or as the boys call them, the "drenches," and in my next letter I will tell the "News" readers how Utah did herself proud at Manila, where the Stars and Stripes replaced, and we hope forever, the blood-stained flag of Spain.

NOD RESSUM.

Manila, Sept. 8.—Manila is a quaint old city. Mother-Hubbards and bare legs, narrow, crooked streets and indescribable smells, grand old churches and thatched huts, fruits and flowers and scabs and sores and morals all out of repair and quite useless, are some of its distinguishing features. In a word, Manila is a part of the Orient. Damascus, Cairo, Bombay, Hongkong and Manila, though entirely different, create the same impressions on the western traveler. They are clean and filthy, beautiful and ugly, poverty-stricken and wealthy, grand men and miserable, all at the same time; and in any of them, one with only half an imagination can live way back in the ages that first gave birth to history. And what a wonderful experience it is to leave the noise and bustle and energy of the Nineteenth-Century West, and drop down into the dawn-of-Creation East. From newspapers, steam and electricity, from colleges, bath-tubs and Sunday-evening confabs with your best girl, to a land of primeval rottenness and simplicity, where shirt-tails and rice seem to be life's great incentive. What a study is here for the young Americans who compose Uncle Sam's volunteer army in the Philippines, and how gratifying it is to know that among the thousands of blue-coats in this righteous war, there are many, many hundreds from all quarters of our great Union of states, whose minds are turned intellectually, and who are reaching out in every direction for the information and experience thus placed within their reach. Soldier life is not conducive to morals, for the reason it permits men to be so indolent and lazy that as a rule they lose sight of their former ambitions, forget they ever had energies, and soon have interest in nothing but pay day. The bugle awakens them, tells them when to eat breakfast, when to have their names entered on the sick-call, when to drill, when to eat dinner, when to eat supper, when to go to their quarters and when to blow out their candles and go to sleep. In a short time they are as so many machines, and it makes but little, if any, difference to them where they are if they have enough to eat and wear, and no heavier burdens than to smoke, curse the government and dream away the years. Of course, there are many and bright exceptions. In my short experience in the ranks, I have known men who thought nothing of exerting themselves physically and mentally. They could even find time between reveille and taps to sew a button on,

take a bath or polish their shoes. Some of them even read, and it seems to me that I once heard of a soldier who, during the hundreds of hours of leisure time, actually studied and partly mastered a foreign language. I may be mistaken in this, however. And after reflecting on my own experience since the war broke out, I am inclined to think it must have been some other person than a soldier.

Soldiers have been known to go sight-seeing, and that's hard work. Most any afternoon a walk through Manila would discover dozens or rather hundreds of them, poking their noses into all kinds of nooks and corners, and in their quest for cigarettes and information making all kinds of grotesque movements with their hands and feet, much to the amusement of native vendors.

A walk through this old city at night, or to be more correct, a tumble through it, for the streets are dark and unchristianly paved, is worth more than full rations for a week. I have had several of them, the last one just the other evening. I turned from contemplating a grand old specimen of Spanish cathedrals here in the East, just as its beautiful chimes announced the hour of eight, and strolled down a little street no broader than some folks' religious views. You could hop across that street without much effort, and it had as great, if not a greater, variety of smells as old Jerusalem. It was principally a Chinese street. Hop Lip, Sing Long, Slim Fat, You Hung Hang and other animals of the same brood, had their stalls on it and sold everything from a stuffed rat to a pound of opium or an elastic conscience. And it was straight, or as much so as the commissary department of the United States army, which is a compliment to streets in this part of the world. At places the eaves of the musty and moss-covered houses met in an arch where smoke and disease find a harbor, at other parts one could catch glimpses of a moon-lit heaven with here and there a star. Here, indeed, was a most oriental part of the Orient. Its scabs and ulcers and physical deformities, its silk and gaudy jewelry and raiment only partly revealed by scores of little oil bowls in which floated lighted wicks. They called these things lamps, and one of the boys concluded the street was suffering with campers. It would not have been much of a feat to have hidden its whole light under a bushel and then I doubt if the bushel would have been half filled. The bulk of the street's business was centered in its little dingy restaurants where, nearly all things vile and uneatable were displayed in open windows. Half dressed queues, blinked and grinned and smoked in dark corners; women with baby feet encased in wooden shoes shuffled over the uneven pavement; naked children rolled and fought and bawled and laughed in the filth under foot, with flea-bitten curs—dogs—that scratch and snap and scratch till they are one mass of sores, and every few paces a blue-crated sentinel stood with bayonet fixed, and with disgust written on every line of his sun-browned face, wishing for pay-day and his discharge.

I went into an opium den, a little 12 by 16 room, so filled with fumes of the vile drug that I had to carve my way. Eight Chinamen and two Filipinos reclined on long couch arrangements and puffed their way into other worlds at 5 cents a smoke. Some of them were already off, and as they lay there rolled in a knot, barely half clad, with their clumsy opium pipes clasped tightly in their bony fingers, their mouths open and eyes rolled up, and in that foul smoke-filled room lighted only by the tiny spirit lamps, used by the smokers

in preparing their opium, they formed a picture so hideous as to not soon be forgotten. If their smoke induced sleep were a sweet bliss not to be had in any other way, the expressions on their dark and saffron faces were no indication of the fact. An artist drawing the interior of hell's darkest corner, could not find a more suggestive model than that opium den. In a corner behind a lath-work and revealed by one flickering light, sat the proprietor, a crafty devil, weighing out the drug to his customers. His teeth were decayed and his yellow body was nude from the waist up. The woodwork of the place was black with smoke, the stone floor seemed damp and foul; in fact, filth seemed to be the chief characteristic of all and everybody about.

"Senor opium smokee?" enquired a friendly disposed heathen, proffering his long used pipe, and in accordance with the soldier habit of taking anything and everything offered, and much that is not, I came precious near accepting with thanks. But I caught myself in time and declined with all the grace possible. It is a hard thing for a soldier to decline anything but extra duty.

Some of the young fellows of batteries A and B got together in a tent last Sunday evening and organized a Y. M. M. I. A., we think the first on the Eastern hemisphere. The organization is complete, after the pattern of those at home, and promises to be an interesting and important feature in the barracks life of the Utah troopers. Captain Young was present and lent his valuable aid in the launching of the new association, and we have since been fortunate in securing a large room in which to hold our meetings. Of course we haven't many books to study from nor is there a manual to be found in the whole camp. We can learn much, however, without books; the saddest and most unget-aroundable feature will be our inability to hold conjoint sessions. Our program for next meeting is as follows: First two chapters of Aots, Willard Call; recitation by Stephen Bjornson; vocal solo, by C. J. Bywater; talk on the Philippines, by D. H. Wells.

It has been decided to make the association non-sectarian, and besides the theological feature, which for a time will be confined to the Acts of the Apostles, we will have programs such as the above. The health of the Utah boys continues good. Those who took part in the battle attending the fall of Manila, are now ready and anxious to return to their homes; the newly arrived recruits, however, desire to hang around awhile in the hopes of smelling powder. Personally, we would like enough to eat and more paper to spoil in "News" correspondence.

NOD RESSUM.

#### UTAHNS WRITES FROM MANILA.

Mr. Bert McBride of this city has received a letter from C. S. Sandberg, one of the hospital corps who went from this city to Manila with the Utah batteries. The letter is written from Military P. O. Station No. 1, Cavite, Philippine Islands, and dated Sept. 8, 1898. By the tenor of the letter the health of the boys at Manila is remarkably good, which speaks volumes for the climate as compared with Cuba and Porto Rico. After describing the trip over from San Francisco, in which he makes the usual kick over the fare, he continues:

"As soon as we arrived here, Lyman and myself were sent to the reserve hospital for duty. He was put to nursing the typhoid fever cases and did so well that he was made ward master. I was placed in charge of the dispensary which is easy work but drug store hours. We have on an average of one hundred and fifty patients all the time