



BROAD-AXE



"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

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The Battle of Manila.

As Seen and Described by Charlton Perkins Who Took an Active Part In the Struggle.

U. S. S. MONADNOCK, 2nd rate. Passai, P. I. Feb. 7, 1899. News has flashed over the civilized world ere this of the fierce battle that has been raging on the outskirts of Manila for the last 48 hours with deadly effect on both sides. And perhaps the papers will give U. S. S. Monadnock's crew a worthy mention for the gallant work they did off Fort Antonio, as the insurgents advanced on our army. All day during the 4th everything was quiet, nothing of excitement to attract one's attention except about 100 of our crew were to be transferred on that day to take passage for the United States, and as they were not transferred you could hear complaint on all sides and there was plenty of room for the growler. I was somewhat lonesome and restless. I ate my supper and retired to my office where I read and wrote a letter until 9 o'clock when I went upon the deck to enjoy a cigar. Soon my attention was attracted by musketry firing to the northward and southward of Manila. In a moment every one was watching the rockets that went up from the outposts as signals to our army for reinforcement. That was 9:15 and until our army reached the outpost a continuous firing was heard, and when at about 10:15 our army arrived at the outpost, volley firing was heard which continued until 4:30 a. m. The insurgents had made a general attack upon the city and were fighting everywhere except off Fort Malate or San Antonio where we were stationed.

In 15 minutes after the first rocket went up from the outpost the whole city was on the march; our soldiers going to the outpost on double quick, and women, children and civilians going into the walled city for protection, for they thought the natives were going to destroy the city. At daybreak the United States ships Charleston, Callao and Concord opened fire on the insurgent trenches to the north of the city about five miles from where we were laying. We were all on deck watching the battle in the distance, then we went to breakfast at 7:30 a. m. When at 7:45 the general alarm sounded, men rushed to their stations like mad men dying for revenge and to get to fire on the insurgents. I ran from the table aft to my office and put on my coat and cap and ran upon deck where I could see the army forces upon top of the old fort, firing almost directly down on the natives, they had advanced so close. I took my station on the upper bridge and from there could see insurgent trenches and all the battle on shore. The command was given to load the secondary battery and train on the native village and trenches, 1000 yards and fire at will. From 7:45 to 2:40 we kept up a continuous firing with our secondary battery, and once in a while would fire a ten inch shell into their line. I am tired and worn out and cannot hear a thing, owing to the great concussion from the big guns during the bombardment, but I know that you will be anxious to hear from this part of the country, so shall try to give you as good an illustration of the battle as I can. When we started all our batteries the ship seemed to work and fight by herself. We heard no human voice only the clear command of Ensign Douglas, directing the shot of the batteries on the smoke choked deck below, and the captain who was walking up and down on the bridge with his hands behind him as unconcerned as if only out for an after dinner walk. Our secondary battery was firing faster than you could fire a self cocking revolver. This battle is the greatest of the war that has taken place on shore

and our fleet was a godsend to the army. The insurgents held their ground well, for after we had been firing 15 minutes into the trenches there were several there firing away at our soldiers on the fort. At 11:30 our troops advanced on the old Spanish trenches, after we had opened the way for them with our shell. Our forces then set fire to a native village and retreated to the fort for the purpose of resting, for the sun was beating down in torrents. We then stopped our engines and floated along about 800 yards off their trenches. When they directed their fire on us the bullets fell around us like hail, seemingly everywhere but the place where we were standing, hitting at our feet, side, on deck and the smokestack. The captain replied, "I believe those insurgents are firing on us, boys. That will never do; we must stop that." So our machine guns were turned loose along the line, when about 20 natives were discovered in a tree firing at us. Jerry, the Greek, our mascot, was captain of the Gatling gun and he said, "I see the sharpshooters and I got de range." "Very well," the captain replied, "shoot at them. Take 'good aim and fire carefully." Well he started his gun, turning the crank like an organ grinder, only with a great deal more speed and excitement. He fired at the rate of 80 shots per minute. The insurgents began to fall out of the tree like mangoes and those who were able to run got out of there, but there was not many left to run. The bullets did not cease to come around us, singing as they passed; at times making us duck our heads. One young fellow was shot through the jaw and down through the shoulder, the bullet lodging in his side. At almost the same time another was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh. The captain handed me a pair of glasses and said, "Young man, look along the beach and see if you can detect any one firing on us." As the insurgents were using smokeless powder, you could not pick out a sharp shooter very well. I was leaning against the searchlight when a bullet hit within six inches of my head and fell on the deck below. I'll assure you that made me shift positions rather suddenly. I at last discovered that the soldiers were shooting from the west corner of the fort and their bullets were falling in the water alongside of an old sunken ship that lay about 25 yards from the beach. I told the captain I thought those shots came from the old steamer wreck. He then ordered a four inch shell into her. The shot struck her at the water line, entering and exploding. You could see pieces of scrapiron and natives going in the air. There was about 20 of them stationed there and several were crippled and started to crawl out when the soldiers shot them. We could see them plainly: one fellow who had gained the shore when one of our men shot him, deliberately raised himself to a sitting posture and fired several shots at the fort. "Another Filipino Gone to Rest," was the song heard on ship's deck. We continued to fire on trenches and throwing bursting charges into the interior for several miles from the beach. We could see the natives running in great confusion and as we advanced southward we stood off a large building which was at one time a Spanish convent, but of late used as headquarters for insurgents. From this building a shower of bullets came falling all around us as before. The captain ordered Ensign Sypher to fire a ten inch bursting charge into the convent, "And I will give you just one to knock it down." "Aye,

aye," was the reply and the orders could be heard through the central station, "Load, train left, train right, well, fire." Then the ship quivered and shook like a leaf in a hurricane. Every eye was turned toward the old convent. Every one held their breath in excited expectation. A cheer went up from the deck; the shell had hit directly in the center of the building and burst and when the smoke cleared away, all you could see of the convent were fragments of it in the air. Bodies, legs, and arms were seen to go for hundreds of feet, so that the last of the poor Dago sharpshooters. From where we were laying we could see the insurgents retreating and they had gathered in an intrenchment in plain sight from us, when we received a signal from shore not to fire to the left of the block house, and as there were 500 or more insurgents in the trenches at the left of the block house, we could not fire for fear of injuring some of our men, for the 14th infantry was on the advance. We signalled to the block house, "We can see the enemy to the left of block house. Can we fire?" The smoke was so dense from the burning village that it was impossible to read the signal. The navigator said to the captain, "If you will allow me I will go on shore and communicate with the army." His request was granted and I stepped forward and asked the captain if I could go along and so did my friend from Boston, who is stationed on the bridge as my relief in case I am injured. The captain said, "Yes you may both go." We got in the launch and jumped out and waded ashore. When the natives saw us, they took particular delight in making us dodge for the bullets were singing all kinds of tunes around our heads. They were shooting at us from two directions, at the left and right of the old fort. When we reached there, Lieutenant Trueman met us and gave us a chart showing their position. While we were standing there, Lieutenant Mitchell of the 14th infantry was carried to the rear and laid in the shade where we were standing and two surgeons were working over him. I shed tears like a child and so did all around while listening to him leaving his last request to wife and babe in far off America. The many men standing at the back of the fort in reserve, were looking rather downhearted and I'll assure you they took a grave look on the dark side of life while waiting for some comrade to fall and they would take his place in battle, but you could see the determination in their eyes that only death could divert. We then started to return to our ship, when we were advised not to do so for fear of being shot. But we must deliver our news to the captain and with a bound we dashed down on the beach, running along and concealing ourselves the best we could and got in the launch, and returned to the ship. I shall never again say fate is against me for if that had been the case, I surely would have been killed yesterday. We received congratulations from the captain. My friends and I were declared the heroes of the day during the battle of Fort San Antonio, and our shipmates presented us each with a leather medal mounted with lead. Ha! Ha! We were told by the army advance that we could fire anywhere ahead of a red flag that would be carried along the beach to denote their right flank. Accordingly orders were given to load the ten inch guns and fire into the trench where we could see so many insurgents. One ten inch shell that was fired hit at the bottom of one intrenchment, tearing everything up for many feet around; another burst directly over them, killing upwards of 100. Our men then were advancing at a rapid gait, killing all they could see and setting fire to every village they came to. We were advancing along shelling the shore in advance of them. The troops were burning houses back for several miles along

the advance line, and you could see vast columns of smoke and blue leaping from one hut to another, reminding one of a vast prairie fire being urged on to do its destructive work by the pleasant breeze that was coming in from the restless and treacherous China sea. At 9:40 our troops made a halt off Passai and sent out scouts along the line. We came to anchor off the same place where we lay until 2:30 on the 6th. We again got up anchor and steamed along in advance of army, firing now and then but there were very few insurgents to shoot at. We advanced until 4:50 when we discovered about 500 insurgents in entrenchments at Paranaqua. The army thought they would retreat to Passai and remain until tomorrow when they could get reinforcements. General Anderson has 5000 men on the firing line. We may advance any hour now and continue. We just received the signal from the army, "We hold undisputed possession of Passai but our loss is heavy. The insurgents have suffered badly. Good work all along the line." This has been a very strong fight from first to last. The Tennessee regiment did grand work. At one time they run out of ammunition and could not shoot any more so they charged with bayonets, killing a great many natives in this manner. If it isn't grave work I don't know what is. I have not heard what position the Oregon boys hold but I assure you that wherever they are they will do noble work. I many times thought of my friends who were fighting on the line and wondered if any were killed. The city is full of rebels and several Americans have been killed while passing through the streets. The guards went to every native hut in the city and ordered them out, and when they came out and gave up their arms they were not molested, but when they refused to come out the house was promptly burned and as they ran out, they were shot. Upwards of 100 prisoners captured yesterday, and I am sorry to say there were six Americans in the lot who had been fighting in the insurgent army. I suppose they went into the army to make a name and become a dictator or officer and get a sack and leave. What a vast change has taken place since one year ago this month when the United States Battleship Maine, lying peacefully in the harbor of Havana, was blown up and 268 American sailors were sent without a moment's warning into eternity. That explosion fired other mines long sleeping in the hearts of the American people, and we took up arms for the protection of a down trodden race. And how they repay you for it! Well that is human nature as I have found it, those you treat kindly are the ones that do you the greatest injury. "Ah; no foe like the foe who was once your friend." We have offered these people more than they ever dreamed of asking from the Spanish government, and it seems hard for our boys to be shot down by them. I am now of the opinion that we have done a great deal for Spain by relieving her of these revolting possessions which have for centuries drawn her life blood and all the money she could borrow in the effort to hold them in subjection. Our actions for the last few months have opened the eyes of the civilized world, and hereafter we will not only have a single say but will step to the front and have a share in the conduct of the world's affairs. We will now have a powerful voice in deciding the destiny of China and other Oriental countries. Well, we just received another signal from the army on shore. We expect to advance soon, so I want to be on deck. Bitas Bay, Feb. 10.—The battle is still raging but not with the vigor it was several hours ago. Our army forces are gradually advancing, killing all that come in their way, burning villages and dealing out general destruction.

We left our anchorage off Passai and Paranaqua to the southward of the city and came here to the northward where the natives had made an attack on the blockhouse. We came over here at day break yesterday and fired several shells into them and our troops advanced with artillery and the natives soon retreated. But last night they made another attack. Dewey sent us a small tug and we are now mounting our Machine guns on it to patrol the beach during the night. The natives have made a determined stand and fought a much harder battle than any of us expected. At least 10,000 men, women and children have left the city during the last 24 hours, passing up the beach by the ship; a constant throng of them on the trot, and many an innocent one has to suffer for the sins of his forefathers. They have met with one of the warmest receptions, since this started, that they have ever met. They are fully aware now that they are not at war with Spain. CHARLTON PERKINS. That Belshazzar's Feast. Here is the way the National Watchman describes the \$10, a plate, of the Belmont proposal to commemorate Jefferson's birthday, April 13, in New York. Plutocracy was never more graphically set forth: The so-called Democratic Club, of New York, is an aristocratic institution, supported by millionaires and designed as a headquarters for that branch of the American plutocracy to which is assigned the work of controlling the great Democratic party. The proposed banquet is designed to be the first gun of the campaign inaugurated by the plutocrats to regain control of the Democratic party. In 1896 the Democratic voters of the country arose in revolt against the plutocratic rulers of the party and turned them down. The Chicago convention made a platform embodying the demands of the wealth-producers and taxpayers and nominated candidates for President and Vice-President in sympathy with these demands. For thirty years the National Conventions of both the Republican and Democratic parties have been mere perfunctory affairs for registering the will of their plutocratic rulers. The Chicago convention was a people's convention, and so strongly did its work appeal to the average American voter that plutocracy was forced to throw off its disguise for the time being and mass its money and forces in order to elect the Republican candidates. The campaign of 1896 taught the money kings, trusts and monopolies the hopelessness of their task to perpetuate their rule if the American people be again permitted to meet them in open encounter at the ballot box. Therefore, they have determined, at whatever cost, to regain control of the Democratic party and prevent, if possible, the re-adoption of the Chicago platform, but in any event to secure enough delegates to the national convention to prevent the nomination of candidates in sympathy with that platform. They neither hope nor expect that the Democratic party can go to victory under their leadership. They well understand that if the party is again brought under their management the effect will be to demoralize and disorganize the forces that endanger Republican success, but it will insure the triumph of monopoly in the coming election. The so-called Democratic club of New York has for two years past been zealously at work preparing to compass the overthrow of the Chicago platform, and the proposed banquet on Jefferson's birthday was planned as the first public demonstration of their campaign. The New York daily papers have for more than a month past devoted much space to giving elaborate descriptions of the preparations that were being made for this stupendous event. The announce-

ment is made that fifteen hundred persons will occupy seats around the festive board at \$10 each; that rare viands are being gathered from distant lands and the isles of the sea; that the lands and waters of the earth must yield up the rarest and choicest they contain for the occasion. We are informed that wines of the rarest vintage are on their way from far off lands, and that regardless of cost the select stocks of the world are being tested for exquisite flavors. Of course, it is well understood that ten dollars per plate will not cover more than one-fourth of the expense of the banquet. But this figure is considered sufficiently high to elude suspicion in the minds of the average person while plutocracy unclamps its purse and makes a feast so rich and rare, and the occasion so dazzling, that in comparison the famous Belshazzar feast will appear to have been a commonplace affair. The original design was to gather about the festive board on this occasion so-called democrats from near and from far. It was to be a national assembly. Among the guests were to be eminent bankers, great railroad president, trust magnates and their retainers. The political attorneys of the money power and monopolies for whom nominations and elections to office have been repeatedly purchased, were to grace the occasion. Eloquence of the most superb and refined quality, the product of many months' preparation, has been skillfully assorted and arranged so that in response to the toastmaster's touch upon the button a spontaneous flow of post-prandial oratory will cause a thrill of delight to vibrate through the nerves of the banqueters, already tuned to an exquisite appreciation of Harmony on absinthe, Char-treuse, Piper Heidsieck and Mumm's Extra Dry. This convivial occasion was calculated to sound the keynote of Harmony that would vibrate through the length and breadth of the land. The Harmony they plead for is not the common kind of harmony. It is not a succession of chords according to rules of progression and modulation. It is not that good correspondence and just relation through which men melt into brothers; the Harmony they crave is Harmony in the democratic party, by which they mean that 6,500,000 democrats abjure the teachings of their fathers, forget their duty to themselves, their families and their country, proclaim that they were both ignorant and dishonest in 1896, and in a penitential spirit invite a few rich men who deserted the democratic party in 1896 to return and take command of the party, promising them humble submissions in the future. The men who conceived this brilliant idea of "benevolent assimilation" have gold in abundance. They have palaces by the seaside, the country, and in the town. They have servants galore. But they are short on political harmony. These broad-minded, liberal men, who are going down so deep into their pockets to provide this sumptuous feast, are willing to make some sacrifices for harmony. They are willing to pay for it. They expect to pay for it. They well know that if they cannot secure harmony in the democratic party they cannot again, even by the expenditure of millions, elect the republican ticket. In 1896 when the plain democrats who are not bankers or railroad presidents, and who do not revel in palaces by the seaside, but whose labor give value to all stocks and bonds, took the party bits in their teeth and rejected the guidance of their whilom leaders, the discord that these gentlemen complain of was then produced and they felt it their duty to contribute to Mark Hanna's campaign fund and vote the republican ticket. To their chargin they saw more than a million republicans walk out of their party and vote for Bryan. They

realize that if the plain people hold their grip upon the democratic party and the harmony game fails, that no amount of money will suffice to prevent the producers and taxpayers of the country flocking to the support of the Chicago platform and its candidates in 1900. But "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee." Mr. Bryan stood as the representative of the largest democratic vote ever cast, and it was necessary to invite him to the banquet. They could not do otherwise without exposing their purposes. So the invitation was sent. It was signed by Mr. Belmont, the head of the organization. Mr. Bryan responded by applying to him the test of democracy. He failed to meet this test. The sheep's fleece fell off and exposed the wolf. Their tire is punctured. Killing Frost in Texas. Waco, Tex., March 28.—Immense damage has been done in this section by the freeze of last night and today. Corn, which was in most places one to two inches high, was killed, and will have to be replanted, while the fruit crop is practically destroyed. The temperature this morning was 30 deg., the lowest ever known here this late in the spring. American Cable Censorship. One of the best-known war correspondents in the world, James Creelman, wires from Hong-Kong a story of the American cable censorship at Manila, which discredits pretty much all the news we have had from the Philippines since the outbreak of the 4th of February. Mr. Creelman had his experience in connection with the fight of March 13th, which the American press exploited as a hard won victory. Referring to this fight Creelman cables four days later: "The movement of Gen. Wheaton's flying brigade on Monday was grossly exaggerated. The censor refused to allow correspondents to cable the truth, that the insurgents ran away. He insisted that the dispatches represent a serious battle with the enemy resisted furiously, and allowed complainant writers to represent the insurgent loss as enormous. Otis's advances simply consist of elaborate skirmishes, and few losses. He is making no vigorous or determined advance. As in the case of Weyler at Havana, correspondents are forced to represent the facts to suit Otis or be denied use of the cable." Creelman himself was obliged in his Manila account of the fight to please the censor or say nothing. This censorship, let it be remembered, is not to conceal American military movements from the Philippines. It would be useless for that purpose. Its sole object is to deceive the American public.—Chicago Public. We notice the county court of Marion county let the county printing to the Oregon Weekly Statesman and the Capitol Journal at 10 cents per inch. What does our county court pay the Guard and Register for doing county printing? We ask this question in all candor and demand an answer. Why does the court not publish the amounts allowed these papers each month the same as they publish other items of county expenditures? The people have a right to know this just the same as in any other instance of county expenditures. If "Guess if you can," who wrote a communication from Isabel last week for the Broad-Axe, will accompany his production with his name we shall be pleased to publish it. Correspondents should read "Notice to corresponders" in the paper and comply with directions contained therein, which will materially aid them, and save all hands from disappointment and trouble.

Paul Hadley