

DESCRIPTIONS OF
ARMY LIFE IN THE
PHILIPPINES

BY JAMES R. MEVICKER

Prologue:

This series of documents contain the contents of a scrapbook created by James Rufus McVicker (JRM) (1876-1963) during his term of Army duty in the Philippines Islands.

James R. McVicker agreed to act as a war correspondent, initially for the Ottumwa Courier newspaper and later for other publications.

The books contain all, or most, of the newspaper clippings and notes, which JRM submitted, in addition to other newspaper articles relating to the Spanish American War and beyond.

In addition there are articles relating to his West Point experience as well as his political and vocational careers.

The actual pages are faded, yellowed and extremely fragile. Scanning the contents would have been difficult to accomplish, while maintaining the integrity of the document.

I decided to photograph the pages, as best I could, using a digital camera on a tripod. Some of the pages may be difficult to read without zooming in to small sections. This dictated using a high-resolution image, resulting in a larger file size than I would have desired.

OTTUMWAN IS INJURED

**Fred Strong Falls In Battle In
the Philippines.**

WOUND IS BUT SLIGHT

**Is a Son of Mrs. Carrie Strong—He Joined
Company M, of Red Oak in
California—Other Iowans
Are Hurt.**

Washington, May 3.—(By Associated Press.)—Gen. Otis reports the following casualties:

Wounded:

Brigadier General Irving Hale, leg, slight.

First South Dakota, Company H, Capt. C. H. Englesby, shoulder, slight; Company G, Sergeant Oscar N. Corsey, leg, slight.

Fifty-first Iowa—Company M, Private E. E. Strong, scalp, slight; Private S. J. Tillen, shoulder, slight; Company H, Private Bertram Grace, foot, slight, accidental.

The E. E. Strong referred to in the foregoing dispatch as being slightly injured by a scalp wound, is undoubtedly Fred E. Strong, of this city, son of Mrs. Carrie Strong, of East Main street. He is a member of Company M., of Red Oak, Capt. J. W. Clark commanding. He joined the company as a recruit in California, before it sailed. He was 18 years of age last December.

The Courier readers will remember reading the many letters from Mr. Strong's pen regarding the army in the Philippines, which have been published as received by his mother in this city. All will join in hoping that the wound is as stated—slight, and that he will soon recover.

There is now no question but that it was Fred Strong, of this city, who was the victim of an insurgent bullet in the fighting in the Philippines. The information was first given out yesterday through the Courier, the news coming in an Associated Press official list of recent killed and wounded. Relatives and friends of the young man immediately requested particulars, with the natural fear that his hurt was serious. The Courier was, however, glad, very glad, to reassure those anxious for his safety that the wound was reported to be very slight, merely a scalp cut. Two other Iowans were included in the list of injured, all slight, which was headed by none other than Brigadier General Irving Hale, who was reported to have a slight leg wound. Friends and relatives can feel certain that Mr. Strong's injury was just what the official report says. Had it been otherwise, special information would have been sent. No doubt, by this time the young man is himself again and is with his comrades ready for the word that will send them again to whatever place duty calls.

From Roy E. Brown

On board the U. S. S. "Arizona",
Tuesday, July 26, 1898.

Dear Editor NEWS:

It is just three months today since the Iowa troops were called out, and the 30th day of July will end the two months service since "mustering in" day. And best of all, four more days, may see us paid. We hope it will. Pay day is very similar to pay day at What Cheer, when some get back money loaned while others "go broke" inside of twenty-four hours. Thus goes life and money. But it is sad to say that several of our comrades lives have been sacrificed before being a quarterspent. Two men died last Sunday. D. Witt Tucker, of Co. L. from Council Bluffs and Corporal Dan Newsome of Co. D., Knoxville. Both deaths were caused by the unhealthy and changeable weather that we have to endure at Camp Merritt. This is to be remedied, however, by a removal of troops to Presidio, where the thick timber and hills cause the fogs to rise and break the force of the wind. If the Iowa regiments does not go with the next expedition, the removal may take place any time. We can assure you it will be a welcome exodus out of the sand, fog and chilling sea breeze.

Corporal McVicker has written of our camp life and the routine of our duties, also of the places of interest.

One of the most interesting trips to take, is around San Francisco Bay. A very kind lady secured a pass on the U. S. Steamer McDowell for herself and seven others, her friend and six soldiers accompanied her on the little steamer, used for carrying stores and soldiers to and from different places around the bay. The start was made at one o'clock. We touched at Alcatraz, an island out in the bay on which is situated the military prison. It is a grim looking affair, and prisoner have no show of escaping. The prisoners, if infantry, wear a white band on their hat; if cavalry, a yellow band, and if artillery, a red band. From here we went to the landing at Ft. Scott, which is a part of Presidio. Then we turned to Line-point, directly across the bay to our left, was the beautiful Golden Gate, in which the sun seems to set at this season of the year.

From the steamer we could see the big guns mounted on the high hills in front of us, that guard the north shore of the harbor mouth and help to make an impregnable against any foe. From here we went to Angel Island, a pretty place for camping and picnicing. Troops are also camped on the hill-side. They next headed for Alcatraz again, then Black Point, another Presidio landing, then to the Fort landing, after which we were taken back to the wharf. During the ride we had de-

voiced an enormous box-full of sandwiches and cakes. My! but it was good.

After landing on the wharf we were taken over to Oakland on the ferry, then to the end of the suburban railway, coming back, we took a walk through the principal streets of the city. The climate at Oakland is very pleasant; compares with Iowa's June weather. The sight of growing corn was cheering, but roasting ears were not large enough to eat so we passed them aside. Across the bay to "Frisco," then out to camp we went, feeling still more indebted to the Californians for their kindness.

Last Thursday there was a stir in the Iowa camp, caused by the order that a detail of twelve men, including a Lieutenant, a sergeant and corporal should be detailed as a guard on board the "Arizona," which was laying in the stream waiting to be docked. The writer happened to be the lucky one sent from Co. F. We were taken out to the vessel in a launch and about 6 o'clock boarded the ship; and at 8 o'clock mounted the guard, only one, and that at the top of the gang way. The rest, after a dinner that was a surprise indeed, (for we had a variety of meats, good bread, butter and excellent coffee,) went to bed on mattresses furnished on the ship. It was a great change from sleeping on the soft side of a board or in the sand. Nothing of importance occurred at night. The next morning the "Rio Janeiro," laden with the Dakotas, and with General Otis on board, steamed past us, her rigging and decks filled with men waving farewell to those on shore and ships.

We came into dock and more guards were posted, however, one of the Chinamen was able to get ashore and escape. The captain of the ship will be compelled to pay \$500 for every missing Chinaman; guards are now posted so that escaping is very difficult. We were out at camp today, the 27th, and learned that the camp is to be moved to presidio Friday, and the boys will be more comfortable than at Camp Merritt.

The Keokuk county boys all watch for the News every week. We seem to have "settled together". Coates, who worked for Casper Reinert at Riehland, is in the tent left of ours; Clark Wright of Keota, is with Coates; Corporal McVicker has is in charge of the tent to the right, and Riggs of Martinsburg, is across the company street. We all unite in sending our best wishes to our friends at home and wherever they may be found.

It will be some days yet before the ship will be ready. The choice of regiments has simmered down to the Kansas and Iowa's. We hope to be the fortunate regiment though.

Wishing Keokuk county people good harvests, health and a Grand Old Party victory again, I am,
Yours most truly,
Roy C. Brown,
Co. F. 51st Ia.

CAMP MERRIAM, San Francisco, Cal., August 10, 1898. EDITOR NEWS:—The last letter written to you by me was on board the "Arizona." The routine of guard duty became very tiresome. 3 hours on duty and 6 off, day after day, added to the incessant chattering of the Chinese crew on board, and which the captain had bounded himself to the government not to let land, on account of the late immigration act, made the work rather disagreeable and we applied for relief, this secured, camp life was again taken up. Upon reaching Camp Merriam Co. "F" was discovered to be in a state of chaos, all were busy putting in floors and getting the "Ka-dewy" (as we call our tents) fixed for habitation. The same night occurred the exhibition drill at the Pavillion given under the auspices of the Aid Society in behalf of the Red Cross.

For several nights we slept on soft side of a pine board, till one day big white ticks were issued to us, also baled straw. Eight men to a bale is the way it was divided, and soon the company street was filled with men carrying big bulky straw ticks on their backs. We are very comfortable now. The other evening news came that the 51st was ordered to Manila and immediately the band turned out, so did the whole regiment and for several minutes the wildest excitement prevailed. The noise soon subsided and the boys discussed the prospects of going across the grand Pacific. Tonight word came that the 1st Battalion would go on board the "Arizona" Saturday, such word is always received with more or less credit, and we have learned that we are not going anywhere till we start.

But San Francisco has many places of interest. The "Emporium," the largest store in the west, where anything can be bought is exceedingly interesting and the three large newspapers, "The Chronicle," "Call," and "Examiner" have their buildings on three corners of a cross street and vie with each other in producing the latest and most interesting news. Another part of the city and one usually visited by tourists is Chinatown. It is situated in the old business center of San Francisco and covers several blocks and on both sides of the street are Chinese stores and nothing else. In one of these is kept a stock valued at a sum over \$10,000. The main room of the store is not more than 20x40, but underneath are several

sub-cellars, the proprietors have their kitchen in the farthest corner of the last cellar, while their sleeping apartment is very cramped, but this is only one of the hundreds of stores. Their meat and vegetable markets are kept open early and late. It seems strange that dried chicken, ducks and other meat should be brought from China here, but stranger still to see eggs for sale that were laid in China. The finest place in Chinatown is the Joss-house where their gods are kept, but it is not safe for a person to touch one of the images for fear of the wrath to come both from gods and Chinamen. Before these images a perpetual fire is kept burning and if anyone dies in a family the survivors erect a small joss in their house, keep a fire burning and leave a little water or wine and some food in vessels in the joss for spirit of the departed when he makes his visit to the home. They have many other curious and fantastic customs.

Since Chinatown only covers a few blocks and between thirty-five and fifty thousand people live there space must be economized. There is almost as much room underground as overhead, you go down flight after flight of stairs following your guide around corners and across halls, while the smell of the opium becomes sickening. Finally you wind up at a small room in which there isn't a breath of fresh air and where there are six or eight Chinamen smoking opium. They have a special pipe, the bowl is flat with a small hole in the center, over this hole they place a ball of opium about the size of a pea, then they lean back, put the pipe in the blaze of a taper and fill their lungs full of smoke. Some can take the whole pipeful at one "draw," for an old smoker several hours of such smoking is necessary before sleep is produced. Another interesting place is the theater, the guide took us onto the stage and gave us seats near the edge. A war play was on, there was a continual banging of cymbals, wooden sticks and drums during the entire play. Not a word was uttered but their gestures and fights were very fierce. The stage had no curtains and if a player was killed during the progress of the act he simply got up and walked off when the time came. From here we went along the street where we could see the gold beaters at work making beautiful ornaments from pure gold. These they sell at the actual value of the gold including a very small recompense for their time consumed in making the article. But the Chinese are great gamblers and have several large gambling houses, the doors of these are only opened to those who have a certain

word to enter. The casings of the door are of solid iron and about two feet broad, the doors themselves are many in number and made very strongly to defy officers of the law who try to raid these dens. Should a Chinaman get the dislike of an influential countrymen he is soon put out of the way by a "High-binder" who is a person detailed to put him out of the way. The High-binders compare very well with the noted Klu-Klux-Klan and are very much dreaded by the unscrupulous Chinamen.

Many more interesting sights were seen but space forbids more details.

McVicker has told of the camp events and I will send this with his letter. With best wishes to all,

I am yours truly,
Roy C. Brown.

THE WILD WAVES

ROY C. BROWN WRITES A HIGHLY INTERESTING LETTER.

He Tells How the Boys All "Heaved Up Jonah."—Beautiful Sunset.—Tells About The People of Honolulu.—Are Having A Grand Good Time.

Saturday, Nov. 5, 1898, on board Steamship Pennsylvania. Dear Ones at Home:—There are two days that Uncle Sam will pay me for that I won't have lived, they are yesterday and when I cross the meridian 180 degrees. Yesterday I was seasick. Oh, it was fine I tell you. It caught me suddenly, I was laughing at some seasick ones, and I was suddenly seized with a desire to throw my boot heels overboard. I could have thrown my best friends overboard had they been in the right place. The spell did not last very long however, and I am O. K. this morning. The seamensay if we feel all right the next day that the attack is over. Rufus was very sick, so was Spencer, some of the boys haven't been on deck since we started. We have fairly comfortable quarters, and will get better ones when we reach Honolulu, for we change with those on 2nd deck. Places at the rail were at a premium yesterday. We will be seven days yet to Honolulu and twenty-one days from there to Manila. The boys feel fine, those who are not sick. The sea is fine and I have an appetite fit to clean out a cupboard. I kept my dinner, supper and breakfast down. I met a Mrs. Vose of Los Angeles the day we were at Pinney's. She wrote me a fine letter to be opened today. It was mighty kind of her. Mrs. Fairfield, another

lady, put up a lunch for seventeen of the boys. I got a bolt of mosquito netting to use when I get to Manila. My Christmas present to you will be a picture painted by a Miss Meinkie. She said if I would send her a spoon from Manila, she would paint a picture for you. I have a lot of limes, and Miss Langton gave Spencer and I a lot of beef tea tablets and crackers. Miss Meinkie gave me a letter of introduction to one of the California Captains. I will write a letter each day and send it at the first chance. We go on guard tomorrow.

Sunday—Well I had just got comfortably settled to writing, this morning, when I had to go to work scrubbing decks. It is really the crews place, but our company was on fatigue, so determined to do a good job. So Sunday found me with my pants rolled up, a broom in hand, splashing water at a great rate. I've a fine pair of sea legs now, and can ride on the forward turtle over the prow of the boat and never quiver. I am as hungry as a wolf all the time, have been eating hardtack just now. I wish you could all take the voyage, it is fine, the sun comes down through a rift in the clouds ahead of the ship and shines on the whitecaps. It is a fine sight. We will be six or seven days longer on the way to Honolulu and stay three or four days. I have a letter or two of introduction to different people there. We are not crowded on the ship, I sleep with one of my old tent mates, we have the second bunk. The bunks are in tiers, and double two in a tier. Along with our company came a couple of boys who stowed away till yesterday, and when they came up before the Colonel he just ask them if they were getting enough to eat. The Colonel is O. K. Well it is supper time and I would not miss that for a dollar. Some of the boys are still seasick.

Monday—Nothing of importance has happened. I will tell you what some of the boys said while they were seasick, one of them said "boys if you hadn't carried me down stairs when you did I'd have died soon", another was leaning over the rail, he innocently turned around and said, "I don't blame Christ for walking," another wished for the rod with which the Red sea was parted, another said as he looked over the rail (he was getting well) "now you darned waves I can look at you today." One poor seasick fellow was feeding the fish out of the upper row of portholes, another fellow leaned over the rail and deposited his supper on the other fellow's head, but that's nothing, a fellow don't care for a solitary thing.

I met Mrs. Vose at Mrs. Pinney's, the lady who used to live at Harper. Mrs. Vose writes for the Midland and for Puck and Judge, she is as witty as can be. Her home used to be at West Branch, Iowa. Some of the westerners would kind to seem to say "well we've heard of Iowa" but you've got to show me." I guess our regiment showed them that Iowa was O. K. I never had a better time than the last of October, the day of the Berkley game, I was all around with Birney Donnell, all through the buildings. I have lots of letters to write, it will be a couple of months before you get any letters from Manila. I brought along a lot of underclothes and am going to get enough string at Honolulu to make a hammock. Tomorrow is election day. We are throwing all the Democrats overboard, and having an all around good time. I wash my dishes by dragging them in the water by a string. I have a washing to do tomorrow, I will hang it overboard to. We have to get up lots of schemes to overcome our difficulties. Rufus is getting along all right. I expect you will get some pictures soon of a crowd of us who went around the bay on the Caroline, we had a fine time and lots to eat. I tell you western people are generous. I have a jolly time on the ship. I have reading some, but there is lots of noise and confusion going on, the band gives two concerts a day. In a day or two now we will have to begin to take baths, there are several shower baths arranged on deck and we have to chase around under them. This is a beautiful night and at sea the stars are bright and the sky clear as a bell. Millie would enjoy the trip immensely. I hope we will be able to go the rest of the way around when we get to Manila. I think we will have to go on guard about next Saturday, it may be in port at Honolulu that day, we are to take ballast there and will be in port several days.

Tuesday evening—It is lots hotter today and we began our baths today. When we reach Manila several of the officers and men are going to start up a law and language class and give those who want a chance to study. We will reach Honolulu about Saturday, our company will be on guard that day, well I don't care. We opened a box Mrs. Pinney gave Spencer and the boys in his tent, we found beef tea tablets, crackers, jelly canned or deviled ham, chicken and a lot of candy, it was fine. Oh, I lost my cup overboard when I was washing it, but I got hold of another one, so am only a cup less. I am glad it wasn't my plate. We may go to Manila by way of Hongkong, I hope so, and they may take

us home by way of the Suez canal, it would be almost as cheap and cheaper for the New York and Pennsylvania regiments. I got some canned blackberry jam and apricots today, to eat with my bread for supper. We had bread and hardtack, hominy, codfish, coffee and sugar. We will live on rice and fish in Manila. I am going to let all the first alone, they say none of natives eat the fruit. Well the ship moves on about the same and it still looks like we were climbing a hill, when we get over that hill we will be there.

Thursday—Well the hill is still there, tomorrow we will see land. I did my washing today, hung my shirt and socks overboard. I am going to have an ocean for a wash tub after this, it is hardly no work at all. We are almost to Honolulu, the deck hands are busy cleaning up the ship and polishing the brass. We passed some islands last night, called the Leper islands, there are where the lepers are sent. It will be some time before mail can reach us after we leave Honolulu, but we expect mail there. Several ships will sail from Honolulu together. The Kansas, Tennessee and Iowa troops will go. Our quarters will be changed when we reach port. At first I was in hopes they would not, but I hope now they will, we have rather poor quarters compared with others. We can buy canned peaches, blackberries, apricots and jelly on board. I think I will get some little extras at Honolulu, it makes the government "Slum Gullion" as we call it, taste better. It rained yesterday afternoon and over in the northeast was the finest rainbow I ever saw, it lasted for nearly half an hour.

The latest thing on deck is that the young man who wrote "by the sad sea waves" must have thought the waves were sad because they are so blue. Wonder how things are at home? I expect it is cold and freezing. Will miss my Thanksgiving dinner this year, but hope I won't fail to get one next year. If we had stayed in San Francisco I'd have had a dinner. I was at Mr. Gray's for dinner one Sunday evening, and told him I would bring Captain over if I could, but he was not able to go so I took the Lieutenant. We had a fine time. Almost the entire regiment went over to Berkley to the foot ball game. Birney Donnell showed us through the college buildings, it made me dead anxious to go to school, but if we get to studying in Manila we won't lose so much after all. Somehow I feel that this is a mighty good education in itself, that is along certain lines. Everyone is writing.

it is hard to find anything to write about. There is one thing sure, we haven't any Camp Merritt sand nor dust blowing in our eyes, that is some comfort anyway.

We are making much better time than they expected, instead of getting there Sunday we will get outside the harbor tonight. I am going on around the world if I can. I'd like to be in Paris in 1899, of course they may bring us back the other way, but it is not probable.

Last night was fine, a lot of the boys were singing in the fore-castle. The waves were cover with phosphorous. You can't imagine what it is like to be on the ocean. We have not had any rough weather at all, and the sea is as smooth as glass except for the occasional swell. When you are sea sick you can fair-fee a swell coming a mile away and when the ship rises and sink you think the top of your head is coming off. Joe Beeson was awful sick, he asked for some bread once, and a fellow gave him a hardtack, he said, "I asked for bread and he gave me a stone."

Send the papers right along and a law-journal or two, we have lots of books and magazines. I have a big bundle of books that Mrs. Gray gave me that I've never opened. They are packed in a box in the hold, they will come in handy when we reach camp.

Write and tell me all about the election. Did Hamilton get the judgeship? If you see Mr. Sidenbender tell him his nephew from Wellman is in my company, he is a first rate fellow.

I wish I had two or three thousand dollars to invest in the Philippines, I think lots of money could be made. The Spanish and other nations have kept down progress in every line, but since I haven't the money I won't buy up a coffee plantation or cocanut grove. I will be a regular Chinaman when I get back for the main diet of the natives is fish and rice.

We crossed the tropic of Cancer last night and will cross the international date line about 1800 miles from Honolulu. Land in sight, it is only a dim outline away off southward, it looks like the mountains did when we first began to see them.

Tomorrow we are on guard, we come off Sunday and have the whole day off, while the other companies have to keep around the ship that day, so we are not so unfortunate after all. I'd rather be on guard and then be free the entire time than to be dreading the going on guard. I will get hold of some little keep-

sakes in Honolulu and also in Manila, something the natives have made.

I'd give a good deal to have you all along on this trip. I expect grandma would enjoy it, it would do Vina good and give father a strong stomach. One fellow said to another who was leaning over the rail, "You seem to have a weak stomach." "Why," said the other, "aint I throwing it as far as the rest," and all sorts of stuff that you get tired of laughing.

The chaplain's wife is the only woman on board, she is out on the hurricane deck, she has been pretty sick.

Honolulu Saturday.—Well we are here. I haven't seen much of the town only from the boat. We are on guard and can't leave the dock. We got stuck on a coral reef last night but pulled off all right, didn't come into the harbor until this morning. About the first thing we saw Honolulu kids swimming by the boat waiting for us to toss nickles to them and they would dive for them.

We are off guard tomorrow. I want to get my letter finished today so I can put in all the time seeing this strange city. The natives are chocolate colored, intelligent and very congenial. I have to stand guard over a pile of commissary stores on top of the cook's gallery. I'm glad I don't have to go below, it is hot down there. I am going down to Waiki and get a good sea bath, also climb to the top of a crater of an extinct volcano right back of the town.

From the ship you can see the flag waving over the State house. The streets are narrow, none of the buildings are tall. I saw a fine sunset tonight, the sun went down behind clouds, and off to one side was a "full blown" ship standing out to the westward. I send you a couple of native-papers, they may prove of some interest to you.

Monday we play one of the schools here, football. They jumped us for a game as soon as we got here. Our team was the best on the coast. I will send you a Hiwaiian flag. Mail leaves tomorrow or next day on the "Coptie," the steamer I went to see

off just before I got the measles. I know one or two of the men on her and will visit them. I send you a Kauaka quarter.

I expect you will have to pay extra for this, but you will have to do worse than that on the letter from Manila. Well I am as lively as can be, and am not going to get sick.

Monday—Will add another sheet today. Mail goes this p. m.

I went to the house of the people had letters to and they treated we boys royally. We took lunch and dinner there. Their home is just across from President Dole's home. I saw the statehouse and government buildings, also went to the Union Central church. They have fine minister. Went through the native church. I wish you could see the city, it is lovely. A transport from Frisco came yesterday, another will come tomorrow, then all will go to Manila together.

I will close and get to work as we are going to take all the stuff out, and the ship will be cleaned. Write often.

Roy C. Brown,
Co. F, 51st Iowa, Manila, P. I.

ON BOARD PENNSYLVANIA, December 1, 1898. Dear Ones:—We have about a week more on this ship before we reach Manila. It has been a pretty long trip but a pleasant one. At Honolulu I had a fine time, I met the people we had letters to the first day there. Of course our company was on guard and we couldn't leave the dock. I got out long enough to buy a pair of white duck trousers and a light shirt, it was too awful hot for my blues, besides we will get some white clothes when we reach Manila.

Sunday in Honolulu, Spencer, Corley, Fred Angus (the boy we met) and I went to church, saw President or Gov. Dole. Then we went around to the state house and palace and down to the native church. The church is built entirely of coral rock that the natives carried from the reefs. We went up to Angus' for lunch, there are three girls, one about Eunice's age and size and another one looks like Millie, the other is very quiet. The two boys, Fred and George are fine fellows. George is an athelete and pulls bow oar in the racing team.

In the afternoon we went out around the city and colleges. One part of the college fence has night blooming Ceres completely covering it, they say it is grand when in bloom. We stayed at Angus' for dinner and went back to the boat late at night. Monday morning we took our ticks and all our baggage out on the dock so the ship could be cleaned inside. In the afternoon our foot ball team played the Prinaho college and beat them 21 to 0. "Prince Cupid" played on the native team. Bruner and I went down to the boat house and took a bath. I tell you fresh water seemed good to bathe in. I had quite a good swim in the bay. In the evening I went over to the "Coptie," a mail vessel, the one I went to see leave San

Francisco. I had a good lunch with the quartermaster. Gibson, Lake Johnson and I were together. Queen Lil went away on this steamer to America. The people in Honolulu think lots of their queen.

Monday night I heard the world famous Honolulu band, I tell you they were simply grand. I wish you could see Honolulu, it reminds me of Sigourney—lots of trees and quiet streets. The streets are crooked and were once only foot-paths, which they widened into narrow streets. A native force was used in coaling the boat, they passed the coal from the wharf to the boat in baskets. It looks funny to see a big, dusky coal passer wearing a bright "lai" (lay) around his hat. These lays are flowers strung on strings and tied around the hat or over the neck. When the queen went away she was covered with them. Tuesday 5 or 6 of us walked out to the "pali," this is a "jumping off place" about 6 miles from town. There is a valley, wide at one end and gradually growing narrower and the sides steeper until it is about 50 or 100 feet wide, where the hills stop and the road does too. From this point you can see down 1200 feet to the valley below, it is straight down too, a beautiful valley stretches from the foot to the sea. The story is that the great Kanaka chief came up from another island and drove the inhabitants of the island up the valley and over the "Pali" into the valley, and that the natives were all killed in the fall. In front of the state house is a life size statue of the chief. It is about 6 feet, 8 inches tall and of enormous proportions, it is bronze with a golden robe. On the base are smaller reliefs of him leading his army.

Tuesday night Corley and I went up to Angus again and ate gravy, jelly, bread and crackers and had a good time. I bought a model of a native canoe and sent it to you. I hope it got there O. K.

We went aboard with our stuff Tuesday p. m. and Wednesday morning about 11 o'clock sailed. Our regiment made a good impression and lots of people were down to see us off. The Angus people were down and brought a lot of "lais." I got a choice one made of what looked like tube-roses and smelled very sweet. It wasn't very long till some of the boys were good and sea-sick again. I didn't have the slightest attack. Spencer did, and so did Rufus; he hasn't been well for several days. We settled down to the ship life pretty soon and nothing of any importance happened till we crossed the international date line, we struck it about 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. The boat jumped

clear out of the water to get over the line and when we came down it was Wednesday at 2 o'clock. Whether we gained or lost Tuesday, the boys haven't been satisfied yet.

Wednesday was the day before Thanksgiving and I guess we didn't talk about where we were a year ago. For dinner Thanksgiving we had nice meat, peaches, jelly, bread, cocoa and something else, only it wasn't mince pie nor turkey, it was glucose syrup. That same day "The City of Pueblo" with the Tennessee boys aboard passed us; we cheered them good and loud. You ought to have heard them when our band struck up "Dixie." It was fine to see the ship come up, first only a little whiff of smoke on the horizon, then it looked like the smoke of a mine rising over a hill, finally you could see her shape and begin to distinguish objects on deck, next morning she was just a whiff of smoke again.

There is an associated press reporter on board who is betting that we won't be gone longer than March 1, 1899, and says he has official reasons for saying what he does. I hope he is right.

One night I was sleeping in a hammock up on deck, a lot of us had one end of the hammocks tied to a big boom pole and the foot along the canvas shelter, the ship gave a big roll and down came the pole; it was only about 25 feet long and 9 inches through. I landed on one fellow's head, then went down a little further onto another fellow's stomach, no one was hurt except one boy had his nose skinned. On the 29th we had an inspection. Some of the boys' rifles were in pretty bad shape, but I had kept mine first class, didn't have much to do. Yesterday we passed an active volcano, it is on the 20 degrees, 30 minutes north latitude and 144 degrees of longitude. It was foggy and at first looked like a hay stack in a fog with a little snow on the top. When we were about 5 miles from it it could be seen plainly. It is 10000 feet high. We saw some big black fish along toward evening. Everyone tried to get a glimpse of them, they were about 25 feet long.

I hope Millie got the handkerchiefs all right. I am going to send some things home from Manila. The men on the boat say you can get things awful cheap there. Ivory handled, silk umbrellas for \$1.25 and silk almost for a song. I could send the girls some nice silks if I had the money. I have just 40 cents now and a Honolulu dime, so you see I am not very flush, but I won't need so much now. Tell Eunice if she wants something nice just to send the money and I will get it.

Our company is on fatigue to-day, cleaning up the ship, but I was put on company guard, or guard in company quarters, so didn't have to get all wet and dirty.

We will sight land next Monday night and coast south for two days and be landed there from small boats. I'm going to make the best use of those letters Mr. Gray gave me. Yesterday the sea was quite rough, the waves broke over the side several times during the day. The prettiest time on the water is when it is "crinkley" and shines like silver. Honolulu bay is as smooth as glass and you can see way down in the water. We sing nearly every night and in the day time the boys either wash or read or play cards, any time during the day you can see 25 or 30 washings hanging over the rail. I bought some rope at Honolulu and made a hammock of my tick, it was the one that fell with me. There were about 10 boys had the wind knocked out of them when the boom broke, we came down on top of them.

I wonder what kind of a day it is at home. I expect you were at Aunt Vina's for Thanksgiving. I would like to have a turkey drumstick just to smell. I'd have given a day's wages for a spoonful of brown gravy. Well I've got so I like bacon fine, a sandwich of hard-tack and bacon with black coffee is good. Really we aren't having a very hard time, we get plenty to eat such as it is but a variety would be good. We had raw canned tomatoes for dinner to-day. The beef they brought on board isn't fit to eat, the boys hardly ever take a piece, of course if we could eat it we would be getting along a whooping. I finished Dickens "Sketches by Boz" and then someone was kind enough to swipe the book, that is all I've had taken from me. So many of the boys are careless and leave their things scattered so that it is no wonder they lose stuff. I would like to see Helen. I guess Bruce will have to be her dog, for I won't get to use him any when I get back. No doubt she runs things pretty well. Have you had any new pictures of her taken, if you have send me one.

Did Nugent come to Iowa? I suppose Aunt Leona had a good time in Iowa. I would like to see all the folks pretty well, but I'd like to go around through Germany and see Ed., I suppose he is still there. Oh, yes let me know whether Miss Meinkie sent the picture or not, I must get her a souvenir spoon for her in Manila. I was vaccinated again the other day but it isn't going to take, I wanted to be sure I was fever proof, and I guess I am.

Send the papers if you will and a Youth's Companion once in a while. Oh yes, look in the Midland as they come out and see if that poem of Mrs. Vore's is published in it. I sent them a copy but I don't know whether they are going to publish it or not. Has father got anyone in the office yet or is he running it alone; it won't be long till I am back. How did the election go? Did Hamilton get elected? I suppose you got the little things I sent O. K.

Friday, December 2.—We sighted some coral reefs to-day. It is getting into a rather dangerous part of the sea now as they will soon have to begin sounding all the time. I was talking to Capt. Keating last night. He is going to get a Blackstone and let me use it and then recite to him. I believe it will be all right. The sea is calm to-day quite a change from several days ago, it was pretty rough. I was talking to Rufus last night. When we come home we are going to camp in our peep tent out in the front yard, that is we are coming home and surprise you. We will be home by next Thanksgiving.

Monday.—Well this is a fine day. Saturday and Sunday were stormy, the storm came up Saturday evening. For awhile in the afternoon everything was quiet but we could see the sailors making everything fast and before supper the ship was rolling a good deal and some of the boys were sick that night. Jim Harrington and I were standing on the hurricane deck about twenty feet from the water, a big wave came and broke over the deck, went clear over the ship and soaked us to the skin, wet a lot of officers too. The boys are getting tired of the trip. Our meat isn't good, that is the fresh meat, it is spoiled. I heard today that all the meat had been condemned, I don't know how true that is but from the smell it ought to be. Living isn't very fat on a transport. Last night we had corn meal mush for supper, it was good I tell you. The weather hasn't been very hot at all, not nearly as much as I expected and we wear our blue shirts and brown overalls nearly all the time. I packed my blues in a box and haven't had them on since I've been out, only at Honolulu. I will have to get a new pair of overalls today as these are pretty badly worn. At Manila we will have white clothes, but they say the blue shirt is worn almost altogether. We will see land before very long. The boys cheer to beat the band when we sight any land. The day we saw the volcano time passed lots quicker. Last night I slept under one of the

machines on the hurricane deck, had a good sleep I tell you. I can hardly stand it to sleep below. Rufus isn't feeling very well. He seems to have trouble with his stomach. I have lots of letters to write, but this is the longest. Did you send me anything for Christmas? I won't be able to buy anything, I guess we won't get pay before January. If it isn't any warmer than this the weather will be fine in Manila, but I expect it will be lots warmer. Yesterday one of the hospital corps was taking a picture of the waves; he had just taken one when it splashed over him and just soaked him.

How is father getting along? Does he still have those spells? I will be able to eat shingle nails and saw dust by next year. I'd give a half-month's pay for a good home made meal. Oh, well, I am getting along O. K. We haven't seen any hardships, yet some of the boys think we are having a hard time of it. We were in luck to get this season of the year to cross in. I bought a bottle of witch-hazel at Honolulu to use for mosquito bites, also provided myself with eight yards of mosquito-bar.

Tuesday.—We have been in sight of land ever since yesterday 2 p. m. We saw two small islands and after night we went between them and into the China seas and changed our course south, and today we are skirting along the island of Luzon. We are now, at 2 p. m., two hundred and seventeen from Manila. Our company goes on guard tomorrow, and in all probabilities we will land to. We had inspection today. We will go ashore in campaign hats, blue shirts, brown pants, and leggings and regulation shoes.

I'm sorry I can't send you pictures of some of the funny things that happened. During the rough weather I was sitting on a little steps where the rest were. I got up to throw a spoonful of beans overboard, stepped into some soup that had been spilled, my feet shot out from under me and I landed in another fellow's dinner. Company K was on guard one of the rough days and when trying to form reliefs they all fell down and slid back and forth across the deck about four times, every time they went about twenty feet.

Last night we, a boy from D and I, slept under the same machine. It began to rain and the boys who were sleeping up on deck had to clear out, but we pulled our rubber blankets up over us and let it rain and it rained too. We had a good dinner today, bread, sugar, tea,

tomatoes, canned beef and peaches. We are beginning to get our things together. It is getting warmer to-day and by the time we reach Manila it will be hot. The island of Luzon is a barren looking place from the ship, very mountainous and rough. Some of the peaks are way above the clouds and much of the country hasn't been explored. The Spanish evidently didn't believe in prosperity of the paying kind. There are several boys sick, only one seriously though. Tell the folks I will try and write them a letter each as soon as I can. It is rather hard to write on board. I am down in my bunk by a port hole that is only four or five feet above the sea. The other day we had the port open and a big wave splashed in, about two tubs of water came in all over the floor. I expect we will have a lot of work to do when we get into port. How does Alta get along with her school? I hope all right, but I know she will. I expect I could get back in my old school again. I rather hope I won't have to teach again, though.

Some of the boys have snagged a lot of sea weed and are passing it around. I didn't get to send all the stuff from Frisco that I spoke of, but will try and get some more when I get back. If you send me any Christmas present you'd better send money rather than anything else. It would go farther I guess, but I'm going to try to save something over here. I am glad you gave Miss Bryant that fan. I will answer her letter from Manila. The boys are busy washing and cleaning their guns. The other day for inspection, the boys had a great time. Lots of them had let their guns get salt water splashed on them and rust, oh my!

We will be just a month and a day on the water by the time we reach Manila, that is counting out our stay at Honolulu. How nearly done is Eunice's new home and when did they build? I'd like to go visit her for a few days. When I get home I'm not going to do anything but eat all the goosberry marmalade and preserves and cherries. I won't get tired of them any more. Well, I'll write more tomorrow.

Well, we are lying in Manila bay, anchored about two miles from the city. On one side is Cavite, right in front of Cavite is Dewey's fleet. They are lying in a line with the flagship Olympion on the right.

Across the bay is Manila. It lies low and extends for a long distance around the bay. We learned today that the United States had secured the Philippines for \$20,000,000. Now

Aguinaldo is the only one we have to fight, and we may have a little trouble with him, but there are about 23000 U. S. soldiers here. Aguinaldo is in camp about forty-five miles from the city. Last night we could see his signal balloons out over the mountains. It is thought he is collecting his troops, but no great apprehension is felt. But he has given the Americans fifteen days in which to vacate the city. Oh, we're scared to death! Today is our turn on guard duty. I was on guard in the fore-castle way up on the bows of the boat. This morning I saw them drop anchor and also got a big plate full of macaroni and spaghetti; it went mighty fine I tell you. We can see the masts and smoke-stacks of the vessels Dewey sank. They have raised one and it looks forsaken, I tell you. There are nine transports in the harbor now and an English man-of-war. Dewey keeps a patrol out along the coast and all around the island to keep the Germans from aiding the insurgents. We will go into barracks as soon as we go ashore, which will be in a few days. There are no contagious diseases aboard and only fourteen men any-ways sick. Some of the troops are in quarantine and won't get off the ship for several days yet. The Nebraska regiment is going back into the country five miles to establish a stronger out-post. I am not going to write many letters, but keep a good big diary and have it when I come back, besides I get tired of writing so much. We got mail yesterday and expect more today. I hope to get the letter with the money in it today. There isn't anything new to write about, only things are the same. I am well and will be careful of myself. I don't think I will stay here. Most of the sickness is caused by the boys not taking proper care of themselves. None of our officers resigned. Captain Keating couldn't be hired to go home. I'd liked to have been at the Hallow'en party with the crowd, I know what times they have.

Mail leaves here every three or four days and goes to Hong Kong, then from there every ten days or oftener. I will have a letter ready for each mail. I am glad the regular army is to be enlarged, it will be needed. No, I didn't need my overcoat on the boat. Most of the time I slept on deck with just my blanket over me, and was plenty warm enough. I hope grandma is well. How is Ed., I haven't heard from him for a long time. Mail leaves tomorrow so will close this today, and write again after we get ashore. Write soon. I'd like to hear from Aunt Vina and Grandma and the rest. Tell Eunice to write.

Roy C. Brown.

STILL ON THE SHIP. December 12, 1898. Dear Ones:—Mail goes today. I understand it catches the mail that was sent ashore Friday. I went ashore Friday in a boat about as heavy as my canoe. It was cut out of a log and awful tippy, but I only got wet when the waves splashed over the side. Rufus, Gibson Johnson and I went in it, two natives furnished the power. When we landed we saw several Spanish soldiers doing their washing. They are small men and as clean and neat as pins. All the Spanish soldiers, except the ones confined for misconduct, are allowed to go and come around the city from nine a. m. until five p. m., and are well fed and clothed. We first went to the old walled city that was built centuries ago. It is on the right side of the Pasig river as you go in from the sea. There is a high wall, then a broad moat, another wall. We entered by roads that are protected by drawbridges and sorteullis. The wall is overgrown with moss and vines. Old fifteen and sixteen century cannons are still on the walls, but are only an idle mockery to the big guns of Dewey's fleet.

We went inside the city and found all the windows barred and the doors fastened by big iron bolts. The houses are built of brick and stone, everyone enclose an open court. You pass from the street right into court. Here you see the chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, horses, dogs and children living together. Over in one corner is a big cistern, and under the porch or rather the extended roof of the house, right on the ground, you can see them cooking. The second story furnishes the living rooms, the first floor being used as a stable and ware rooms. The streets are narrow and dirty and the walks about three feet wide. The shops are mean concerns, and under the cot where the man sits you can see a pile of oats for his

chickens. We visited the cathedral where the soldiers are quartered. One whole end is almost covered with gold leaf, so is the ceiling and sides in many places. The building is big enough to put our whole church right inside. From there we wandered down different streets and finally came out over another drawbridge, and saw in front of us Magellan's monument. It was artistically decorated with an old rusty lightning rod. I had a letter of introduction to a captain in the 1st California, and soon found him. From there we crossed over the river into New Manila. We saw lots of natives driving water buffaloes hitched with yoke to a heavy lumbering cart. The streetcars also cross the river on the same bridge. We went all over the most

important part of New Manila. Lots of the houses are built of solid mahogany and the railroad has mahogany ties. Just think of it. We soon tired of the smell of the shops and went down along the river front. One building we passed was particularly attractive on account of its smell. We looked in and saw natives digging around in what appeared to be dirty brown sand. This was unrefined sugar that was being sacked and sent to a refining plant. A little further along we saw big bundles of hemp laid along the river. Pretty soon we came to the baling house. On the ground floor was the press and when the signal was given a most unearthly stamping and hissing sounded from the loft. We determined to investigate and found a big screw that connected with the press like the screw in a letter press. Big arms were fastened across the top of the screw, and looked like spokes of a wheel. They would catch hold of the arms and start to run around and at the same time whistle. It was a funny sight.

We didn't know how in the world we were to get back, it was too rough for the canoes. We kept our eyes open and saw some of our officers go on board a steam yacht. There were about forty of the Iowa boys in the crowd so we climbed aboard the yacht too. The sargent in charge of the boat promptly ordered us off and off we got. We made a kick and the custom house officers told us they'd get us out to the ship. Pretty soon a couple of steam yachts came up. Twenty of us got on one and twenty-three on the other. Both boats came away from the pier at the same time and we had an exciting race clear out to the ship. The boat I was in was beaten, but we had lots of fun.

We may be sent down to Iloilo where the Spanish are calling for help against the insurgents. If we go we will have a lively time. Well, I will write again. I hope I can get home soon. Some of the men say that Otis has been notified that the volunteers will begin to leave here about March 1st. Well good-bye. I will expect letters and papers soon.

With love to all,

ROY C. BROWN.

Roy Brown at Iloilo

ON BOARD S. S. PENNSYLVANIA, ILOILO BAY, January 6, 1899. Dear Ones At Home:—We came here the 28th of December and haven't done anything but await orders and watch the Insurgents leave the city with their families. About the first thing that was done, an extra gunboat was sent for from Manila. Meanwhile a sharp lookout was kept on the Spanish gunboat also on the

German gunboat, that is laying not far from us. Day before yesterday (Wednesday) several boat loads of German marines, with rapid fire guns and rifles, were going to go ashore but a launch from the Cruiser Baltimore overtook them and made them come back. The Germans have been rather saucy, but there are two English war-ships in the harbor, so no trouble will come from the Germans.

From what we can see of Iloilo it seems to be a good place. It is a more modern city than Manila. I send a map and it will give you some idea how we are situated. The old fort is close to us and has the Insurgents flag flying. Their flag is red, white blue. When we first came here they didn't have any flag as they had taken possession only a few days before and had we gone ashore then we wouldn't have had any trouble at all but the situation was rather complex and so a message for orders from General Otis. This morning an American gunboat came into port and I expect we will have a settlement of affairs soon. It is the intention to send the gunboat up the river and the Baltimore go in front of the city, drive the men from the trenches, and land our troops under cover of their fire. It is hardly probable that there will be much fighting done, that is between the soldiers, as the gunboats can't do wonderful execution. You probably will hear the results of the affair before this reaches you, so won't write any more about it.

Our "eatings" are about the same only we have been having biscuits for breakfast. This makes the sixty-fifth day on the boat but it will count favorably towards getting us sent home sooner, but I'm not worrying about that as I am well and eat heartily. There is no need of one getting sick unless they are careless. I go barefooted most of the time. Just think of it in January! It is quite cool here in fact this is a better place than Manila, as a strong breeze comes through the channel all the time. The boys are out practicing with the boats learning to row. They are a pretty "Rukie" lot. I'm glad I didn't get on the detail, as I would have to work like sin when we go to land. There are no docks here so we will have to go ashore in the small row boats. We haven't been paid yet and may not till after we land. Well, I don't care it wouldn't do any good here on the boat, only buy pie at the cooks' gallery and canned fruit at the commissary.

There was a little affair happened on board a launch that the "Newport" captured. They were guarding some prisoners when one of them tried to cut the boat loose, the

guard interfered and was stabbed, but the native prisoner jumped overboard. All the searchlights of the Baltimore were turned on the spot to find the native. I guess they got him. I tell you the searchlights keep a sharp lookout on the fort and all along the shore. The Spanish gunboats landed a lot of troops and some arms the other day so they watch the shore close. There isn't any news. Give all the folks my love and tell them to write and send a letter with yours. I have been studying tactics and reading all the time. Not law all time but Dickens and other good works. I had a good time with Fred Andrew's at Manila. I expect they will be back before we are. I wish you could see this country around here. The shore of the Isla de Gimara is steep and in the little bays are low places where the natives are going from the city, and living in huts. In these places are cocoanut trees and big ferns and banana trees, while the sides of the bluffs are covered with bush, trees and vines, a regular jungle.

The first day we came in some natives brought out some chickens, bananas, eggs and cocoanuts, as they came close to us they waved a flag of truce and gave us the stuff. I didn't get any as there was such a jam. This is the first flag of truce I have seen. I was vaccinated again and it took but is well now. I guess this is about the eighth time for me. I expect Helen is growing right along and Millie, too. How is Dorothy? Give my regards to Phelps, and Beattys. I got a letter from Dave and a picture of himself. Tell Bob Seymour to write if he gets a chance. I may get my letters answered by the time we land in the states. Mail goes at 11 o'clock so will close for this time and will write again as soon as another mail goes. Tell Eunice to write.

With love to all,

ROY C. BROWN,

Co. F, Fifty-first, Iowa.

S. S. PENNSYLVANIA, January 8, 1899. Dear Mother and all:—The mail closes in a few minutes. I just learned this at 5 o'clock, so won't get much written. Yesterday we changed our anchorage to up in front of the Newport. We could see the Insurgents mounting guns on the old fort and we were in range of them, so we changed our course. Just what we do is not known. This makes well on to seventy days on the ship and how many more I don't know. I need another housewife, mother, put in a pair of scissors with this one. We have only thirty-five days supply of coal if we lay at anchor, but only eleven days running supply, so we will have to move soon. There was a report at

Manila brought down by the gunboat "Petrel," that we had had a battle here and 200 of our troops killed and 2000 Insurgents. There was some trouble on board a tug boat. The natives attacked one of the guards and cut him across the head, also sliced another's arm, but they got two of the three natives, but one of the soldiers may not live. It rains here for three days and then is hot for three days. I am going to wear a poncho to keep the rain off. This is their dry season, rains only half the time, in the wet season it rains all the time. On the shores on both sides you can see great big ferns and cocoanut trees, but the boys when they go out rowing don't venture ashore. Today one boat load went in close to shore and a lot of armed natives came running down to keep them away. I wish I had a camera, I could get lots of pictures that would be interesting to all. We haven't been paid either. I have some of the \$2.50 left—haven't spent a cent for anything but a big pie. You would be awful hot here but it isn't the breeze that comes down the channel is a regular gale. You ought to see the "crumbs" or gray backs that a person can kill in one day. One boy got 400 at one hunt. I wonder if Grandma remembers a Capt. Grubb that was in Grandpa's regiment. He is in Co. F and is a fine fellow. His home is at Columbus Junction.

This country may be all right for some people, but I will take the United States every time. I don't like the same kind of weather all the time. Tell Edward he ought to see the monkeys here. One can be gotten for about a dollar, but I'm not going to get one, too much trouble. I wonder how aunt Vina is and Charlie. I expect Bird's babies are growing fast. I bet Helen is a starrer. The youngsters over here look as if they "just growed," and started to smoke as soon as to talk. Tobacco factories are plenty as bees in clover. I bunk with a boy named Corley. His father is a minister and knows Mr. Phelps. He is now at Grinnell. I expect when we leave here we will go to Hong Kong or Nakaski to coal up for the trip back. Of course we may be here a long time yet, but the fact that we have been so long on board helps to get us out sooner. The boys are anxious to get ashore. It would make us feel cheap to go back and never touch land. How is business in the office and around town, anyway. Give all my love and write soon. Rufus sends his best.

Lovingly,

ROY C. BROWN,

Co. F Fifty-first Iowa.



FROM ROY BROWN

On Board S. S. Pennsylvania, Iloilo Bay, January 24

DEAR Ones at Home:—The Steamer St. Paul, the Christmas boat, came into Iloilo Bay yesterday with a big budget of mail. I got five letters and some 'Frisco and home papers. I'd rather see a mail day than a pay day. O yes, by the way, we had a pay day last Friday, we got paid two months wages, \$31.20. The boys were all as happy as could be. I paid up my few debts and the boys paid what was coming to me. I laid in a supply of commissary goods and have some little delicacies, on the side, it makes our meals taste lots better. We were out of "Australian beef" for a day or two but the Indiana came down with a fresh supply. It isn't known how long we will have to stay here yet but not much longer; there was some talk that we would go back to Manila today (Tuesday) or tomorrow. I hope we do, as the prospects for our landing are very poor. If we go to Manila we will have some guard duty to do of course but we will be on land and that counts for a whole lot. Some of the boys have drawn anchors on their hats and printed "Loper's Pennsylvania Marines" across the front. The Eighteenth Regulars, who were down on the Arizona with us, are kicking because they have been kept so long on board, but they pity us from their heart, for now we have been on board eighty-two days. We are getting soft muscled and lazy. I haven't studied any for sometime, but am going to keep staggering at it right along. I doubt if they will be able to establish the class, as Lieut. Grimes has been sent to the Artillery for detached service there. I expect you think the weather is awful hot. Well some days are, but for the past week it has been like September. Today reminds me of so many of those lazy days last fall. There is a haze over the mountains and the sun is bright. It rained the other night—rained like forty. I came up stairs and took a fresh water bath. It is the only way a person can keep clean for we were out of salt water soap until today. We have an inspection every morning at 8 o'clock. We have to come up on deck bare-footed, with brown trousers and blue shirts and our hair combed and bodies clean. It is a good thing for some of the fellows were careless. Still there are only a few in the hospital, and all the boys feel good. The other day we

cleaned our quarters. I was on the detail. Everyone had to take their blanket up and air it, take their ticks and put them in a pile and put the rest of their baggage all together on the upper deck, then we took out the lower bunks and went after the floor, walls and woodwork with water and lye and scrapers. After that we "doped" the corners with carbolic acid. The reason is easily seen. Our ticks were so "erummy" they almost moved alone, and we had to anchor them down. Every night and morning we hunted over our shirts. The only thing was we didn't have any tree to hide behind. In the afternoon the "gang" took a boat, rowed up the shore of Gimara for about four miles and landed. We had a good swim. I picked up some nuts and shells as we were going back to the boat. We saw a big snake hanging over the water. It was almost the color of the leaves and tied up in a knot. We shot it and when it died we took the boat hook and pulled it into the boat. It was about five feet long and looked like a water moccasin. We had thought of getting some cane and some cocoanuts, but oh no, we didn't want to run around in the timber with such snakes as those loose. However we came down the shore a few hundred yards and landed near a few houses. The scenery around the little settlement was pretty. The houses are built of bamboo and cocconut fibre, and set back in a little grove of banana trees or on a prominent point. Back of these were cocconut trees and still further were the high hills all covered with a tangle of vines and cane or bamboo. We got some fresh water and I filled my canteen. They sold us some cocoanuts and you should have seen the native "slim" up the tree after some more. The trees have notches cut in them and by these the men climb up like going up stairs. The nuts were about eight inches in diameter and grow on stems the size of a lead-pencil. When some had been thrown to the ground, a native drew his "mechette" or as we call them, a "corn-knife" and chopped the nut open. The milk tasted rather strong. The bananas were not ripe so we didn't get any. One of the boys pulled out a big piece of tobacco and offered the natives some. They took two or three big mouths-full apiece and returned him a little bit about the size of your thumb. I guess they knew a good thing when

they saw it. They have the whole war problem figured out, they say: "Americano, Philipino, English, Amegos (or friends). "German, French, Russian, Spanish, Mucho Malo (very bad). They seem to be very friendly and are more intelligent than the ones at Manila. Some are almost white. Some of the boys tried to get a peep into the house, but the woman who was leaning out of the window smoking a big cigar, made such loud demonstrations that her husband motioned for the boys to come away and then pointed towards his wife and said: "Mucho Malo" (very bad) and I guess she didn't give him a curtain lecture. We went back to the boat and then came to the ship with the tide. Sunday the Governor of Gimara and an interpreter came on board. I don't know the result of the interview. The Indiana brought coal and supplies for the ships here. They are taking coal from her to the other vessels now, but this ship will probably be coaled at Manila. Quite a good deal of excitement was caused the other night when it was reported that one of the crews that were out practicing was lost. Steam launches went them to find and about 2 a. m. they came back. They had been gone all day and after night the Petrel discovered them ten or twelve miles out at sea with a strong wind and current against them. The gunboat took them in and brought them to the ship. The crew were from companies L and M. We have had dinner and I am in my bunk writing. It rained today and may rain any minute. There is so little to write about, I really can think of nothing. We have to take baths twice a day now. It looks as if we might be kept later than this month on the boat. I hope not. I don't believe I will send anything of any value home as it is such a long way, but will wait and bring it back with me. I won't invest much in relics either, but if we were to land at Iloilo we could get a number cheap. I wish some of the Free Silverites could have an experience with Mexican and Spanish money over here. Mexican dollars with more silver in than ours are worth 45c. They are cheap looking affairs and easily counterfeited. You have to ring every piece before taking it. Rufus is getting along finely. Did you get the little canoe from Honolulu, let me know and if you didn't I will see the fellow when we go back to Honolulu. I don't know whether I've told you how the people dress. The men wear white cotton trousers and a gauze coat which serves as a shirt and no shoes, sometimes a hat. The women dress very well and look rather neat but go barefooted too. The

kids don't wear enough to wad a pop-gun and are tanned as leather. I expect I will be on guard tomorrow, so will write this today in case mail goes tomorrow. Give my love to all the folks. I will close. Your loving son,
Roy.

ROY BROWN BACK AT MANILA

On Board Steamship Pennsylvania, Manila Bay, Off Cavite, Feb. 1

DEAR ONES: I expect you have got my letter from Manila and that is a week or two old by this time. Our expedition to Iloilo was sort of a "fake" and so about a week ago it was decided to send us back up here and at last let us ashore. A good many preparations had to be made. The coal bunkers near the boilers were empty and enough coal had to be taken from another part of the ship and put in there. Men were detailed to do this and after fifteen minutes work looked like coal miners. This work lasted three or four days and the boys received no pay. It seems strange that they could detail men to do that kind of work as it is the ship crew's work. I was lucky enough to escape being on that detail, but I don't know how soon I will be put on one. We had to take off all but six or eight days rations and put them on board another ship. We got some potatoes from another vessel that were pretty badly rotten. Harry Dutton is acting commissary sergeant for the regiment and had it all in charge. He is a hustler. Last Sunday the hoisting machines were kept going all day, unloading stuff, and about 6 p. m. we hoisted anchor, our ship gave three toots on the whistle, the band played a rousing air and in a short time we were prow on and going out of the pretty Iloilo harbor. We passed the Arizona and were greeted by three cheers from the Regulars. They were a pretty discontented lot of fellows. It didn't take us long to get out of sight of the city. I sat up on deck for a long time and watched the stars and the waves. The stars are so much brighter here than they are in the states. It may be because we only imagine it. But one thing sure, I saw the "Southern Cross" one night when on guard.

The next day, Monday, found us running along at a slow speed past the islands. We didn't see much different scenery than on the downward trip. But all along are groups of islands with picturesque little bays and bold high rocks. Of course the islands are of volcanic origin and the high mountain peaks seemed

to be big needles of rocks pushed straight into the air, the tops and sides of which are covered with a dense growth of vines and tropical trees. Now and then a big bald spot will be seen on one side of the mountain. The place must be of solid rocks for the vines seem to grow right out of a rock, but they are stuck into some little crevices. The boys were so used to the boat and to carousing around that a great many things went by unnoticed. Tuesday morning found us within a few miles of Carrigador, the island at the entrance of the bay, and an hour or two later we were well in the bay, steaming along close to the southern shore, for we were to be unloaded at Carte. The flagship "Olympia" gave us a good reception by sending all hands to the side of the vessel and sending up three cheers. Of course we answered them lustily and a few minutes later we dropped anchor almost within a stones throw of a sunken Spanish war vessel. There are two other battle-ships sunk near us and five more farther south. The flagship Marina Christiana lies close to the harbor. She was run inshore to keep from being captured. Tomorrow we land. They are busy unloading our tents and boxes. We will be in barracks however, as good as any they have at Manila. Cavite is a finer place than Manila. It is small, but clean and neat and is higher than Manila. A ferry runs between the two places twice a day, and we will probably get off quite often. Maybe the 1st Battalion companies, H, F, A and D will go ashore today.

Mail came to us last night. I got thirteen or fourteen letters and a big armful of papers. Six of the letters were from home and one from Eunice also one from Mr. Fox and one from May.

I see that the California people have petitioned congress to send us home by the way of Frisco, but for my part I'd like to see New York. Oh, you don't need to worry about me staying over here. It would take lots of capital to start here. If a person owned a sawmill it would be about the best paying investment.

Next would be a sugar refinery, but I guess I will own neither. Why did you have that letter published, it was a horrible thing, but quite true anyway. Rufus is getting along finely. Is looking well and enjoying himself hugely. He was pretty sick several times.

Our barracks will be fine, each one will have a bunk to himself and no one to bother him. I have a lot of letters to answer but won't try this mail. Mail goes over to Manila tomorrow and leaves for Hong Kong the fourth. Today is February 1st and we'll wonder if the ground hog will see his shadow tomorrow and you will have six more weeks of winter. I haven't been able to do my work for Mr. Gray yet, for I haven't found time, but will be able to do so now that we are landed. Well I guess I will close for this time and write more soon. Give my love to all the folks. Roy C. Brown, Co. F, Fifty-first Iowa, Manila.

SEES REAL WAR

ROY BROWN TELLS OF FIGHTING AROUND MANILA.

He Sailed Past the Monitor Monadnock While Her Belching Guns Pour Hot Shot into the Insurgent Ranks—An Exciting Time.

DEAR ONES:—It is almost noon now and quite warm. I have just come from the city (Cavite) and feel tired. Will tell you something about our landing here. The morning of February second was a busy one on the old Pennsylvania. We (six companies) packed up our belongings and were put aboard the Cascoes which were also loaded with our boxes and tents. A steam launch towed us to shore and we stepped from the boats onto land, very thankful that our long cruise on the transport was over, at least for awhile. We found our barracks within a few feet of our landing place, in fact there is only a space of perhaps fifty feet between the rear of the barracks and the sea wall.

February 9. I had to quit here and do some work. I tell you what getting settled in a new place is not a light job especially when guard duty is so heavy. I was on guard last Thursday, was on post one, had three prisoners to guard. It was a dark, dismal post, I tell you, but the prisoners were all soldiers and very good fellows. I have had several visits with Gene Stevens. He has just got out of the hospital, had dysentery, but is getting along O.

K. now. He belongs to the Wyoming volunteers. They moved out of here to Manila to make room for our troops, also one battalion of the Tennessee moved from here. I will tell you what I saw of the battle of February 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, also 8th, 9th, 10th, etc. On Saturday night before midnight we were called to arms and informed that there was a fight on in Manila and that Cavite was likely to be attacked. We slept on our arms and could hear volley firing across the bay it would go with a pur - r - r - r just like a stick along a picket fence. The Insurgents thought that we would stop fighting in the day time and do as the Spaniards, only fight at nights, but Sunday morning found our boys just feeling good. As soon as it got light enough Dewey's ships opened fire and sent shell after shell screaming into the massed Insurgents. It was my good luck to be on a detail to bring meat for the regiment from the big supply ship. The launch had to go to Manila for water. We steamed past the Monitor Monadnock which was stripped for action and pouring shot and shell from her big guns. We could see the shells burst and in a few moments see a cloud of smoke rising from the huts where it struck. The Monitor was down near the old fort at Malate, and the "Calleo" was doing execution up beyond the river. It was a wonderful sight to see the entire field of action spread out like a panorama, on the right the Monitor all surrounded by smoke and darts of flame, and the little "Calleo" speaking out with her guns, while in the center between could be heard the heavy firing of rifles and then the smoke and flames from the burning villages. When we got to Manila all was excitement. English citizens were fleeing in boats to the ships anchored outside, Chinamen were running wildly to and fro and getting ready to shut their doors, and natives were either trying to leave the city or else seeking protection close to the barracks. There was a good deal of excitement around the outskirts too where the fighting was and in town there were fights between the soldiers and natives. I was talking to one of the Utah battery boys who had come back from the front. He had helped to kill six natives as they came back, and the infernal natives were sticking their heads from behind buildings and saying, "Philippino mucha bueno," "Philippino very good" something they hadn't dared to do before. I only stayed in the city ten minutes but got stirred up pretty thoroughly and wanted to take a shot at the natives if I could only have gotten out where the

scrapping was. As we went back the "Charleston" got a position down near the "Monitor" and with the assistance of the land forces was driving the Insurgents like cattle. All day Sunday and Monday we could here firing and at latest reports our lines were pushed out ten or twelve miles. We now have possession of the waterworks which is a great advantage to us; there has been lots of work for us too. Cavite is the most important post in the islands. It has valuable coal and navy yards, also a large arsenal and powder magazine, besides machine shops and navy yard.

On Tuesday, February seventh, I was on guard again and got the worst post on the whole round of guard lines. It extended along in front of some big buildings then down past a big coal pile and around the corner and down the side of a walled place which was occupied by about three hundred natives who were employed around the yards. This was a dangerous place and a fellow had to keep his eye "peeled" I tell you. I was on guard from eleven p. m. to one a. m. and after I had been relieved the sentry who took the post fired a shot, then he and another sentry fired again. Four of us went up to see what the trouble was. The sentry had seen a man run across his post and he shot after trying to halt the fellow, but he didn't get his man. Then we, the other fellow who had the same post, had to go down there and sleep. I doubled up on a cement step and was snoring away when the guard by the arsenal shot. We went down and found he had taken a crack at a dog which he thought was a native. We take no risks and shoot anything that don't stop on being told to halt. One night we had a call to arms but it was a false alarm. Last night we were called up and given sixty more rounds of ammunition which makes us in all one hundred eighty rounds apiece. Today, Thursday, was our real excitement. The Insurgents were located at one end of a narrow causeway and out outposts at the other side. Dewey gave the rebels till nine o'clock this morning to surrender. About eight-thirty this morning they hoisted a white flag but made no other demonstration, it was found out in a few minutes that some property owners had hoisted the flag and the soldiers cleared out. We were told to pay no attention to the flag, but we did not cross the causeway but waited for the ships to shell the place but they didn't do it, for about nine o'clock the whole town broke into a blaze and a big cloud of smoke filled the air. As soon as possible several companies went across and

began fighting the fire, no soldiers were to be seen for they had taken to the timber. This afternoon the first battalion under Major Duggan went to the outpost, waited there all the afternoon and marched back to our quarters. The Insurgents haven't been located yet but we expect to go for them tomorrow sure. Later they located the enemy and are watching closely. The report is that one of our men was killed and two more were wounded. We expect to go at any minute. I haven't had my clothes off but once since Monday and don't expect to for several nights more if we get called out.

I got your letters of the twenty-sixth and January second, also the money, thanks, I don't need any now, we will be paid in a few more days. I bought a mahogany chest, paid three dollars for it. All the boys have one, they are to keep our things in. I have some relics will get more. I don't have any time to write very much so will have to make this letter do for all the folks. Give them all my love, don't worry for we will get back all right, maybe not for several months. The climate is quite cool at night, but gets tolerably warm in the day time, not as hot as at home though. Rufus is getting along tip top. Will close for this time. Good-bye,

With love to all,
Rox C. Brown,
Co. F, Fifty-first Iowa,
Manila.

Fifty-first Iowa at San Fernando

SAN FERNANDO, June 16, 1899—Dear Ones: We have had a little excitement this morning ending in the usual defeat of the Filipinos and several of their number bit the dust, while four or five Iowa boys felt the sting of lead.

For the past few days things have been very quiet along the line of outposts that extend in a large circle around San Fernando. It was reported last night that the "niggers" were planning a general attack on the city, and they kept their word, for about 5 a. m. they opened up on the outposts all around the city. And by the time "call to arms" sounded the men were almost ready to fall into line. It is second nature with us to wake up, put on our clothes without a word being said by anyone. While lining up in the street bullets came singing over us hitting the fences and houses. "Fours right!" And off down the road we went until we came up to a position in the road some 400 yards back of the outposts. Then we were deployed as skirmishers and went out across the wet cane and rice fields to the guards at a sugar mill. These boys had been holding the Filipinos off for a long time and had almost exhausted their ammunition. We hurried past them and struck a small creek where a halt was ordered and our line straightened. We stood for a few minutes in the water and then moved forward through a narrow fringe of tall slough grass, this had shielded us from the sight of the "niggers" but now (interrupted by the yell of Co. H boys: "Bondewine, the boy who was captured by the Insurgents last March on the south line is safe in Manila, in the 1st Reserve Hospital. The best news ever heard by us, Hurrah!") we were in the open field and a line of Filipino trenches 200 hundred yards ahead. We went up to these and found them deserted but every trace of having been occupied for sometime. In fact we had passed a dead nigger before we reached the ditch. We lay in their trenches for awhile and shot a number of times at the Filipinos we could see. The bamboo cup and Remington cartridges came out of the trench and off the body of a dead Filipino. We returned to quarters about 9 o'clock and ate a hearty breakfast. As we were marching along coming back we passed many dead and wounded Filipinos. They brought in seven

dead on the carts this p. m. and buried three on the field. Only five of our (Iowa) men were hit, 13 altogether of the American forces. The attack was well planned, telegraph wires were destroyed, cutting us off from communication with Manila and several car lengths of track were destroyed. Aguinaldo had intended to eat dinner in San Fernando, but oh! no.

Company D of Knoxville was on outpost when the fight commenced, and the 1st Sergeant, Woodruff, has been recommended for a medal of honor for his holding the outpost against the Filipinos. When we came up to aid Company D they had scarcely a round of ammunition left and we were just in time.

We go on outpost tomorrow but hardly expect much trouble. The town until a few days ago was overrun with Filipinos who said they were macabebees. Today, however, there is a scarcity of macabebees. The commissary had 100 of them employed and this morning only three were at work. Well, so much for the fight.

We drew clothes today, new underclothing, gingham outside shirts—anything we wanted. The boys feel much better when they have plenty of clean clothes. Our band is giving concerts again and it helps to while away the time. The Oregon boys have started home and the Nebraska men are getting ready. One of our boys sent in an application for a discharge on the grounds that he wanted to enter school in September. General Otis sent back the application saying that the Iowa regiment would be going home in a short time and no discharges would be granted on those grounds. There has been a good deal of dissatisfaction occasioned by the conduct of some of the higher officers of this department of the army. If Gen. Miles should come over here I believe he could show how things should be run. I received a very kind letter from Mr. Gray in the last mail. I guess I found the man he wanted. Herbert Riggs of Martinsburg is writing at the same table with me. We are burning a candle which flickers a good deal. He is a fine young fellow and all the boys like him. We will be mustered out in Frisco, I guess this is the vote of the boys.

I expect you read a lot about Col. Funston. He won great honors, but others have done things as

brave and didn't get the deserved credit.

Tell Rufus the boys all ask about him and send their best. I will write and tell him everything about the company. Spencer has been on the sick list. He looks bad and has fallen off several pounds in weight. Well I will close for this trip and will write more "poco tiempo." (In a short time.)

With love to all,
ROY C. BROWN,
Co. F, Fifty-first Iowa.

SAN FERNANDO, JUNE 23, 1899.—Day before yesterday we were on outposts at an old sugar mill north of town. This is the place Co. D was attacked about a week ago. The "gugus" were rather quiet the night we were on guard only an occasional shot being fired. We could plainly hear the natives calling from one post to another, evidently to keep their courage up, or to stay awake. We were relieved at seven o'clock yesterday morning and came stringing back to town in single file. That is the way we march when out in an open field, not so much danger of being hit. We ate breakfast when we reached quarters and spent the day as we do about eighteen out of every thirty, reading, writing, arguing, sleeping, eating or looking for mail.

Yesterday we had supper at 4:30, retreat at 5:15 and then went down to the band concert given by our band in front of Gen. Hale's headquarters. The concert was progressing nicely when an orderly came hurrying in and reported to Gen. Hale, then some one came down stairs and gave a low order to a few Iowa men, the word was whispered around through the crowd that "all Iowa men were ordered to go to their quarters at once." The men began to move in different directions to their respective companies, it was as the spirit had moved them. No one heard a word until we were up the street when it was reported that the natives were acting suspiciously and had attacked the Kansas outposts. This means for us to get ready to move on a minute's notice. Canteens were filled and guns placed close at hand. In fact they always are, but we just made sure. In a few minutes more the firing became general, out hotter along the 17th Infantry and our line. We were given the command "fall in," then a minute later, "Four right! march!"

Off we went and started into the cane field as skirmishers. Pretty soon the bullets began to zip and strike in the cane. They sounded like some one was throwing brick-bats into a row of corn whenever they hit. Most went high, but sang a merry tune over us. We lay down flat in the road by the cane mill and were flat too. Harry Carlson, one of our buglers, was next to me and he said, "I wish I was a pancake." Evidently he couldn't get down low enough. The next advance took us to a rice ridge behind which we "ducked." Bullets kicked up dirt close to us; one filled a fellow's eyes with dirt just as he was going to lie down. If you think things were quiet around us you're mistaken. The Utah battery was sending in Shrapnel on the left and on the right a battery was getting in good work and the volleys fired by the men along the line were punctuation points in the affair. It was long before the firing quieted down and we could hear the Filipinos yelling, giving orders and making fun of us. They would yell, "cana (care for) eggs, banana, mangoes, hot time." You see they can go in and out of our lines without being molested and go along the street selling eggs, etc. One day they will be in town and the next day will be out shooting at us. In fact when we were out a week ago Co. H got one that had been selling fruit around their quarters so its no fairy tale.

Old Keokuk county was fully represented in the trouble around San Fernando, as we were laying there grinding our noses into the dirt. I happened to think that there was Herb Riggs of Martinsburg and Clarke Wright of Keota, on either side of me, making a "bunch" of us.

Today, the 24th, we are in reserve, that is we must be ready to go out at any time and at night we sleep in some shacks near the out posts. We were ordered out again last night but soon returned to the quarters. We didn't have any roll call this morning but slept soundly till breakfast time. We are living fine for the army, our Chinese cooks can get up a meal in fine style. They make a sort of rice cake that fills one up full. Then we get extras from the sales commissary, canned fruit mostly.

Was glad you sent a box to come with the one from Oskaloosa. I can use the things all right. The last mail brought the book, package and papers. Millie asked me about "Fort Frayne." The author, Capt. King, is now Brigadier General King. The Fifty-first has been in his brigade once. I read the book

while in the hospital, but the boys enjoy it. For awhile we were out of reading matter and any old thing went. We would have read circus posters all day if they had been sticking up around here. Sigourney lost out on the circus deal didn't it? That's too bad.

Helen must be a clipper sousing chickens and shooting Spaniards. I expect she grows fast doesn't she.

I hope uncle Caleb is well again. Roy Parker, a Sac City boy, told me about his being sick and their father had been up there. The letters you wrote about it came in a couple of days ago.

Millie is out of school now having a good time. How are you going to spend the Fourth? I think we will be on guard that day. We may be in Cavite in a couple of weeks more. We feel satisfied that our work on the line is nearing an end. In a few days more we will be the only volunteers up here. The Kansas and Montana regiments are being relieved so we expect to take the Pennsylvania's place in Cavite when they go home. General Fred Grant rode by our quarters this morning. He was out inspecting the lines. He is a large man. Gen. Hale is a fine looking man, thirty-eight years old and a little below average height, wears eye glasses, has a brisk commanding yet genial air about him.

Aunt Vina's letter came O. K. Was glad to get it to. Edward thinks I will have some stories to tell him. He ought to be here to see the funny carts they have and see the children with baskets on their heads.

If Millie is anxious to teach school she ought to come over here. There will be a good opening as soon as they get a system started.

If we are mustered out in 'Frisco I'd like to take in the sights of the Yosemite valley on the way back or go through Yellowstone Park. It would be a good chance to see one or the other, but I expect I will go straight from 'Frisco to Sigourney. I hardly expect an answer to this, but don't stop writing until you see we have landed in 'Frisco. They won't send the mail on from there after we leave here.

I've had rather a tedious time writing this letter. O yes, Sherman Needham wrote me an invitation to the banquet the 26 of May. Was sorry that I couldn't be there. Well "Adios" for this time. Will write soon. With love,

Rox.

[The following is a portion of a letter written by Albert O. Garinger of Co. B First Nebraska Volunteer Infantry, to his cousin, Lottie B. Lewis.]

MANILA, February 25.—Paper is very scarce, so I am writing on a wrapper one of the boys got yesterday on the same mail that brought your letters. I will not attempt a description of our battles, as you will have probably read of them before this reaches you, but I'll give you a few personal pointers. A conflict has been imminent for two months. The Filipinos would threaten our sentries every day, and one Filipino lieutenant became so insulting that the colonel ordered him to be taken, dead or alive, the next time he came around our outposts and became insulting.

The evening of February 4th about 9:30 somebody was seen approaching one of our outposts and the sentry challenged. The person did not answer but kept advancing so the sentry, a D Company man named Grayson, fired, killing the lieutenant. The Filipinos returned the fire doing no harm. The alarm was given by the bugler in camp blowing the wierd call "to arms." In ten minutes the regiment was formed in column and orderlies were running along the line telling company commanders their posts. My squad was detached from the company and placed directly in front of a stone block house. I don't know where the rest of the company was stationed, but it was somewhere along the water pipe, supplying Manila. This pipe is about two feet in diameter and about six miles long, running from the city to the reservoir, a subterranean labyrinth of tunnels and chambers of about eight acres in extent. From the reservoir to the pump station is about three miles and the water flows most of the way underground as deep as one hundred feet in places. The general direction is east from Manila. The morning of February 5th we, First Nebraska, charged over the water pipe, took two or three block houses, and made pell mell for the reservoir, which we took without a struggle. One man was killed by a sharp-shooter after we had taken the place. He was standing on the ten foot wall which surrounds the building, a mauser bullet went through him from shoulder to shoulder, he groaned and said "I'm shot" and was dead. The regiment lost about half a dozen men killed up to that time. We rested at the reservoir that night and the next day about 12:30 started for the pump station. About two miles from the reservoir we found a Utah surgeon lying shot and stripped, his throat cut from ear to ear. (The Utah artillery had been with the First Nebraska all along

and we had two guns with us then. Companies B, L and F left the road and deployed as skirmishers and presently the Mausers began to crack. The "niggers" were in a very strong position behind a stone wall masked by tangled bamboo. We only went faster and before we got to the wall they left it and got behind the ridges of a rice field. There were between two and four hundred of them. We closed up to the wall picking them off. Pretty soon the adjutant came along and told me to tell the captain that a Company B man was shot over on the left of the line. I went over and found it to be J. E. Edlund, a former Nebraska Wesleyan student. A bullet went through his heart and like the other man I saw, he groaned and said "I'm shot," pitched forward on his face and was dead. A detail was made to take him to the rear and soon came the order "Forward double time." Over the wall we went yelling like the blood-thirsty demons we were. The Filipinos broke and ran, we did not pursue them but halted, reformed and going to the road struck out for the water pump station. The Utah artillery supported by part of Nebraska had taken it already so we camped then and there.

The regiment is strung along the water line guarding the city water supply. Hardly a day goes by that we do not have a skirmish. The regiment has so far lost about fifteen men killed and forty wounded. Company B has had one killed and about six or eight wounded, only one seriously wounded, none fatally. Neither Lew nor I have been scratched but I have a Mauser bullet hole in my hat. I am writing at a cossack post about three-quarters of a mile. A cossack post is an "out post" consisting of a now-commissioned officer and three or more privates. I have three.

* * *

I can hear the sounds of two skirmishers, one about two miles north and the other the same south. The combatants are not in sight owing to the bamboo, and no smoke can be seen for they are using smokeless powder. The spiteful snap of the Mauser and the growl of the long Toms come plain enough though. We are all hoping for Krag Jorgensen so that we can meet the natives on equal footing, their guns have three times the range of ours. I can get a man once in three shots up to seven or eight yards with my Springfield but beyond that the sight has to be raised so much that you can't get a good aim.

A FORMER KEOKUK COUNTY BOY WRITES FROM MANILA

SEEN ALL THERE WAS TO SEE AND TELLS HIS OPINION OF SPANIARDS.

From the Soldier's Account Dewey is a Greater Hero than Commonly Supposed * German Fleet Could Not Run a Bluff * An Interesting Letter from One Who Was There.

MANILA, Philippines, August 16, 1898. Mr. Calder Clubb, Sigourney, Iowa. Dear Brother:—I am in Manila at the Barracks. We have taken the city and all is well now. We started from Camp Dewey on the morning of the 13th at 6 o'clock and at 9:30 o'clock a. m. Admiral Dewey commenced cannonading the fort and then we commenced and drove them all inside the walls and they stuck up the white flag, and six thousand gave up their arms and ammunition the same day. They took the high priest and governor to the flag ship of Dewey's fleet, disarming every man that came, both Spaniards and insurgents. The Spaniards are very glad to get out of it alive, there were all of 2000 Spaniards killed, and possibly twenty-five Americans, in all not over twenty-five. So you see we came out lucky. The Wyoming battalion never lost a man. I got a bugle from a Spaniard that had his head and shoulders blown off, the first dead man I saw. I will bring the bugle home with me.

We are in an old fort of the Spaniard's, a fine place to stay. We can go over town any place we want to and be perfectly safe.

All the troops are in barracks in some part of the city. We, as a battalion, are General McArthur's body guard and aid in barracks by headquarters. This is a great sight to see all the fortifications that are around the city. Without Dewey's aid, or some fleet, 400,000 men could not take the city. There are walls around it and most places two, and fifty feet thick and twenty-five or thirty feet high, with big guns about every twenty feet and port holes for small guns and a deep gutter about one hundred feet wide, full of thin mud and water, outside of the wall, and brush and logs piled up outside of that, and wire fences outside of that. The only possible way to get inside them is bridges in certain places and they were so fixed with submarine mines with electric appliances that anyone passing on that bridge could be blown to hell, and no one could cross afterwards. But we have them in our

sack and got all the mines destroyed and there is no possible show for them to get us at all now. The American soldiers are guarding everything and have everything their own way. We go around the city and anything we want we take. If we want bananas or ice cream we walk up to a native and pick it up and walk off and he is afraid to say a word.

We got the Spaniards and natives scared to death. They surrendered like little men when they got mixed up and saw there was no show for them. They even put explosive shells in their big cannons and plugged them so we can't use them. In one place we stampeded them and over five hundred ran in a river and were drowned. There was more damage done to them and less property destroyed, than anything ever happened in history. None of the soldiers are allowed to destroy or take anything that belongs to them.

The English people of the city say that a more manly and well arranged battle never was fought when the Dutch officers off the German vessels of war came over and after interfering all they could said it was managed and that the men did their duty as soldiers and gentlemen, the best of any they had ever seen.

A few days before the bombardment the German fleet got to interfering with Dewey's fleet and Japan and England both had gun boats here. Dewey made all foreign vessels stay outside of the bay so as the city with his fleet till everything was ready, and the German officers tried to hoodoo old Dewey and Dewey wouldn't have it that way. Germany thinking they could whip Dewey, and if they couldn't that Japan and England wouldn't stand by and let Dewey whip her, she declared, and Dewey pulled out in the bay and lined up away from all and told Germany to clear her decks and do all the shooting she wanted to and they cleared their decks and got ready for business. Japan and England pulled

right over one each side of Dewey and Germany saw they would let Dewey blow her out of her. Then Germany pulled out and never said a word, and you bet she stayed back or Dewey would have blowed her out of her the same as he did the forts around the city, so now the stuff is off.

I will give you a little description of how we were before the big fight. The camp where all the men were before the fight was called Camp Dewey, and it was three miles from Camp Dewey to the American trenches and breast works and about four hundred yards from our outposts to the Spanish out-posts of the guards, and one different regiment would go each morning and stay 24 hours in the trenches and keep the Spanish back. In that way we kept them back till everything was ready for the bombardment.

Well here is another day and everything is all right yet. We have news now that they are going to send all the volunteers back right away. I hope they do as I have seen all there is to see, and done all there is to do and I want to come back now. The rainy season is almost over now and it is getting so hot that a person can't go outside in the day at all for the heat.

I have quite a few relics to bring back for each one. I am going to get some silk table cloths and napkins and things of that kind.

Well I must close, hoping I may see you inside of the next three months. I am coming back to Iowa to stay. I dread crossing the ocean as it takes four or five weeks, but I can stand it as long as the rest can. Hoping all the folks are well and happy and that I may see all alive and well again, I remain, your brother,

HARRY H. CLUBB, MUSICIAN,
1st Battalion Wyoming Volunteers,
Manila, Philippines Islands.

P. S. You will have to pay postage because we can not get stamps at all and have to send all mail by putting the major's name for it.

MANILA, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—To The News, Sigourney, Iowa:—As a former citizen of your town it may perhaps interest the readers of your paper to hear something about Manila, and the experiences of the American soldier during the campaign here.

I enlisted with the Wyoming volunteers at Cheyenne last May, expecting at the time to be sent to Cuba, but shortly after mustering into the service I found myself on the train to San Francisco to join Gen. Merrit's army en route for the Philippines. We stayed in Frisco five or six weeks and then embarked on the United States transport, Ohio, sailing on June 27, in company with the Morgan City, City of Para and Indiana

with Gen. McArthur, our brigade commander, on board. We experienced a severe storm the first few days out, but otherwise enjoyed a fine passage to Honolulu where we were royally received by the Hawaiian citizens, banqueted in the Palace grounds. We were all delighted with this veritable garden, and were disappointed that our stay could not be longer, but the Newport, with Gen. Merrit on board, and Valencia arrived a little sooner than expected and we were compelled to leave, after three days with them.

The voyage to Manila Bay took us over three weeks and was rather an eventful one. The heat was intense, in spite of the awnings stretched over the decks and the slight breeze usual at sea, and two firemen on our boat became crazed and leaped overboard. One death occurred on the Ohio and several on the other boats, and we were able to witness the impressive scene of a funeral at sea. Measles broke out early in the voyage, but did not attack many, owing to its successful isolation by the medical officers. One of the principal incidents of this memorable trip was the burning volcano, Farralon de Payaros (Peak of the Birds) which we sighted off the Mariana group near the Ladrone islands. This presented a grand picture at night and the ocean lit up with its lurid glare. About this time fire was discovered in the coal bunkers of the Morgan City, but was successfully kept secret and under control until the troops were debarked. Only three officers besides the ship's crew knew of this until after they had landed and probably hundreds of lives were saved by the coolness of the ship's officers.

We arrived at the entrance to Manila Bay on July 31, and the ships assembled and steamed past Corregidor island in single file and on up the bay until the great gray hulks of Dewey's watch dog's loomed up out of the mist. After the usual signaling we were allowed inside the line of battleships, close to Cavite. On the other side of the bay near Manila lay the white and black ironclads of England, Germany, Japan and France watching each other and us. The first night a fierce battle raged on shore during a big hurricane and we could distinctly see and hear the artillery of both sides flash and roar in lulls of the wind and rain. We remained on board for a week, as we could only land in small boats and the high surf would not permit this, during which time several small skirmishes took place, while we lay on board and watched them, cursing our inactivity the while.

Our landing was accomplished in the small boats of the transports and warships which were towed in strings of four and five by steam launches from the American fleet. We landed at the mouth of a river at a point called Las Pinas, the location of a native village, and went into Camp Dewey the same day in a peanut field between the Manila road and the sea shore. The location was a picturesque one, with the native palm-thatched bamboo huts which lined the road on our right and the line of palm trees and tropical scrub which

lined the sea on our left. Being the rainy season we spent a very damp week under the little campaign shelter tents. We spent one day in the trenches, but no fighting took place although we could see the Spanish sentinels and block houses from our own line of outposts.

On August 13th the whole army moved to the attack of Manila on land and the fleet in the bay, reenforced by the Monterey which had since arrived. After an early breakfast we were well on the march by 7:30, and to hear the merry jokes and laughter of the boys, one would think they were going to a picnic instead of a battle.

The story of the battle and capitulation of Manila you have already read in the papers, so I will not attempt to describe it. Some accounts I have seen say that we walked into Manila. This is a mistake, as some brisk fighting was engaged in, as the dead which filled the Spanish trenches when we crossed them gave evidence. This was a horrible sight. Men yet lay where they had fallen and their mutilated bodies told the story of shot and shell, while the paddles caused by the rain, were here and there tinged with the red of Spanish blood. I am not a hard-hearted man, but I did not feel very sorry as I looked on them and could not help thinking of the Maine.

The bombardment from Dewey's ship lasted about an hour, but considerable fighting went on on our right for an hour or two afterwards. Twice my own battalion was under fire, once as we left the trenches, and once in the suburb of Malate, where we were peppered from the roofs and windows of houses, but although the bullets whistled around in close proximity, fortunately on one was hit.

After a weary tramp through swamp and jungle we reached Fort Malate over which hung the first American flag, triumphantly fluttering in the breeze. Passing up through Malate and Ermita, we halted early in the afternoon under the walls of Old Manila, the fortified town, where a flag of truce was flying from the corner of the ramparts. Arms were stacked and dinner eaten in the road, while the Spanish soldiers who lined the walls, leant on their mausers and watched us. Shortly after we were ordered by Gen. Anderson to take possession of the barracks of the Spanish 73rd Infantry nearby where we were still quartered. These barracks have a little history of their own. The 73rd was the regiment which distinguished itself so during the Napoleonic wars, and which has since been quartered at Manila. The roofs of one of the buildings was badly torn up by a shell from a siege gun, when the Utah artillery men were trying to pick off a powder magazine nearby, and six men were killed by its explosion. We captured a large store of ordinance and army equipment and the magazine in question, when we took possession.

The town is now beginning to resume its normal condition again and business is resumed and all traces of the seize are fast disappearing. We put in our time in the usual monotonous barrack manner and with guard duty, and everybody is anxious to go home, now that our mission is accomplished.

I have taken advantage of my pass privileges to visit several warships in the bay. I went on board the Charleston and Monadnock and was shown all over both vessels by the sailors who gave me a hearty welcome. I also visited the English cruiser, Powerful. This is the largest cruiser afloat, Russia claiming the second, and it is a splendid vessel, although, in spite of its bristling batteries it looks almost too clumsy to handle quickly at close quarters. The English Jacks were very friendly and expressed their sympathy in our cause and took great pains to show us their ship, which is indeed a "powerful" engine of war.

At some future date I will write and give you a description of Manila and its Spanish and Filipino residents, their customs and characteristics, but for the present must close.

EUGENE STEVENS.

TAKING OF MANILA.

Story of the Capture as Told by a Participant.

ATTACK WAS MEANT FOR A BLUFF.

But It Worked so Beautifully That Town Fell an Easy Prey — The Spanish Loss Heavy, While Americans' Was Small.

The following letter from Manila is from Arthur R. Wilson, a son of Dr. Wilson, professor in the Omaha seminary, and a nephew of Mrs. L. E. Rogers, of this city. He is a member of Company L, First Nebraska volunteers, and his story of the capture of Manila is interesting. His letter is as follows:

Camp Dewey, Aug. 5th, 1898.

There has been a great deal going on lately and my time for writing has been encroached upon. My birthday has come and gone and all day I hoped for a letter from home for the best present I could wish for. The mail arrived in camp on the 2d. It had lain out in the bay only a day or two on the Indiana. The only one of the third expedition which had arrived before was the flagship, Newport, and it did not have mail aboard. So I was mistaken when I wrote last that the mail was out in the bay. The 4,000 men of

the third expedition are in camp now, having been landed much quicker than we were. Fighting has begun and they were needed on shore.

At 11:45 p. m. of Aug. 1st we were awakened by the first heavy fire we had heard. We had become accustomed to the popping of the insurgents, and never lost any sleep on their account. But the firing that we heard that night was of a different order, and we quickly recognized the difference. I dressed immediately, for I thought that it was morning, and so was among the first on the line when call to arms was blown fifteen minutes after the firing began. Our battalion lined up in four minutes and the regiment in eight. We were issued extra ammunition and then—stood in the rain for an hour or more and went back to bed. The Spaniards had made an attack on our intrenchments and been repulsed by the Pennsylvania regiment and the Utah battery. Our loss was seven killed and twenty-one wounded. The Spanish loss is reported to be 384 killed. Our regiment was the reserve, all the others went to the front. The insurgents were ordered to guard our flank but miserably failed. We don't love them very much.

Aug. 2d I was detailed on guard and, though it was my turn, I "kicked," for the regiment was to go on outpost duty. It was my first guard duty in the Philippines, some of the boys having been on three times. That afternoon I was consoled for being left behind by receiving two letters from home.

If the Third Nebraska comes this way I will look for the Tekamah boys. The next day I received a second letter from India. It was just a month old.

The night of the second our regiment had a skirmish with the Spaniards. They had been under fire all day but the infantry alone replied. At night the Spaniards made another attack but were driven back again. We lost five men and had five wounded. The Spaniards must have lost heavily. They seem to be brave enough but they can't shoot straight. The next day, the 2d, the long-expected Monterey arrived. We all understand that Dewey has been holding off for her, and that now the attack on Manila is to be general and aggressive. Maybe I will finish this from our quarters in Manila.

Drill here, and now it is 7:30 p. m. We just returned from swimming. While out breasting the waves the Manila batteries opened fire and ours replied. The constant flashes in the gathering darkness were most vivid. We made for shore and camp so as to be ready for a call to arms. It may come any minute now as the firing still continues. Tomorrow we go on outpost duty. Mail goes out tomorrow also.

On parade this morning a bullet whistled over our heads, causing us to duck. The man "who didn't know it was loaded" is now in the guard house.

Manila, Aug. 17, 1898.

I am rather proud to be able to write that address. The town is our now. The 13th was the unluck day—for the Spaniards. Admiral Dewey did most of the fighting, but we had our share.

Our regiment marched up the seashore, while the others were going through the intrenchments and through the new town. We reached the old town, the walled part, at the same time the others did, but the white flag was flying from the walls when we first saw them. Coming up the seashore

and through the town we were under a pretty hot fire from the Spaniards, who were retreating on parallel roads from the outside trenches, but we did not lose a man. Our march was picturesque, as part of it was right in the sea at the foot of the sea walls. We forded one river where the water was nearly three feet deep. But we hardly noticed anything, and scarcely minded the 200 rounds of ammunition and the two days' rations we were carrying, until the excitement was over and the long, tedious waits in rank commenced, then we noticed it. The boys say our camp is eight miles from where we stopped last night, and I guess it is. We halted out in a field and stood around in the rain while Dewey and the artillery shelled the intrenchments. They did not use any of their larger guns, but to us there was plenty of noise and the effect was sufficient. The little machine-guns sounded like wood-peckers on a dead tree. The Spanish loss was in the hundreds, while ours was fourteen killed, mostly in a charge which the Astor battery made.

The whole attack was a great bluff on our part. I was over the walled city yesterday. The walls are in some places forty feet thick and so high, twenty-five feet at least, that scaling would be next to impossible. The Spaniards had 20,000 fine Mauser rifles and ammunition to last for years. Of course they were short on provisions, but shorter in nerve, I think. They had lost probably 1,000 men since our arrival, and the hospitals were full, so perhaps is not surprising that they were disheartened. All the churches are turned into hospitals.

The night we came in our company slept out in the rain on the pavement. We are quartered now in the barracks of the harbor police, and will be very comfortable as long as we stay here. We have to stand guard every other day, two hours on and six off. The guard does not amount to much as the city is very quiet. The Spanish have the liberty of the town—they are not apt to wander to the country—but they are very quiet. The insurgents are not troublesome, but they promised to be the first day or two.

We have given up our camp, and all our stuff is up here now, rather the worse for water on it in our absence from camp.

I am going on guard in a little while, and must make this letter brief. I hardly intend it for a letter, but as I heard that the mail that I had written in the last two weeks was down in camp, and probably would not go out as soon as this does, I thought I would have to write a note. I am in the best of health and spirits. I am glad to hear the war is over. We all expect to be home Christmas, and I hope we shall not be disappointed.

Arthur R. Wilson,
Co. L, First Nebraska Volunteers.

SCENES IN MANILA.

Letter From a Burlington Boy on Board the Baltimore.

STRANGE PLACES, STRANGE PEOPLE.

The Palaces of the Governors Are More Gaudy Than Grand—Philippine Soldiers—Manila's Water Supply—Fortifications and Armament.

One of the very best accounts of the Manila naval fight on May 1 that appeared in any of the newspapers, was that written by H. B. Price, of Burlington, an assistant engineer on the U. S. S. Baltimore, and re-printed from the Burlington Hawkeye in the Courier. Mr. Price is known to a number of Ottumwans. He has written another interesting letter to his parents in Burlington, descriptive of things in and about Manila that is equally as good in its way as the other letter, and the Courier re-prints it below, from the Hawkeye:

U. S. S. Baltimore,
Manila, Aug. 20, 1898.

My Dear Parents: Since last writing you I have been ashore several times, as all officers are now permitted to go freely, though no one may be absent from his ship after sunset. One day I took a caleche (a small one-horse two-wheeled covered vehicle), and drove out to the summer "palace" of the governor-general. It was an old ramshackle, tumble-down, two-story wooden building that has been gaudily painted. The lower story is used as a sort of woodshed and carriage house. The dining room projects on archways over the river bank, and its windows are gaudy with cheap colored glass. There are many fine large mirrors in gilded frames, and paintings of famous Spaniards about the room. The largest and finest painting is of the queen regent, with the infant king in her arms. The whole building is shoddy in the extreme. The "palace" grounds are an ill-kept yard, partly occupied by a rice patch. There I met a lieutenant of the Third artillery whom I know very well, riding one of the diminutive island horses. I traded my caleche for his horse, and we crossed the city, out to the old fort on the coast beyond Malate. The right of the line of Spanish intrenchments rests on this fort. The intrenchment is well built of earth in palm leaf bags, commanding an open stretch of country that is all lagoons or rice swamps, and could be held by a determined body of men against any land attack. We followed the entrenchments to block house No. 14, that commands a road, and found it to be a flimsy affair, built of boards nailed to both sides of the studding, leaving a space about six inches wide which was filled in with mortar. It was pretty badly riddled with rifle and light artillery projectiles.

The palace in the old walled city is a better building than the other, built of stone and brick, with large stairways, excellent tiled floors and of substantial appearance. The audience room, now the chief office of the commissary, U. S. A., in Manila, has a beautiful ceiling. An American colonel, judge of the provost court, sits on a dias under a large painting of the queen regent of Spain. The steps of the stairway are of hewn mahogany, which is the common flooring material in town. All wood-work is hewn or sawed by hand saws, an illustration of the Spanish progressive spirit. There is not a saw mill in the islands. The cathedral of Manila is a large and massive building of stone and brick, pretty well kept up. Now the Spanish soldiers use it as barracks, Spaniards occupying one side and loyal Filipinos the other, and all traces of sanctity are gone. The finest looking building in town is the manufactory of la Insular cigars. The place

is full of Catholic churches. I don't know where the thousands of prisoners have stowed themselves away. I have seen only three since I have been here, and they looked as though they had not suffered any by the war. The Spanish soldiers are a weak, enfeebled looking lot of boys. Most of them keep themselves and their clothing very neat. They are allowed to go where they please about town, and are very quiet and respectful in their demeanor. Our soldiers are getting cleaned up, after their hard nights and days in the muddy trenches, and are getting more to eat now. They are a business-like looking lot of men, in marked contrast to the Spaniards, and have nothing fancy about them; but they have a familiar way of handling their guns. The uniform now consists of brown trousers like overalls, blue flannel shirt, slouch hat and calf skin shoes. I haven't seen a drunken soldier here. The other day one of our soldiers was examining his gun to see if it was loaded and snapped it. It was loaded. The ball crashed through the head of a native standing by, killing him so instantly that the expression on his face was not changed. In the crowd that rushed up to see what was the matter was a ragged little native woman who promptly fell over in a faint. She was the man's wife. It was a pathetic little incident in daily life.

On Saturday two of us took a caleche and started off. We knew not where. We drove on and on until finally we were out in the country, beyond our last sentry. The Filipino insurgents occupy the surrounding country, and at each post we passed the sentries stood up and presented arms. Several times we were stopped but after explaining in very poor Spanish that we were taking a drive to see what the country looked like, were allowed to proceed. We passed numerous barricades, blockhouses, and some rather pretentious forts occupying commanding positions on small hills, all now either abandoned or occupied by Filipinos. At a distance of several miles out is a large powder works and magazine, surrounded by a high, strong stone wall, with sentry boxes and watch towers, all now abandoned. All the surrounding country looks rich, and has been planted in rice, but is now uncultivated and overgrown with grass. A mile or more beyond the powder works, on a higher hill, is a large, white, two-story stone building, with a long stone wall in front of it. From the flagstaff floated the insurgent Filipino flag. We drove there and found it to be the headquarters of the Filipino governor of that district. In front of the building a company of Filipino soldiers were drawn up in double ranks, queer-looking, barefooted little brown men in all sorts of clothes, but each with a Remington or Mauser rifle and some with machetes also. Seeing us, the governor came out bareheaded and barefooted, with shirt hanging outside his trousers. All Filipinos hereabouts dress thus. He, and a Filipino lieutenant with him, were very polite, asked us in, gave us cigars, and then showed us over the place. It was the water reservoir for the supply of Manila, and I must say I was astonished at the magnitude and perfection of the work. The whole hill is honeycombed with tunnels and arches of massive masonry, from which, at short distances, wells or shafts open to the top, with sliding covers to close them. Water from the river is pumped to the reservoir by a pumping station further back towards the lakes, and an enormous

ons iron pipe conveys the water from the reservoir to the city. I was told that a Spanish resident of Manila who had severely felt the need of good water supply, died wealthy and left his fortune in trust, to be invested until it was large enough to build a system of water works for the city. Strange to say, the trust was executed, the fortune increased, and Manila has an excellent water supply.

Returning from our impromptu visit to this pseudo governor, we overtook the above mentioned body of Filipino soldiers on the march, straggling along in two long lines down the hot, dusty road. Driving up, I tried to buy a machete from one of the soldiers. Drawing the murderous looking blade, he swung it about his head and drew it across his throat, explaining with most vivid illustration that before he parted with that machete he was going to cut off some Spaniard's head with it. So we dropped back and I tried another soldier further in the rear. He was not so bloodthirsty, and after some dickering sold me his machete, belt, and sheath. The officers did not seem to mind our interference with the discipline of the men on the march.

Yesterday afternoon, while visiting at the headquarters of the first California, I saw four Filipinos caged up and under guard. Some of Col. Smith's men had caught them almost out of town, carrying off a Spanish soldier, whom they had caught and bound. They were going to take him out in the country and have a fine time murdering him.

From my observation of the Filipinos I can't see any good in them. Their principal characteristics hereabouts seems to be an intense hatred of the Spaniards, for which we can't blame them much. They are just what might be expected of a lot of savages inhabiting tropical islands, that have been more or less under Spanish dominion for the past three hundred years. You know it seems to be a part of human nature, and especially of tropical human nature, to follow a bad example. I don't believe the natives ever were very good to begin with, and they have had plenty of bad example.

Yesterday afternoon I went down through the old walled city to the fort commanding the mouth of the Pasig river. It is the most pleasant place I have seen here, with good buildings, grass, trees, and a good sea breeze. Furthermore, it has been well cleaned up, and as the river takes the place of the moat there, there is no stench from all other parts of the wall. This fort is now occupied by the Twenty-third. I met several of the officers, and stayed to see guard mount, which is at 3 o'clock, because it takes them three hours to cover their district. All the walls of the old city are very interesting; but this portion of this mediaeval fortification, once impregnable, is the die and crawled through two of the places in which to be confined. The principal armament of this fort consists of old gun metal guns of about five inch calibre, very similar to those at the Naval Academy, that were captured during the Mexican war. The antiquated gun carriages bear the legend "Sevilla, 1854." There are also a few mortars, even more primitive than the guns. I discovered that some of these guns were loaded, ready to

In the fort were enormous piles of shrapnel and solid round shot of various sizes. Mounted behind earthworks along the luneta are four 9.5 inch guns, Montorias, built in 1867 and converted into breech-loading rifles in 1884, that might have done some execution if they could have shot them straight. All the fortifications of this old city are very strong, but the trouble is they are about 100 years behind the times.

The Spaniard isn't so bad if you look at him in the light of 200 years ago. While other nations have been advancing in science, art, trade, religion, he has been standing still, and in contemplating him we are apt to forget this, and try to compare him with ourselves. He is what some people call conservative, some call old foggy, and some call—something else.

The Pasig river flows right through the middle of the modern Manila. Numerous smaller streams flow in various directions, so that the city is very much cut up by these water-ways, and there are many bridges. The city is flat, and the surrounding country low and swampy. It has not rained for two weeks, the heavy rains ceasing the day we took the city. It is not very uncomfortably warm. The very hot months are April, May and June.

Business has generally opened up again, and the Spaniards act as though they were glad we were here. The soldiers are spending their money for knickknacks and souvenirs, and the shops are having a big trade. I asked a German storekeeper one day how business was. He smiled blandly as he replied: "Business never was so good."

Several days ago I passed a company of our soldiers as supper was being served out. It consisted of a tin cup of coffee, and some white livers butter cakes, on which each man spread some condensed milk.

The fleet and army have had enough of war and Manila, and are ready to go home. Our men on the Baltimore have had no shore liberty since we left Honolulu, March 25, and they will not have any until we get to Hong Kong. The Olympia, Raleigh and Concord have gone to Hong Kong to go in dry dock. The Baltimore is now Admiral Dewey's flagship pro tem.

The health of both soldiers and sailors continues remarkably good. I am perfectly well.

Your son,
H. B. Price.

SCENES IN MANILA.

Interesting Letter From a Soldier Boy in the Philippines.

AN IDEAL SPOT IN WHICH TO LIVE.

Says Troops Are Healthy and Happy—Description of the Old Forts and Churches—Incidents of Trip Over.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Yost, who live on Jefferson street, are in receipt of a letter from their son, who is at Cavite, Philippines, with a Montana company of Volunteers, which the Courier prints herewith. The writer of the letter held a prominent position with a handsome

salary, in Butte, Mont., but promptly responded to the first call for troops and was sent with a state regiment, to San Francisco, and subsequently to Manila. Further interest is to be attached to Mr. Yost's letter from the fact that he was a former Ottumwa, having been raised in this city. About ten years ago the family went to Butte, Mont., from this city, and two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Yost returned. Mr. Yost is a Burlington operator in the East End. The letter, which perusal will show to be of more than ordinary merit, is as follows:

Cavite, Philippine Islands,
Aug. 31, 1898.

Dear Parents: Here we are at last, 9,000 miles from home and all that is dear to us. We left San Francisco, Cal., July 19th and arrived here on Aug. 24th. I told you in my last letter about our trip from "Friseo" to Honolulu. Our trip from Honolulu here was quite an affair, although some of us didn't enjoy it quite as much as we would have if we hadn't been quite so crowded and could have had our bill of fare changed occasionally, but, as it was, they tried to feed us on "slumgullion" twice a day for nearly thirty days. (It was a dirty, rotten mess, consisting of spoiled meat, rotten potatoes and stinking onions, all boiled up in a mess that would have turned a buzzard sick to its stomach. We had that every day for breakfast and dinner—but for supper they had beans, which, for a wonder, were really good, so they just saved my life.) There were quite a number of us who lived on only one meal a day the whole trip, except once in a while when we could manage to buy a few luxuries from the ship's crew, such as bread (25 cents a loaf). One day I managed to buy a "plum duff," which cost me \$1, and I got about one mouthful of it, and the water we had to drink was always so warm that it was a misery to have to drink, but, still, in spite of all these drawbacks, we managed to enjoy the trip fairly well.

We encountered one pretty bad storm just the night before we entered the China sea, and it was a wild night, too. It just happened that our company was on guard that night, so we got the full benefit of it all, as we had to be on deck. It was an impossibility to walk, we had to hold on to everything we could get our hands on, and crawl from one point to another. The ship pitched and tossed so that several of the boys were knocked down and had narrow escapes from being washed overboard. We were wet to the hide all night and were mighty glad to see it begin to clear up.

At daybreak the next morning, about 8 o'clock, we entered Manila bay, and at 11 o'clock we dropped anchor about half a mile off the shore at Cavite, where we are now garrisoned. They started landing us right after dinner in small boats, and we were all ashore by 8 o'clock that night, in the best of spirits. During the afternoon some of the insurgents and some of the Utah boys got into a drunken row, and one of the Utah boys was killed. Next day we went to their camp and brought in four of the insurgents, who had had a hand in the killing. Two of them have been shot, and the other two will be in a day or two.

The second night we were here our sentinels killed a greaser and fatally

wounded another who got too gay with our picket lines. The rest of the boys here have got the Montana boys sized up as a lot of bad men, and quick with a gun. One of the regulars said to me: "You fellows are all right. We have been popping away at those fellows for the past two weeks, and you jump in and kill one every night." They have learned a lesson, I guess, for they have fought shy of this part of the camp for the last three nights.

We have got a mighty fine place to barrack here. You have probably read at some time descriptions of the old Spanish forts and old-time buildings—but this is the genuine article. This place was built over 250 years ago. In fact it is so old that the solid stone work is crumbling away. This fort is one solid mass of stone work, surrounded by an immense sea-wall with cannons mounted on top. It is from six to ten feet thick, then inside these walls are secret passages and dungeons under ground. The barracks are great large structures, one story high, surrounding a plaza. They are fine, large, cool, roomy buildings, with red tile roof and tile floor. They are surrounded on all sides by immense shade trees. In fact it is an ideal spot to live in. The climate here is not so very bad. It gets frightfully hot in the middle of the day, but it generally gets nice and cool in the evenings, but when evening comes the mosquitoes come with it and they make life a dream sometimes. But taking it all in all we are just about the healthiest, happiest lot of soldiers you ever heard tell of and we are getting all the enjoyment out of this life that there is in it. We have not had much chance to see many of the notable sights yet, on account of being restricted to the limits of the sea-wall, and besides that we have been working every day, bringing the stores and supplies from the ship. We have six months' supplies on hand, so it will take us a week to unload it. You should see some of the old churches here. There are four of them here in Cavite (all Catholic) and they are immense structures, piles upon piles of rock in them and rooms and dungeons until you can't rest. Some of the boys found a skeleton chained to the floor in one of them. It has probably been there for a hundred years or more for when we touched the bones they crumbled away to ashes. The churches have badly decayed and crumbled away, and the soldiers have pulled down and carried off most of the images and furniture and things of any value. It is a shame, too, for they are grand old churches, and date way back in the early history of these islands, but now they are stripped of everything.

A crowd of drunken soldiers dug up a body from beneath the floor of one of the churches which had been buried there in 1777. It was some Spaniard of great rank and of some importance, and he was buried in front of the altar and had a great marble slab inserted in the church floor covered with Spanish writing. I have one of his ribs as a curio. You ought to go through these barracks and see some of the furniture some of the soldiers are using—great, old-fashioned mahogany, and rosewood, and of the very best make, and all kinds and shapes. There are two old-fashioned pianos and one modern upright piano here. The upright was taken from a chapel covered with blood, in which the Spanish soldiers beheaded two Spanish priests during the battle of Manila Bay.

It would do your eyes good if you could stand on the sea wall back of our barracks and look across the bay towards Manila and see the wrecks of the Spanish fleets. Thirteen Spanish ships resting on the mud at the bottom of the bay, but every one of them visible. They are bent and twisted, and blackened by fire until they look like thirteen piles of scrap iron. I haven't had a chance yet to see Admiral Dewey, and I guess I won't get one very soon as it is reported that he is going to leave Manila tomorrow and go to Paris, France, to attend the peace negotiations which will be held there upon his arrival. Some of our officers think we will be back home again by the holidays, but some of them think we are destined to guard duty here the remainder of our two years, but I hope not, for if the war is really all over I want to get back to the United States as that is just a little bit the best country I have ever struck. This is a nice country and all that but it is not quite the country for me.

Most of the boys are trying to make themselves sick on fruit and goat's milk and they are succeeding fairly well. I was laid up yesterday nearly all day from a bad stomach, and Gay Churchill hasn't done anything since he hit the island but feed his face with bananas, pine apples, coconuts and native gin. We trade off half of our hard tack and biscuits for fruit nearly every meal. We generally get a great big banana for a hard tack, and for a biscuit we get two. When we have hard tack for one meal, we get four, and if it is biscuit we get three, so you can see what a good chance we have to get our fill of fruit once in our lives.

A crowd of us boys are going to get passes to go over to Manila pay day, so we will have one more good time before we die—unless we get picked off in the next four or five days. The beauty of a pay day here is that American money is worth twice as much as Philippine money. So pay day we get \$31.25 in American gold; then we will take it to the bank at Manila, and get \$62.49 for it. So as things are very cheap here, it will last us quite a time.

I tell you I feel awfully lonesome here in the evenings. Some times some of us will be lying on the grass beneath the trees, gazing over the sea-wall and out to sea, back towards America, and of course about all that we think of is our sweethearts, and what might have been if this war had not broken out. I feel sorry for the poor Spanish prisoners here, when I think how far they are for home and the way they are situated. There are some in the hospital who will never see Spain again; they are some the insurgents, captured and nearly starved to death; in fact, some of them will surely die, for they are merely skeletons—great, large men who must have weighed 180 pounds in good health won't weigh 80 pounds now, and they are too weak to sit up. Lots of the Spaniards who are here are sneaking in and giving themselves up, as they are afraid of being captured by the insurgents, and they would rather die than be taken prisoners by them, for they don't get very best of treatment. Just as we take a bunch of prisoners out of wood, or do anything else outside the garrison, and come back again we are sure to have from one to five hid around, and when our backs are turned they slip in among the trees, pick up an ax and an

wood, or something, and go to work while they lowered a boat and gave the orders to come up the north side of the bay.

This was done so as not to get within range of the Spanish guns, and that made the boys look serious. But it was not long until we anchored at Cavite and Dewey had us safe under his guns. The next day they commenced unloading us in small boats and landing us at Camp Dewey which is about two and a half miles from Manila. Here is where our hardships commenced. I never had my shoes off from then until after the bombardment of Manila, only to clean the sand out of them.

We were put in the trenches at once. We were all wet and so were our beds for this is the rainy season here, and it rained steady for two weeks. I have slept for six and eight hours with the water in the trench up to my shoulders, but there was one good thing it was warm the day of the bombardment.

I will not try to explain but I will never forget it. We had orders to march to Manila at 8 a. m. and the Idaho regiment was assigned to the left flank, which was along the beach. We marched to within half a mile of Manila where there is a little forest of bamboo and halted, and waited for Dewey to start the ball to rolling, as he was billed to play at 10 a. m. sharp and you bet he is never late.

At 9:30 a. m. the Monterey took the lead with the Olympia, the admiral's flagship, next at slow speed, feeling their way as close to the beach as possible. As they passed us the first shot was fired from the Olympia.

We could not have gotten a better view of it if we had been on a stand built for the occasion. He took everything as he went, but before he got into the main part of the city the white flag went up.

He did not damage the city except by a few small shells which he threw in to tell them that he was coming. The firing lasted forty minutes, and then we got orders to march to Manila at double time. It was a free-for-all fight from there to Manila as the Spanish soldiers that were in the trenches did not know that the white flag was up at the fort. It was a regular bushwhacking fight in the swamp. The Astor battery was the heaviest loser that day, I believe.

It was a sad sight to cross the Spanish trenches as they did not have time to take their dead and wounded with them. But the Red Cross society gave them as good, if not better, burial than they would have gotten from their own people.

We were all on police duty that night and we had to charge bayonets and force the insurgents out of town. They wanted to kill all of the Spanish prisoners, and they are very troublesome yet, and I think that when we go to take their arms away from them they will make a fight. But it will not last long.

They are a very queer set of people. The females have the finest hair I ever saw. It is black as jet and comes down to their heels. They are very proud of it and comb it from morning till night. We have not heard what we are going to do, but we are living in hopes of being in the United States by Christmas. For my part if the United States holds the islands I would like to get my discharge here. I believe I would stay for a while and if I do go back to the States for I like that place and I think it is going to be a good place to locate. I have enjoyed my trip so far. Tell father that he will hear by the papers of anything that happens to us sooner

than I could write to him. We are all safe now as the battle is over. There are a great many of the boys in the hospital now, but I feel good and expect to return the same as when I went away. I will close for this time, as ever your brother,
Bob.

DEFENSES OF MANILA.

Five Thousand Yankees Could Have Defeated an Army.

The Courier prints herewith an interesting letter on the defenses of Manila written by Captain Harry Palmer, of Company D, Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers. Mr. Palmer is a brother of A. S. Palmer, foreman of the pattern shop at the Ottumwa Iron Works, and being a newspaper man, he knows what to tell and how to say it. His letter, which is one of a series that the Courier is permitted to print, is as follows:

"Manila, in her day, has been one of the proud cities of the world, fortified in a manner which set the ordinary armies and navies of the world at defiance. I visited the citadel the other day and made a hasty examination of her defenses, and involuntarily said, as I noted the approaches, guarded in all directions:

"God pity our infantry if they had been ordered to storm these entrenchments, unaided by Dewey's fleet of modern war vessels, or by siege guns, which could have been placed on land, and possibly have effected the same object." Five thousand Yankee soldiers could have here held 50,000 Spaniards at bay and defeated them. First came the outer entrenchments or earthworks, then the sandbags, then the pointed stakes, then streams of water, then more entrenchments, then more sandbags, then a bridge, mined and awful to an advancing enemy. Could our infantry forces have overcome these obstacles, then would have occurred the street fighting of Old Manila, for a distance of at least one and one-half miles; then in case they could, with Yankee pluck, have accomplished this feat, they would have but commenced their awful undertaking, as, one mile away, would have greeted them the justly famous citadel, impregnable, in my mind, to almost any force of infantry, and only to be successfully approached by the hand of strategy, siege and starvation. Across this space of one mile—open—the trees had been stripped of their foliage, only the bare trunks of a few trees being left, and these within a short distance of the walls of the fortress. Hundreds of cannon, large and small, would have belched forth their deadly messengers of shot and shell, while the musketry fire of thousands of maddened Spanish soldiers would have done awful execution. Suppose that our Yankee pluck and daring could have overcome all these dangers and difficulties—would their battle have been won and a victory scored? Not by any manner of means. First would come a stream of water thirty feet wide and several feet in depth of mud and water; then a rush of 200 yards over an open space, then an outer wall or fortification, with musketry and small artillery pieces pouring in their fire; then a moat of long, long years standing, a stream of indescribably filthy mud and water—stagnant pools and filth, reaching breast high and higher, for a distance of 180 feet and then the main wall, at least thirty feet in height; and reaching the top of this, if such a thing be possible, thousands of the enemy still facing the foe. As I stood on the rampart and noted these difficulties; and thought of what might have been, I

Co. G, First Montana Vol. Inft., Manila, Philippine Islands.

TAKING OF MANILA.

Another Story of Surrender of the Island Capital.

AS TOLD BY A FORMER OTTUMWAN.

"Bob" Mills Writes of Arrival in Philippines of His Regiment and Capture of the City—Another Manila Letter.

The following letter, received by J. W. Hedrick, from Mrs. Hedrick's brother, Robert Mills, will be read with interest by many friends, who will remember "Bob" Mills, when he clerked for John McCune, in McCune's grocery, in this city, and later when he was fireman on the Burlington. Mr. Mills is now in Company C, First Idaho volunteers, stationed at Manila, and took a hand in the assault against and the capture of that city. The letter is as follows:

Manila, Sept. 11, 1898.

Dear Brother:—Your letter arrived here yesterday and I was glad to hear that you were all well at home. I never felt better in my life, but that is one thing I was blessed with, good health. After leaving Frisco we had a very rough sea, and talk about sick boys, but I was not affected in the least, although there were not many who were not sick.

We stopped at Honolulu, and as the boys call it, we had a "big feed." The ladies of the island gave us a great reception. The health on the Morgan City was fine, but there were six funerals from the other four boats. It is all the boats would all form in a circle and the guns would fire and the boats would drift for thirty minutes and then steam on. We arrived in Manila bay August the 1st, at 10 a. m. I would not have missed the sight we saw that morning for about five miles from Manila, as they do not know the situation in the city. We saw a boat head for us and when we saw it was a United States vessel we were all smiles, as the Raleigh drew alongside the band

They thanked God, and then Dewey and his gallant men for our almost bloodless victory. Surely the hand of God has been with us and the fate of the Spaniard marked out by our God of destiny. Hundreds of years of revolting cruelty on the part of the cruel and treacherous Spaniard have marked him down as unworthy to rule in this land of Christian civilization. The Spaniard has had his day, and it has been an awful day to the natives of this fruitful island. Think of it, of an intelligent, fine looking, English speaking Spaniard, who has often visited our great old United States, looking me squarely in the eyes and making this boast:

"The natives are a tough class to conquer—they are, indeed. Why, sir, in the last year we have killed off more than 70,000 of them; and still they continue to battle and will not accept the inevitable."

"The natives, ere our arrival, had driven the Spaniards from pillar to post, from all interior positions, and had them cooped up in the citadel where they could only be conquered by the aid of starvation. But you must remember that Dewey and his men really accomplished this by the destruction first of the Spanish fleet, and then by applying the insurgents with the arms and ammunition of the defeated to—with thousands of Mauser rifles and thousands of pounds of powder and innumerable cartridges, while teaching the natives to use these arms to the best possible advantage.

"It was simply wonderful in that far off city, so different from the happenings in our own beloved United States. The fancy, narrow streets; the houses, surrounded by massive walls, as if your home was a fortress, with deadly enemies all around and about you; the chattering Philipinos, Chinese, French, Russians, Belgians, Germans, in fact almost all the nations in the world represented; the diminutive horses and the two-wheeled carts, the patient water buffaloes, seen only in circuses in our native land; those patient, ox-like animals drawing enormous loads; the Chinese, numbering a dozen or more, pushing and pulling an immense wagon load of coal; the coolies, with great burdens upon their shoulders, trotting along with an indescribable loping motion; the beggars, pleading all day long for alms, with closed eyes and an exhibition of disgusting sores upon body and limbs; oftentimes these beggars walking upon their knees all day long, and again upon their feet—flat—with knees in air, and then the remainder of the body bent, until the center of the body touched the ground; emaciated women, with emaciated infants upon their arms, pleading with you for the gift of a single penny, while there as if nothing worth noting were occurring, and as if poverty never occurred in their lives—all presenting such scenes as I never expected seeing on this earth."

SEEN IN OLD MANILA

Something of the Famous City and Its People.

CANALS ARE ALL VERY FILTHY.

Water Buffaloes Do Much of the Work—Insolent Natives Are Taught the Power of American Soldiers.

Following is a second letter received from Captain Palmer, of the Pennsylvania regiment at Manila. It forms a splendid sequel to the letter printed in yesterday's Courier:

"I have had, for the past few days, one nickel, two American pennies and one Spanish penny in my possession. We have two months pay due on September 1st. We have been promised this pay for the last ten days; and now the promise is that we will be paid on next Monday. Hope we will. L. E. Thompson, Company E, noted the keeper of a store in front of E's quarters, in the bank building, sell a native 20 good cigars for 20 cents. Thompson laid down 20 cents for the same, and received eight cigars; he called for an interpreter, explained the case, received insolence in return from the native merchant and promptly slapped the fellow in the face. Captain Loar, of Company E, then closed the business house, and the yellow fellow pleaded, in impassioned tones, for restoration, promising to treat Americanos with all due respect, and he now sells to Americanos at the same figure as to natives. Oranges which the natives were glad to sell us at one penny each, Spanish money, they are now asking 5 cents for, and sell the same to the natives for one penny. If I had \$100 in gold I could double my money every month, easily, by selling to the boys at honest and honorable prices, one hundred per cent lower than the prices now asked by all native merchants, who have actually entered into a contract, I fully believe, to hold up prices and rob the foreigner.

"The insurgents are getting quite saucy towards the Americanos. The insurgents desire to loot and murder the Spaniards, and our good treatment of our prisoners is not in accord with the ideas of said insurgents. Lieut. Carey, of B, with a squad of thirty men were on outpost duty a few nights since, near our old line of entrenchments, on the outside of Manila, where the insurgents are now stationed, and where they are fortifying and strengthening the earthworks to the very best of their ability, and the native commander ordered Lieut. Carey and his men to vacate and move further into the city of Manila. Carey respectfully declined, asserting that he wanted to consult with the major, his superior. When the major arrived, he desired first to communicate with his superior, Colonel Hawkins, and he in turn with General Hale, brigade commander. The insurgent captain finally lost patience, and at 6 a. m. he gave Lieut. Carey twenty minutes to vacate and retreat or take the consequence. In the meantime General Hale had been in telephonic communication with General

McArthur, in our own room, in my hearing and presence, and the result was that when the insurgent captain was fully ready to enforce his insulting order, four companies of the Tenth Pennsylvania infantry faced him, with four companies of the same regiment in immediate reserve, and the Utah battery in splendid position for offensive work, while the only outlet for the cheeky nigger was commanded fully by the guns of the gallant Jack Tars, under the immediate charge of a placid tempered gentleman by the name of Dewey. The insurgent commander, like Crockett's coon, appreciated the situation, came down, without any necessity for shooting, was permitted to return to the suburbs, at the head of his command; and now 'all is quiet along the Potomac,' so to speak; the bluff was a dandy one, and might have worked against the Spaniards; but the Americanos are not built after the Spanish model.

There was quite a fight near our headquarters the night before last, between Spanish soldiers and some of the natives, the former attempting to carve the latter into mincemeat. A guard was sent down to the scene of the conflict, and one native and two Spanish soldiers were arrested. The Spaniards had been drinking very deeply and were hard to handle, resisting viciously, but in vain. One of them carried an ugly knife, built on the butcher model, and he tried to carve the guard who arrested him, finally dropping the knife in the street, where I secured it and took it to my quarters, intending to keep it as a relic; but the colonel sent for it and I was compelled to give it up. After reaching our headquarters, one of the whisky soaked Spaniards fought like a demon, and I finally found it necessary to go to the assistance of the guard, flooring the Don in good shape, without any unnecessary violence, when he became as gentle as a little child, kissing and caressing my hand and addressing me as "mucha wano"—very good, and then, resting his head against my knee proceeded to go to sleep.

It is a wonderful city. It is simply impossible to describe it by the use of pencil and paper. There are thousands of small merchants here, principally Chinese, and they are, in the main, as cleanly as it is possible for them to be, in the absence of any sewerage system. There are some splendid jewelry establishments, banks and other business houses, in charge of Americanos, Englishmen, Germans, French and Jews, with an occasional Spaniard.

The beasts of burden are water buffaloes, sometimes seen in circuses at home. They pull the burdens by means of a yoke attachment over the neck—the noses of the animal pointing out almost on a level line directly in front of them. They are oxen-like, quite heavy and generally well kept, as must and should be the case, as they are a decided source of revenue to their owners. They are passionately fond of the water, and after they have ploughed knee deep in the rice fields all the day long, the first place they visit, when loosed from the yoke, is the lagoon or canal, where they lie submerged for hours, only their noses and foreheads and eyes and horns protruding above the surface; these animals have huge but clumsy horns.

There are many thousands of passenger conveyances in this city of Manila, known as carmentas; the propelling power is ponies about the size of a Shetland pony. The conveyances are mainly two-wheeled; but some are four-wheeled; some are very handsome and costly, some are very poor, owned and op-

erated by the poorer class of natives; they are also a great source of revenue.

The canals in the city, connecting with the outside rivers and the Pacific, are great avenues of travel. The canoes are very narrow, and one white man, about my size, would capsize as soon as he planted feet therein; and yet I have seen these same canoes glide by, with from twelve to twenty occupants, male and female, all seated on their bunkers, packed against one another like sardines in a box, with two or more using the propellers, a straight-handled oar, with a circular or fan-like blade, and causing speed to be gained which is simply astonishing. All along these canals, in fact overhanging them, are houses on every hand, and all the sewerage and filth accumulating in these densely populated houses is thrown into these canoes. Can you wonder that fever at times causes awful destruction? Some of the natives will assemble on the upper porches as other natives pass by in their canoes in the canal beneath, and deliberately throw buckets of water and oftentimes filthy refuse, merely to be repaid by the shouts of laughter which issues from the lips of unthinking Americanos. If an American sailor were treated in such manner, the offender would catch a bullet on the fly or be thrown from porch into canal.

If settlement is made soon, and the Americanos evacuate the Philippines, the Spanish will find hot trouble on hand with the insurgents, as the latter seem determined to demand vengeance for the outrages of years.

AS A MUSICIAN SAW IT.

Interesting Recital of Trip to Manila and Subsequent Events.

The following letter from James E. Lewark, a member of the First Colorado band, now at Manila, will be read with interest in Ottumwa and vicinity, as it tells of an important epoch in the history of our country, and especially in the neighborhood of Batavia, where Mr. Lewark is well known, will find interest. The letter, written to a friend at Batavia, is as follows:

Manila, Sept. 2, 1898.—Thinking a letter might be of interest to you, I will briefly describe our voyage and the engagement I had a part in.

The First Colorado regiment, to which I belong, sailed from San Francisco on the China June 15. The China is one of the finest mail and passenger steamers on the Pacific. She is 432 feet long, 40 feet wide and is fitted with rigging necessary to a sailing vessel. Her average speed is sixteen knots, but she can make twenty-four, or about twenty-six miles, per hour. Inside she is very nicely fitted, and if one could not feel the rolling of the ship one could easily imagine one were in a nicely furnished house.

The voyage was novel and exciting until we began to feel the effects of the moving ship. The next few days I will not try to describe, as it would be almost impossible. It is not to be desired a second time. The ocean was very quiet all the way across, some days scarcely a ripple.

We reached Honolulu the eighth day. It is a fine city, the greater part of the population of the city being native. They are almost as dark as the southern negro. We were very warmly received, and treated to the best of everything. After a stay of two days we continued our voyage. We reached Wake Island the Fourth of July and raised the stars and stripes. We celebrated with speeches and firing of cannon in the afternoon.

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Scrapbook provided Courtesy of Dean Norman

Compiled by James B. McVicker

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