HISTORY

OF THE

Pioneer Marine Battalion

AT

GUAM, L. I., 1899

AND THE

Campaign in Samar, P. I., 1901

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PREFACE

Interesting Facts Relating to the Island of Guam and the Island of Samar, Philippines.

In reading this book the reader will find full explanation of the cruise of the U. S. S. Yosemite, which took the marines to Guam and now lies at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean; also the expedition known as the Pioneer Marines at Guam, 1899; the outbreak of the Philippine insurrection in Cavite, 1900, and that famous campaign on the Island of Samar, Philippines, led by the United States Marines in 1901. It was one of the hardest campaigns ever undertaken by any white man. Too much praise cannot be given to the soldiers, sailors and marines who participated in the Samar expedition, 1901-1902. I publish this book for the benefit of those who served in the expedition to Guam, 1899, and the Samar campaign of 1901. I kept a diary of the five years that I served in the Marines and since that time I have received a number of letters from my comrades, urging me to have it published, as they would like to have a book of this kind.

JOHN HENRY CLIFFORD.

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History of the Pioneer Marine Battalion

On April 20, 1899, orders were sent from Marine Headquarters, Washington, D. C., to the Barracks located at Washington, D. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., Norfolk, Va., Newport, R. I., Boston, Mass., and Portsmouth, N. H., to form a battalion. This battalion was composed of one hundred and fifty marines, one major, two captains, three lieutenants, and Capt. Richard Leary, U. S. N., (now deceased), Military Governor of Guam. Great confusion resulted in the barracks, for the orders came like a thunderbolt, and the men all hustled to the Quartermaster's room to receive their equipments.

We arrived in Brooklyn the 21st; went aboard ship on the 28th. President McKinley and officers went aboard ship, and bade us farewell and good-luck. Miss Helen Gould also came on board, and gave every man a Testament. We appreciated her kindness, for we had something by which to remember this Christian, patriotic woman. We left the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., May 6th, on the U. S. S. Yosemite, Captain Hide in command.

We dropped anchor at Thompkinsville. Admiral Sampson's flag-ship, New York, was anchored here. Our ship saluted him. We left Thompkinsville at 4.45 Wednesday evening, and dropped anchor at Sandy Hook, Thursday evening at 6.15; left next morning at 6 o'clock.

On starting out we had poor luck. On May 19th, something happened to the engines at high sea, which delayed us several hours making repairs. Then we were under way, and on Saturday, the 20th, at 5 a. m., we sighted land at Portugal and the western coast of Africa. We steamed along at a very swift rate until we arrived at Gibraltar, Sunday, May 21st, at 12 m. It being Sunday, we did not fire a salute, so on Monday, the 22d, our ship saluted the

fort with 21 guns, and the fort returned the same. We made the trip in fifteen days and four hours. The distance from New York to Gibraltar is 3,215 miles.

May 24th was the Queen's birthday. Our ship was decorated with flags, banners, and the English ensign flying. At 12 m. a salute was fired in honor of the Queen.

The fort at Gibraltar is very strong. It is of solid rock and filled with large disappearing guns. There are several hundred soldiers quartered there and enough commissary stores to last years. This rock was taken from Spain by the English fleet, under the command of Sir Admiral George Rooke, in the year 1704.

At the left of the rock is a small town called Spanish Town, with big fortifications. The streets are hilly and narrow, but clean. There are English and Spanish people living there. It has been said by naval officers of different countries that it is the strongest fort in the world. The Governor General of the fort was Sir Robert Biddulph. He and the officers of the fort made a visit to the captain and the governor and officers of our ship.

On May 30th, our ship sailed out of Gibraltar, at 5.10 p. m., and I will never forget it. It was terribly stormy and impossible for the men to stand on their feet. We were at supper, when all of a sudden tables, dishes, and food went to the decks. It was a mixed-up mess at supper that night, sea pie, sailors and marines sliding on the decks. Going through the Mediterranean Sea several of the boys were sick.

On June 4th we sighted the shore of Balanco, and at 6 a. m. we dropped anchor off Tunis. After a short delay, we proceeded again, and steamed along until we sighted land.

On June 5th, we were along the coast of Greece. The weather was very pleasant and we enjoyed the trip. We didn't meet a ship on our way out.

On June 6th, we arrived at Port Said, at 5 p. m., dropped anchor near Suez Canal, making the trip in five days, a dis-

tance of 2,000 miles. There was no liberty for us at this port. The natives of the port coal ship. It is an English port. We remained there seven days, and from what I saw from the ship I should judge it to be a small place, although the harbor is large and several large merchant vessels were in the bay. Turks, English, French and Mohammedans are settlers of the place.

The American consul came on board ship on a visit to the officers. When he left the ship he was given the customary salute.

A few miles from Port Said is the Holy Land, and steam cars run to it. The officers of the ship took in this trip, but the crew remained aboard, as no liberty was given. We certainly would have liked to have visited the Holy Land.

Suez Canal is near Port Said, and was built by the French some years ago. It is 80 miles long and 40 feet wide, and is cut through the Arabian deserts. Camels and signal stations are all you see on the sandy deserts.

We left Port Said June 13th, going at a very slow speed through the canal until we came to a small lake, where we dropped anchor, and on the 14th proceeded to Great Bitter Lake, and from there to Little Bitter Lake; then to the City of Suez, which looked to be a beautiful place from what I could see from the ship.

We then went through the Red Sea. It had been very calm when we sailed through the Gulf Stream; but when sailing through the Red Sea we found the stream runs very peculiarly, one side being very rough and the other as calm as a lake. This is the place where Moses led the Israelites across when God commanded the water to meet, drowning Pharaoh and his men, according to the Scriptures.

Next, we went through the Indian Ocean, and it was like going through the Mediterranean Sea, so rough we were all sick. Life lines were laid on the sides of the ship to protect the men from being washed from the ship by the waves. The guns of the ship ploughed along the water. We have seen storms so bad at sea that it was necessary to

pour oil on the water to break the waves, that the ship might steam safely into port.

On June 17th, we had pleasant weather, but no land in sight. On the 18th, at 4 a. m., we sighted an island. On June 26th, we arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, British India. We had pleasant weather on part of this trip, which was made in 13 days, a distance of 1,328 miles from Port Said to Colombo. This was the longest trip on our cruise, and we didn't see a ship in sight during the trip.

While in Colombo, many natives came on board ship selling curios. In many seaports where we had been I had seen boats so thick around the ship that guards were kept busy driving them off, so as to keep them from scratching the paint on the ship. Bum-boats, they are called, and they always go for an American ship, so as to get American money. I have seen small boys in Port Said, Colombo and Manilla in small boats (which we would call dug-outs, being made from the log of a tree) and yelling to the men in the ship, "Hup a dive, yank dive," meaning for us to throw money in the water for them to dive after. It was great sport to see them when the men threw the money. They would often dive under the ship for a shilling.

We remained at Colombo five days, and on June 23d Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia, came into port from Manila. Our ship gave him the salute. He sailed for the United States on June 24th, and on the same day the battalion and part of the ship's company were given twenty-four hours' liberty, and we were paid in English money. We had a good time that day, hiring rickshaws and going around the town. At night we went to a hotel to enjoy ourselves. Every man hired a guide, visited the principal buildings and temples, went through the cinnamon gardens, and then visited Sir Thomas Lipton's tea plantations at Ceylon. Colombo is an English port, and capital of Ceylon. A large number of cripples are seen begging on the streets here.

Port Said has a large harbor. While we were at anchor

at this port, not a day passed without visitors on the ship. One day the American consul came aboard, and on leaving received a salute of seven guns, which is customary.

On Saturday afternoon, July 1, our ship left Colombo bound for Singapore, British India. The days at sea were very hot and nights very cool. We spent July 4th at high sea. We didn't have our usual Fourth of July dinner, but had salt meat, pickles and hard-tack. We had games on deck, also sang and danced and had a band-concert, so we amused ourselves pretty well. At 12 o'clock, the national salute of 21 guns was fired at high sea. In the afternoon we sighted an island on which was a large fruit plantation.

July 6th, at 4.15, we arrived at Singapore, and dropped anchor. The Chinese began coaling ship. Several hundred tons were put aboard in a short time. We had no liberty at this port and remained here seven days. While here, English officers came on board ship to visit our officers.

Singapore is an English port. The inhabitants are English, Russians, Chinese and Turks. In all my travels I met Americans in every port. The various towns along the coast have a number of cripples, who are continuously begging. They sell books and pens and dress very poorly.

On July 13th, we left Singapore, bound for Manila, P. I. The weather was fine until we reached the China Sea. At 2 o'clock in the morning of the 14th, we were called on deck to take in the ordnance. The wind nearly blew us off the deck. Everything was done that was needed, then we retired. In the afternoon we arrived at Manila. It rained hard all day. Our ship saluted the Commander of the fleet, Admiral Watson. His flagship was the Baltimore. From our ship we could hear the report of heavy guns in Manila.

There is a large naval station at Cavite, P. I. From Manila to Cavite is eighty miles. We lay at anchor from July 14th to August 1st, and it rained all the time. We had no liberty here. We lounged around the berth-deck, played cards and read. We were anxious to see Manila and

Cavite, and after sixteen months in Guam were ordered to Cavite.

On entering Man la Bay a ship has twenty-eight miles to sail before reaching the harbor. This harbor is like an inland sea; its entrance is well fortified, mountains high on both sides with defense. There is a large revolving lighthouse and signal station there. This is Corregidor Island, from which the lighthouse takes its name.

In coming near Sandy Point, there was a large fort, which Dewey destroyed. This place is now a coaling station. There was nothing to be seen but the hulls of the gunboats and cruisers of Admiral Montojo's fleet of Spanish ships, at low water. I understand now that they have been raised and repaired and placed in commission. Montojo's flagship was the Rena Christina, a steel cruiser.

August 1st, we sailed for Guam, L. I., the island of misery. It was a seven days' sail for us. Guam, the faraway island in the Pacific Ocean, is 15,000 miles from New York. It was once used as a penal colony for Fillipinos. The United States took possession from Spain.

When Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet at Cavite, May 1, 1898, he ordered Captain Glass now deceased, in command of the cruiser Charleston, to Guam, to take possession of the island. A few shots were fired. The governor of the island did not know that war had been declared between his country and the United States, and he came in a boat to pay a visit to Captain Glass as a respect for the salute, as he thought it was. When the captain tapped him on the shoulder and informed him he was a prisoner of war he was surprised. The full explanation was given to the Spanish governor general. The Spanish officer was brought to Manila as a prisoner and turned over to the military authority.

On our way out we passed volcanos thousands of feet high, according to the map of the ship's writer. We had very poor weather on this trip, the sea being rough and it rained so hard we had to stay below decks.

On August 7th, at 7.30 in the morning, we dropped anchor in the harbor of San Luz de Apra. Twenty-one guns were fired. The naval collier Nansham was there before us. We lay about five miles out from the town. At low water, is was a difficult task to get a boat to town, owing to coral reefs, and we were obliged to get out of the boats and push, in order to reach the town. At high tide, there is about three and one-half feet of water. We were kept aboard ship working, in order to get out stores to send to the town.

On August 22d, a detachment of Company A went to the town of Agana to receive the stores that were coming from the ships on native wagons. On the 31st, the remainder of Company A proceeded to the town.

On Saturday, September 11th, a sergeant and eight privates were sent from the ship to the town of Petise, to meet some of our boys coming from Agana with a detachment of Fillipino prisoners. These prisoners were sent there by the Spanish, and the Governor's orders were to have them released, except the worst criminals, who were kept in irons. We took charge of them: got them rowed over to the Nansham, and they were taken to Manila, where they were turned over to the military authority.

Monday morning, Sept. 11th, all of Company B left the Yosemite for the town. It was a hard march, the roads being very muddy. We stopped to rest several times, as it was five miles to town. When we arrived there, we were ordered to a barracks that looked like an old barn. It was used at one time by the Spanish soldiers and was so dirty that it kept us busy trying to clean it.

We had one guard a week, and we looked forward for that day to rest in, as it was two hours on post and six off for the twenty-four hours, so it was a great relief to us.

Men worked on the Governor's palace scraping old whitewash; some had to clean the yard, some work in fields, cut down trees and pull up roots, so as to make a drill ground for them to drill on; also a sewer trench and a foundation

for distilling plant were built. Some of the mechanics of the station ship Yosemite worked with the marines in repairing and building up the place; so between the mechanics, sailors and marines they soon built everything that now belongs to the government and made it what it is today.

The hot tropical sun and working hard with poor food soon brought the men down with sickness. Not a day passed but that two or three men went to the hospital with fever. Finally the number was reduced to sixty-five on the sick list. Twelve of our comrades and an officer died with the fever. It was hard on those who were not sick, for they had to stand two hours on watch over the sick men, who were out of their minds with fever. There was a double funeral one day, two of our men dying at the same time. It was a sad affair. Climatic fever was the cause. Nearly every man was on the verge of insanity. It was almost as bad as a battlefield, for there was great danger of being sunstruck, for the sun was terribly hot, fever raging, and also danger of being killed by storms and earthquakes, Guam being noted for them. We were the pioneers of the island and had to do all the building and repairing. We were afraid we would be stricken down with the fever.

One day some of our comrades talked together about demanding better food, less hours of work, or receive pay for what we had done. They passed a paper around for the men to sign. All signed but two. This paper was afterwards sent to Commanding Officer Kelton, Commander of Marines. He came out as police call was being sounded, to explain to us that he couldn't do anything in our favor. The men were not pleased with his statement, and for two days no work was done. The governor was on board ship at the time. The commanding officer proceeded down to the town, five miles, secured a boat to the ship, so as to consult with the governor. After discussing the matter, they proceeded to town, where the governor had police call sounded, and every man turned out. The governor, who was about sixty years of age, a small, thin man, stepped to the front,

and said: "Any of you men who have never sailed with me before sail with me now, and I want every one of you to go to work. If you do not intend to, step one pace to the front as your name is called. I will punish you, if I have to shoot every man. I have the law. I am supreme." He said we should be ashamed of ourselves, acting as we had. We had done nothing to be ashamed of; we simply wanted justice, and as it wasn't granted to us we wouldn't go to work until we got some satisfaction. We didn't intend to have mutiny, or show disrespect to our officers, but simply asked the commanding officer if he could employ natives to do the work, as the command was getting small, a number on the sick-list, and several had died of the fever. We couldn't stand it to work all day and probably go on watch at night over the sick in the hospital, who were out of their heads. Finally, a settlement was made, the governor arranging everything convenient for us; so we went back to work and soon completed our long job.

The names of the men who died of fever on the Island of Guam in 1899 were: Privates O'Rourke, Hughes, Schoemig, Brown, Eyrainer, Brooks and Capt. C. I. Ingate.

In the evening we had battalion drill and parade; in the morning, company drill and physical exercises. We asked permission from the commanding officer to have a ball game one Saturday afternoon. It was granted, and on October 11, 1899, the first game of ball was played between Companies A and B. The game was 13 to 2, in favor of Company B. Every Saturday after that we had games between sailors and marines; and every holiday dancing and refreshments, with a band concert by the Naval Band in the afternoon. It was very lonesome on this island, and but for the band we would have gone crazy, but when the music began it certainly made us feel quite lively and we danced among ourselves.

There was no cable station, and no socials whatever, and mail but once a month. We have been without mail here

for three months. This island reminds one of Siberia, though I am now told it is different.

The island of Guam contains 8,000 inhabitants; the latitude being 13 degrees, 25 seconds, north; longitude 144 degrees, 39 minutes, east, being near the Equator. The natives of Guam are Chamorras. They are very peaceable and are of large stature, dark-skinned, and resemble Hawaiians. The island is 27 by 78 miles. The port is three miles long, with coral reefs, making it very hard for boats to land. There are some peculiar things done here, such as native women riding on cattle to their ranches, with rope to the animal's nose. It is a common occurrence to see women smoking. The natives have a queer way of killing cattle. The beasts are led to a post, heads strapped, and a native chops the beasts' heads off with a machete. The beef is then cut up and sent to market.

The natives of Guam are very religious. It is a common occurrence to hear the church bells ringing at all hours of the day and night. Men, women and children go to church in large numbers. When we first arrived on the island, it was hard for us to sleep at night, as the bells rang continuously. Guam and the Philippines, also Spain, are Catholic countries, and it is customary in those countries to have religious parades on patron saints' days. Guam celebrates a great many. It was a very interesting sight to see the processions, but as it is not customary in the United States to have them, our Governor issued the following proclamations:

"August 25, 1899.

"Public celebrations of feast-days of the Patron Saints of villages, etc., will not be permitted. The Church and its members may celebrate their religious feastdays within the walls of the church, chapel, or private residence. In accordance with regulations for the maintenance of the public peace, and unless otherwise ordered, the only public holidays recognized will be Sundays and the holidays auth-

orized by the United States laws and by the proclamations of His Excellency, the President of the United States."

ORDERS.

"Every inhabitant who is without a trade or habitual occupation, by means of which he is able to provide the necessities for himself and family, must plant a quantity of corn, rice, cocoa and sweet potatoes; he must also have at least twelve hens and sow."

"Edict No. 5. Drunkenness is the chief source of all crime and trouble in this island, and must and shall cease."

"Edict No. 6. In conformity with the time-honored custom of the United States Government, I, Richard P. Leary, Captain, U. S. N., Governor of the Island of Guam, do hereby appoint and set aside Thursday, November 30, 1899, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and all persons in this island are recommended to abstain from unnecessary work on that day and to assemble in their respective places of worship, at such times as may to offer praise to Almighty God for his merciful goodness and loving kindness to us and all men."

"Edict No. 7. The Spanish system of peonage amounts to slavery, is a menace to popular liberty, and a violation of the privileges guaranteed by the American Constitution. I decree the absolute prohibition and total abolition of peonage and slavery. This order to take effect February 22, 1900."

When the Governor issues a proclamation concerning the natives of the towns in Chamorra language, a native soldier goes through the streets blowing a bugle to call attention. After blowing awhile he reads the proclamation to the natives.

The native women dress very neatly and tidily. They wear a short jacket, waist with low neck and short sleeves, and a skirt made of calico, generally of some bright color. They wear heelless slippers, no stockings. When going to

church, a white cloth is worn as a veil over the head. The men wear their shirts outside of their trousers.

The natives have little use for money. Vegetables are traded off for things they need. A merchant ship used to come once a month from Japan and Hong Kong with merchandise. There are now two American stores on the island, but there were none at the time we were there; and these contain everything from a pin to a locomotive. There were only four clocks on the island. The natives knew the time of day by the sun, while some had the sun dial. There was one large sun dial near the palace. It had been there many years and was taken down as it obstructed the view of the Governor's palace.

Guam was once ruined by a volcano. This high volcano was situated at the rear of our cook house and covered an acre. It was hollow and a person could walk inside.

One hot night in January, 1900, I was strolling along the beach at Agana, Guam. I noticed a large ball of fire falling from the sky. The nearer it came the more it illuminated the town. It struck on a coral reef and the report from it sounded like a 5-inch gun. It threw the water up very high. Some of the natives went out to just where it struck and brought in a few pieces of iron.

The Padre, or priest of the town, was a faithful old man to the Governor and men. He could translate all proclamations from English to Spanish and Chamorra. He was very faithful in visiting the sick at the hospitals. Every man respected him. On Christmas day the men of the battalion presented him with a purse of money.

Sunday is a day of sport for natives in rooster-fighting. It was fun for us to watch them. Some of our boys had birds of their own and they enjoyed the sport.

The different vegetations of Guam are cocoanuts, watermelons, bananas, oranges, yams, bread-fruits, coffee, pineapples, corn, mangoes, tomatoes, string-beans, rhubarb, sweet potatoes, lemons, squash and tobacco.

h The Island of Guam, the largest of the Ladrone, or

Mariana Islands, was ceded by Spain to the United States by Article 2, of the Treaty of Peace concluded at Paris, December 10, 1898. It lies in a direct line from San Francisco to the southern port of the Philippines, and is 5,200 miles from San Francisco and 900 miles from Manila. On the island are a great many lepers. It was a common sight to see them walking the streets without hands or eyes or noses, also with one leg. Men, women and children were afflicted with this dreadful disease. At the church and on the street no attention was paid to it until Governor Leary gave orders to get rid of the horrible disease. The Governor's orders, aided by the treatment of Dr. Hessler, soon decreased the number of victims.

THE TIDAL WAVE.

We never will forget the terrible storm of November 13, 1900, which laid the town of Agana in ruins, just after we had completed the building up of the place. Wind, rain and sea did great damage. The sea rose three feet in the streets, carrying buildings, trees and bridges away. Roads were torn up by falling trees, and only four stone houses remained standing. The wind was very strong, blowing at the rate of 140 miles an hour, lifting the corrugated iron roof off the Governor's palace and carrying it out to sea. The natives were left homeless, wet, cold and hungry, and they hid under roofs of falling buildings, many being killed. The roof was also taken off the marines' quarters, and some of the boys found shelter in the wet cellar. The church was not destroyed, and hundreds flocked there. The saw-mill, distilling plant and a large lumber pile were swept miles away. Governor Shrawder, who was the military governor of the island, gave orders for all commissary goods to be deilvered to the starving natives, and the marines were detailed to take a hand-cart and deliver the food. They worked hard through the rain, through streets with about three feet of water, after the wind had gone down. Every family received canned meat, hardtack, flour and pork,

When delivering the food, the marines were many times hurled across the streets by the wind.

In other parts of the island the natives suffered very much, for there was no way in which to reach them until the storm ceased; then a boat was sent around with food. It was a pitiful sight to see men, women and children out in the streets crying; mothers with babies in their arms looking for shelter. The churches in the towns were filled with people, as they were built of stone and were not much affected, as the water stopped at the doors. The natives lost everything they had, and their crops had been extra good that year. Many of the towns had five feet of water in their streets.

The enlisted men of the island had to share their food with 3,000 natives of Agana and other towns, until they were able to provide for themselves. We were fortunate in having several months' stores on hand. The U. S. S. Yosemite, which was lying at anchor in the harbor of San Luis de Apra, parted her anchor chain, owing to a high wind storm, and dragged on a coral reef, breaking her steering gear and also making a hole in her bow, allowing the water to flow in and putting out the fires in the boilers and flooding the ship. The water-tight compartments on the gun deck were closed, thus saving the ship from sinking. Boatswain H. Sweeney and a crew of twelve men in a large row boat, and a steam launch with five men, put off for the shore. It was impossible for the ship to stand such a sea. The steam launch was lost and five of her able seamen. The boats were swept from the davits and smashed to pieces. Sweeney and his boat's crew were capsized, but fortunately reached shore safely. It was fortunate they were not drowned, but they were in a terrible condition, with sore feet and their faces and hands cut from the coral reef in trying to reach shore. They then walked five miles to Agana so as to report to the Governor. It was difficult for them to reach Agana, as the bridges were swept away and roads dug up, but they arrived at last and were

given warm clothes and the marines did all they could to make them comfortable. The Governor was uneasy about the ship, so he sent word down to the town of Peity to Captain Scott of the U. S. Naval Collier Jeston, which was anchored there, to proceed for the Yosemite. All hands on deck were glad to see the ship coming to save them from a watery grave. Sharks by the hundreds were around the ship, and the crew thought that they would be lost. Men prayed that night who had never prayed before. The Yosemite was sunk in 70 fathoms of water. In taking soundings from the U. S. S. Nero, they found it to be the deepest in the world. The Jeston returned with the crew and they were brought to town and warm clothing given them. Next day all of the ship's crew and the marines were put to work excepting those men who were badly used up, repairing bridges, roads and government buildings. The Yosemite was 425 feet long. She carried ten five-inch guns and six six-pounders, and a crew of 250 officers and men.

The following poem was composed by a marine who was stationed ashore:

THE LAST OF THE YOSEMITE.

Across the broad Pacific, to the rocky shores of Guam,
The grand old Yosemite anchored in a little bay so calm,
Riding lazily, gallantly, in a pretty bay,
Never expecting a storm, or a fatal day.
She was taken by surprise on the 13th of November,
And the crew got a date they will always remember.
The storm that struck her was fierce with a tidal wave,
And the men worked hard their good ship to save.

Worse and worse it got; she could not stand the strain;
With a snap and a terrible crash, she broke her anchor chain.
She went to sea over the reefs; the rain was falling fast;
Many men had said their prayers, thinking it had been their last,
With a hole in her bow, the deep angry sea she would plow,
It was bail or sink, and they worked with sweat of brow;
So they bailed for two days, and were drifting about,
When the Jeston pushed off for the Yosemite to scout.

They found her at last in a sinking condition, and none too soon.
The crew were thinking they had come to their doom.
Three cheers were given with a glad yell,
For the brave crew lives, their story to tell.
From the deck of the Jeston they watched her with eager eyes,
For she was sinking very fast from under the skies.
They gave her a funeral salute of three guns, and a cheer,
And she went on a cruise for probably many a year.

Her grave was a deep one, and she'll steam no more or sail,
But the nation is glad they have no sorrow to bewail.
Davy Jones received her with open arms and chuckled with glee,
To the bottom she went with Davy's fleet, the sea.
She'll stay there forever, this Monarch of Ocean,
Unless she tumbles and breaks up with a motion,
And be washed upon shore for history's sake,
To keep people's minds from forgetting her wake.

She goes down in memory as the first Station Ship of Guam,
And it makes many think that something was wrong
With her Commander, and why to sea he did not go;
But with a storm and waves like that there was no show.
A ship is nothing to lose, so long as the crew's lives were saved,
And her men that once suffered are still riding the waves.
I say, leave her at rest at the bottom of the sea,
So the fish of the deep can play with glee.
But so long as we live we will never forget her bold frame,
For the thousands of miles we rode her through the Spanish main.

And forget her, we cannot, until we are old and gray,
So we can tell of the wreck and the tidal wave-day,
And the damage it done, and on that island there is no fun,
So we will close up the story of a ship that went "on the bum."

—Composed by George Brindley, Boston, Mass.

(Ex-Private United States Marine Corps, 1901).

THE ISLAND OF GUAM.

Of all the green isles of the East land
  That rest in the summer sea,
There is one whose wild charms in a vision
  Of fancy oft come back to me:
I can scent the sweet odor of ylang,
  See the moonbeam ensilver the palm
I can e'en hear the bells of Agana,
  In the far distant Island of Guam

Oft too in my day-dreams I hearken
  To the sound of the surf on the shore,
As it plays on it's great harp of coral,
  Like some giant Orpheus of yore;
Or to the whispering zephyr
  That murmurs a tropical psalm,
As it sweeps thro' the fronds of the plantain
  In the sea-cradled Island of Guam.

Once more as I stand on the hill-top,
  And gaze o'er the waters afar,
There floats from the door of some cabin
  The strains of a Spanish guitar,
Giving forth the quaint air of a love-song,
  Enhancing the night's holy calm,
Recalling a flood of old memories
  That cling round the Island of Guam.

But no bower of roses e'er blossomed
  That was guiltless of chastening thorn,
And amid all the romance and beauty
  In my heart a deep sorrow is born,
When I think of the spirits of comrades
  Who reck not of storm or of calm,
Who sleep in the graves by the seashore
  In the green-mantled Island of Guam.

—Thomas F. Carney, Gun Sergeant, U. S. M. C., 1911.

Muster Roll of Marine Battalion on Board U. S. S. Yosemite at Guam, August 31, 1899, and Stationed in the Town of Agana.

Major A. C. Kelton, commanding.

Captain C. L. A. Ingate.

Captain J. Russell.

First Lieutenants R. E. Carmody, H. W. Carpenter.

Quartermaster Sergeant George Yout.

First Sergeants Edward Clifford, John F. Cox.

Sergeants George A. Cox, Eugene A. Dooley, Frank G. Thompson, Frank Ellis, Evan M. Jones.

Corporals John McSween, Robert Gray, Joseph J. Brennan, Charles G. Swanson, Clarence Sinclair, John H. Nelson, John F. Gillespie, William H. West, Amos R. Ingham,

Drummers George W. Sutton, John H. Tyers.

Trumpeters Robert B. Lloyd, Arthur Goodwin.

Privates Frank Allen, Charles F. Allen, Samuel Alton, John L. Anstead, Joseph Appleton, Joseph T. Barlow, Joseph Baroni, Herman A. Berch, James Boyce, Michael Brady, Thomas Brett, George Brindley, Charles H. Brooks, Frederick J. Brooks, William P. Brown, John Brunen, John Campbell, James E. Campbell, Thomas F. Carney, Frank W. Cary, William R. Caufman, Charles B. Chase, John H. Clifford, James Cooper, Willie W. Cougle, Frank D. Creamer, Robert Crockett, Thomas F. Cunniff, John Davis, George E. DeGroat, Charles DeKim, William Dowling, Gilbert F. C. Drissgill, Ronald M. Dupree, James Eagan, Edward Eyrainer, James Farrell, George Forgit, George N. Foster, Oliver J. Gately, Simon H. Gresham, Walter Gutkey, Werner L. Hoffman, Harry H. Hughes, John W. Hyndman, Henry B. Jacks, Harry F. Jenness, Thomas J. Kane, Osborn M. Keys, Harry B. Lamont, Arthur L. LeBaron, Nelson LeBlanc, Ezekiel Loveland, William Mackenzie, John F. Marsden, James McCoy, James F. McGuire, James McMahon, Robert McNally, Robert Metcalf, Edward J. Metz, William E. Morris, Michael J. O'Brien, Gustavus O'Connell, Patrick O'Donnell, Thomas O'Neill, Daniel Ormsbee, Dennis O'Rourke, Walter Patterson, Fred L. Piper, John L. Powers, Thomas M. Purcell, John M. Rall, Joseph P. Reagan, Charles Reynolds, Turk Ross, Napoleon Ruell, Lawrence Ryan, Theodore Salus, Eugene Sanjule, Paul Schoemig, Louis Schramm, Charles Seitz, Herman Shaw, James Smith, Walter D. Smith, Myron E. Snell, William B. Stallings, James M. Sugden, Jeremiah Sullivan, Jeremiah J. Sullivan, Timothy Sullivan, Harvey W. Thomas, John W. Theis, Martin Tynan, Frank Wegman, Thomas E. Whalen, Francis A. Whitney, Francis Williams, Walter Woods.

Transferred to Cavite Navy Yard

When our work was completed at Guam, we were ordered to Cavite, P. I., being unexpectedly relieved by a

battalion of marines. They came on the gun-boat General Lava, Spanish captured boat on Sunday, November 25, 1900. On the same day ninety-two of us left Guam at 1.30 p. m. for the same ship, bound for the naval station at Cavite, P. I. On Monday night our little gun-boat steamed out of the bay of San Lus de Apra, arriving at Cavite on Sunday morning, December 2d, at 10.30 a. m., and at 3.30 p. m. we left the ship for the barracks. We were given suitable quarters at the Navy Yard in the old Spanish fort San Fill Pee.

The town of Cavite and the Navy Yard are much better than Guam. There were places to go to and socials, so it was not as lonesome a place as Guam, where a battalion were for sixteen months.

Sunday was a day of sport for the natives and enlisted men, in rooster-fighting and ball playing on the parade grounds in Cavite. A picked nine from the battalion of sailors and marines was made up from the ships. Sometimes it would be soldiers against marines. They were very interesting games, and hundreds witnessed them. The officers and their families, from the army, navy and marine corps were often present. The two best teams on that station were the marine team and the sailors from the New York. In one year thirty-eight ball games were played, the marines winning thirty-two. It was the finest team I ever saw.

We were stationed here when President McKinley was assassinated. Men in the United States service are not as a rule taken by surprise, for they must expect to be ordered at any time to any place; but when the news came that our beloved President had been shot by an anarchist, the news spread through the island like wild-fire. A grand, mock-military funeral was held at Manila, with 2,000 men of the army, navy and marine corps in line and several bands playing the death march. Thousands of spectators stood with bowed heads, heavy guns fired salute, and 2,000 enlisted men presented arms. The bands played one of Mr.

McKinley's favorite hymns, "Lead Kindly Light." The Governor, and several other good speakers, spoke on the life of President McKinley. Rev. Fr. Chadwick, chaplain on the U. S. S. New York, then stationed at Cavite Bay, gave a very interesting address on the life of our President, at the Navy Yard, before a large gathering of officers, enlisted men and government employees.

At Cavite there were three battalions of marines in the town and two in the Navy Yard, companies of one hundred strong. It required a large number of men stationed in the town and yard, and also at the coal pile, the lighthouse and government buildings, for the natives would steal, set fire to, or try to blow up the magazine. At that time the Philippine insurrection was breaking out. Many bold attempts were made to smuggle goods from the Yard, but these parties were captured by the marine guard and locked up. We were here on this kind of duty for ten months, and during our stay we visited Manila several times.

The walled city of Manila contains many ancient buildings. It is a large place, and the capital of the Philippines. There are 1200 islands in the group, nine of them of considerable size; the remainder are mostly rocks. Thousands of bales of hemp are shipped to other ports every day. The products of the island are rice, coffee, oranges, lemons, cocoanuts, bread-fruit, yams, mangoes, corn, squash, hemp, tobacco and lumber.

Manila is becoming more Americanized, as there is a large police force called the Metropolitan, and a fire department consisting of 100 men, who are ex-service men. There are also Chinese and Spanish merchants, besides Americans. There is a large port, and a number of ships come there to be loaded with hemp, fruit, etc., for other ports.

Entering Manila Bay, the ships plow steadily past the island of Corregidor, standing like a grim sentinel guarding the narrow entrance, and after steaming thirty miles through the blue waters of the bay anchors behind the

newly built breakwater in front of Luneta. The harbor has been extensively improved since American occupation, and an inner basin has been constructed in which the largest ships in the world can anchor with safety, and a number of wharves are being built at which these vessels can come alongside and receive and discharge their cargoes. When the port works are completed, Manila will have the finest and safest harbor in the Far East, and because of her geographical position, will be at the very doorway of Asia, midway between the rich, newly opened territories of Northern China and the thickly populated possessions.

Cavite. Across the Bay, ten miles from the capital of Manila, lies the old naval town of Cavite. It is a picturesque city of small size, and has played its part in the history of the East, and now, with the exception of the busy scenes to be found about the Navy Yard, seems to have dropped back again into the fifteenth century. Its church and walls are moss-grown and crumbling, and the clang of modern machinery and naval shops, with its medieval streets and structures, are awakening the interest of the visitor. In the bay fronting Cavite, stretch the waters over which thundered the guns of Admiral Dewey on May 1, 1898, when ships were sunk and power destroyed. The strong old fortification guarding the town now shelters the Navy Yard. The sunken Spanish vessels of war, which seventeen years ago showed their torn upper-works above the blue waters, have been destroyed, or removed from the paths of peaceful navigation. A trip to Cavite will well repay the visitor. This can be made by way of the regular or naval ferry (which makes frequent trips during the day). A day can be interestingly spent here, or, if one is hurried, a half-day will be sufficient for making the rounds, giving two hours to view the place.

From Corregidor light-house to Manila Bay (the entrance to Manila Bay) is a distance of forty miles, according to the map.

When Admiral Dewey's fleet of warships destroyed the

Spanish fleet at Cavite, May 1, 1898, he gave orders to land marines at the Navy Yard to protect all government property. The town was also under martial law. These marines were to remain at Cavite until the first battalion of marines came from the States. They consisted of sergeant's guard, and were kept at the light-house, coal pile, and all the small towns. Several hard engagements took place between the marines and the Filipinos, resulting in victories for the marines, the Filipinos being killed in large numbers. Then the Boxer trouble in China brought the marines once more into the history of this country. In the 80-mile march from Tin Sin to Pekin, they met the Jaws of Death, putting up a good fight. The Marine Corps was nearly on the verge of disbandment before they struck the first blow at Guantanamo, Cuba, June 10, 1898, when the echo was heard around the world of the marines first to land; first to fight; first to capture everything in sight; first in war; first in peace; first in the hearts of their countrymen—United States Marines.

THE MASSACRE AT BALANGIGA.

The massacre of C company of the 9th Infantry was one of the most cowardly acts. The company were attacked while at breakfast by four hundred strong Filipinos armed with long, sharp bolas. Some of them rushed to the officers' quarters, some to the men's quarters, others to the mess tables, swinging their wicked weapons right and left until half of the company of American soldiers fell victims to their bolas. Officers were found killed in their beds, horribly cut up. A few of the men who happened to be fortunate enough to escape rushed for rifles. With the assistance of the cooks and bakers they killed a hundred or more of the natives. One cook who had a baseball bat to defend himself with laid out several. Quartermaster Sergeant Frank Petrom assumed command rushed for the water front. With the survivors he secured five bancas

and pulled twenty-five miles to an army post called Bassay and reported the trouble.

In the meantime the natives robbed the quarters of everything in the way of rifles, food, clothing and ammunition and went to the mountains. Word was soon sent to the senior officer in command of all troops on the island of the terrible disaster. He at once ordered a company of soldiers to the scene. They immediately got to work, buried their dead comrades, destroyed the town and went searching for the savages.

The soldiers killed in the fight 150 Filipinos. When the U. S. marines relieved the soldiers they found that the starving hogs were rooting up the graves of the dead soldiers. Several of the hogs were killed and a fence put around the graves as a protection. Each grave was marked so that the burial corps might be able to identify the remains. It was necessary to place a note, in a shell or bottle or old can, under the arm of the bodies, with name and company number.

The massacre of C company occurred on September 28, 1901, and by an act of the same year Colonel L. T. Waller, U. S. Marines, received his orders to have three hundred picked marines in readiness to proceed to the island of Samar. We embarked on the U. S. Cruiser New York, Capt. Mackenzie. Rev. Fr. Chadwick, chaplain of the same ship, gave us a very interesting and encouraging sermon. He was well liked by all classes.

Our first stop was at Catmerlangan, where we anchored for the night. The next morning we were transferred to the naval collier Zifero, because the water was not deep enough for the New York to proceed to Balangiga. We started for the harbor of Catlalogan, anchoring there for the night. The following morning, at 5 o'clock, we left for the town of Bassay, Samar. Two companies of marines, C and D, were landed with a commanding officer; and further down the coast we left the remainder of F Company and H Company, at the town of Balangiga, Samar. I was

stationed at this town. We relieved a company of infantry soldiers D, of the 19th Regiment; we set up our tents, built trenches, erected a flag pole and hoisted Old Glory to the breeze; then started our hiking throughout the country. We were operating with the soldiers and marines of other towns, and before we got through we made the place look like what we expected it to. The first hike to leave the town was Company H, Second Regiment of Marines. This town was in ruins when we arrived there, it having been destroyed by the soldiers. This was the town where the famous Company C were wiped out by the hands of the savage natives who used bolas.

The following is the translation of a letter that was found at General Luchram's headquarters after the massacre:

"As a representative of this town of Balangiga, I have the honor to let you know, after having conferred with the principals of this town about the policy to be pursued with the enemy, in case they come in, we have agreed to have a fictitious policy with them, doing whatever they may like; and when the occasion comes the people will quickly rise up against them.

"P. A. BAYAN, Local President.

"To the Insurgent Officer in Command of the Island.

"Balangiga, 30 May, 1901."

The marines and soldiers who lost their lives there in some instances are lying unburied on the bleak mountain sides of Samar; their blood has soaked the soil of that fatal island. Through the hell of battle the infantry and marines went undaunted. It made no difference whether the enemy was arrayed in the treacherous garb of the Amigo or not, the duty of the soldiers and marines was done without complaint. They have fought against the Chinese and the Malay savages; they have paid the score with the lives of their comrades. All honor to the soldiers and United States Marines.

This battalion of marines was composed of men of the

famous first battalion, who went to Cavite in 1899 and the first battalion of marines who went to Guam, L. I., in 1899. The marines landed at Cavite in time for the Philippine Insurrection. They certainly did some hard fighting—for instance, the battle of Noralita, which lasted for hours, the soldiers and marines being victorious. They were in command of Col. George Eliot, now retired General, U. S. M. C., who was one of those rough and ready field officers who always seemed to have great luck in all his undertakings, and his men were always ready to go with him wherever he went.

One half of the marine battalion are veterans of the Spanish-American war, having seen active service in Cuba, 1898, on shore and afloat; myself in D Company at Guantanamo, Cuba, 1898.

I never will forget this experience. I had just been taken off the sick report on Sunday, a bright November morning. A detachment went on a hike, with Second Lieutenant in charge. The first thing we got was wet feet in the rice fields; then a big hill to climb, and through the woods we discovered a lonely shack built near a lot of trees. An investigation was made by the picket, and the result was he found a knapsack, blanket, clothing, and the company chest. They all belonged to Company C. The boys divided the goods amongst themselves. We killed pigs, hens and cattle and destroyed the plantation, and then proceeded on our way as though nothing had happened. About a mile from this place we burned six fishing boats, a large pile of hemp, and we helped ourselves to the cocoanuts. It was getting late, so we returned on another trail. We discovered a shack of nipanipa between some cocoanuts trees, and a man jumped out of the window. Several shots were fired, but we never knew whether we hit him or not. In the house there was a crippled old man and a young girl, probably his daughter. She was sitting on the floor. The house was surrounded by guards; I was one of them. We found a soldier's blue shirt, trousers, shoes, and a photo of

a young man in civilian dress. There were also blood-stained bolas. Evidently they had been implicated in the massacre of Company C. When the boys saw these things, it made them mad, so they put the people to death and destroyed their place.

On our way to camp it was very dark. We had to go single file and very slowly, for the Filipinos had set traps for us, these traps being large holes four feet deep and two feet wide, and in them were set poisoned spurs. Fortunately we escaped them. In some places we found logs thrown across the trail to trip us up. We were in the woods and we thought the enemy would come upon us and give us a good fight, as we could see smoke rising that looked like camp-fires; but we did not see them and were glad of it, for we were hungry, wet and tired, and several of the men had chills and fever, while many were under the doctor's care with swelling of the feet caused by long hikes, and sore eyes.

October 28, 1901, Capt. D. Porter embarked with seventy-five marines from Balangiga, aboard the U. S. S. Vicksburg. We landed near a town called Guinan, destroyed towns, and burned hemp. In all we had eighty-seven marines including twelve from the Vicksburg. It was a long march through woods. We were fired upon. We returned the volley and were ready for battle, but the enemy took to flight.

CHRISTMAS IN PHILIPPINES.

Our first Christmas at the town of Balangiga, Samar, we enjoyed very much. We had no hiking to do that day, only to amuse ourselves, walking, running and having potato races. Our dinner consisted of roasted caribou, which myself and two others had killed two days before. With this we had potatoes and onions, also biscuit, which the cook made especially for us. This fed two companies of marines and sixteen Filipino prisoners. In the evening we

enjoyed ourselves the best we could in singing, dancing, smoking, playing cards and telling stories.

The next morning at daybreak we were awake and lined up ready to go on a moment's notice on a march through the jungles. We left two three-inch field guns, two Colt's automatic guns, with twenty-five men. We consider a camp safe with four field guns and twenty-five men with rifles. They could train those guns any way they pleased and keep back five hundred Filipinos from advancing to the trenches. They didn't dare to come near the camp, as they were afraid of the ships in the harbor.

The duty was very hard on marines and soldiers, on this island. Long marches up mountains, in streams of water, into mud and rice fields, the hot tropical sun beating down on us, suffering from mosquitoes at night, sleeping on the ground, standing watch for two hours in the jungles watching the crossroads so that the enemy would not come upon us; then, in the morning, at daybreak, march again. Not a day passed but the Filipinos fired upon us when on a march but they got a hot volley in return, while their dead lay scattered about.

The island of Samar is as fierce an island as there is on the globe. The desert jungles and tangles of vines and trees made it very disagreeable for the men when on marching expeditions. During the rainy season, when the rain came down in torrents from the mountains, it flooded the creeks and rivers, making it very hard for the men to find the trails.

The marines accomplished great results in capturing the cliffs up the Soudan river, they being 250 feet high. We also captured twenty-four bamboo guns and ammunition, destroyed the shacks, and killed forty Filipinos. To do this, we had to march six miles, scaling the bamboo ladders and taking the strong fort at the rear of the cliff, with their machine gun and two companies of marines. We made a charge and took the Filipinos by surprise, for they were expecting us by water; but we knew we could never

take the cliff by going that way, for the guns of the ship could not reach it, owing to shoal water. These large cliffs were well fortified with bamboo guns, and hanging over the sides were large boulders of rocks placed in bamboo baskets. They were to be cut down to kill us if we approached near them. It was late in the evening to turn back, and our orders were to remain here over night; so my company (Company F) slept under cocoanut trees, one company being on watch over crossroads and valleys from 7 to 12 o'clock; then being relieved by another company. I was very fortunate that night as our company did not do any guard duty, but at dusk shots were fired at us from a high mountain. We all rose up and grabbed our rifles, for we always slept with them near our sides. We saw nothing. Every man fired up and down and around the mountains and kept the machine guns going for two minutes. After that not a shot was fired. In the morning we hiked back to our quarters, a long and tiresome march of three miles. We were a tired looking lot of men, suffering from body sores from tictic while lying on the ground.

Lucban, Who Was the Ruler of Samar.

General Vicenti Lucban, insurgent ruler of the island of Samar, and who was responsible for the bloody slaughter upon Company C, is a more remarkable man than even Aguinaldo, as a leader of the Filipinos. He is a short, heavily built man of about 59 years, and wears a long, thick mustache, which is quite uncommon with most of his countrymen. It is commonly reported that he was a clerk in Manila at the time of the breaking out of the last insurrection against the Spaniards. Whatever may have been his occupation, he belongs to a family of wealth and considerable prominence in Southern Luzon. In this family were four sons, three of whom have been identified with the insurrectionary movements of the past few years. The fourth son, a physician, went to Spain as soon as hostilities

broke out. The youngest son, who was less than twenty years of age at that time, was at Catbalongan, Samar, P. I., when the Americans landed there in January, 1900, having been sent there by his brother, General Lucban, as a spy upon the officers in command at that town. This brother was ranked as captain in the insurgent army. It is stated that both father and mother of Lucban were half Filipino and half Chinese.

Up to the time of the withdrawal of the Spaniards from the Philippines, there had been no insurrection in Samar. When the Spaniards left and the Americans failed to put in appearance, the leading men of the island consulted among themselves as to what they should do for a government, and who should be the guardians of law and order. Soon Lucban, bearing a commission as Brigadier-General from Aguinaldo, appeared at Catbalogan, with a force of about one hundred riflemen, and announced that he, as a representative of the Philippine Republic, was Governor of the Island and General in command. He had been their Commander-in-Chief but a year when the Americans took possession; but the hold that he had gained upon the people was remarkable. His influence is especially a matter of wonder, when he showed the Chinese blood that flowed in his veins, destroying the power of the Church and establishing his own, hoodwinking the people. Immediately upon landing at Catbalogan, Lucban began the organization of a military force. High-class natives were appointed as officers and dressed up in gaudy uniforms, which appealed to their pride tremendously. Considerable forces of infantry and artillery were formed, but they were, as a matter of fact, of no importance whatever, except for use in hoodwinking the people. The plans were well carried out, for Lucban continuously preached war to the people and had all the women of the town making cartridges, and every household was required to display a Filipino flag. Four miles outside of Catbalogan an arsenal was built. This arsenal was really very well equipped for the manufacture

of firearms and ammunition, and was strongly fortified. When the coming of the Americans was heard of, Lucban announced to the people that they must flee to the mountains, as the Americans were beasts who would despoil their women and rob their houses. He bluffed them with the worst kinds of lies, and they did everything he said. He himself retired to his arsenal after giving orders that the town of Catbalogan should be burned rather than be allowed to fall into the hands of the Americans. One of the clever moves Lucban made to impress the Filipinos—who, while far from guile, are very credulous—was as follows: Two of his principal officers and he himself removed all of their clothing, excepting their underclothes, and chained themselves to the stone wall of a jail, just under two heavily barred windows. On the ground, just out of their reach, plates of food were placed. This pitiful scene was alleged to represent Lucban and his followers as prisoners in Manila during the rule of the Spaniards. Photographs of this scene were taken and scattered broadcast over the island, to show to the people the oppression and hardship that the patriotic and disinterested leaders of the Filipinos were undergoing in the cause of liberty. By such methods as these Lucban gathered about himself a stranger following than he had when he was undisputed ruler of the island. From time to time he has held communication with the Americans, and has discussed surrender with them; but for the most part he has always maintained that he would hold out to the bitter end, and so he did. Notwithstanding the atrocities he has committed, his manner was usually gentlemanly. Lucban speaks very good English, speaking and writing the English language sufficiently well to make himself clearly understood, a very rare accomplishment among his people. His profits from looting and extortion, carried on under the name of contributions of war during the year he was at Catbalogan, amounted to $150,000 in Mexican money, or $75,000 in American money. Of this

$18,000 (Mexican money) was captured by the Americans at the time of the first landing on the island.

FACTS ABOUT SAMAR.

The population of Samar, in 1901, was 185,386 registered inhabitants, and about 10,000 native refugees living in the mountains away from local authority. There are 32 towns on the island.

Catbalogan, the capital of Samar, is a military station, and is open to coasting trade, having a big trade with Manila in hemp, sugar, rice and cocoanut oil. It has a population of 5,072 inhabitants. A mountain peak 1,483 feet high, rises to the southwest, forming a conspicuous landmark for navigators.

Balangiga, the scene of the massacre of Company C, is situated at about the centre of the south coast on a height to the east of San Pedro and San Pablo Bay, at the mouth of the Puray River, fifty-five miles southeast by south of Catbalogan. The country inland is extremely rugged and traversed by numerous streams.

The C and D Companies of Marines stationed at the town of Bassay had a very difficult time of it. Their first attempt to reach the cliffs by way of the Soudan River was made by a detachment of marines under Colonel Walker, Captain Dunlay, Lieutenant Williams and Lieutenant Day, with a three-inch field gun on a raft towed with a boat. They had gone but a few miles up the river when the enemy opened fire, but the Americans returned volley after volley. The loss on the enemy's side was heavy. The excitement on the raft was so great that it capsized, and they lost the gun, but it was recovered. One man, Private George Lynch, was lost. We spent hours grappling for his body, but in vain. All we found was a three-inch gun. Up to the time that we left the island no report was made that the body of Lynch was found.

When the second attempt to reach the cliffs was made they got reinforcements, and 25 marines from F Company,

25 from H Company, Captain Porter of F Company and Capt. Mathews of H Company was detailed to go. We kept the machine gun firing, and a company of men with rifles firing from boats towed by a steam launch, on both sides of the river for miles, they killing and destroying everything in sight. After that we were never fired upon. The marines were in several engagements and always came out victorious. In this expedition they suffered from sore feet and were overcome by heat from long marches. The headquarters of General Lucban, in the mountains, were destroyed by the marines, and the General himself was afterwards captured by a company of soldiers. Two of his officers were killed by the marines and several of their camps destroyed, as was also the old fort.

We staid over night at the cliffs, the next morning marching to a hill called Misery Hill, a name given by the boys. It rained terribly hard that night, and we were so wet and muddy many of us had chills. We built a camp-fire, and the whole company of men tried to get warm and dry around it. There was no shelter of any kind. We tried to make a hut of banana leaves, but it was impossible to do so, the rain being very heavy. Our rubber blanket was not long enough to cover us, but we got along the best we could. The next morning it was still raining, but we enjoyed our good hot coffee and hardtack (no sugar or milk).

From here we paddled nine miles in canoes, which we had captured, to the town of Bassey. Two companies of marines went to the hospital on account of sore feet caused by long marching and fever brought on by exposure in the rain. We remained at the hospital six days, and then were ordered off on another march up the mountains. We destroyed villages and killed cattle, and had one engagement in the two days we were gone. In one place we saw several bands of insurgents but they retreated to the woods.

While we were in Bassay resting from our long march, the commanding officer thought it would be proper to let us remain at the quarters that night, so part of Companies

C and D were left on guard and parole and Company F retired early, thinking they were at last to have a good night's sleep, for we hadn't had a peaceful night for ten nights. During the night we were awakened by the cry for Help! Murder! Well, such confusion as there was in that room! Every man was up and about; all excited in the dark; some looking for shoes, some looking for trousers, and some looking for their rifles. Some of the men received hits on their heads and one in his eye. We all thought the Filipinos had got into the quarters and were going to massacre us. The wild confusion brought the Sergeant of the Guard up to investigate; but it was only a dream, one of the men had the nightmare and thought the Filipinos were killing him.

Before we marched across the island, General Smith, who was then in command of the American forces on the island, issued a proclamation to the natives, for all peaceable natives to come into headquarters and surrender, giving them ten days to do it in. He promised to give them a place to live in, for he didn't intend to have the good punished for the wicked. They were afraid to come in, as they were told by the presidents of the towns and General Lucban that the Americans would kill them. General Smith's intention was to get at the thieves and murderers of the American soldiers. So we went hiking through the island, killing the savages and destroying their homes. We found it difficult to put down the insurrection but we finally conquered.

During our four months' campaign on the island of Samar, we lost fourteen men; some being drowned, some killed, some by sickness, and others lost. At one time when on a march we lost ten men. Their bodies were never found, but six months later a searching party consisting of a detachment of sailors, came across some bleached human skeletons, probably the bodies of our dead comrades. On the expedition that the marines were lost the native helpers refused to go with us and we traveled 250 miles through the

kind of country I have described before. It was a howling wilderness, and is still in that condition. There was no necessity for making it such; nature had done it for us. No one lived in the country through which we traveled; we had no guides, but we got along the best we could. In addition to finding the murderers of Captain Connell and his men, we were to find and follow an old road which the Spaniards had laid out years before, but which had been neglected and lost for so long a time that the tropical growth had completely obliterated it. Our company got lost; we were without food, and in a terrible condition. Every man had sore feet, fever and was weak from lack of food and blind from leaches. We could not carry our belts or rifles, but just barely drag ourselves under a tree. We were found by a relief party, which had been notified by Captain Porter, Sergeant Quick, U. S. M. C., and three privates whose names I forget, who walked to an army garrison and reported the case. An officer of the U. S. A. came with a detachment and found Lieut. A. Williams, U. S. M. C., and the men in a dying condition, and they were put in boats and carried to the garrison, where medical aid was given them, but four died. Ten others of the company were reported missing.

The expedition that Second Lieut. K. P. Williams, U. S. A., had charge of, which came to the rescue of the marines and Second Lieut. A. Williams, U. S. M. C., deserve great credit for rescuing and carrying the helpless starving marines from the mountains. Those soldiers suffered hardship for two days, looking for the missing marines,—those marines who were lost in the mountains without shoes, shirt or trousers enough to cover their bodies. Both soldiers and marines were in bad condition, their clothes rotting and dropping from their bodies on account of the steady down-pour of rain and sleeping on the ground, and the thorny bushes cutting their legs while hiking in the jungles. Lieut. Williams, U. S. M. C., was badly cut up by several bolo men.

The men were all tired out from the long hikes of the twenty days lost in the jungles, and their feet were so sore and bleeding that it was impossible for them to keep up with the main column. Their rifles were covered with rust and dirt, and the men were too weak to fire them, even if they should meet the enemy. The first two that were lost were Privates Bassett and Bailey, and they were not missed until we had returned from the mountains. Search was made for them by Sergeant Eugene Dooley, U. S. M. C., but they could not be found. At the foot of the mountain we found William Woods bleeding from the leach bugs, a small insect which infests that locality very commonly in the summer and causes serious trouble with the eyes. Woods was too weak when found to walk, his feet swollen, and shirt and trousers torn to rags by the thorny bushes. He told Sergeant Dooley that he could not walk any farther and to look out for himself. Farther along, Private Barroney was found, and he, too, was very weak. His feet had given out and the man was so weak, from lack of food, that he could not lift his head from the ground. He told the sergeant that he could not walk, for he was dying. His eyesight was very poor, and he could just see. The sergeant walked farther along and found Private Murray lying near the trunk of an old tree. He was out of his head and began to bark like a dog. A little farther on were found Privates Brett, Foster and San Jule, all lying near a tree, unable to walk. Dooley, who was pretty well used up, could do nothing to help them. Privates Brown and Connell were among the missing. We were all troubled with skin peeling from our hands and feet, owing to the heat and our clothing soaked with rain. On this hike we came across a little shack high on a hill, which looked as if it had just been wrecked, as a fire was burning there. We camped here to rest; we were weak and starving, it being impossible for us to get enough to eat, our food being gone; the rivers were overflowing everything; and the marines were a wreck.

We had to expose ourselves to a very severe fire. Then we just opened up with our machine gun. That drove them from their stronghold. Owing to the heavy rain every little stream became a river and it was impossible for us to cross the river in the condition that we were in. The front kept a good lookout for any trail that might lead us into Bassay. They came across an old man and boy in the mountains and they guided the marines to a trail that brought us to the town of Bassay after five days of marching. The rear guard made very slow progress as most of the men were without shoes and we had to cut our way through the jungle. The cook never worked so hard in his life as he did when those poor hungry men came in and sat themselves down at the tables, waiting on them and doing all he could to make them comfortable.

One night in the town of Bassey the natives of the place had planned to massacre the marines and officers, but their plan failed, for the marines captured two natives and made them prisoners and forced them to tell what they knew. They said, that on the night of December 10, 1901, five hundred natives were to rush at the sentry and surround the quarters. It was fortunate that we had heard of their plans, for we might have been in the same fix as Company C of the Ninth. It made Major Waller very angry, and he issued a proclamation to the natives, stating that if there was any trouble on that night he would have the whole battalion out and lay the town in ruins. He found the ringleaders of this plot, who were residents of the town, and previous to this they had taken the oath of allegiance—in other words, they were friendly to our faces, but if they got a chance they would harm us. The town was under martial law, and Major Maller had some of the native prisoners executed. Three of the natives that were shot lay dead in the street twenty-four hours for all the natives of the town to see, as a warning. Orders were to shoot the first one who lay hands on them. The military authorities from headquarters at Manila, P. I., courtmartialed Major Walter

and General Smith, the result being that Major Waller was acquitted and General Smith was retired. Neither officer should have been brought into court. We all believe General Smith was justified in his action.

On Nov. 23, 1901, Lieut. Gridley of C Company of Marines, with twenty marines went to a place called Ela. There were many ladrones in that locality. Gridley and his men killed two of the ladrones, the remainder retreating. Lieut. Gridley was the son of Capt. Gridley of the U. S. S. Olmypia, division flag ship in 1898.

THE RESCUE PARTY.

Second Lieutenant Kenneth P. Williams, First Infantry, U. S. A., commanded the expedition that rescued the United States marines, January, 1902. The party embarked on Jan. 12, with a few native laborers, one hospital corps, two corporals and eight privates of Company K, First Infantry. The men were well prepared for this expedition. They carried shelter tents and 300 rations and 100 rounds of ammunition. The detachment went by native boats called bankos, up the Lanang river. This river had raised fifteen feet from the downpour of rain, which made progress very difficult. The soldiers were fired upon by the insurgents from the mountain side, but fortunately their shots were poor. The expedition went farther up the river and on a hill found ten of the half-starved marines without shoes, shirts or trousers. Eight of them were unable to walk; they were lying on the ground, under heavy rainfall, sick with fever, the result of exposure, and the absence of food since January 1. These marines were given medical attendance and some of the soldiers hiked up the mountains. To get to the mountains they had to wade through streams for a distance of a mile, and found one officer of the U. S. M. C. and fourteen enlisted men who were on the verge of starvation. They carried them to the boats and the entire party proceeded to Lanang. The marines were unable to walk from bleeding, sore feet. The expedition

arrived at Lanang at dusk and the men were carried to the hospital and placed under care of the post surgeon.

The following men were with Lieut. K. P. Williams on the rescue party: Corps. George M. Cross, Jesse K. Ellis; Privates Frank A. Watson, Reuben Mott, Oliver Marks, Martin Donahue; Peter Moody, Albert Rose, Philip Maguire, George E. Riggs, William E. Bateman, Hospital Corps, U. S. A. The above names are from Company K, First Infantry, and were recommended for conspicuous gallantry. Ten of the marines were lost. The marines hiked from one end of the island to the other and they were all recommended for their bravery.

I think that Major Waller and General Smith used good judgment in giving orders for the cruelty of those savage outlaws who wiped out Company C of the Ninth Infantry and tried to do the same for the marines. General Smith's written and printed orders, and the actual conduct of military operations in Samar, were justified by the history and condition of warfare with the cruel and treacherous savages who inhabited the island, and their utter disregard of the laws of war, and were wholly within the limitation of General Order No. 100 of 1863, and were sustained by precedents of highest authority. Thus, in 1779, Washington ordered General Sullivan to seek the total destruction and devastation of their settlements. He wrote: "But you will not by any means listen to overtures of peace before the total ruin of their settlement is effected. Our future security will be in their inability to injure, the distance to which they were driven and in the terror with which the severity of the chastisement they received will inspire them."

The Fort Phil Kearney massacre, in 1866, for base treachery, revolting cruelty and the condition of serious danger which followed it, did not approach the massacre of Balangiga, in Samar, in September, 1901. Theodore Roosevelt was president of the United States in 1901.

After our stay in Bassey we started our march to Balan-

giga, a distance of twenty-five miles. We were a frightful looking company of men, mud from head to foot, and not a dry stitch on us. When we arrived at our destination all were tired and foot sore, and good feed and dry clothes seemed comfortable to us after a week's recuperation.

We were ordered aboard the gunboat Vicksburg, Capt. E. B. Barry, U. S. N. We landed twenty-five miles down the coast in swampy rice fields, up to our waists in water, with the Filipinos firing on us, but the ships drove them back firing six-pounders at them. We found we had a large mountain to climb, so steep that it was hard for the boys, but they made it. One company advanced to the hill driving the Filipinos back and another company remaining at the foot of the hill ready for action. We destroyed shacks and rifle-pits and then returned to the ship. It was late when we got to our camp, wet and hungry. The second time we landed from the gunboat Luzon was into a town called Pinanot, Samar, known to the men as Six Pound Hill. We remained there two weeks, marching through the country, helping the soldiers of the 11th Infantry. Lieutenant Lay, U. S. M. C., was in command of this detachment. The gunboat Luzon was in command of Captain James Coggswell, U. S. N. We had a hard fight here.

One night at roll call we received orders that every man must be in readiness at 2 o'clock the next morning for a hike over the mountains to surprise the insurgents that rebelled in this section of the country. It was New Year's morning, 1902, ten of us marines and ten soldiers, each with our own officers. The marines led the way and the soldiers followed. We marched until the sun became hot, then halted for a rest and drank milk which we obtained from some cocoanuts. We then proceeded on our way until we came across some rebel fishermen. We captured them and destroyed their belongings; then we returned to our camp, arriving there about 4 o'clock, where we found a good dinner awaiting us that our cook had prepared for us. He was one of those tall Western men who knew how to

cook a meal for a crowd, as he was used to ranches. The dinner consisted of roast pig, potatoes, onions and gravy, coffee with milk and sugar, biscuits with butter and jam. Each man received his ration and more, if he wanted it. We enjoyed our dinner as well as if it had been the best turkey dinner at our own homes. This kind of dinner we didn't always have.

The army carry their commissary stores with them and they live fairly well in the field. The marines didn't have such a variety of food as the soldiers, because the army transports leave the States with several months' provisions and at Manila there is a large post exchange that supplies the enlisted men of the islands. When we relieved the soldiers at Balangiga, their commissary stores were assigned to our quarter-master. It was the best of food, and certainly went well. We only carry a day's ration in our knapsacks, consisting of several hardtack, canned meat and canned beans. Sometimes we get in a scrap and have no time to eat, and when on a long march it often happens that our food gives out. This is the life of an enlisted man in time of war, with canned meat and hardtack. When we went into camp from one place to another to stay thirty days or more, our guides carried our rations. Sometimes we got lost in the jungles. After a long round-about way we made the seacoast.

After two weeks in that section, we returned, twenty-three in number, with soldiers and commissary stores, to the gunboat Luzon; then proceeded to the town of Geewain, leaving the soldiers there. We left here for our camp at the town of Balangiga. We staid at Balangiga one week resting, when orders came for two companies (D and part of F), in command of Captain H. Barres, U. S. M. C., and Lieutenants Carptner and Rogers, and we went to a town twenty-one miles farther up the coast called Quinpindan, Samar, and established a camp. It was a hard job, and we will never forget it, getting our tents, commissary stores and ammunition up the river. All our baggage was brought

up in small boats to the town. We worked hard taking the goods from the ships to the small boats, and then to the town, which was four miles inland. The ships could not go up, owing to shoal water, so we were obliged to row. On several occasions we were fired upon by the Filipinos, but we had our Colt gun at the bow and marines with their rifles, but if the Filipinos had come in large bodies they probably would have captured us. The channel was only twelve feet wide and eight feet deep and thick woods on each side.

The first morning in camp, at 2 o'clock, our sentry was fired upon. We were not long in rising from sleep to reinforce the sentries in the trenches, and also giving the enemy a chase, firing several shots at them; but they had retreated. We had several hot engagements at this town and in the outskirts, where we found the insurgent headquarters, which were destroyed. The loss on the enemy's side was heavy.

Second Lieut. A. C. Rogers of Company H, with a detachment of marines, went on a hike of four miles. The marines met the Filipinos in their stronghold and put up a good fight which lasted three hours. The Filipinos were too strong for the marines so they retreated with the loss of one man and two wounded. Sergeant Bryan McSwiney was killed. McSwiney's body was brought into camp on a stretcher made of four long poles, and was buried with full military honors. Next day we went to the same place with fifty men. The enemy opened fire on us, but as quick as Elks we returned the fire. The enemy retreated and the marines took their headquarters and burned all the shacks, returning to our camp late in the evening. That night twenty-five of the detachment went into the trenches to reinforce the guard. We were always prepared for any emergency.

It was a terrible strain on the men's eyes to be on watch at night, and the mosquitoes made it very uncomfortable. We remained thirty days at this town, and it rained half

the time, and we had only three good days. After being releived by Company D of the 19th Infantry, we went to our camp at Balangiga, going the same way we came, and remained several days on duty recuperating. There was no marching to do, only to remain at the camp.

We received orders to go aboard the U. S. S. Transport Lawton when she arrived in the bay, so on February 26, 1901, we were relieved by part of Company D of the 19th Infantry, which came from the town, and went aboard the Lawton, on which we proceeded to Cavite, arriving there February 29th. We were welcomed by a large number of visitors and given the best quarters in the town. We received one month's pay and five days' leave, from the good officer, Colonel Foney (now retired general), U. S. M. C., who was in command of the marines ashore in the Philippine Islands.

In passing the cruiser New York our ship steamed slowly by. It made us feel blue. Every man stood at attention on the deck. The crew of the New York were all assembled, the officers all amassed. They gently lowered the colors while the band began to play a dirge, in honor of our dead comrade who had passed away.

We remained at Cavite from the 29th of February, 1902, until May 30, 1902, when orders came from Washington, D. C., for all men who had been out on the islands three years to be ready to leave for the United States on the Army Transport Warren—300 marines with Major Waller in command; also 600 soldiers, many of whose time had expired while at Cavite. Rev. Fr. Chadwick, chaplain, U. S. N., celebrated mass at the Catholic church for the souls of the ten marines who had been lost. All officers and enlisted men of the battalion were present. After mass Mr. Chadwick preached a very good sermon and also spoke of the ten marines that were never found. May their souls rest in peace!

How nice it would be if we could visit the graves of those who were lost and lay thereon the flag of their country, a

wreath of remembrance and the white rose of purity, proclaiming to the world that here lies a veteran of this grand old Republic. But they are not forgotten.

We were quarantined five days at Marville's Station, but before we got away from the islands one of the colored soldiers died from cholera. The ship was fumigated, also the men's clothing; then they were quarantined at Marville's Station for ten days, the soldiers in one place and marines in another, with a high fence around the building. We were not allowed to leave the quarters.

When our ship was ready to sail, the men spent most of their time on the upper deck, by day and by night, as it was too warm on the other decks. We had beautiful weather for three weeks out from Manila; then it grew cool and it was impossible for the men to keep warm, after being in the tropical country three years. It was cold and stormy along the coast of Japan, and every day brought us nearer to Nagasaki, Japan. We dropped anchor at this port, and many of the men had liberty there. I, for one, was on guard that day, so I didn't go ashore. The Japanese women coal ship. It was a peculiar sight to us to see the women with baskets passing from one to another from the coal-lighter to the ship, and in a short time several hundred tons were put in the coal bunkers. The Japanese men stay at home while the women work. After the ship was coaled, we started for the Golden Gate, San Francisco. The farther north we went the colder it grew. Every morning we had a rifle inspection and manual of arms.

We arrived at the Golden Gate at 11.30 p. m., June 30, 1902. A great cheering was heard on the decks when the men saw the light-house. I went up on deck to see what the trouble was, and I was told that we were in God's country, so naturally I began to yell also.

On the morning of the 13th, we left the ship for the naval tug, and arrived at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, Cal. Then we went to the barracks and remained over night, and on the morning of the 14th we left for Blair Junction to take

the train for New York. We were escorted to the wharf by the marines from ships and the barracks, with the naval band. A large crowd of visitors were in the Navy Yard cheering, waving flags and crying out: "Waller's brave marines." All the employes from the Navy Yard were there to greet us for work was stopped at the shops.

Our trip across the continent was a beautiful one. It was a seven days' ride, going through the alkali deserts, prairies, the Rocky Mountains and the large cities of the West. There were beautiful farms along the way, as level as far as the eye could see. We stopped at several places for the men to eat their meals. The stations along the way were crowded with visitors who came to see us, for they had read a great deal about us. When we arrived at Washington, D. C., General Hayward, head of U. S. M. C., now a retired officer, came aboard the train with visiting officers. We arrived at Brooklyn Navy Yard, June 20, 1902. The battalion was then in charge of a senior officer, Colonel Mead. We remained there several days, when the battalion separated and went to their respective barracks. It was lonesome after we had separated. We had been together for three years and had some good times, for no better crowd could have been found than the Samar battalion of Marines.

Rev. Fr. Reamey, U. S. N., chaplain at the Navy Yard, New York, came in as we were marching to our dinner. He stood on a bench, and when all were seated, he said: "Boys, I am glad to see you back in the United States. You certainly had a difficult task." He with other marines gave three cheers for the Samar brave Marines.

At the Charlestown Marine Barracks, Mass., is placed a marble tablet to the "Memory of our Comrades" of ten privates of the United States Marine Corps who became detached from the main body of a punitive expedition of fifty marines under command of Capt. D. P. Pater, marching across Samar in an effort to capture the natives who massacred the men of Company C Infantry. No trace of the

ten men has ever been discovered, and it is not known whether they were ambushed by natives or lost their way in the jungles and died of starvation. The bones of those ten marines lie somewhere in the interior wilderness of Samar.

Rev. Father Chadwick, who was chaplain of the battleship Maine at the time of her destruction in Havana Harbor in 1898, and who was chaplain of the cruiser New York when she brought the marines to the island of Samar in 1899, delivered an historical address in which he paid high tribute to the heroism of officers and men. "Men on shore," he said, "are proud to think that men engaged in warfare are essentially hard-hearted and blood-thirsty." His own experience with the men in the service and those in civilian walks of life had shown him greater hatred and deeper inhumanity among the men of peace than among those of war. "It is well that we should honor the men who have added lustre to your name," he said to the company of marines who stood at arms on the parade-ground. "The author of the 'Charge of the Light Brigade" could have had no more fitting illustration than the deeds of these men of your corps.

John H. Clifford, of Portsmouth, N. H., past president of the Guam and Samar Campaign Association of Marines, and chairman of the Tablet Committee, told of the massacre of Company C of the 9th Infantry, at the town of Balangiga, Samar, in September, 1901; of the 250-mile chase of the outlaws by the marines and of the loss of ten of their comrades whose memory is perpetuated by the tablet. This tablet is placed on the front wall of the Marine Barracks, facing the centre entrance, and was unveiled by Patrick Woods and Wm. E. Woods of Shelburne Falls, father and brother of James Woods, one of the lost marines. All of the marines in the Navy Yard were assembled, under command of Capt. John W. Wadleigh, in company formation, facing the tablet, and they presented arms as the flags were withdrawn from the tablet, while the marine band played

"The Star Spangled Banner." Following the unveiling, a floral wreath was presented by Mrs. Elizabeth MacNamare, Past President-General of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Spanish War Veterans. The exercises closed with a prayer by Father Chadwick.

The tablet bears the following inscription, below the device of the Marine Corps:

> "This tablet is erected to the memory of the ten marines who were lost in the island of Samar, P. I., January 13, 1902. Privates James Woods, Thomas Brett, George N. Foster, Joseph Barani, Timothy Murray, Eugene Sanjule, Patrick Connell, Archer L. Bailey, Frank Brown and Morgan Bassett. They died while serving their country and flag. They were faithful and fearless. Erected by the officers and men of the Samar Expedition, September 5, 1910."

A marine is infantry on land, artillery aboard ship, and is called a sea-soldier, but are used for everything, such as infantry, cavalry, artillery, signal and engineer corps, for lots of the latter was done in the tropics.

Colonel Waller, who was our commanding officer, and General Smith, who was in command of the American troops in the island of Samar, were both brave officers. They would go with their men on long marches, and were justified in doing what they did, in making it a howling wilderness, in killing the savages and destroying the towns, the homes of savage outlaws, for some of the natives were bold and were not to be trusted.

This ended one of the hardest campaigns that ever went through the Philippine Islands, or ever will. The sailors from the U. S. S. Luzone, the marines and a few sailors from the U. S. S. Vicksburg, share in the honor of putting down the insurrection, for they hiked with the marines through the jungles of Samar. The crews of the above ships were certainly very kind to the marines stationed ashore, sharing their tobacco and soap with us. Among the

favors they did us was one the marines will remember. They combined together and bought of their paymaster $100 worth of salt water soap and tobacco and let us have it, which was a very generous act and much appreciated by us, as we had no other way of getting soap or tobacco except from the sailors, for we had run out of money.

Names of the Men of Co. C, 9th U. S. Infantry.

ESCAPED.

First Sergeant Samuel F. Whipps; Sergeants John Carroll and Charles H. Brown; Corporals George W. Charlamneau, Charles Samuelson, Mack T. Bates; Privates Aaron J. Burch, Martin Cayne, Daniel J. Donovan, Charles J. Downey, John Gallagher, Delbert Gibson, Watson B. Hendry, Harry H. Hill, Charles H. Meeker, Owen F. O'Neil, Homer Steward, Anderson Temple, Herman Tripp.

WOUNDED AT MASSACRE.

Sergeants John D. Blossom, George F. Markley; Corporal Taylor B. Hickman; Bugler Ladislaus Garscia; Privates Henry Cass, Cornelius F. Donahue, Albert B. Keller, Henry W. Manire, George E. Meyers, Daniel S. Mullins, Ernest W. Ralston, John Whitof, Sylvester Burke, James Pickett, Arnold Irish, Melvin M. Walls (cook), George Allen, Richard Considatie, Elbert B. de Griffen, Adolph Gamlin, William J. Gibbs, Charles F. Marks, Clifford M. Mumby, Samuel Allison, Walter J. Berthold, Roland T. Clark, Alfred R. Davis, George L. Devore, John L. Hartley, Sherman S. Kelby, Andrew C. Neilson, Thremistorcles Qula, Anthony Stier, Carl E. Swanson, Philo J. Prosser, John S. Wolfe, John L. Covington, Patrick J. Dobbins, Jerry J. Driscoll, Evans Smith, August F. Parczeng, Christian S. Williams, Claude C. Wingo.

Report was made that the last four men named were burned to death in the barracks which the savages burned.

It is probable they were either killed then, or died from wounds received in the quarters, as their bones were found in the ruins.

MEMBERS OF C COMPANY KILLED AT BALANGIGA.

Sergeants James M. Randler, John F. Martin, Henry J. Scharer; Corporals Frank McCormack, Leonard P. Schley, P. Peters; Cook Gustav F. Schnitzler (artificer); Privates Joseph R. Marr, John D. Armanilitto Armani, George Bang, Robert L. Booth, John D. Buhrer, James L. Cavin, Charles C. Davis, Guy C. Dennis, Bryan Dent, Click Fitzgerald, Joseph I. Gordon, Joseph O. Klein, Hampl Richard, Long Martin, James F. McDermott, John H. Miller, Robert Sproull. Private Charles Powers, died of wounds in boat on way to hospital. Corporal Thomas E. Baird, and Private Chris. F. Record both died at hospital. Privates Floyd J. Shoemaker and Harry Wright (hospital nurse), missing.

OFFICERS KILLED.

Capt. Thomas W. Connell, U. S. A.
First Lieut. Edward A. Bumpus, U. S. A.
Major R. S. Griswold, Surgeon U. S. Volunteers.

SOLDIERS AND MARINES ON FAMOUS HIKES.

The month of October, in the year of 1901,
Eventful in its history for the bloodshed it had run:
Soldiers and marines received orders to proceed without delay,
And avenge a nation's honor in the blood that passed away.

The memory of those comrades, who in China side by side,
Did share our tribulation with courage and with pride,
And it was in the town of Balangiga, where those martyrs
at their post,
Were soon despatched by bolas, for there they gave up the
ghost—
Brave C Company of 9th Infantry, U. S. A.

The summons for marines' services was accepted with some joy,
For we meant to annihilate, to conquer, or to die:
So we proceeded on our journey, which seemed to us quite far,
To make a like-long name as heroes of Samar.

The hiking was terrific, as we the mountains trod,
Expecting every moment a message from our God.
We divided into parties, the enemy far to scan,
Tired, fatigued, and foot-sore almost every man.

But at last we were rewarded by the prospect of a fight,
For slightly in advance of us lay the Balangiga Height.
We all prepared for action with palpitating breath,
As we quickly filled our rifles with messengers of death.

A sentinel was posted, unexpecting any harm,
And when he did observe us he tried to give alarm
To his comrades farther distant as they on the camp bed lay;
But a well-directed bullet sent his spirit right away.

The heights were well protected with ordnance, something new;
The charges the enemy used were mud, stone and iron, for the
guns were bamboo;
The fuse of one was burning, as to climb the hill we tried;
But our danger was discovered and by Glynn was destroyed.

For he rushed the summit boldly, his comrades for to save,
The fuse he then extracted which freed some from a grave.
The goo-goos fled excited and our bullets fled as well,
The tale of death they carried is difficult to tell.

Our uniforms all torn, and our shoes that once shone neat,
Could scarcely keep the thorns from our much-disfigured feet.
Our successful raid being over, we gradually did retire,
Our progress interrupted by swampy paths and briar.

But misfortune overtook us, when victory seemed so nigh,
For we lost ten faithful comrades, in that country they did die.
Being detached from the main body, they wandered rather far,
For they have not been heard of—those heroes of Samar.

They did their duty faithfully, their footsteps ne'er did lag,
An honor to their country, a credit to their flag,
Such men as these the Marine Corps has reason to regret,
Their names will live in history for no better have we met.

The campaign now being over, we proceed far to retreat,
To rest our wearied bodies, we turn towards Cavite.
Our work was all successful, though carried out a-far;
We anointed almost everything that was living in Samar.

The anchor is being hoisted and our ship is underway,
Bright visions now await us, our stomachs smell relief
At the prospect of a sumptuous feast of good, old, frozen beef.

In coming from Samar on the transport Lawton,
We received quite an ovation from the New York as we passed;
The crew were all assembled, the officers all amassed;
They gently lowered the colors, while the band began to play
A sad funeral dirge in memory of those men who passed away.

—Patrick Cathsem, Ex-Private, U. S. M. C., 1902.

A JUST CAUSE.

Oh, why should the spirit of a Marine be proud,
His duty is but to obey,
Let others have their share of joy
While he drudges the livelong day.

There's never a word for those boys in blue,
When they come home battle-scarred,
No hosts of friends to cheer them
Or join in the loud "hurrah!"

He's "only a soldier for Uncle Sam" 'tis true,
But, say, when it comes to fight,
His country's honor is in good hands,
For they're death dealing machines to a man.

He knows that going to war to fight
Means more than the old "state camp,"
The first to land on Cuban soil
And hold our flag by might.

Ah! no, don't cheer him now,
The time has long since passed;
He only asks for "more nights in"
As a reward for duty past.

—Amos Engham, Ex-Corporal, U. S. M. C., 1899.

CAVITE, P. I., AUGUST 14, 1900.

By G. Brindley.

(Copied from the original)

In darkness and bad weather, or in snow,
The sentry to his post must always go;
Then will come spells of thinking,
Visions of the meadow brook a'tinkling,
He wanders back to the old home and of the past
And thinks he hears the old cowbells,
A boy in blue, he left the garden gate at last,
He was bidding good-bye for the last time to Nell!

Visions come before him when leaning on his rifle.
Probably to return no more away from battle's strife.
He listens for a moment—a noise! it makes him start:
"Halt! Who comes there?" he cries out quick and sharp!
It was only the fluttering of a little bird in the sky.
Failed to see the enemy sneaking closely by.
A little walk he takes and thinks all is well;
Until a bullet strikes him, and down he fell.
They picked him up in day-light: lonely and sad he looked;
And never again will he meet Nell at the little running brook;
Never again to see the faces he once loved so dear,
It will change the old home, for some time a little queer.
They buried him with honor, and news to the home will come,
How he died in protecting his country and brave deeds he done.
This is the life of a sentry or a soldier that walks his post;
To honor and shield the old flag and at last give up the ghost.

THE HEROES OF SAMAR.

No tow'ring shaft their fame records,
  No minstrel sings their praise;
Forgotten in a foreign land
  Each form unburied lays;
No solemn volley o'er them fired
  By comrades in farewell,
Forsaken in the forest wild
  Each perished where he fell.

Some from the sunny Southland came,
  And some from Erin's isle,
And one a gray-haired father waits
  Where flow'ring prairies smile;
And many a mother's aching heart
  In a far New England home,
Longs on thro' all the silent years
  For the boy who does not come.

What tho' on Cuba's shore they fought
  On Santiago's day,
Or for the allied hosts that marched
  In China led the way;
Fresh laurels to their country's flag
  Their steadfast valor gave—
Alas! Ungrateful land that now
  Denies them e'en a grave.

The shattered band by famine spent,
  That toiled thro' glen and gorge

With bleeding feet, each bivouac made
  Another Valley Forge;
Unsheltered from the tropic rain
  That poured in ceaseless flood,
They fell o'ercome by hunger's pangs,
  While leeches drank their blood.

But some survived the desperate strife,
  And still pressed grimly on,
The treacherous foe lurked in their rear,
  Each straggler seized anon.
A fate far worse than death befell
  The captive in their hands,
And only we their sorrows know
  Who've fought in savage lands.

No cannon's roar their sleep disturbs,
  Nor martial tumult's clang;
The jungle hides the silent forms
  That rest by the Lanang,
And we who with them fought and bled
  This poor tribute provide,
To teach a cold forgetting world
  How Samar's Heroes died.

—Sergeant Thomas F. Carney, U. S. M. C.

Written on the unveiling of the tablet at Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., September 5, 1910, in memory of those who fell in the ill-fated Lanang-Basey Expedition in Samar under Major Waller, December, 1900—January, 1901.

The Home Life of the Filipinos.

The towns about Manila are small and there were but few schools; consequently the children's education consists chiefly of what their parents teach them and whatever their bright eyes and ears take in. The children begin very early to help their mothers, fetching water, cleaning pots, gathering sticks for the fire and taking care of the babies. The girls mature very early, and the Filipinos consider girls of fifteen and sixteen years old enough to marry, and it is not uncommon to see mothers who are but fifteen years old. The women of the Philippines are very poor. The Filipinos do not think it necessary to accumulate much money before marrying and setting up for themselves. A peso (50c in

American money) is enough to pay the priest, and if they can secure a pig and a few chickens for the wedding feast and money enough for drinkables (bino, a native drink, and tuba, the fermented sap of the cocoanut palm), that is all they feel the need of, and will continue the wedding feast, day and night, until the guests have eaten and drank everything on the place.

After a while the young couple usually build a shack of their own a few yards from the home of their parents, the style depending upon the materials at hand and the tribal customs. This shack is usually made by lashing round poles together with rattan, the roof being thatched with grass and with the leaves of the nipa plant or palm leaves. The corner posts of the house are first sunk into the ground; then the roof is lifted upon them and lashed in place with long strips of rattan. The beams for the floor are now fastened in the same way to the corner posts, and the floor laid of strips of palmwood. The floor of the building is always placed from two to six feet above the ground, on account of the tremendous rains. After all this has been done, the walls of the house are covered like the roof, and the house is finished.

There is rarely any furniture, except possibly a bench beside the window. The Filipinos usually sit, or squat, on the floor, and some have no bedsteads, but sleep on mats on the floor, using a pillow, and covering themselves with a cotton blanket, and they seem to be happy.

The kitchen utensils are composed of two or three earthern pots, a couple of iron spoons and a few cheap earthenware plates, a few tin cans and an assortment of bowls and other containers made of bamboo and cocoanut shells.

The young housewife rises at the very break of day. She kindles a fire on the hearth (made of a box of earth and three stones to support the pot). After kindling the fire she goes out to thresh the rice for breakfast. The mortar in which she does this is made by cutting a hole about the size of an ordinary pot in a hardwood log. She pounds the

rice with a heavy pestle which is but a wooden beam about four feet long, after which she bounces it about in a round, rather flat, tray of basket-work, in order to free it of chaff. The rice, when cooked, comes out whole and nearly dry. This, with a bit of fish, or some other meat, completes the meal. The dinner and supper are the same as the breakfast, with the possible addition of sweet potatoes and some kind of fruit. They do not use knives or forks, but take their food in their fingers. After breakfast the husband goes off to work, if he feels like it, or hangs around some ranch and talks rooster-fighting—and the wife busies herself at various tasks, such as weaving mats of brightly dyed strips of palm leaves, or weaving hats of various fibres. This work is done entirely by hand, and done very well. The women also weave a fine hemp-cloth on the simplest of hand-looms. The thread is obtained by tying, end to end, the fibres of hemp—a most tedious process. The cloth thus made serves for the women's waists and the men's shirts. This cloth is stiff, but durable. In some localities the women make by a similar process a very beautiful cloth from the fibre of pineapple leaves. The wife has her little chest of clothes, and the husband a white dress-suit for special occasions. Around the house the women wear but two garments—a calico skirt and a short cotton shirt. When they go out they add the hempcloth waist, which is very full, and hardly touches the body at all, and a large kerchief about the neck. They rarely wear a petticoat, but they have another garment, called the tapis, which is characteristic. This garment is merely a piece of black cloth, usually plain, but sometimes embroidered, about one and one-half yards square, one edge of which is passed about the waist and the corner tucked under to hold it, that is all. This is probably a relic of the savage loin cloth, but is worn outside the skirt. It is apparently going out of style, as it is rarely seen in the towns except among the poor folks. The Filipino women never wear hats, but when they go out they throw a cloth over their heads. Shoes

and stockings are luxuries. When going to mass on Sunday mornings the country people stop at some stream on the outskirts of the village and wash their feet and then put on their shoes and stockings. They always look neat when going to church, and the children are brought up to be regular attendants at church.

The Filipinos, as a rule, are very religious, and they keep to the custom of having religious parades on Saint Days, as was the custom 300 years ago. I shall never forget a parade I saw, celebrating the Feast of Corpus Christi. First came fifteen to twenty small boys, carrying lighted candles, and as many small girls singing and throwing flowers on the ground; then came a band of some fourteen Philippine men, each bearing some part of the station which represented Our Lord. The husky Filipino who carried the scepter had no easy task. Another man carried a cross on his shoulder and a crown of thorns on his head, while the perspiration ran from his face; then came fifteen to twenty priests of different orders, some with the reading-book; then came the priest with the sacrament. People knelt with bowed heads as the procession passed. The streets were free from teams; the bell in the church tolled, while women and children carrying lighted candles knelt in the doorways, praying, as the Blessed Sacrament passed them.

CHURCH CONDITIONS.

When the American occupation began, Spain restricted the religious development of the people and did not allow them to contribute money to the church which was supported by the government . the government also limiting the number of dioces to five for each 7,000,000 people. The government also checked the development of hospitals, asylums and other charitable institutions ouside of Manila. The Jesuits and Friars were in charge of most of the parishes, the former being also officers of the government, acting as school superintendents and local magistrates. The people confused the person of the friars with the gov-

ernment itself, and a strong prejudice developed against these priests, who in reality did what they could without funds to aid and educate the Filipinos. With from 8,000 to 60,000 souls in a parish, and with the diocesan funds prohibited by the government, it is not surprising to learn that the people in the remote districts grew lax in religious practises and where easily led into schemes when Aguinaldo and his insurrectionists arose. The friars were attacked and forced to leave the islands; then the United States obtained the Philippines, and a new regime began. Since 1898 the five dioces have been doubled in number. In Bishop Dougherty's diocese alone thirty priests from Mill Hill Seminary, England, have taken forty-five parishes.

A leper hospital has been built, and when an appeal was made asking if any two Jesuits in the islands would be willing to go to work in the leper colony, every Jesuit offered. There were 2900 lepers in the colony, and they have their own town, elect their own town officers and conduct a respectable municipality. Nuns who were expelled from France have taken up the work in the hospital, heroically serving the suffering, repulsive victims of leprosy, which is equal to a living death. Young men and women of religious orders sacrifice their lives to care for those poor lepers.

Battalion of Marines in Samar.

Major L. T. Waller in command.

COMPANY C.

Captain R. H. Dunlap.
First Lieutenant A. S. Williams.
Lieutenant Adjutant John Day.
Second Lieutenant J. P. V. Gridley.
Surgeon Dr. Lung, U. S. N.
First Sergeant James Murphy.
Quartermaster Sergeant Johnson.
Sergeants James Bell, Charles F. Tirrell, Jacob Weidmann, Henry Slater.

Corporals David B. Mullin, Harry C. Adriance, Henry E. Swift, John H. Carrol.

Trumpeter Russell S. Garland.

Privates Fred Adams, William H. Ashton, Marcus LaF. Barker, Harrison D. Boyer, Frank Brandl, James P. Brennan, Harry L. Buehler, John P. Casey, Julius Cafoir, Edward B. Clark, Richard J. Cody, Jeremiah Crowley, Fred S. Cutler, Edward Davis, Floyd Earl, John Emo, John J. Farrell, John P. Fitzgerald, Harry Foster, William Gately, Randolph W. Grant, Harry A. Hain, James A. Hoffman, John D. Hood, George Hunt, Charles H. Jobin, James J. Kelleher, Omer J. Kresge, William J. Lonquet, Oscar J. E. Lonquist, Sol M. Litzmer, George Lynch, Daniel J. Mahoney, Wade H. Massey, Frederick Morrison, Morgan McAllister, Tenis McBurney, William J. McCanless, Michael J. McDonugh, Augustus J. McFalls, James H. McGlone, John McKane, William E. Nauscawen, Alfred E. Norton, John R. Parkinson, Howard L. Rahn, Harry M. Raymond, Fred M. Read, James Rice, Henry A. Rickers, Frederick W. Ruehl, Homer A. Russell, Julius Sanfanandre, Robert W. Sharp, William F. Sleney, John W. Stuart, John J. Sullivan, Stanley S. Teass, David A. Tenney, George Thompson, John Thompson, Henry W. Tobin, John H. Watson, Edward A. White, Eugene Sugger.

COMPANY D.

Captain Hiram I. Bearss.

First Lieutenant C. C. Carpenter.

First Lieutenant Bootes.

First Sergeant John S. Lipscomb.

Sergeants John McCaffery, Bryan McSwiney.

Corporals Joseph J. Murphy, Robert L. Leckie.

Trumpeter Joshua Jones.

Privates George H. Ames, Roy W. Beal, Charles W. Black, Walter S. Black, Cornelius H. Brown, John Breen, Donald Cain, John N. Case, John V. Culleton, Oscar L. Davis, George Davis, Joseph Durgin, Eugene Demozzi, Fred-

erick Ernest, Frank Everly, Eugene Farrell, Reuben B. Franklin, Michael Fitzgerald, Henry Forry, John G. Gautz, Charles G. Grotz, Franklin Green, James W. Heckler, Charles Hunt, Michael Hosty, William Harkins, Alfred Jenkins, James Jennings, Oliver L. Kerkendall, William Kilmer, Edward Kloman, Charles J. King, Arthur LaHar, Fred P. Lamb, Aubrey Lomas, Anton Lutz, Eugene C. Martin, Clarence E. Mathias, John McAvay, Francis McCarthy, Modock McKenzie, Walter McKay, Isaac Miller, Beverly J. Moore, Albert N. Neville, John J. Noon, Jacob LeR. Pawling, Thomas F. Pendergast, Vernon Propes, Michael Quinlan, Michael Quinlan, William Heinhold, Jeremiah Riedy, George W. Roberts, William Ross, William Slattery, Jack H. Stanton, William M. Stevens, Samuel K. Stower, John J. Sullivan, Edgar H. Tingley, George L. Trippel, Benjamin F. Tywell, Edward L. Wagner, Elmer F. Whitesell.

COMPANY H.

Captain Arthur J. Matthews.

First Lieutenants Harry R. Lay, William C. Harllee.

Second Lieutenant Austin C. Rogers.

Asst. Surgeon J. B. Brister.

First Sergeant Alexander J. Foley.

Gunnery Sergeant John Hoffman.

Sergeant John W. McDonald.

Corporals Geoffrey F. Brennan, Amos C. Arscino, Charles E. Hughes, Charles N. Barekman.

Drummer Quinton L. Hutchinson.

Privates Ludwig C. Albert, Menter T. Anderson, James E. Askin, Morgan Basset, Joseph M. Byrnes, Roscoe Buck, Gustav Buettner, Thomas Burke, John A. Browning, Lockette A. Bailey, Louis A. Boschen, Henry E. Bowman, Francis F. Brown, John Britten, Alfred B. Collins, Herbert E. Carter, James E. Coughlin, Patrick J. Connell, Lawrence Crow, Thomas J. Curtis, John H. Clements, Michael Clancy, Patrick Connor, Warren F. Deiter, Roderick Desmond, James Fogarty, George F. Friese, Patrick W. Guilfoyle,

Harry Glenn, Stanislaus Goodman, William P. Garvin, John W. Gray, Charles R. Groom, Edward C. Green, William George, Frank P. Haas, William J. Hanninghan, Asher Hartley, James E. G. Hardy, John F. Heidlebach, Fred G. Hanks, William E. Hill, John H. Killion, Charles A. Leitner, Charles Leppo, August A. Miller, Joe H. Moore, Timothy Murray, James McDowell, Frank D. Pease, James P. Quirk, James L. Russell, Albert Reich, Clifford Robie, George T. Sessions, William C. Spencer, George E. Shade, John W. Stevenson, William H. Sammons, Louis Stikel, William L. Smith, Francis I. Taggart, Charles F. Taggart, Henry T. Trulson, Alexander C. West, Henry Wesley, James Woods.

List of Officers and Men Stationed at Camp Connell, Balangiga, Samar, P. I., From October, 1901, to 1902.

COMPANY F.

Captain David D. Porter.

First Lieutenant Alexander S. Williams.

Second Lieutenant Frank Halford.

First Sergeant John Grogan.

Gunnery Sergeant John H. Quick.

Quartermaster Sergeant Mike Quillan.

Sergeants Eugene J. Dooley, James L. Culleton, Robert Huntington.

Corporals Joseph F. Abdill, Fred A. Onthank, John H. Nelson, Hugo Krause, Charles G. Swanson.

Drummers George W. Sutton, John H. Tyers.

Privates Charles F. Allen, Frank Allen, Joseph Baroni, Joseph T. Barlow, Michael Brady, Thomas Brett, George Brindley, Frederick J. Brooks, John Campbell, Thomas F. Carney, William R. Caufman, John H. Clifford, James Cooper, Patrick Conley, Clark Corey, Frank D. Creamer, Thomas F. Cunniff, James Doyle, William Dowling, James Egan, Gustav R. A. Enders, James Farrell, Thomas Flavin,

Charles R. Francis, George N. Foster, Oliver J. Gately, Fred Garlick, Simon H. Gresham, Walter Gutkey, John W. Hyndman, Werner L. Hoffman, Henry B. Jacks, Thomas J. Kane, Harold Kinman, Frederick L. Kilpatrick, Harry B. Lamont, Joseph A. Leathem, John F. Marsden, Edward J. Metz, William E. Morris, William O. MacDaniel, James McCoy, Robert McNally, John T. Neiderer, Thomas O'Neill, Michael J. O'Brien, Harry Osborn, Walter Patterson, Thomas M. Purcell, Charles Reynolds, Joseph P. Reagan, Turk Ross, Lawrence Ryan, Louis Schramm, Charles Seitz, Eugene Sanjule, Bennett G. Smith, Walter D. Smith, Thomas Stanton, Timothy Sullivan, James M. Sugden, Everett E. Snell, Thomas E. Whalen, Francis Williams, Frank Wegman, James Campbell, Jere Sullivan, Patrick O'Donnell, Napoleon Leblanc, David Crockett.