

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET DESCRIBED BY EYE-WITNESSES.

THE naval battle of Manila Bay on May-day, 1898, will be ranked by historians of the American navy with Perry's victory on Lake Erie and Farragut's attack on the forts of Mobile Bay. Splendid as an example of American daring and skill on the part of Admiral Dewey, it is unique because of the terrible loss inflicted on the Spanish, without the death or serious injury of a single man on the American fleet. Like the shot of the "embattled farmers" of 1775, the roar of Admiral Dewey's guns at Manila has gone round the world, and has shown to the nations the efficiency of the American navy.

The guns of the American fleet were heavier than those of the Spanish squadron, but the Spaniards, in addition, had several shore batteries with formidable guns. On the lunette in front of the city of Manila were several ten-inch Krupp guns, and on Cavite fortress, which guarded the harbor, were batteries of six- and eight-inch guns.

The battle was fought mainly at a distance of from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred yards, or, roughly, between a mile and a half and two miles. At this range accurate marksmanship was imperative. Even at the lesser distance the Spanish fire was ineffective. The simple truth is that the Spaniards had had no target practice, while on most of the American ships target-firing was a regular monthly duty. The absolute lack of skill of the Spanish gunners was demonstrated by their waste of ammunition while the American fleet was drawn off for breakfast. They kept up a continual fire from the Cavite batteries, although their glasses should have shown them that all their shells fell short. At close quarters they were equally powerless to inflict damage, for both the *Baltimore* and the *Olympia* approached very near to Cavite in the second engagement, and succeeded in silencing the guns of the fortress without suffering the loss of a man, and without material damage to either ship. And after this the little gunboat *Petrel* dashed up and down close inshore, destroying the Spanish gunboats, and silencing the remaining shore batteries; and she also escaped unscathed.

The narrative of the battle is told in much detail in the following statements by three Americans who witnessed it. They arrived at San Francisco on June 7, and their accounts as here given for the readers of THE CENTURY are the fullest made by them, and have been authorized by their signatures. Colonel George Alvin Loud, who had served as paymaster of the revenue cutter *McCulloch*, but who was relieved just before the fleet sailed from Hong-Kong, secured permission to serve in the battle. He watched the fight from the *McCulloch*, and actually jotted down notes of what he saw through his glasses. Dr. C. P. Kindleberger was junior surgeon on the battle-ship *Olympia*, and was able to give most of his time to observation of the battle. The third account is given by Joel C. Evans, gunner of the *Boston*, who furnishes a graphic picture of the scene below among the men who did their part in securing victory for the American fleet.

I. NARRATIVE OF COLONEL GEORGE A. LOUD, Who witnessed the battle from the revenue cutter *Hugh McCulloch*.

ON Sunday, April 17, the *Hugh McCulloch*, Captain Daniel B. Hodgson, a revenue cutter to which the writer was attached, reported, in accordance with orders received at Singapore, to Admiral George Dewey, commanding the Asiatic Squadron at Hong-Kong. We found there assembled the *Olympia*, *Raleigh*, *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Petrel*; also the supply-transport *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*. The first five, or the fighting ships, made a beautiful sight grouped together, in their

snow-white dress, trim and in perfect order, ready for active service. On the 19th this appearance was suddenly changed. In response to an order issued by the admiral, all the fighting ships, including the *McCulloch*, were quickly changed to a slate or drab, their fighting color, and it gave them a grim, business-like appearance. This complete change of color required only from three to six hours' time.

On Friday, April 22, the *Baltimore* arrived

from Yokohama, and in forty-eight hours was docked, bottom scraped and repaired, painted, coaled, and provisioned, and ready for further service. It was remarkable despatch; but as a declaration of war was expected every moment, Captain Dyer did not lose an instant, and his ship was a scene of busy, bustling life, surrounded by a swarm of coal-junks, water-boats, provision-junks, and sampans, all pouring their loads aboard the *Baltimore*, the painting going on at the same time.

The fleet was ordered to leave Hong-Kong harbor Sunday, April 24, the English colonial secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, stating that a state of war existed between the United States and Spain, to which Commodore Dewey replied that he would leave the harbor, as requested, although he had as yet received no notice from his country that war existed.

The *Boston*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, *McCulloch*, *Nanshan*, and *Zafiro* left Hong-Kong harbor at 2 P. M. Sunday, the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, and *Raleigh* following at 10 A. M. Monday, to reassemble at Mirs Bay, thirty miles distant. The departure of our fleet made no little stir in Hong-Kong, the sympathy of the English there being with us. As the *Olympia*, on which the writer happened to be temporarily, passed the English hospital-ships, they gave us three hearty cheers, which were unexpected, but which were most heartily returned. Three steam-launches filled with enthusiastic Americans followed us down the harbor, waving flags and wishing us God-speed. Owing to our being obliged to wait for the arrival of Mr. Williams, our consul at Manila, we did not get away from Mirs Bay until Wednesday, April 27. The consul arrived at 11 A. M. Wednesday, and all commanders were at once signaled to come on board the flag-ship. Orders then came by signal: "All ships prepare to leave anchorage at 2 P. M." We were off promptly to the minute, the *Olympia* leading, her band sending out the inspiring strains of the "El Capitan" march. The order of squadron formation was in two parallel lines, the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston* forming one, in the order given; and the *McCulloch*, abreast and half a mile distant from the *Olympia*, followed by her wards, the *Nanshan* and the *Zafiro*, forming the second. The purchase of these last two ships by Admiral Dewey just before the declaration of war was a shrewd and well-timed move. The *Nanshan* had on board three thousand tons of coal, and the *Zafiro*

six hundred tons additional, besides six months' stores for the fleet.

The voyage of the fleet, which presented a beautiful sight, was uneventful; and we were off Point Bolinao, on the island of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine group, at daybreak Saturday morning, April 30. At this point there is a cable landing-station, from which advice of our coming, as we expected, and as we afterward learned, was telegraphed to Manila. To economize coal we were, as usual, steaming at eight knots per hour; but at this point the admiral ordered the *Concord* and *Boston* ahead at full speed to reconnoiter Subig Bay; and by eleven o'clock they were out of sight ahead, and at ten o'clock the *Baltimore* was also sent ahead at full speed to assist the *Concord* and *Boston*, if necessary, should the enemy's fleet be found in force, as was quite probable, in Subig Bay.

At 5 P. M. the entire fleet was in Subig Bay; but none of the enemy was found there, and our commanders were called on board the *Olympia* for final orders. At 6 P. M. we were off again, steaming at six knots per hour, the admiral's orders being to pass the Corregidor forts, forty miles farther on, at midnight. The squadron formation was changed, the second line, led by the *McCulloch*, falling in behind the *Boston*, which continued to occupy the last place in the first line. No exposed lights were permitted on any of the ships, except a hooded stern-light on each to guide the following ship; and we went forward, like silent specters, toward the dangerous pass guarded by forts and supposed to be planted with mines and torpedoes.

Corregidor Island is at the entrance to Manila Bay, and thirty miles distant from the city of Manila. On one side of the island the pass or channel is one mile in width, and on the other side five miles. The crews were all called to quarters at eleven o'clock. As we passed by the island at midnight, steering toward the wide channel, we saw rockets shooting skyward from the summit of Corregidor, and answering rockets from the mainland opposite, and also signal-lights flashing along the shore; and we feared we were discovered, and in for a serious fight before we could gain admission to the bay. We continued, however, silently forward up to the center of the channel, and all the six fighting ships were past the forts, but by this time exposing their stern-lights to the enemy as well as to the following ships. As the *McCulloch* arrived opposite the fort on

the mainland [El Fraile battery, on a small island—EDITOR], a blinding flash showed from there in the darkness, and we heard the scream of a shot near us, and the resounding report of a heavy gun. It showed that we were at last discovered. A second and a third shot were fired by the fort, and answered by three shots from the six-pound rifles of the *McCulloch*, and two from the guns of the *Concord* and the *Boston*, which seemed to satisfy the fort, for we heard and saw no more of them. This was a most thrilling, nerve-trying experience; for we fully realized that at any moment we might receive a fatal shot from the big Krupp guns in that unseen fort, or be lifted out of the water by a sunken mine. The fort on the summit of Corregidor Island is six hundred feet above the water, and would not have been easy to pass in daylight, as we should have been under a plunging fire down upon our decks, which would have been difficult for us to have answered effectually.

After we had passed Corregidor Island, we steamed slowly forward in the darkness, it being a cloudy night, the crews still at quarters, though allowed to rest by lying on the decks at their stations, ready for instant service; and a novel sight the decks presented, covered with the sleeping sailors. All the ships had been put in order for battle. All extra spars and sails were taken down, boats were covered with canvas or nettings to keep splinters from flying from them when hit, everything movable was stowed below or thrown overboard, cabin partitions were taken down, and, as in the *Baltimore*, there being no place below for them, this beautiful woodwork was thrown over the side. The ammunition-hoists in the *Olympia* and *Baltimore* were temporarily armored by winding the anchor-cables around them, and all was done that Yankee ingenuity could devise to guard against disaster in the fight which we now knew was surely and shortly coming.

In the gray dawn of the coming day we found ourselves in front of and about four miles distant from Manila. It was Sunday, May 1, at about 5:15, that a puff of white smoke was seen on the Manila shore, and a shot struck the water a mile short of our ships; then from the opposite shore, at Cavite, seven miles distant from Manila, came heavy reports, and their shots also fell short of us. The *McCulloch*, with the transports, stopped in the middle of the bay, not so far distant but that shots fell about us during the entire fight. Our fighting ships, without making reply to either attack, steamed rapidly up

the bay, which terminates several miles beyond the city. After thus passing, they swung round toward the Cavite side, and steamed straight toward the forts and the Spanish ships which were anchored there, and which now added their rapid fire to that of the forts.

Cavite is the government arsenal and naval depot, and there the Spanish admiral had chosen his fighting-ground. As the flag-ship came on she opened fire at 5:35 with her forward eight-inch rifles, and, swinging round in front of the fort, sent in broadside after broadside from her rapid-fire five-inch guns of the port battery. The other ships, in usual order, followed in and opened fire, and now the battle was fast and furious. Never, it seemed to us on the *McCulloch*, did spectators watch a more desperate game; for from the continual rain of shot we saw poured into our ships it seemed certain that there would be heavy loss of life, and some of our ships probably crippled or sunk, before the fight was over.

As we watched with breathless interest, we saw that our ships had passed and had turned a half-circle. Slowly back they went past the forts, now working their starboard batteries as rapidly as possible, the fire from the shore showing no signs of abatement. Again they wheeled and came down the line. We saw a large white ship move out to meet the *Olympia*. We suspected it was (and it afterward proved to be) the Spanish admiral's flag-ship, the *Reina Christina*. She was met by such a storm of shot, all the fleet which were in range joining in, that she could not reach the *Olympia* at close quarters, and, wheeling about, tried to make back for the little harbor at Cavite from which she came; but at the instant when her stern swung in line, one of the big eight-inch rifles in the forward turret of the *Olympia* hurled a 250-pound percussion shell, which, true to its aim, raked her from her stern forward, exploding her boiler, and completely wrecking the ship and setting her on fire. This shot, the Spanish surgeons told us, killed the captain and sixty men; and the entire loss on this ship in the admiral's desperate sally was one hundred and forty killed and more than two hundred wounded.

The admiral changed his flag to another ship, the *Isla de Cuba*, but fared no better, being driven back and the ship sunk at the entrance of the little harbor. It was at this time that the *Olympia* had her moment of greatest peril. We could see two black boats, which turned out to be torpedo-

launches, coolly awaiting her approach; and as the *Olympia* came on they started for her at full speed. The *Olympia's* gunners realized the danger to their ship, but were not "rattled" for an instant. Failing to hit the small targets with the large guns, as the launches rapidly approached within eight hundred yards the secondary battery of rapid-fire six-pounders poured in their shells with such deadly effect that the first launch blew up, one of our shots either exploding its boiler or the torpedo, for with our glasses we could see a huge column of water go up, and the boat instantly disappear, with all her crew. The second launch was riddled with shot, and was beached. It was afterward found by us with a dozen or more shot-holes through it, and all bespattered with blood. It was a brave effort on the part of the Spaniards, but American marksmanship checkmated their bold move.

Back a fourth time, and then a fifth, went the fleet past the batteries and ships; and then, at 7:45, we saw the *Olympia* heading toward us instead of starting for her sixth time down the line. What did it mean? It looked to us until the last half-hour as though we had stirred up a hornet's nest and our fleet had met its match. Why were they coming out of the fight? Was it because they had been disabled or badly injured, or had the loss of life been such that we were repulsed? What could it mean? It was a quarter of an hour of terrible anxiety and suspense to us all, until the *Olympia* neared us. No signs of serious damage could we see, and as our crew gave them three hearty cheers, they came back to us with such a happy ring that it boded well.

All commanders were summoned on board the flag-ship, and our anxiety was relieved, on Captain Hodgson's return, by the happy news that not a man had been killed, and on the *Baltimore* only six slightly wounded; and not a shot had done our ships serious damage. We learned that the ships had come out only to give our men a little much-needed rest, and breakfast, of which they also stood greatly in need. The sun had come up in a cloudless sky, the air perfectly calm, and the heat of this tropical climate, with the stifling powder-smoke (which much of the time settled around the ships in a dense cloud), made it imperative that the men have a few moments' rest in purer air.

While the interval or cessation of battle, as we now know, was from no serious cause, the Spaniards thought, as we afterward learned, that we had retired to bury our

dead, and, in fact, that they had repulsed us. They were, however, quickly undeceived. At 10:45 the *Baltimore* was ordered to go at her highest speed in front of the forts. She disappeared in a dense cloud of smoke from her two huge funnels, and shortly after we could hear the quick, ringing reports from her six- and eight-inch guns, and the battle was on again. The forts bravely replied at first, but soon their fire slackened. For two hours past we had seen several ships burning fiercely, and it was now plain that their naval force was out of the fight.

The *Olympia*, after an interval of twenty minutes, followed the *Baltimore*, pushing the latter on, and the other ships, following each in turn, stopped or slowed down in front of the Cavite forts, and rained their broadsides into them. Two of our ships, now that resistance had weakened, lay idle in the bay beyond the forts, while the other four were pressing the fight to a finish. With our glasses we watched as shot after shot struck the huge sand embankment, bursting, and sending clouds of sand a hundred feet in the air. The fighting plan was now different from the morning work. The ships moved into proper distance, stopped, got accurate range, and then, with deliberation, sent in shot after shot, with the obvious determination that every shot should count.

The saucy little *Petrel*, with her main battery of four six-inch guns, being of light draft, steamed in nearer than any of the rest, and coolly banged away as though she were an armored battle-ship. Quiet Captain Wood won the admiration of the whole fleet, and the *Petrel* was on the spot rechristened the *Baby Battle-ship*. At 12:45 the Spanish flag was still flying, and the *Petrel*, *Boston*, and *Raleigh* were at the front, the other three resting. At 1:05 P. M. the three ships at the front rattled in a continuous fire, which finished the fight, and the *Petrel* signaled that the enemy had "struck," or hauled down their flag.

It was a happy moment. We all shook hands over the fortunate termination of the first battle of the war. Our crew was sent into the rigging, and three cheers for the Asiatic Squadron were called for by the executive officer, and never were any cheers given with more thankful hearts.

We cannot fail, however, to give justice to our enemy, for all agreed that the Spaniard is a tough fighter, even if he cannot shoot straight. It was a most astounding result of four to five hours' shooting, partly from the finest Krupp rifled cannon, that no harm

worthy of mention was done to our ships, and only six men were slightly wounded on the *Baltimore* from flying splinters. There was no excuse for such bad marksmanship, as we gave them the full broadsides of our ships at short range for targets.

At 2 P. M. the *Olympia* ranged up alongside of us, showing only a few honorable dents; and a beautiful sight she was, with strings of signal-flags on fore and after spars. All the ships through the fight carried three large American battle-flags, one at each masthead, and a third at the main gaff or after flagstaff; and a magnificent sight it made in the second part of the engagement, when a fresh breeze had sprung up, keeping the smoke away from our ships, and causing the flags to stand out in beautiful relief against the cloudless sky.

The consul, Mr. Williams, was sent aboard the *McCulloch*, and transferred by us to one of the English merchantmen anchored in front of the city. At 3 P. M. we anchored near the flag-ship again. At the same moment the *Boston* came up within hail, and it thrilled our hearts to hear the plucky crews give each other the hearty, happy cheers for a victory in which each had borne so creditable a part. In fact, at this moment each crew was more than ever in love with their ship and their captain, and all adored the plucky commodore, who had not lost a move in the game since war was declared. During the fight he had his station on the *Olympia's* forward bridge, with no protection whatever from the flying shot and shell around him. None could have been cooler under fire than Admiral Dewey. Commander Lamberton, the flag-captain and the admiral's chief of staff, and Lieutenant Brumby were with him on the bridge.¹ A shot came within three or four feet of their heads, cutting off the signal halyards, but he did not appear to notice it. The commanders of all the ships acquitted themselves with the greatest credit, Captains Gridley and Dyer, old veterans that they were, and all the others, behaving with the greatest pluck and skill possible, not one of them all using his conning-tower.

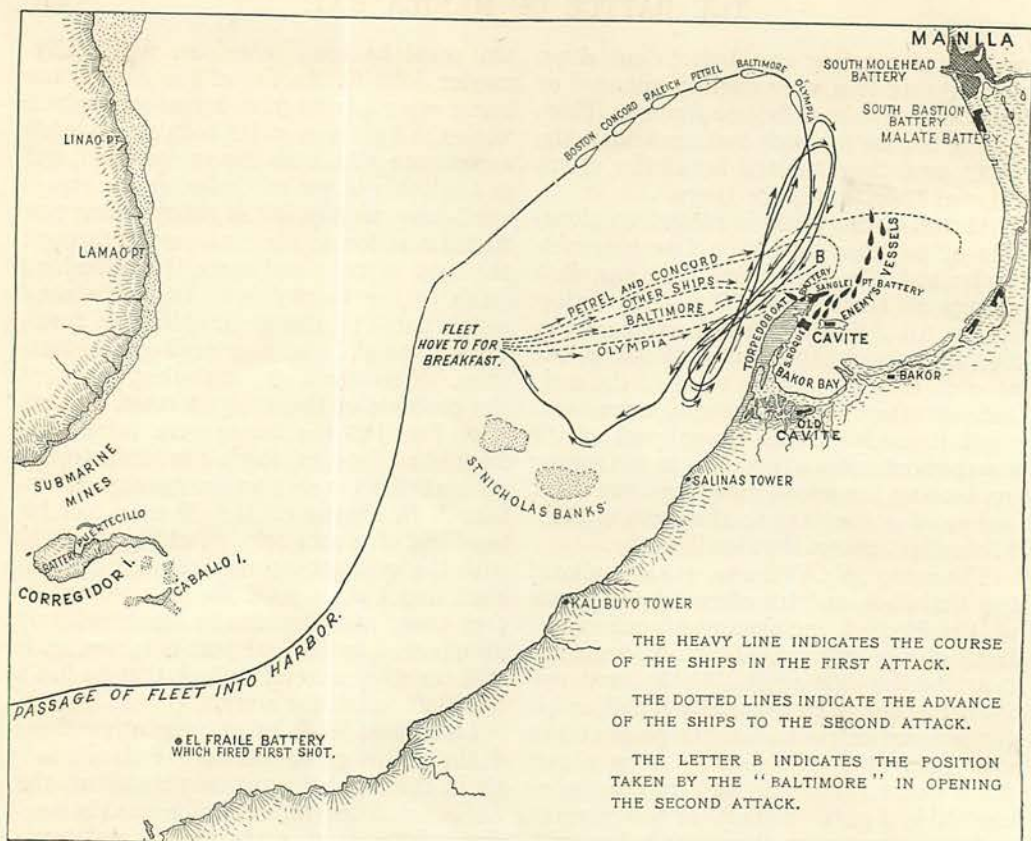
The *Boston*, in regard to her small boats, was the most damaged ship in the fleet, and her boats were shattered, with one exception, not by the enemy's fire, but by the concussion of her own guns, which will indicate the terrific explosive power of these modern high-power guns. Only two boats out of her

¹ Also Lieutenant Scott, Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "New York Herald," and the signalmen.—G. A. L.

ten could be used after the fight. Paymaster John R. Martin, of the *Boston*, not being especially busy in his proper sphere while the fight was at its hottest, made his appearance with a tin cup in one hand, and in the other a pot of coffee, made over a spirit-lamp, no fires in the galleys being permitted in action, and he continued all through the fight to make and serve the refreshing drink to the thirsty men, though a shell which burst in Ensign Doddridge's room, close at hand, came near ending his enterprise. This shell, in exploding, wrecked the contents of the ensign's room, and set it on fire; but the flames were quickly extinguished by the ship's fire department, always ready for such an emergency. Chaplain J. B. Frazier of the *Olympia* had his head out of a port-hole, watching the fight with the greatest interest, when a Spanish shell struck the side of the ship only a few feet away, and burst. His head suddenly disappeared inside that port-hole, and he is still counting himself in luck that he has a head left to tell the story.

Lieutenant W. P. Elliott, executive officer of the *Baltimore*, but during the Manila battle in charge of the auxiliary squadron, the *McCulloch*, *Nanshan*, and *Zafiro*, was the most disappointed man in the fleet at not being able to take a hand in the fight. Captain Hodgson kept the *McCulloch* close up behind the fighting ships, where the shot flew over and about her, and, with big hawsers on deck, he awaited an opportunity to go in to the assistance of any of the fighting ships, should one be disabled under the fire of the forts.

The only shot which pierced our ships worthy of mention was on the *Baltimore*. It was a 4.7 armor-piercing shot, and struck and entered at the upper deck-line, deflecting slightly upward, scattering splinters from the three or four feet of deck next the ship's side, which slightly wounded five or six of Ensign Irwin's gun-crew. It went through both sides of the coaming of the engine-room hatch, and then, glancing on the recoil-chamber of one of the six-inch guns, struck the circular shield of heavy steel in front of it. Following around the concave surface of the shield, the shot came back across the deck toward the side from which it entered, struck and bent a ladder on one of the big ventilators, and fell spent upon the deck. One of the gun's crew leaning against the ventilator was thrown senseless on the deck, and was carried below, but shortly surprised the surgeons by getting



ROUGH SKETCH-PLAN OF THE BATTLE (NOT DRAWN TO SCALE).

This map is made from a blue print of a map drawn, under the direction of Lieutenant W. P. Elliott, during the progress of the battle, by a draftsman aboard the *McCulloch*. Use has also been made of a sketch-map by Lieutenant Robert M. Dutton of the *Boston*, to the extent of indicating the order in which the ships formed line of battle, and the position of the torpedo-boat which advanced from the west shore of Cavite and was driven back. This sketch-map was sent by Lieutenant Dutton in a letter to his father, W. J. Dutton, of San Francisco. Lieutenant Dutton was graduated at Annapolis in 1891, in the same class with Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac* exploit.

The shore batteries of the enemy began the firing at daylight, and were not answered until the Spanish fleet of nine vessels hove in sight, some twenty minutes later. The American ships retired from the engagement at 7:35. The second attack began at 10:40, the *Baltimore* leading and engaging the enemy's remaining ships and forts alone for over twenty minutes. At 12:50 all Spanish flags were hauled down, and the *Olympia* signaled the fleet, "The enemy have surrendered."

Fate of the Spanish ships: SUNK: *Reina Christina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulla*. BURNED: *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marquis del Duero*, *El Correo*, *Velasco*, and *Isla de Mindanao* (transport). CAPTURED: *Rapido* and *Hercules* (tugs), and several small launches.

up and walking back to his gun, where he did his duty to the end of the fight.

The conduct of our men in this their first fight was beyond praise. Not a man flinched, but each remained at his post, doing his duty coolly and well. As to the loss of the enemy, it is impossible to learn with accuracy, for the dead on the burning Spanish ships were not removed, but were burned with them. From what can be learned from the Spanish surgeons, there were upward of eight hundred killed, and double that number wounded. The *McCulloch* having anchored in Cavite harbor on the day after the fight, we saw hospital-flags, the Geneva cross of red in a white field, flying over the cathedral, the hospital, and another large building. The writer was with Lieutenant Hodges,

who had command of the side-wheel steamer *Isabella I*, one of our prizes, when on Tuesday afternoon he started to convey the wounded from Cavite across to Manila. On the one trip made that afternoon two hundred and one were taken over, which did not comprise one half the number to be transferred. We were not allowed to enter the river Pasig at Manila with these wounded, but steam-launches came out and transferred them from our boat to the shore. When the boats from our ships first went ashore after the fight at Cavite, a procession of priests and Sisters of Charity came out to meet them, and asked that we would not kill those who lay wounded in the hospitals, which revealed their idea of the bloodthirstiness of the terrible "Americanos." This idea very

quickly vanished when they found that we were anxious to assist them in every way possible, and to protect them from their own people, a mob of whom started to loot the houses and even the hospital itself.

The physique of the Spanish crews, as shown by the wounded, was far below that of men we would enlist on our ships; in fact, we would think our ships poorly manned with such material.

It was a grand sight, through the night after the fight, to see the burning ships, which lighted up the sky with their flames. Occasionally an explosion would be seen and heard as the magazines ignited. A sample of the horrors of war was seen by the writer on Monday afternoon, when in a rowboat we rowed around the charred skeleton of the *Reina Christina*. Rounding the stern, something unusual showed on the projecting sponson of a forward gun, which, on nearer inspection, proved to be the corpse of a Spaniard, nude, save for a belt about his waist, both legs shot off at the knee, and bearing other horrible wounds. Owing to the body being on the sponson outside the hull, it had not been burned. It was one of the most gruesome sights I have ever seen. I could not be thankful enough that no such sights were to be seen on our ships.

During the second part of the fight the *Olympia* at one time was in the background, while some of the other ships were at work in front of the forts. The big guns in the forward turret of the *Olympia* (or it may have been the turret mechanism) were not working satisfactorily. Admiral Dewey pointed to a large Spanish transport which had been beached during the early morning down in the end of the bay, about two miles distant from the ship, and suggested that they try a shot. Captain Gridley gave the order, and the first shot went through the transport, and the second also went through, within ten feet of the first. The admiral laughed, and said he could find no fault with those guns, or with the gunners either. The crew of the transport went flying over the side, and the boat was soon a mass of flames.

The cutting of the telegraph cable was an incident showing the complete information that the admiral had of everything pertaining to Manila Bay. The Spaniards refused to allow us to send any cable messages from the Manila cable office, which they must shortly have had great reason to regret; for, being informed of the exact location of the submerged cable in the bay, the transport *Zafiro*, by the admiral's orders, within three

hours grappled for, obtained, cut, and buoyed the ends of it, effectually cutting off Spanish communication with the outside world, and leaving the cable in readiness for our use as soon as proper instruments and experts could be obtained.

We had been told before the fleet reached Manila that the Spanish guns were obsolete; that they would jump out of their mountings at the first discharge. The old battery on the mole at the entrance of Pasig River was not used in the fight by the Spaniards. Their shore batteries at Cavite and Corregidor contained some of the finest modern Krupp guns, well mounted, and of larger caliber than any guns in our fleet. The idea that our fleet was opposed only by antiquated, decrepit artillery is nonsense, as we learned when our men were sent ashore at Cavite, after the fight, to blow up the batteries and destroy the guns.

Besides the side-wheel boat *Isabella I*, already mentioned, we captured a number of steam-launches and boats; but the best of them was a fine transport, the *Manila*, which had on board, among other supplies, six hundred tons of coal and a lot of beef cattle. The latter were shortly satisfying American appetites. As spoil of war, the arsenal, with its complete outfit of machinery for naval repairs and for the manufacture of military equipment, and the pile of eight hundred tons of coal and other stores, are items not to be despised.

At the time the *McCulloch* was passing the Corregidor forts a sad event occurred. Overcome by the heat in the engine-room, as the firing of the guns on deck was going on, Chief Engineer Randall was seized with apoplectic convulsions, sinking into a comatose condition, and expiring two hours later. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon the *McCulloch* steamed down the bay, and with an impressive service his body was lowered into the sea.

We were greatly delayed in getting official news of the fight and our victory to the outside world. Our inability to use the cable from Manila made it necessary to send a despatch-boat to Hong-Kong. On May 3 the *McCulloch* was ordered to coal up from the *Nanshan* to the fullest capacity for this trip, for we knew we could obtain no coal at Hong-Kong for the return trip. It was slow work, and in the tropical heat terribly hard on our men coaling our ship; for we could not, of course, obtain laborers from shore to do so. At noon Thursday, May 5, we were off. Flag Lieutenant Brumby; Lieutenant-Commander

Briggs, executive officer of the *Baltimore* during the fight; J. C. Evans, gunner of the *Boston*; Dr. Kindleberger of the *Olympia*; and the war correspondents Stickney, Harden, and McCutcheon, went to Hong-Kong with us. At 12:55 the signal which came to us from the flag-ship read: "Be ready to sail in five minutes"; and on the instant we were off, the band on the *Olympia* sending us sweet strains of music in farewell as we passed her. In passing the *Baltimore*, their band gave us "Auld Lang Syne" as an appropriate farewell to their able executive officer Lieutenant Briggs, who went with us to the hospital at Yokohama. Although suffering from rheumatism, he would not leave his ship until all chance of fighting was past.

The *Boston* and the *Concord* escorted us out past Corregidor, where we sighted the military tops of a man-of-war. We thought a fight was in prospect, and all cleared for action; but as we came nearer the ship proved to be the French cruiser *Bruix*. The usual running time for passenger-boats from Manila to Hong-Kong is sixty hours, but in forty-eight hours we were in the harbor, and the cable-lines were soon hot with the long messages our war correspondents were hurrying forward. It was most pleasing to us all to see the gratification of the English people at Hong-Kong over our victory. It seemed as though our friends at home could not be more delighted. As they put it: Blood is thicker than water.

II. COLONEL GEORGE A. LOUD'S DIARY, WRITTEN DURING THE BATTLE.

ON BOARD THE "McCULLOCH," Saturday, April 30, 8 A. M. The fleet is steaming along near the shore, which is green and fertile. The *Boston* and *Concord* have been detailed to get news of any Spanish war-ships which may be in hiding among the little islands. At 5 P. M. we are in Subig Bay, which the *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Baltimore* have been reconnoitering. We were ordered to stop a little schooner flying the Spanish flag, but the captain had no news, as he came from some other port than Manila. All the captains have been called aboard the *Olympia* for consultation. . . . We expect to have to fight our way into the bay and then settle conclusions with the forts at Manila and the war-ships, which are moored under the guns of the forts. . . .

8:30 P. M. The captains were only on the flag-ship a few minutes. The orders are that we are to run by the Corregidor forts tonight, and we are at once under way. About 11 o'clock all hands were called to quarters, for we were nearing the entrance to the bay. At the left of the entrance we see rockets being sent up. The big ships are nearly all through the pass, and we thought we would get through unnoticed also. We find there are forts on both sides of the wide channel, for a flash and a sharp report tell us they are awake at last. We answer by three shots, and they fire twice more, one shot going directly over us. The *Boston* gives them two shots that rang out sharp and strong from her heavy rifles. No more shots came, and we are all past the forts in safety. Now, in the quiet of the tropical night, we lie down on deck for a few hours' sleep.

6 A. M. Called to quarters at 5 o'clock.

The guns from shore opened at long range. The war-ships, in line, steamed down, swung a half-circle in front of the naval arsenal at Cavite, where the Spanish ships are anchored, but reserved fire until at close range. The fire from the forts was incessant. Our boats passed in line, and the sharp reports from their rifled guns show they are hard at work. The *McCulloch* lies about a mile farther off shore, yet some shots whistle close by our ships and explode near us. It is the most thrilling game a man ever watched, for our lives hang on the success of our ships. As I write the cannonade is incessant, and our ships, after making first passage by their forts, have turned about to pass again and give the starboard batteries a chance.

6:30 A. M. Shots shriek above and around us. Evidently the Spaniards have aimed too high to hit our fighting ships. We fear our ships have met their match, though we are thankful to see that none show the effects of their contact with the Spaniards at close range. Our men show that they have pluck, for we are giving the Dons a battle royal. What is the end to be? Our hope and our lives are all in the balance.

7 A. M. The ships have passed the batteries for the second, third, and fourth times, making two complete circles, and the *Olympia* has just turned in on the third circle, or the fifth time past the batteries. Those who said the Spanish would not fight now see that they were mistaken, for they are making a desperate battle, worthy of their ancestors. Our commodore is giving them a good sample of Yankee pluck, and is handling the squadron like an expert as he is.

7:30 A. M. I was in error in the last note,

for it showed later that our ships were turning a circle up in the bay, firing at longer range as each boat presented its broadside toward the batteries. As the fighting ships are in the upper part of the bay, farthest distant from the *McCulloch* and transports, a gunboat tries to steal out to catch us, and it looked for a moment as though we were in serious trouble. With breathless interest I watched every shot from our ships, and gladly noticed that they had concentrated their fire on this plucky ship, as she appeared to be badly hit and turned about and hurried back to shelter. Our ships are now straightening out to pass in line as at first. I fear greatly for them at this close range, for none are armored further than with protective decks.

7:45 A. M. The *Olympia* is past the batteries, and the *Baltimore* is at short range pouring in her metal. The nerve of gallant Captains Dyer of the *Baltimore* and Gridley of the *Olympia* will be a pride to all Americans, and the other captains are close behind them. The *Baltimore* is so high out of the water, and thus is so conspicuous a target at this short range, that it seems as though the Spaniards would surely destroy her. Our hearts ache for the result, for many of our brave men will never see another sunrise. This is Sunday and May-day, and it will be an American date in history. It is a sultry day, with dazzling sunlight, but the sunlight is against the enemy. Shots are shrieking over us, for some battery has decided to make a target of us instead of our heavy-weights that oppose them.

8 A. M. Our ships have all passed and have gone away out of range. The firing has nearly ceased. We are extremely anxious for the news. Are our ships to go again into that cyclone of shot and shell, or what? A fire of some kind over at the forts shows we have left our track behind us, and we are curious to know what it is. We think and hope it is some of the Spanish fleet, for the destruction of this fleet is our principal business here.

11 A. M. Glorious, glorious news comes back from the flag-ship. Not a man killed or seriously wounded on our ships in the two hours' combat! It seems impossible, when fighting at such close range. The range was so near that the rapid-fire guns in the fighting-tops of our larger ships were pouring in their fire. The combat is to be renewed shortly. Two Spanish ships are burning and we think we have sunk another. The *Olympia* steams by close to us and gives us three rousing cheers, which we send ringing back for them. The sailors are dressed down to fight-

ing trim, undershirts and duck trousers. They are in good heart and ready for the finish, and they and their ship in its dress of somber drab look ready for business, if not for parade.

11:20 A. M. The *Baltimore* is now close in to the batteries. We are steaming out to meet the English passenger-steamer from Hong-Kong, which we see coming up the bay.

12 NOON. After speaking the *Esmeralda* we are now returning to our wards, the *Zafiro* and *Nanshan*. We are too far away to see well, but for the last twenty minutes our ships, led by the *Baltimore*, have been pouring rapid fire into the navy-yard batteries. From the batteries we can see desultory shots. Two of our heavy ships, the *Boston* and *Raleigh*, are lying in the background as reserves, and the four others are fighting it out. It is a cool, deliberate duel, and it is plain that our ships are trying most carefully to make every shot count. The *Baltimore* has drawn out and the *Raleigh* has gone in, firing her forward guns as she goes.

12:30 P. M. We are called to lunch, but none of us can leave the fascinating spectacle for a moment. Three Spanish ships are burning. The little *Petrel* is at the front, working her broadside guns, and the *Raleigh* follows to reduce the batteries, if possible, at close quarters. The Spaniards are clear grit and still keep their flag flying.

12:45 P. M. The *Petrel*, *Raleigh*, and *Boston* are at the front, the other three lying in the rear.

1:05 P. M. The three ships at the front rattled in a continuous hot fire which finished the fight, and the *Petrel* has just signaled that the enemy has struck. On our ships all hands are called, the crew sent into the rigging, and three cheers are called for by Lieutenant Foley for the Asiatic Squadron. Never were any cheers given with more thankful hearts. We all shake hands with such a glad feeling of congratulation that it will never be forgotten. We all agree, however, that the Spaniard is a tough fighter, even if he cannot shoot straight. It is a most astonishing result—this four hours' shooting, partly from the finest Krupp cannon, with no harm done to our ships, and only six very slightly wounded on the *Baltimore* from flying splinters. There was no excuse for the Spaniards, for we gave them full broadsides at short range for targets.

2 P. M. The *Olympia* ranged up alongside us, showing hardly a dent or scratch, and a beautiful sight she was with six strings of signal-flags on fore and after spars. The

Manila consul, Mr. Williams, was sent aboard our ship, the crew of happy tars on the *Olympia* giving him three cheers as he left their ship. We transferred the consul to an English merchantman, by whose captain the consul sent a demand ashore to the Spanish governor-general for surrender of the city.

11 A. M., Monday, May 2d. We were on guard all night. From the flag-ship this morning we have these details of yesterday's

fight: On the *Olympia* a six-pound shell cut the rigging four feet over the admiral's head, and as Flag Lieutenant Brumby and Ensign Scott were raising signal-flags the halyards were shot away. The *Petrel* brings a string of captured small craft from the navy-yard trailing behind her, and the news that there were one hundred and thirty Spaniards killed on the *Reina Christina*, the captain included, and Admiral Montojo wounded. . . .

Geo. A. Loud.

III. NARRATIVE OF DR. CHARLES P. KINDLEBERGER, JUNIOR SURGEON OF THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

WHEN we left our anchorage at Hong-Kong for Mirs Bay we passed close to an English army hospital-ship lying in the stream. The patients gathered on the port side, and, with the doctors and nurses, gave three hearty cheers as we steamed slowly by. It did our hearts good, and from all our ships ringing Yankee voices answered them in kind. It was known at Hong-Kong that we were to proceed to Manila to destroy the Spanish fleet, and no doubt the Spanish consul at Hong-Kong telegraphed our mission to the authorities at Manila. The Chinese at Hong-Kong regarded our intentions with apathy, but I believe that the Japanese trusted in our victory.

We left Mirs Bay at 2 P. M., April 27, 1898, the fleet grim in its dull war color, and every heart aboard beating with excitement and resolve. All knew that the orders had been received to proceed direct to Manila and to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet, but the outcome was dark with mystery. English naval officers predicted that we would win easily, for they had seen our target practice; but other naval officers declared that the Spaniards had the weight of metal, and if they made the fight under the protection of the guns in Manila Bay, they ought to win. Nothing is so difficult for the American temperament to endure as uncertainty. As the vessels sailed over the calm sea between Hong-Kong and Manila it was easy to see that inaction fretted officers and men almost beyond endurance. The commodore had given orders for eight knots only, in order to economize coal, and this slow movement annoyed the men, who were keyed up

to fighting tension and suffered under the enforced idleness.

Cape Bolinao, the first headland of the main island of Luzon, was reached at four o'clock on the morning of Saturday, April 30. A report was brought to Commodore Dewey that a Spanish war vessel was in the little harbor, but he did not credit the rumor. We ran close inshore all day along the beautiful tropical coast of the island of Luzon. Poet or painter never pictured a lovelier scene, for in color and luxuriance of vegetation this island is not excelled anywhere in the world. We should have enjoyed the voyage had it not been for the preparations for battle and death seen on every side.

During the day everything made of wood that shot could reach was ruthlessly stripped off and cast overboard. Even the personal belongings of officers and men suffered the same fate. Rails and planks were cut away by jackies with their sharp axes, and chairs, tables, chests, and a great variety of smaller articles were added to the curious collection that littered the ocean for miles. It was hard on the lovers of curios, but nothing escaped the vigilance of the officers whose orders were to guard against splinters, more deadly on the gun-deck of the modern man-of-war than a solid shot.

Two hours after sighting Cape Bolinao the *Boston* and the *Concord* were detached by the commodore and ordered to make a reconnaissance of Subig Bay, forty miles away, where it was reported the day before we left Mirs Bay that the Spanish admiral would await the American fleet. Later the *Baltimore* was dispatched under full steam to

assist them. When they returned they reported that two Spanish schooners were met near Subig Bay, but no trustworthy information was gained from their crews. No Spanish war vessels were seen, but the master of one of the schooners declared that he had just come from Manila harbor and that the Spanish fleet was not there. A Philippine insurgent leader, who was on one of our ships, boarded the schooner and closely questioned the crew. His report was that no dependence could be placed upon them. "They are liars," said he; "and this story is a lie."

When the three vessels returned to the fleet Commodore Dewey signaled for a council of war. All the captains met in the commodore's room on the *Olympia*, and after a short discussion it was decided to run the batteries at the entrance of Manila harbor at midnight. As soon as the captains returned, the fleet was off again at six-knot speed. When night fell all lights were put out except a hooded stern lantern on each ship, which served as a steering guide to the vessel following.

As junior medical officer on the *Olympia* my station in battle was in the sick-bay situated forward on the berth-deck beneath the eight-inch turret, and close to the forward ammunition-hoist. Before we left Mirs Bay the men had been instructed in the application of tourniquets and first aid to the injured. At the same time bandages and tourniquets were distributed to each division. All were instructed to have their hair clipped short, and most of the officers and men complied. This was for better endurance of the fierce heat and to facilitate the dressing of scalp wounds.

Instructions were also given in the art of carrying the wounded both by bearers and on stretchers, and orders were passed that all sick and wounded were to be brought at once to the sick-bay or the medical station aft. In charge of the forward bay was the senior medical officer, Dr. Price, assisted by myself, two baymen, and the apothecary. Aft was the senior assistant medical officer and Chaplain Frazier. About 6 P. M. we began to prepare the sick-bay for the coming battle. The battle ports were closed and a canvas screen placed around all the sides and on the inboard partitions to protect the surgeons and the wounded from splinters. Our instruments were laid out ready for operations; antiseptic solutions, ligatures, tourniquets, stimulants, anesthetics, etc., were placed on a table close by; and the operating-table was in position to receive patients.

When these preparations had been made I went on deck. The history of the American navy is full of exciting episodes, but I doubt whether in the midst of any battle the nervous tension of officers and men was greater than on this night, as we entered the harbor of Manila. Not a light could be seen as the *Olympia* steamed slowly into the broad channel between the islands of Corregidor and El Fraile. Dark and grim the Spanish fortifications loomed on either side, and it seemed well-nigh hopeless that we should escape observation. But the commodore followed a mid-channel course, and in the gloom all the fleet had passed the islands, except the revenue cutter *McCulloch* and the transports, when suddenly from the summit of Corregidor, six hundred feet above us, leaped a rocket, and its blazing course lighted up the heavens. Instantly an answering signal came from the opposite fort, and a moment later the boom of great guns from the south shore showed that the Spaniards were aroused and knew that the enemy was at their gates.

Magical was the change in the bearing of the men on the *Olympia*. They sprang to the guns, eager to reply to the Spanish challenge, but Commodore Dewey forbade any firing. The *Boston*, the *McCulloch*, and the *Concord* responded with a few shots; but orders were given to cease firing, and the slow, silent, forward movement was resumed. Probably the fleet would have entered the harbor undetected had it not been for the blazing smokestack of the *McCulloch* and the stern lights; but the discovery and the aimless firing by the Spanish gunners had a good moral effect on the men. Before, they had been nervous and overwrought. Now, with the certain knowledge that fighting was in store for them at break of day, they dropped down in the warm tropical night beside their guns or wherever they had been stationed, and were soon sound asleep.

Morning came, and just before the shadows lifted all hands had coffee. Then the galley fires were extinguished and the preparations for battle occupied all on board. At 5:15 o'clock we passed the merchant fleet, composed of English sailing vessels, with one German ship. They lay in the way of the fire of the forts. Just after we had passed them the batteries at Manila opened fire, but the only vessel to respond was the *Boston* with a few eight-inch shells. The revenue cutter *McCulloch* and the two transports, *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*, were left in the middle of the bay, but still in range. Then the six

fighting ships, cleared for action, sailed in to meet the fleet and the batteries. With three flags flying on each vessel, the ships made a brave sight.

The flag-ship *Olympia* led the way, and was followed by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, and *Boston*. We made a wide circle and came round opposite the city of Manila and down toward Cavite fortress, from which the red-and-yellow colors of Spain were proudly flying. At first we could not make out the Spanish fleet, and feared that it had really escaped; but a few minutes later we descried the flags fluttering from the vessels as they lay in a half-circle in Bakor Bay, just back of Cavite. On the *Olympia* the men stood at their guns with set teeth and the smile that one sees so often on the faces of men in the prize-ring.

When seven miles away puffs of smoke and roar of guns showed that the forts had begun their fire on us. But the shells did not reach, and the fleet sailed on without reply. Still silent, the *Olympia* drew near until she was only forty-four hundred yards away from fort and fleet. Then the roar of one of her forward eight-inch guns was the signal that the fight had opened. Almost instantly—it seemed to me like an echo—came the sound of the guns of the other ships. First would come the flash, then the puff of smoke, and then the mighty roar. We fired our port batteries in turn, and then, swinging round, discharged the starboard guns.

During this fight and the one later I watched the spectacle from the six-pounder guns forward of the sick-bay. There was very little for me to do, and as these guns were fired only when the ship was at short range from the shore, my position was an ideal one. Early in the fight I saw what looked like a ten-inch shell coming toward the ship with frightful velocity. It seemed inevitable that we should be destroyed. The shell struck the water ten feet from the bow and ricocheted clear over the vessel, with a screech that was indescribable. Had it struck five feet higher I should not tell this tale. Other shells fell as near, and the impact sent the water splashing over us.

Soon after two torpedo-boats put out from the fleet. They came straight for the *Olympia*, with the manifest purpose of sinking the flag-ship. When the foremost boat reached close range a perfect storm of steel burst upon it. The surface of the ocean burst into foam under the hail of shot, and the doomed boat went down with all her crew. The other, seeing the fate of her companion, turned and

made for the shore. With riddled sides she managed to float until the few surviving members of her crew escaped. As we neared Cavite a mine field exploded, but as we were fully a thousand yards off, the ship was not hurt.

Five times the fleet ranged up and down before Cavite, each vessel pouring in broadsides upon the Spanish fleet and the batteries of Cavite. As soon as the Spanish admiral could get up steam on his flag-ship, the *Reina Christina*, he came boldly out to give us battle. It was magnificent, but in his case it certainly was not war, for his flag-ship was hit again and again and his men were driven from their guns by the fierce fire of the *Olympia* and the other vessels. I saw the vessel turn and begin an attempt to retreat; but as she swung about, an eight-inch shell from one of our guns raked the ship fore and aft. We learned later that this single shell killed the captain and sixty men, hopelessly crippled the ship, and set her on fire. Several other ships were burning fiercely as at 7:30 the signal was given and our fleet drew off.

This was the signal that the Spaniards misconstrued as a sign that the Americans had retreated to repair damages. The truth is that Commodore Dewey desired to consult his captains and also to give all hands breakfast. The men had been fighting in the fierce heat for two hours, and they were worn with fatigue and hunger. But, weary as they were, they laughed when they looked shoreward and saw the effects of their work, accomplished without any serious damage to their own vessels or any loss to their men. A cold lunch was served, and soon the men were ready to fight again.

Looking over to Cavite, the sight was one that no one who beheld it will ever forget. The forts of Manila and batteries at Cavite were throwing tons of shot and shell across the water; but all were wasted, as they fell short of the fleet. Along near the shore the *Reina Christina* was in a blaze and the *Castilla* was burning.

At 10:45 the attack was resumed. Nothing in the whole engagement showed more nerve than the dash made by the *Baltimore* and the *Olympia* up to the Cavite batteries. It was vitally necessary that these batteries should be silenced, as the fleet lay behind them, and the forts mounted big guns that could sink any of our ships with one well-planted shot. Both ships steamed full speed straight for the fort. We saw the *Baltimore* disappear in a cloud of smoke. Then we en-

tered it and delivered a broadside. Nothing human could stand such a fire, well delivered at close range, and the Spaniards were forced to abandon their guns.

Then all the ships turned their guns on the remnant of the Spanish fleet, and under the terrible fire the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* sank with her colors flying. The big American ships did not dare venture far inside the harbor, but the *Concord* and the *Petrel* steamed in and shelled forts and ships. The *Concord* drove the crew of one hundred men from the transport *Mindanao* and set her on fire, while the *Petrel* burned all the ships she found afloat. At five minutes after one o'clock the white flag went up on Cavite fort.

When our men caught sight of this flag cheers went up which stirred one's blood. The sailors were beside themselves with joy, and cheered, shouted, hugged one another, and indulged in many other signs of rejoicing. Then came the report that no lives had been lost, and the cheering was redoubled.

At noon the day after the battle the Spanish evacuated Cavite. I was sent ashore to bury eight Spaniards, and landed at the hospital on the point near Cavite. I went through all its wards. The sight was terrible. It is a good hospital, with detached wards in little pavilions grouped about the central buildings. Everything was in good order and cleanly. I conversed with several of the doctors in French, as I do not speak Spanish and they had no English at command. They were extremely courteous, but to my question, "How many Spanish were killed and wounded?" they replied sadly that they did not know. In the wards I saw over eighty wounded. The horrors of war were seen at their worst. Some of the men were fearfully burned, some with limbs freshly amputated, others with their eyes shot out, their features torn away by steel or splinters—every kind of injury that surgery records. The shrieks and groans of the wounded were appalling. I could not stay to hear them, though my profession is calculated to harden one against such scenes. Had I been working, I should have endured it, but as an onlooker it was unbearable. We had received urgent messages from these doctors saying for God's sake to send Americans to guard the hospital against the insurgents, who, they feared, would murder them and their patients. We had posted guards as soon as possible, but not before the insurgents had robbed them of all the clothing not on their backs and all their food except enough for twelve hours.

I walked through Cavite with several officers and saw the insurgents looting the stores and houses. They were carrying away provisions, clothing, furniture, and everything else portable. The Spaniards had all fled, and they were undisturbed in their greedy labors. When they met us they bowed and smiled indulgently, with many salutations and spoken desires for our welfare.

I shall not forget the burial of the eight men for whose interment I had been despatched with a line officer and party. We came upon them lying on a little porch behind a small hospital in the Cavite navy-yard. The bodies were mangled and ghastly. A leg was missing from one, the back of the head from another, the wall of the abdomen from a third. Those who were not instantly killed must have died soon after the receipt of their injuries. Evidently they had been laid where we found them and then deserted. Shells had wrought the fearful havoc. Although dead but a few hours, the corpses were in an advanced stage of decomposition, owing to the climatic conditions. We dug a trench, covered the bodies with quicklime, and consigned them to the earth. The hospital inmates at Cavite were afterward sent to Manila under the Geneva cross in a captured steamer.

It seemed incredible to us, after the smoke and excitement of battle had cleared away, that we had lost not a single man, and that not a single ship had been seriously damaged. Primarily to the wretched gunnery of the Spanish we owed our escape; but there was an element of luck also in the escape of so many vessels from random shots. Many of their guns were old, but still they had enough good guns afloat and ashore to have made a destructive fight had they had the skill to handle them. Of ammunition and torpedoes also they had an ample store. No one who witnessed the Spaniards in action could say that they lacked courage. In fact, they exposed themselves, yet their valor was wasted in this long-range fighting. It was the oft-told story of the man behind the gun.

During the first battle Boatswain's Mate Heaney of the *Olympia* was treated by me for crushed fingers caused by the recoil of a gun, and another man suffered from the same cause, having a slight scalp wound. Two others had minor injuries. In the second battle none were hurt in the least or were made sick by the heat and work. The day was clear and excessively hot, but about the beginning of the second fight a fresh breeze sprang up which lasted all that day and

night. It was of incalculable benefit to our men, but the state of the thermometer may be judged from the fact that we all slept on deck that night without covering. The *Olympia* was struck thirteen times by Spanish shots, three times in the hull and the rest in the rigging. Two shots cracked the plates, but did not pierce them. I was told by a Spaniard after the battle that they thought our ships were armored, and so used armor-piercing shells, which, coupled with poor marksmanship, may account for our seemingly miraculous escape from harm.

The noise of the explosions was stunning, and a number of officers and men had their ears plugged with cotton as a safeguard. They could still hear commands, but were saved the shock of the rapid-firing guns. A private of marines was made deaf for several days, and powder smoke made many choke and caused watering of the eyes among all. When the eight-inch guns went off the noise in the sick-bay was terrible, and a cloud of smoke hid all from view in that direction. The ship heaved as if in the grip of a tidal wave, and one felt as though nothing could withstand the concussion.

I saw no fear shown by any one. After the battle began the coolness of the men and

officers was as real and as great as if they were at target practice. They aimed their guns with the ease and steadiness of men shooting partridges, and cheered each shot home to its mark. Exclamations of satisfaction when some specially valuable target was hit were frequent, and all executed their manœuvres with the sang-froid of veterans.

My part in the conflict being almost entirely that of a spectator, I had opportunities to see much, but I can give only my ideas of the battle and its surroundings. I left for Hong-Kong in the *McCulloch* with others a few days afterward, but before that time we had destroyed the batteries at the mouth of Manila Bay and were loading the captured transport *Manila* with guns and other trophies of the victory. Manila had not surrendered, but Dewey sent word that if a shot was fired from the city he would lay the place in ashes. The admiration for Dewey—which I have discovered since my arrival in America amounts to idolatry—is well deserved. He is worshiped by his men. All knew before the battle that he was a magnificent theorist in naval affairs, but it was a revelation to find that he was a genius in management and one of the greatest sea-fighters the century has produced.

Charles P. Kindleberger,
Assistant Surgeon, U.S. Navy.

IV. NARRATIVE OF JOEL C. EVANS, GUNNER OF THE 'BOSTON.'

I WAS in charge of the forward ammunition supply on the *Boston* during the battle of Manila Bay. I can only tell of the battle as I saw it and heard of its incidents at the time from officers and men aboard the American men-of-war. To begin at the bow of the story, the American fleet sailed from Mirs Bay, April 27. We steamed slowly for Cape Bolinao, the formation of the ships being "column at distance," or what a landsman might call Indian file, except the reserve division, which was on the starboard beam.

We went ahead on the 30th with the *Concord* to reconnoiter Subig Bay, where the Spanish commander intended to meet us; and his plans, captured later, showed that he had it in mind to sweep us off the face of the water. The rest of the fleet joined us in the bay, and we steered south until about thirty

miles from Manila harbor, when we were ordered to general quarters. Now we had no lights except a glimmering lantern on each stern to follow, but the enemy found us. The *McCulloch* had a Japanese brand of coal, and her smokestack appeared like a bonfire at election time. When we saw a rocket go up from Corregidor no one gave the Spanish credit for superior eyesight. We were not surprised when a gun boomed from the south shore, and we let them have an eight-inch shell just to tell them that they had seen us surely. The *Concord* fired two six-inch guns and the *McCulloch* four times, and then we paid no more attention to them or they to us. Two hours after midnight we were told to lie down, and the ships crept along at four knots an hour while we secured some sleep.

About five o'clock, just as daylight brightened the horizon, we were rushed to quarters without breakfast except a bite of hardtack and some cold meat. My station was on the forward berth-deck. My duties were to see that the ammunition called for from above was sent on deck with the utmost despatch and without mistakes in the size and kind desired. All the ammunition is stored in the lower hold, or the part of the ship next to the keel, there being different compartments for the powder, the shells, and the fixed ammunition. Technically, I had charge of the "forward powder division," and under me were twenty-five men. They were firemen and coal-heavers, off duty in the engine-room and trained to man the whips. They were used to their work, as this was their regular battle station, and even in practice the same discipline was enforced as when now we were fighting for country and life.

The Chinese servants, ordinarily used for fetching and carrying, were impressed into service, and showed courage and skill. The ship was already prepared for battle. Everything that led to the berth-deck from above was closed except the hatches for passing up the ammunition. This was to prevent a draft in case of fire. Every water-tight compartment was also shut, save, of course, the ones through which the ammunition came. The system of artificial ventilation had been stopped since midnight, and the valves in the air-duct closed, making the compartments absolutely water-tight, as with open valves a leak in the ship as the result of a collision or shot would be fatal. At the same time we had sent up four rounds for each heavy gun and two boxes of fixed ammunition for each of the secondary-battery guns.

Nothing had been neglected, and we were in perfect readiness when at daybreak we descried a line of merchant vessels at anchor, and soon afterward the Spanish men-of-war. Nine were counted drawn up in battle array. Now began our work in earnest.

I must tell first what we did below, where we could not see the fight, but felt it, perhaps, more than those above. Then I will tell what my mates who manned the guns saw and what they did. It was a little after half-past five o'clock when the roar of a gun on our deck above let me know that we had taken a hand in the game. It was an eight-inch monster, and before its echo below had died away the call for ammunition came. I think that was the proudest moment of my twenty-four years in the navy. I had sent many a shell above to hit or miss a sand-bank or some

old hulk for target practice, but we knew now that every one "meant business." On the bridge Captain Wildes would shout what was wanted, and the word came to us from those assisting above in hoisting. Each projectile was slung ready for use, the powder in copper cylinders and the fixed ammunition for the rapid-firing guns in boxes. The men worked coolly, with nothing troubling them but the heat and curiosity. Their eagerness to know what was going on was overwhelming, and impelled them to rush to the ports to discover the cause of extraordinary activity on deck or of lulls in the firing. I had little opportunity for this, as I had to be particularly careful that no error was made in the ammunition, and that not a second was lost. What between orders for full and reduced charges, steel and shell, I was kept busy all the time.

Often I have been asked if we were afraid. My answer is that I never saw men as easy in mind as those below; and later, when I went on deck, one would have fancied we were at a garden party for all the fear exhibited. The Chinese showed as much nerve as the Americans. They toiled at the whips and in lifting and carrying the ammunition. Their faces were as impassive as when serving dinner in Hong-Kong harbor. They chattered to each other in their own language, and laughed in their celestial way, when a shot, striking the foremast, shook the ship, caused the paint to scale off the mast a foot from us, and the angle-lines which strengthen it inside to rattle loudly. "Velly good," said one, and mechanically resumed his task. They, too, were curious; and when some man would sing out from the ports that we had struck a Spanish ship they were as happy as we. My own feelings were so lost in anxiety to do well with the ammunition that for the first hour and a half I thought little of what was being done above.

After this I became exhausted from the heat, loss of sleep, and lack of proper food; and when we were ordered to cease supplying ammunition I went on deck and lay down on the desk in the chart-house. Below, the thermometer was at 116°, and the fresh air was a great relief. From this vantage-point I could see the destruction we had wrought, and was informed of all that had happened.

The most exciting incident of the battle, perhaps never exceeded in its audacity and its fearful results for the attacking party, was the attempt of two torpedo-boats to destroy the *Olympia*. They waited as she ap-

proached, and then came at her full speed. The *Olympia* poured a storm of big shells about them, but they presented such a small target at the distance of several miles that they were not hit, and each moment of their nearer approach was filled with suspense and dread for all on our ships. Insignificant as they were, they might send the flag-ship to the bottom of the bay, and every shot directed at them carried a prayer for its success. When within eight hundred yards the *Olympia* used her secondary battery, and almost drowned the torpedo-boats in a rain of projectiles. The one which led suddenly paused, and then, coming on a few feet, blew up and sank with her crew. The other fled for the beach, and was found there the next day, a mere sieve, battered and blood-stained.

The engagement was a general one by this time, and forts and ships fired at one another with the fury of desperation on one side and perfect confidence on the other. The *Boston* was ordered to look after the *Reina Christina* and the *Castilla*, and we went as close to them as we might with any degree of prudence, steaming in an ellipse and firing the port battery. Then we ported our helm and gave them the starboard guns. The *Boston* did not escape unscathed. We were struck a number of times. The shot that had disturbed us below nearly ended Captain Wildes's life. He was on the bridge, with sun helmet, palm-leaf fan, and cigar, when the shot hit the foremast three feet over his head, passed from starboard to port, cutting a shroud in the fore-rigging, and burst ten feet from the side, the recoil sending the base-plug back on deck. The captain watched the shell's progress intently, and then resumed his smoking. Of all the officers on the bridge he was the only one who did not try to dodge the missile. He simply said, "We were lucky, gentlemen!" This shell went through the foremast, making a clean hole, and a piece of the mast fell on a man's foot, but so gently as not to injure him. Quartermaster Burton, at the "conn," had his cheek skinned by splinters of paint from the mast, and one or two suffered trifling bruises. A one-pound shell landed on a gun, was deflected to the deck, making an indentation, and was thrown overboard by a quick-witted gunner before it exploded.

We made the five trips past the forts and fleet, peppering the *Reina Christina* whenever able. Just two hours after the beginning of the battle we hauled out, and, withdrawing a few miles, the order was given for breakfast. Then it was that I went on deck. I could

not eat, but was fortunate enough to get a cup of Paymaster Martin's coffee. The men had cold comfort, as the galley fires had been ordered extinguished at 4 A. M. They were wearied and hungry, and ate the bread and meat with good appetites. After the meal the officers were summoned to the *Olympia* for a consultation. The *Boston* had no boat, as all were found shattered by the concussion of the guns. The *Petrel* loaned us a gig, and Captain Wildes was gone some time. Meanwhile we had our eyes glued on the ships we had been maiming, and were gratified to see the *Reina Christina* burst into flames, followed by the *Castilla*. We cheered and shook hands, and then I went below to my station, as the second round was to begin.

My men were talking excitedly about the fight, and naturally their versions were different. Some were sure that the *Boston* had done all the damage inflicted on the Spanish, and others that we had been badly hurt. The *Baltimore* led back, the *Olympia* seeking to save her ammunition, which was almost spent. The *Boston* was the third ship in the return. The *Baltimore* faced the Cavite forts at close range, and for twenty minutes fired without cessation. A mine field burst a thousand yards from her, but without damage. The *Baltimore* then steamed ahead two hundred yards, the *Olympia* taking her place for the same length of time. The *Boston* was favored at the end of forty minutes, when we attacked the sea face of the forts where the *Olympia* had been. We got so near inshore that our stern was in the mud, and we were as steady as a rock. I think there were only three guns then firing from the fort, and our first eight-inch shell dismounted all three. We then fired at all Spanish property within range, and, knowing that it was the end of the battle, took pride in accurate firing and measured ranges.

In the second fight I sent up ammunition until 11:30, about three-quarters of an hour. All my men were naked except for shoes and drawers, and I wore only a cotton shirt in addition. Three in the after powder division fainted from the heat, but none of my force was overcome. The heat was really fearful. The powder smoke settled down, choking us and half blinding some, and only the love of the work kept us going. The Chinese stood the heat better than we did.

The *Boston* stayed by the batteries until they were silent. All this time the two Spanish vessels were ablaze. The *Don Antonio de Ulloa* had the attention of most of us, and

finally went down with her colors flying. The Spanish emblem was still on the navy-yard, but a shell from the *Petrel* changed it for the white flag of surrender. The Spanish must have been magicians, for they switched the bunting as Herrmann used to change the rabbits. Maybe they had anticipated the inevitable. By an accident to her engine-room telegraph, the *Boston* was cut out of the job of going inside and destroying all the vessels, and the *Petrel* did the work. Then the cheering became general, and as ship after ship passed in their manœuvres the men shouted themselves hoarse with joy. The signal was set that none had been killed on any vessel of ours. It is not easy to convey a proper idea of the enthusiasm and delight at the news that our men were all safe, after the hell we had been through for hours. We could hardly believe it. All during the battle rumors flew with the shells, and we discussed reports of killed and wounded with eagerness and grief. Men who in the excitement of the moment had guessed that shots which hit or went near to our vessels must have injured the crews aboard, and who had credited and helped to spread these reports, were now so glad at their untruth that they actually cried like children. Allowance must perhaps be made for the revulsion of feeling which followed the great excitement since we left Mirs Bay, but I am sure that never again shall I see men give way so freely to their feelings as did the Yankee tars after the day was won at Manila. Some few who were religious audibly thanked God, and some the saints, that death had claimed none of us; and I recall one man who was on his knees in an ecstasy of thanksgiving when ordered above for some duty. An old gunner whose thirty years of service have made him wise in nautical and other things said: "God was pointing our guns, and maybe the devil was aiming the Spanish."

It was a lesson to see how quickly we relapsed into the routine of ship life after firing had ceased. Decks were washed and galley fires lighted. The big events that came

later are better told by those who were in authority. It was related to me by an officer on the *Olympia* that when the token of surrender had been shown, Dewey turned to his staff and said: "I've the prettiest lot of men that ever stepped on shipboard, and their hearts are as stout as the ships."

After the first flush of victory there was much work to be done, and we were all busy for several days. Incidents of the hot hours of fighting were recalled, and at mess the heroic and the ludicrous were mingled in the talk. Among the gunners the favorite discussion was the marksmanship of the Spanish. They lacked only skill to make a good fight. They had had scarcely any target practice. We of the *Boston* had had thirteen practice shoots in a twelvemonth. We husbanded our ammunition during the battle, while they poured it prodigally into the bay. They seemed to fire at random during the engagement of our entire fleet, whereas each American gunner had his target and concentrated his fire upon it. The British naval officers in Hong-Kong knew the difference between us and the Spanish in this particular, and when we were leaving port for Manila the captain of the *Immortalité* shouted to Captain Wildes: "You will surely win. I have seen too much of your target practice to doubt it." The British in China were confident of our victory when we sailed, but I believe that the Russian, German, and French naval officers thought Spain would conquer.

I returned to Hong-Kong on the *McCulloch*, leaving Manila on May 5. We made the trip in forty-six and a half hours. Our reception in the harbor was generous. We were surrounded by launches, while representatives of governments and of newspapers all over the world implored speedy information. That night ashore was to be remembered. The Americans made a jollification of it that outdid any celebration in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The British residents joined in it, and in spirit the men of the two nations were one in rejoicing over the victory of the Anglo-Saxon.

Joel C Evans