

IN THE TRENCHES AT MANILA

Brigadier General King Describes Deeds of Daring Witnessed by Himself

TRUE TALES OF OUR FIGHTING MEN

Incidents Showing Matchless Courage and Dash of American Soldiers in the Philippines—Wicked Treachery of Natives.

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It would take a book to tell you of the "heroic incidents" you ask for, of the day, long forested, on which the so-called insurgents made their grand assault on the American lines about Manila. The situation was a strange one. We were allies at the start and became enemies through force of circumstances. For years they had suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the Spaniards, had battled bravely and persistently for their freedom, had "bottled up" the dons in Manila, Iloilo and a few other fortified towns, and felt sure of ultimate victory. For years their leader had promised them the sack of Manila, and there is little doubt indiscriminate massacre of the Spaniards would have followed. The hats of the Filipino for his long time oppressor is something beyond description. The little islander has been aptly described as half child, half devil. He is fanatical as the Turk and more superstitious than the negro. He is a devout Roman Catholic, a wonderfully obedient, a most accomplished sneak thief, and, when it comes to fighting, an enemy as utterly without conscience and as full of treachery as our Arizona Apache. He will hoist a white flag and lure you to your death under its folds. He will don the garb of priest, monk or even saint of charity, come to you begging alms and stab you in the back or slit your throat with his keen "bolo" even as you are giving him aid. He will smile gratefully, guilelessly up into the face of the surgeon who for weeks has been healing his wounds and then lay for a chance to shoot or knife his benefactor the very night he is discharged from hospital. He will come to beg a guard for his little homestead and vegetable patch, and shoot the guard the moment he is alone. He implored us to respect the holy character of his innumerable churches, and he made the very altar his arsenal—stored his Mausers and cartridges under the image of the crucified Saviour and when the hour of outbreak came. Dozens of our wounded, drifting back to the hospitals, and of our of-block houses extending clear around the suburbs of Manila from above Tondo on the way to the north to old Fort San Antonio Abad below Malate to the south. Major General Anderson, with the First Division, faced the insurgent, however the Pasig river and the bay east and south of the city. Major General MacArthur, with the second division, did like duty east and north. I commanded the first brigade of the first division covering the line from the Pasig to block house 12 in front of the big towers of Manila and Pasig. The narrow "gorge" of the Concordia and the still narrower stream of the Tripa de Gallina formed the line between my troops and the Filipinos. We knew they had heavy redbuds and entrenchments on their side in front of the big village of Santa Ana, a mile away, but they were skillfully screened by trees and shrubbery. We knew they had Krupp guns but we could not tell just where they were placed. The stone bridge over the Tripa in front of block house 11 bore the brunt of all the incessant "fray" between Manila and the score of towns along the river, on the Delta and the south shore of the lake, of which it is the outlet. This was the insurgent line of supply and communication. Santa Ana was the headquarters of General Ricard's division and their arsenal as well, and this line, when the tables were suddenly turned upon them on the morning of Sunday, February 5, they defended for an hour with obstinate determination until they found themselves outflanked and caught in a trap. Then only the reserves escaped, and the fighting lines were killed, captured or driven into the Pasig and drowned. That in brief was the result of what is called the battle of Santa Ana, fought by the First brigade, First Division, Eighth corps and Ricard's command of the insurgent army. The point was not dropped until we reached the villages on the Delta the following day and secured their surrender, but the heroic incidents went all around the line through both divisions. I shall try to tell you of a few that occurred in our

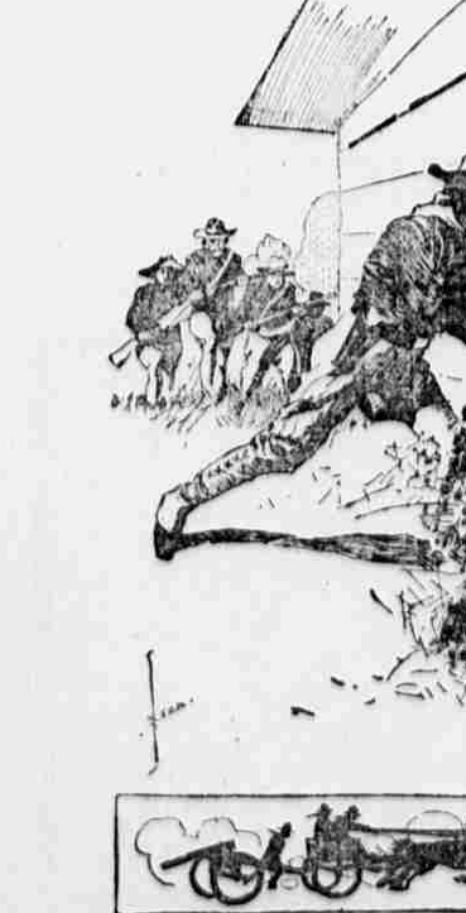
Insulting Conduct of the Natives.

For three weeks before the outbreak their officers had been insulting in language and demeanor to our men. For six weeks before their assault in force Americans were arrested who sought to penetrate their lines, they were severely punished, and they would through our. "Do everything in your power to avert a conflict," were our orders, and in all of our aggressions they were faithfully observed. The line of demarcation between the insurgent territory and ours was roughly indicated by a cordon of block houses extending clear around the suburbs of Manila from above Tondo on the way to the north to old Fort San Antonio Abad below Malate to the south. Major General Anderson, with the First Division, faced the insurgent, however the Pasig river and the bay east and south of the city. Major General MacArthur, with the second division, did like duty east and north. I commanded the first brigade of the first division covering the line from the Pasig to block house 12 in front of the big towers of Manila and Pasig. The narrow "gorge" of the Concordia and the still narrower stream of the Tripa de Gallina formed the line between my troops and the Filipinos. We knew they had heavy redbuds and entrenchments on their side in front of the big village of Santa Ana, a mile away, but they were skillfully screened by trees and shrubbery. We knew they had Krupp guns but we could not tell just where they were placed. The stone bridge over the Tripa in front of block house 11 bore the brunt of all the incessant "fray" between Manila and the score of towns along the river, on the Delta and the south shore of the lake, of which it is the outlet. This was the insurgent line of supply and communication. Santa Ana was the headquarters of General Ricard's division and their arsenal as well, and this line, when the tables were suddenly turned upon them on the morning of Sunday, February 5, they defended for an hour with obstinate determination until they found themselves outflanked and caught in a trap. Then only the reserves escaped, and the fighting lines were killed, captured or driven into the Pasig and drowned. That in brief was the result of what is called the battle of Santa Ana, fought by the First brigade, First Division, Eighth corps and Ricard's command of the insurgent army. The point was not dropped until we reached the villages on the Delta the following day and secured their surrender, but the heroic incidents went all around the line through both divisions. I shall try to tell you of a few that occurred in our

Resigning on the Night.

It was 2:30 o'clock on Friday morning when the insurgents opened fire on my line and long before dawn it spread clear across the front of General Owenshine's brigade, which, facing south, lay to our right. Not until 8 o'clock, however, could our division

MILES, REVOLVER IN HAND, SPRANG TO THE FRONT.



Advertisement for furniture sale featuring a chair and listing prices for various items like pillows, divans, and chairs.

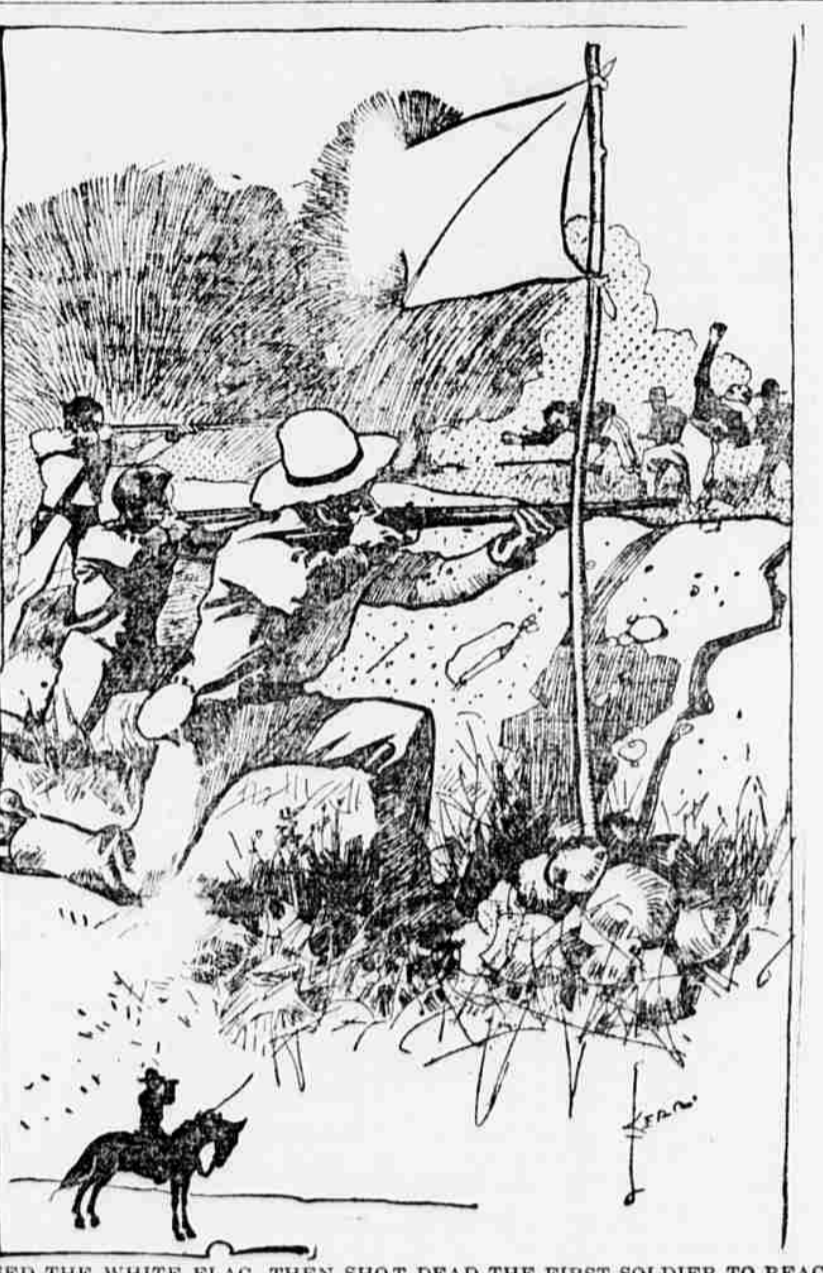
Main advertisement for Dewey & Stone Furniture Co. featuring a large 'Parlor' section and listing various furniture items with prices.

Advertisement for furniture sale listing various items like divans, chairs, and sofas with their respective prices.

commander get the consent of the governor general to let us attack. Meantime we had to "stand and take it" or, literally, the lines lay down and fired back across the Tripa as best they could. It was galling work. Many a brave fellow wears the mark of that night's battling, and a dozen were killed outright before, at last, we got the word to go in and sweep the field. At that moment Company A of the First Washington Infantry lay close to the stream facing the flashing lines across the Tripa. Erwin, its first lieutenant, had been borne to the rear, shot through the neck and arm. Two men lay dead in their tracks. Twenty were wounded. I had galloped forward to give the order, and I shall never forget how, though covered with mud and stiff with the long constraint, those splendid fellows sprang to their feet and then, crouching like Indians, dove down the bank and splashed waist deep through the Estero. It was there I came upon their captain—tall, conspicuous and calm and silent as ever—but covered with blood—his head bound up in a handkerchief. He staggered slightly as he tottered up the opposite bank and, knowing what was ahead of us and that he must have been painfully wounded, I took the first chance to reach him and order him back to the surgeon's. He could barely speak, with his jaw bound tightly, but what he said was practically this "It's only a scratch, sir. I can't let my men go on without me."

Cleaning the Rice Fields.

Ten minutes later the dash of two battalions of the Washingtons had cleared the rice fields to the south of the Santa Ana road and the Californians, lying the low embankment on which it ran, were getting in a lively crossing on the entrenchments to the north of it. The Krupp guns were firing rapidly at us from a redoubt close to the stream and near the east end of Santa Ana. The stone bridge across the Tripa seemed to be the main target, for shivered glass from the lamp posts and splintered stone from the parapets flew with the whistling bullets diagonally across the roadway. None the less two little mountain Hotchkiss guns had been run forward by hand almost to the arch and there, coolly, placidly directing their fire—bursting his shells



RAISED THE WHITE FLAG, THEN SHOT DEAD THE FIRST SOLDIER TO REACH THE WORKS.

evenly in the Filipino ranks, and never crouching to avoid the incessant flight of the Mauser and Remington missiles, stood an officer who had already won a name for daring and skill in the face of a savage enemy. A Sioux bullet at the bloody fight at Wounded Knee eight years ago dove at Wounded Knee through his body, but in no wise impaired his efficiency or daunted his nerve when the next campaign came on. Between the cool, scientific handling of these guns by Lieutenant Hawthorne of the Sixth artillery and the fierce and rapid volleys of the Californians crouching behind the low ridges in the rice fields to our left front were driven to cover further back and their shots flew wild. Then it was possible to rush the First Idaho across the bridge and form it for the attack on the morning. At the head of the second battalion stood a veteran soldier—Major Edward McCoy. He had served as a private in the great war of the rebellion. He had later spent long years in the regular army as a private and noncommissioned officer. He at one time carried a mule in the company then commanded by Captain, now Major General Anderson, under whose orders he again found himself when he came as a major to Manila. He was probably the oldest man in the Division—he certainly was in the brigade—but no duty was so wearisome or exacting that he did not carry out his share of it to the uttermost. The men looked upon him as a patriarch, but honored him for his devotion to every detail of his soldier work. I think now that the brave old fellow must have become somewhat deaf. He had misinterpreted an order I gave him when reporting to me for instructions as field officer of the day a fortnight before the fight. This had led to my writing out his orders the next—and last time he reported

to the consul's house and passed behind, instead of in front of it, so that it took ten minutes to straighten him out, but then with cheers and volleys the lines rushed in. Just as the center of the Idahos reached a little clump of trees and shrubbery half way across the plain they were greeted by a sudden and furious volley that staggered them. In an instant McConville leaped to the front, waving his sword over his head and shouting to his men "Come on, Idaho!" and then, as he turned and led the rush into the shrubbery, a shot struck him square in the breast and down he went. Even then, they told me, he strove to crawl forward with the line, but the wound was mortal, and presently the brave old fellow realized that he had but an hour or two to live. I never saw him again. The order he received from my lips on the Santa Ana road was his last and to the letter had he striven to obey it.

Orders Executed.

Five insurgents lay dead about the Krupp in the middle redoubt where, side by side, California and Idaho leaped in to the capture and a dozen lay strewn over the field in front of where the honored major fell. The roar of masonry was resumed for three minutes and followed by scattering shots as the fugitives ran for the stream, but there was a smile on McConville's grizzled face as they bore him off the field. Everything had been swept to the river. All these redoubts were won. Both the Krupps were ours and there were places where the insurgents lay two deep in the trenches. As the main line made its grand wedge to the left and, charging into Santa Ana from the south, "rounded up" the insurgents who strove to escape along the bank, Cunningham of the First California caught sight of a big "case" or barge crammed with the enemy "poling" over to the opposite shore. In less than no time he had his company lined up behind the convent enclosure through which they had fought their way and opened fire. In five minutes up went the white flag across the stream and, under cover of the rifles of a whole battalion by this time ranged along the bank, Cunningham and five men, found the insurgent captain and seven men dead, wounded mortally and seventeen slightly wounded and made the whole detachment prisoners.

Fighting in the Woods.

But while the First brigade had carried out its plan of battle without appreciable check from the enemy, but later work in front of the Fourteenth Infantry (regulars) of Owenshine's (second) brigade, farther to the right. Here in the thick woods the insurgents had thrown up breastworks and possessed themselves of blockhouse 14—once occupied by our men, but later abandoned because of the length of the line and the small number of troops to defend it. Both in front of the First and Second brigades, but especially in front of the First at Santa Ana bridge, the same condition of affairs was found to exist. The insurgent officers taught their men to believe that the Americans were cowards who dare not fight—who would probably run if attacked and would certainly recoil before a determined stand. For weeks the little sinners—Bickers and men—would come on the bridge, "set their traps" on the stone parapet and dare our sentries to fight. As they drove or rode through our lines and our sentries saluted the officers as they were ordered, the latter often jeered and taunted them, though they behaved with exemplary propriety. The Filipino, seeing and hearing all this, were impatient for the attack to begin, believing all Manila would be theirs and the Americans even easier victims than the Spaniards. This was the explanation of their dash and spirit when assaulting early Sunday morning and of their obstinate defense, for a while at least, when our line advanced. Now, I can only tell from hearsay of the gallant act of a young officer of the Fourteenth regulars, but it is the talk

of the First division and has won him the recommendation for the medal of honor.

Desperate Assault.

A battalion of the regiment, checked by the fierce fire from the thicket in their front and dispirited by its severe loss in killed and wounded, was lying down for shelter. One of its best and bravest officers, Lieutenant Mitchell, lay dying in their midst, when Lieutenant Perry L. Miles, an Ohio boy, only four years out of West Point, was suddenly called upon to report to his commanding officer. In brief words the battalion chief gave him orders: "That block house must be taken at once—and I want you to do it." Miles is one of the "quietest" young fellows in the service and he probably went off without a word. As the story comes to me, it was decided that he should call for volunteers, and he did. The men looked at the bristling block house a few hundred yards away and shook their heads. It was crammed with insurgents, and the only way to reach it was a straight road with dense bamboo and underbrush on each side. It was a lane to death and the soldiers knew it. Only five men responded to the call, and with these five Miles made his dash. Full tilt they charged through the storm of hissing lead that greeted but could not stop them. First one, then another, two of the daring five dropped in their tracks, but Miles darted on and the Filipinos, amazed at such dauntless courage and fearful of their fate when the Americans reached the block house, came scurrying down from the upper stories. Possibly they were afraid it might be fired and they be burned alive. Possibly they were awed by the prospect of hand to hand fight with big fellows who were proof against their Mausers, but down they came and out they went—the last Filipino rushing from the back door as Miles, revolver in hand, sprang in at the front. It was a desperate chance and one of the bravest, pluckiest things of the day.

Worthy of a Medal of Honor.

But here is another that calls for the medal of honor, if I understand it aright. The military telegraph line, before the battle began, extended on our front to block house 11, close to the Santa Ana bridge. The officers of the signal corps followed up the movements of the brigade and stretched their wires far to the front. But the line ran through the village of Pasig—a nest of insurgents out of uniform, therefore all the more dangerous. Pasig church was found

to be a stronghold of the rascals early in the day, and dozens of the villagers' houses proved to be only lurking places for assassins in the garb of peace—the white, everyday dress of the Filipinos. Of course it was not long before church and huts innumerable were in flames, and the lurking occupants hunted out, but the huge stone tower of Pasig church refused to burn and there, safe sheltered until we could smash it with artillery, and fanatical to the last a party of perhaps half a dozen insurgents kept up incessant fire on Americans whose duties compelled them to cross Pasig bridge on the one line of communication between Santa Ana and the city. Toward 11 o'clock—right at the telegraph pole in front of the church and not 200 yards from it the wire was clipped, and a young signal officer, Lieutenant Charles E. Kilbourne, Jr., springing back to find the break was saluted by a volley. "Get away from there for God's sake!" yelled some soldiers, who, from the shelter of the village walls, were trying to answer the fire from the tower. "Ride for your life, man!" shouted some horsemen who dashed by in full speed and bending low over their ponies, but Kilbourne was made of better stuff. Swept away, at first, by the excited rush of the stampeded riders he regained control of his pony, reined him about, rode deliberately back to Pasig, dismounted at that identical pole, climbed it to the very top in the face of a galling fire that clipped a second wire while he was repairing the first, calmly, pluckily, skillfully mended both wires in plain sight of half a dozen officers and a score of men sheltered by the walls up and down the blazing Calle Real. Then mounted and rode on about his other business. If that wasn't pluck and heroism, I'm no judge of either. CHARLES KING, Brigadier General, U. S. V.

Flowers of Speech.

Picturesqueness of phrase is habitual to the Irish. The following "flowers of speech" are from Mr. Macdonogh's "Irish Life and Character." "An Irishman was asked in America how he was getting on. 'Middle,' he said. 'Middle,' but fails, I'd rather be a gas lamp in Dublin nor president of the United States. 'An Irish navy was complaining of his forearm. 'He'd not stir a finger himself to lift a red herring off the gridiron, but he'd ask you to shift the Rock of Gibraltar.'"

GALLANT LIEUTENANT CHARLES E. KILBOURNE, JR., WHO REPAIRED TELEGRAPH WIRES UNDER FIERCE FIRE.

