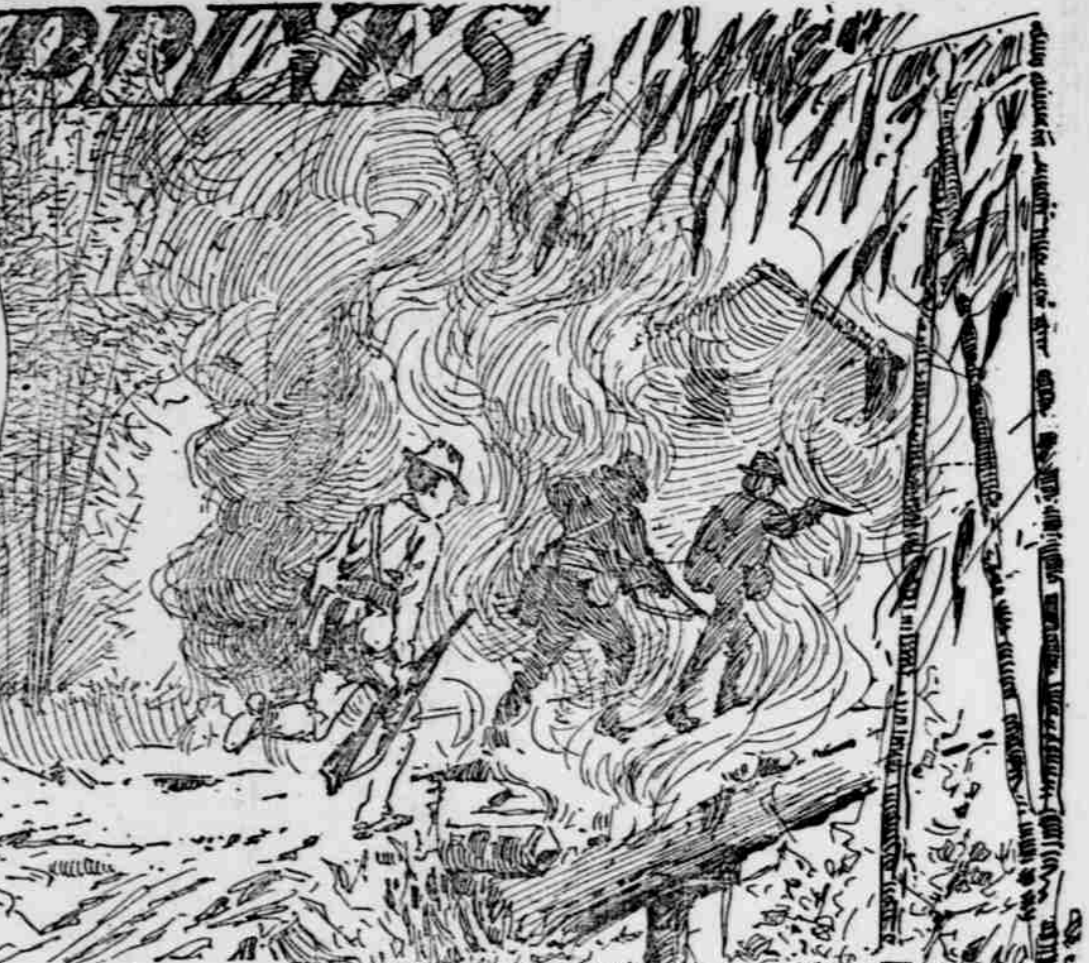




SCOUTING in the PHILIPPINES



LIEUT. THORNTON, CHIEF OF LAWTON'S SCOUTS.



Three men won distinction in connection with the work done by Lawton's scouts, when that lamented General pushed his column into the interior of Luzon, a year ago, and captured San Isidro, the capital of the Philippine republic.

Two lost their lives while fighting desperately against great odds, and the third has returned home and is living so quietly and modestly that few even know of the laurels he won for himself and the State of Oregon. The first was W. H. Young, a civilian, organizer and first leader of the scouts, who was killed at the capture of San Miguel. The second was James Harrington, private, of Company G, Second Oregon, the most daring and successful of the scouts, who was killed in the gallant charge at Tarbon Bridge. The third is Second Lieutenant J. E. Thornton, Company B, Second Oregon, chief of scouts after the death of Young, and leader in the brilliant capture of the burning bridge at Tarbon.

Until General Lawton arrived on the scene, there was little that could be called scouting on the part of the Americans. When they were ready to advance, they pushed ahead and banded up against the Filipino intrenchments, much as the English have been doing in South Africa, and only the fact that the Maay is no such fighter as the Boer prevented the Americans meeting the fate of their English cousins. When a line started, it knew not what it was to stop until every obstacle had been overcome.

The Filipinos knew this, and were ready to run as soon as the dreaded Americans came within good shooting distance, meanwhile shooting wildly and recklessly in the direction of the advancing line, generally without taking aim, and with the head well down under cover. Not one of them possessed the nerve to withstand a charge to the point of personal contact. The Filipino does not live who can stand up before an angry American and look him in the eye. This was why mere bulldog courage prevailed in the Philippines while it fails in Africa. It was General Lawton who infused common sense into the American tactics and proved that the best way to fight guerrillas was to adopt guerrilla methods.

Story of the Scouts.

When Lawton's column started north, parallel with the railroad, in April, 1899, the advance being under the command of General O. Summer, with the Second Oregon and Thirteenth Minnesota, the remainder of the column being composed of the First North Dakota and the Third and Twenty-second regulars, two troops of the Fourth Cavalry and four guns of the Sixth Artillery, he organized a body of volunteers to scout the country in advance of the troops. An experienced hunter and Indian fighter, W. H. Young, who had come over as a civilian with the North Dakotas, was made chief of scouts, and he selected about 30 men to do the work. Nominally, the command of the scouts was given to Captain W. E. Birchheimer, Third Artillery, on the staff of General Lawton.

Easily the most experienced and best of the scouts was Harrington, but he did not possess the qualifications of a leader, preferring to operate alone, and it was for this reason he was not given command after the death of Young. He was a man of little more than medium height, strong, self-reliant and fearless. He had scouted on the plains and in the mountains of America, and had led a life of adventure in many lands. He made frequent excursions into the enemy's country alone, trusting to his own judgment, courage and skill with his rifle. He made his reports directly to the General, who often spoke of the value of his services.

One of his favorite achievements was to work his way into a town which was being attacked and ring the bell in the church tower, and, as these towers were always used by Filipino sharpshooters, he occasionally had to fight for their possession. There was always a smiling and a nodding of heads along the firing line outside the town when the bell began to ring with the sharp strokes of a fire alarm, and every third, perspiring soldier out in the rice fields knew that the scouts were in the town, and the fight was practically over.

Scouting in the Philippines was performed under peculiar conditions. Every minute spent outside the American lines was a minute of danger. There was no possibility of disguise, so radically different in appearance were the Americans and Filipinos. With a country so densely populated and every resident an informer, it was impossible for a scouting party to get a mile away from camp without knowledge of the fact being conveyed at once to the enemy. Occasional glimpses of white figures among the bamboo clumps on the edge of the distant forest were had, denoting that the scouting party was under constant surveillance. Frequently a single shot, or a whole volley, would be fired from a distant ambush, but seldom was an armed enemy seen.

Contrary to Orders.

To shoot at the white-robed observers was strictly contrary to orders, for positive instructions had been issued from headquarters not to molest in any way noncombatants, and an unarmed man in citizen's clothing must certainly be so classed. These "amigos" professed the greatest of friendship whenever encountered. It was no unusual thing for the India of a household to give water to scouts with courteous hospitality, while the men of the family were scurrying through the brush to give warning of the presence of Americans, or lying in ambush waiting to take a shot.

All scouting that was really effective had to be done at night, and by the most wealthy of Indian methods in the day time. This was the kind of work in which Harrington excelled, and by which he procured valuable information.

At one time, while out alone near Nagsazay, he captured a buffalo cart, loaded with supplies for the Filipinos, and compelled its drivers to proceed in the direction of the town, but in a few minutes he discovered himself in the midst of a camp of Filipino soldiers. Giving them a few shots to unsettle their nerves, he took to his heels and made good his escape, getting back into camp about midnight, after being fired upon by an American sentinel.

As for the Filipinos, their scouting was easy. Traced in white clothing, and with-

out arms, they could go anywhere without molestation, even into the American camps, under the guise of amigos or refugees. There was no one to give warning, no one to ambush them, no one to spy upon them. They came and went freely, and the information they gained by friendly visits at American camps in the day time was used in annoying night attacks, for which annoyance they often came into camp again the next day and offered profound sympathy.

"Touch of High Life."

Half an hour before reveille on the morning of May 12 the officer of the guard at Maasim passed the scouts through the lines at the outpost on the road leading to San Ildefonso, three miles distant, where some 1500 Filipinos were intrenched, and with a parting injunction to "give them a touch of high life," saw them disappear in the darkness.

Soon reveille was sounded. The camp had been astr but a few minutes when a dozen shots were heard in the direction of the enemy, some of the men remarking that the "goo-goo's" were a trifle nervous that morning.

When Young left camp he proceeded a short distance and then halted. Taking a few men with him he cautiously advanced upon the Filipino outpost and suddenly attacked it. This was the shooting first heard in camp. Then, assembling his men again, he moved off to the right across the summit of the hill, deployed at long intervals, and advanced cautiously against the trenches on the left of town, which were now filled with excited Filipinos, warned by those who had escaped from the outpost attacked that the Americans were advancing.

The scouts kept carefully concealed, and wormed their way to the front until within good shooting distance, their immediate presence being unknown to the enemy. They were all armed with Mausers, a much longer-range gun than the Springfield, and used smokeless powder. The Mauser also deceives the enemy with its report, which is different from that of the Springfield or Krags. For this reason, when Young opened the fight by shooting a Filipino in one of the trenches, only the few who saw him fall had any idea that the gun was fired by an enemy. Even after the other scouts began firing, it was several minutes before the situation was realized, and with realization came almost a panic.

After firing a few times in this way, Young withdrew his men over toward the Philippine right and repeated his tactics. In a few minutes the Filipinos opened up along their entire line, firing to the front at random, while the scouts lay low and indulged in sharpshooting. For several hours this peculiar battle was maintained, the two supporting companies watching it from the summit of the divide, and the entire brigade at Maasim enjoying it as a huge joke.

At last the Filipinos could stand the strain no longer. They withdrew from their defenses, abandoned San Ildefonso and retreated to San Miguel, five miles to the north. Young's men entered the town, and in a few minutes that fact was proclaimed to the entire brigade by the clanging of the church bell.

At San Miguel.

The next day the scouts repeated the work of the day before. When Young approached San Miguel, he found the enemy posted in a strong position on the edge of town; his flanks were covered, fully 600 men being in line. Not waiting for help, and the supporting battalion of the two companies remaining strictly in support, Young advanced, with only 15 men, in the same Indian style as before, and soon the Filipinos retreated into the town. The scouts followed, gradually working their way into the town along bamboo and hedge fences and up the brush-grown sides of a deep ravine, down which a stream flowed through the heart of town.

At last Young reached the bridge crossing the stream, which was covered by the fire of the Filipinos on the other side, especially from the tower of the church, two blocks away, and here he was severely wounded in the knee. Crawling back to the shelter of a bamboo fence, he continued the fight. One of the scouts soon wormed his way up from the river to Young's position, and when he learned that his chief was wounded, wanted to bandage the injured knee, but the brave leader ordered him back to his former position and continued to shoot, he fearing that the enemy would make a rush across the bridge if the fire slackened.

Thus the fight continued for a time, but finally several more of the scouts reached the bridge, and then a charge was made across the structure and the enemy put to flight. In this charge was Harrington, who rushed to the church, drove the sharpshooters from the tower, and a minute later announced with the bell the cap-



FILIPINO PRISONERS CAPTURED BY LAWTON'S SCOUTS.

ture of the town to the supports waiting in the suburbs, as well as to the brigade farther back.

Soon as an ambulance could be brought up, Young, his leg temporarily dressed by the surgeon, was sent to the railroad at Malolos, 30 miles away, where a special train was waiting to take him to Manila. He reached the hospital before daylight, but the loss of blood and the shock had been too much for him, and he died the next day.

After the death of Young, General Summers was requested by General Lawton to recommend an officer to command the scouts, and he selected Lieutenant Thornton, under whose leadership the brave band of volunteers performed much dangerous and important service during the remainder of the campaign, the most conspicuous and gallant feat being the capture of the burning bridge at Tarbon.

Aroused by the Corporal of the Guard before reveille, Lawton's scouts had made a hasty breakfast and were already passing the farthest outpost when the bugles aroused the Army to another day of action. Lieutenant Thornton, in command that day, possessed special qualifications for the dangerous and delicate work. Bold and resolute, and prompt in deciding upon his course in an emergency, he was also cautious and watchful, and seldom made a mistake in judgment. There was in his dress little to distinguish him from the men he led, simply a gilt eagle on the collar of his blue flannel shirt, to indicate

that he was an officer. Like the others, he carried a Mauser rifle, and, like them, wore brown canvas trousers, leggings, blue flannel shirt and campaign hat, the rough-and-ready uniform of the volunteers in the Philippines.

Pushing out with two men in advance along the road to form a "point," and sending two each to the right and left as flankers, he made his way cautiously along, the remainder of his command following in the road some 300 yards to the rear. Caution was necessary in a country where the enemy fights only from concealment, and whose presence is generally first announced by a volley of Mauser bullets.

A volley of Mausers whistled over the heads of the scouts, as the point rounded the base of a hill and came out upon a low flat. Hastily throwing his arm to its full length vertically above his head as a signal for those in the rear to halt, Thornton paused and looked to see the source from which the volley came. He quickly descried a wooden bridge, about half a mile to his front, from which curled a little column of smoke. He saw that the bridge was on fire; that the river bank on the opposite side of the stream was lined with earthworks, both above and below the bridge, and that the trenches were filled with Filipino soldiers, numbering not less than 200. They all wore uniforms, and were therefore not the white-robed militia that constituted the bulk of the Filipino Army, but General Gregorio del Pilar's Manila battalion, trained native soldiers of the former Spanish Army.

The river curved at the bridge, giving all of the trenches complete command of the structure, and the road approaching it, and the flat to be crossed had tall swamp grass growing on the rice ridges

to the height of nearly six feet, offering splendid concealment for an advancing line of sharpshooters, using smokeless powder, although, of course, affording no protection against bullets. To send back to the advancing column, two miles in the rear, for help would cause a delay that would be fatal to the bridge, and destruction of the bridge would delay the Army several days.

Thornton determined to attack. He must dislodge the strong force posted behind the breastworks, with an unfordable river in its front, and only a burning bridge by which to cross to the attack. He must do this with his 30 men, and at once. He extended his right arm above his head and moved it rapidly in a circle several times, to which signal the scouts not with the point responded by coming up on the run. Quickly he gave his orders, to deploy and advance, with himself as guide in the center.

A few minutes later there was heard the whip-like crack of a Mauser, and a Filipino standing on the crest of a trench, looking to see if he could discover what had become of the "maio Americanos," fell back among his comrades, dead. Crack, crack, went other Mausers, and in an instant there was a panic in the trenches. Down went every Filipino out of sight, and there they remained during the rest of the fight. But if they hid they did not fail to shoot, for they thrust the muzzles of their guns over the top of the trenches and pulled the triggers as fast as they could work the magazines. Most of their bullets went far above the heads of their assailants, who steadily crawled forward through the grass until they reached good protection within 25 yards of the river.

Having gained this position, the Lieu-

tenant blew his whistle to attract attention and then summoned the four men nearest him to his side. Shouting to the others to fire rapidly and cover his squad while they made a dash across the bridge, he called to the four men to follow him, sprang to his feet and made a rush for the burning structure. One of the men was Harrington, and before the bridge was reached, he fell, with a bullet through his throat.

One of the others slipped from the wooden stringers of the bridge, for the flooring of the structure had been burned away, and fell into the river below, losing his gun. He kept his head above water by clinging to a foundation post with his left hand, while he continued the fight with his revolver. The other three men crossed in safety and immediately began firing into the flanks of the trenches from the road. The panic of the sudden onslaught was transformed into absolute terror by this flank attack, something Filipino troops have never been able to stand against. Instead of rushing upon these three daring men, and overwhelming them, the entire battalion deserted the trenches and fled into the tall grass toward San Isidro, followed by the shots of the scouts as long as any of them remained in sight.

Pursuit was impossible, for the bridge had yet to be saved. Hastily assembling, the scouts procured earthen jars from a few nipa huts by the roadside, and with them they brought water up the steep bank, and with their campaign hats for buckets succeeded in extinguishing the fire. The tired men then sat down to await the coming of the brigade, the first indication of which was a mounted orderly, who approached along the road at the top of his pony's speed. The officer noted



Death of Harrington.

the absence of Harrington, and asked where he was.

"He's right over there, asleep," answered one of the men.

"Asleep?" replied the officer, in a questioning tone, as he rose from the ground. "Where?"

"Right over here, sir," and the man led the way to where Harrington lay upon his back, his hat over his face, to protect it from the sun, and his gun and unbuckled belt by his side.

"Wake up, Dad!" the scout said, kicking the prostrate man on the foot. "The Lieutenant wants to see you."

There was no response. The Lieutenant stooped over and lifted the hat from the silent scout's face. It took but a glance to see that he was dead. The body was tenderly lifted up, and borne into a nipa hut, and when the regiment arrived a little later, it was covered with a flag.

That afternoon a new floor was improvised for the bridge, and, in the morning, the command crossed over and attacked and captured the rebel capital. The next day Harrington was given a military funeral in San Isidro, his grave being left unmarked because of fear that it might be disturbed.

Chaplain Gilbert, of the Oregon, however, the only Chaplain with the column, most of them finding it pleasant to remain in Manila than to go with their regiments into the field, carefully registered the exact location of the grave. From this description, the authorities found it a few weeks ago and took the body up for transmission to the United States. Here it was turned over to his old comrades of the Second Oregon, who will today lay it finally to rest in the beautiful burial plot of the Spanish War Volunteers, in Riverview Cemetery.

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"Right over here, sir," and the man led the way to where Harrington lay upon his back, his hat over his face, to protect it from the sun, and his gun and unbuckled belt by his side.

"Wake up, Dad!" the scout said, kicking the prostrate man on the foot. "The Lieutenant wants to see you."

There was no response. The Lieutenant stooped over and lifted the hat from the silent scout's face. It took but a glance to see that he was dead. The body was tenderly lifted up, and borne into a nipa hut, and when the regiment arrived a little later, it was covered with a flag.

That afternoon a new floor was improvised for the bridge, and, in the morning, the command crossed over and attacked and captured the rebel capital. The next day Harrington was given a military funeral in San Isidro, his grave being left unmarked because of fear that it might be disturbed.

Chaplain Gilbert, of the Oregon, however, the only Chaplain with the column, most of them finding it pleasant to remain in Manila than to go with their regiments into the field, carefully registered the exact location of the grave. From this description, the authorities found it a few weeks ago and took the body up for transmission to the United States. Here it was turned over to his old comrades of the Second Oregon, who will today lay it finally to rest in the beautiful burial plot of the Spanish War Volunteers, in Riverview Cemetery.

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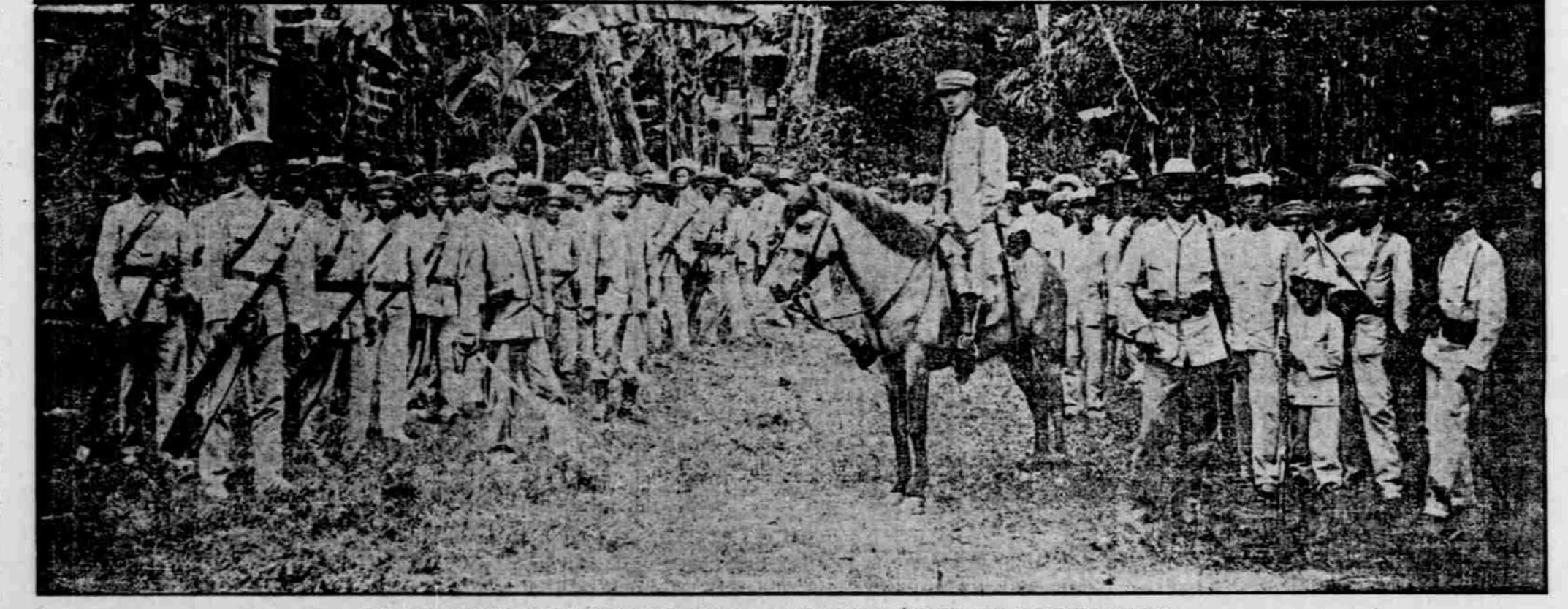
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GENERAL GREGORIO DEL PILAR AND MANILA BATTALION, DEFEATED BY LAWTON'S SCOUTS.