Lewis Burnett's Trip Around the World

This includes some of Lewie's writings from the Spanish- American War

WITH THE ROUGH RIDERS

Fort Russell, Wyo June 2 1898- Editor News: As I am stationed at Fort D.A. Russell with company C, 2nd US volunteer cavalry, I will write you a short letter of fort life that may interest some of your many readers.

"Boom!" 'Tis the morning gun that wakes us from sweet slumbers of the night. The chime of bugles calling the reveille comes ringing through our quarters. Out we roll and don our navy blues, our beds and blankets are then neatly rolled up and we fall in to answer the morning roll call, and thus the day begins.

Less than a month ago Col J.L. Torry undertook to form what he termed the cowboy regiment, and so marked has been his success that the last company was mustered in this week, making a full regiment of 1008 officers and men, all clothed and armed with the best accoutrements of modern warfare. Each trooper carries a 30 caliber repeating rifle and two 45 caliber Colts revolvers.

From 8:30 am to 5 pm the day is one continual round of army maneuvers, squad drills, company drills and battalion drills are the chief feature of the day. To pass examination a man must be in excellent physical condition. A great many were rejected on account of bad eyes, weak lungs and many other disabilities.

The general opinion is that Col. Torry's regiment will go to the Philippine islands, but nothing definite is yet known. The president gave General Merritt his choice of any troops in the United States and he has already selected five eastern regiments, and the rumor is now that he has asked for Col. Torry's rough riders, and if that is so we are

certain of going to the Philippines.

We were called on yesterday by the colonel, who is a true gentleman, very kind and accommodating. He was questioned as to the time of our departure and he smilingly relied, "I cannot tell you that, fellow patriots, I am under orders just the same as you." Drawing a letter from his pocket, he read the following:

> *__, SD May '98 Col. J.L. Torry, Fort DA Russel, Wyo-*
>
> *Dear Col-*
> *I have been working hard and would like to have a vacation so I would like to join your regiment as I could make some money and have a good time all together.*

The colonel looked serious and remarked, "He seems to think that we are going on a picnic; he doesn't take into consideration that we are going to a country full of malaria and fevers, to be torn by shot and shell, to die on battle fields." Then as he lighted a cigar he laughingly said: "I am going to let him come; I would like to have a squint at the chap, anyway."

Decoration Day was celebrated in true soldier fashion. The regiment was marched out to the National cemetery. The regimental band played our national airs; then came the word, "Fire!" and a thousand rifles spoke over the graves of the heroes and the mountains gave back the echo as the reports died away in a thousand canyons.

The sun is sinking in the west as we fall in to answer the evening roll call. The bugles are blowing the retreat, the roar of the evening gun dies away in the distance, Old Glory is hauled down from the flag staff, and our work for the day is done.

Lewis C Burnett Jr

Fort D.A. Russell, Wyo

A TERRIBLE SCENE

I am telling this as it happened, as I was in the wreck at the time, and as the fates had ordained it troop C was the one which caught the worst.

We arrived at Tupelo [Mississippi] The second division was but a few miles back and without the least warning it crashed into the first, completely telescoping four sleepers, the three of troop C and the colonel's private car. I was on the platform at the time of the wreck and I jumped just in time to save my life. The cars came together in a second more. Sam Johnson, of our troop is next to me and was mashed to a pulp. The little Dutchman that I told you about, Sergeant Abrams, four privates and myself ran into the coach to rescue the wounded. The smoke and heat were terrific, but in thirty minutes we had rescued eleven wounded and taken out six dead. Our hands and faces were bleeding from glass and flying timbers. It was awful in the wreckage - here a leg, there an arm, blood covering ,everything. I shall never forget the sight held up the head of one of our boys. The wreckage was closing in on him, and I could not extract him from his awful position. He looked into my face, a look of horror that I shall never forget, and then passed into the great beyond. Oh, he was afraid, afraid to die. We cannot take our chances in this world. I cannot speak too highly of the little Dutchman. He worked by my side all through and like a true hero. He is as true as steel and I shall always admire him. After we had rescued the wounded and taken out the dead my hands were covered with blood and I had to throw my shirt away. The others of our troop tried to help us out, but they could not get into the cars as the wreck was likely to collapse at any minute, but they held the stretchers as we dragged the wounded and dead in. A piece of timber cut me across the nose and will leave a nasty scar, but I cannot help it. I would have died rather than stayed in the rear. Herman [Peterson?] was not in the wreck but he did good service in rescuing the engineer and putting out the fire in the rear coaches.

WITH THE ROUGH RIDERS

Editor, NEWS - Fort D.A. Russell, Wyo has been left far behind, two thousand miles over polished rails, and the 2nd US Vol. Cav. is now stationed at Camp *Cuba Libre*, Florida; from snow-capped peaks to a profusion of tropical growth, from mountain blast to cool sea breezes.

Seven miles from Jacksonville is Camp *Cuba Libre*, a beautiful park surrounded by stately pines, from which the southern moss is drooping. A half mile to the east the breakers roar on the shores of the broad Atlantic. Splendid bathing accommodations and cool, delightful nights make the encampment an ideal one.

There are now stationed here 12,000 soldiers, eleven regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, "Torrey's Cowboy Cavalry," all patiently waiting for orders to move to the front. The morning papers are watched for with far more interest than letters from home or sweethearts. Army regulations are strictly enforced and all disorders are promptly punished by order of court martial. It was only yesterday that a volunteer of a Mississippi regiment was shot for assaulting an officer. Each regiment is guarded by a detail of sixty men. It is quite musical on a clear moonlight night to hear the sentinel call go around the camp. Guard No. 1 calls "post No. 1, half past twelve;" post No. 2 repeats the same, adding "all's well," and so on down the line. It can be heard for half a mile. At last it passes around the entire picket time and comes back to the corporal of the guard, who calls, "all's well." Then silence reigns supreme.

Drills are only carried on during the early hours of morn and cool of the evening, skirmish drills being the chief features of the day. Half the regiment is ordered to secrete themselves in the woods, the other half being detailed to drive them out. Skirmish lines are then thrown out; in a few moments the incessant cracking of rifles can be heard on all sides, of course blank cartridges being used. It becomes quite exciting, as every bit of shelter is used as a means of protection. Now and then some horse takes a tumble and the unfortunate trooper finds himself on the ground wondering how he came there. And

thus the harmless battle rages.

During the heat of the day we lounge under shady palms, smoking choice Havanas and enjoying our noon-day siesta. Preparations were made for a grand parade on the Fourth, but as the fates had ordered a heavy rain began to fall and the entire line was deluged. White collars and cuffs were a mass of shapeless linen by the time Jacksonville was reached.

We tendered the citizens a great surprise as we rode into the city. They expected to see a lot of rough-looking characters with long hair. They looked at us with open mouths and exclaimed, "Are you-all cowboys?" The next morning the paper came out with an article which was very pleasant to read.

Our greatest trouble is grub. It seems impossible to satisfy the inner man at any one time, beans, bacon and hard tack being the extensive bill of fare. And we have some of the hardest hard tack that human skill can devise. I am quite sure I found one box labelled "April 4 1861. Fresh."

Mr. Loomis has described Mexico as the land of sun, silence and adobe. He could properly term Florida the land of sun, silence and decay. Here and there there are extensive swamps, around which the palmetto and palms grow in abundance, the swamps being full of decaying trees and vegetation. Over there a little way is a grand old southern mansion. The walls have fallen down now, over them the moss and ivy are creeping. There is an air of romance which hovers about them. It speaks of more than thirty years ago. Ah! 'Tis the ruins of war.

Lewis C Burnett Jr
Troop C, 2nd US Vol. Cav
Camp *Cuba Libre*, Jacksonville, Florida

TIRED OF SOLDIER LIFE

Jacksonville, Florida Aug 19 '98

Editor, *News*;

Since the protocol of peace flashed across the Atlantic, bringing to an end the hostilities with Spain, you would naturally think that a feeling of contentment prevails over the land, and I suppose that such is the case in the north, but here amongst the soldiers we have the reverse.

Many are discouraged because they were not sent to the front during hostilities, while others vent their feelings in getting gloriously drunk and using strong language about Uncle Sam's rations. Two weeks ago it would have been hard to find a more contented body of men than the 2nd Reg Vol. Cav., but now the cause they enlisted for has been won by other hands, they do not wish to be troopers longer, a continual chewing of the rag prevails all over camp. Will we be sent to Cuba for garrison duty, is the one absorbing topic. So long as a chance for fighting was offered contentment prevailed. But to plant potatoes and grade roads at $13 a month seems distasteful to many.

Have you ever been in the service? If not you have missed the one chance of a life time. Hard tack and army hash which, by the way, is the greatest conglomeration of the ages, is too rare to pass by. Take my advice and enlist at once, but not for more than two weeks; that is sufficient for beginners, and after your two weeks have expired we have grave doubts whether you will re-enlist or not.

Here is the routine of the day: 4:45 am reveille; 5 am, roll call; 5:15 am, stable call; 5:30 am, mess call; 6 am, boots and saddles; 6:15 am, drill; 10:50, recall from drill; 11 am, stable call; 12 m, mess call. From 12 to 4 pm we are free to do whatever we wish, 4 pm, stable call; 5:30 pm mess call; 6:15, retreat; 9 pm, tattoo; 9:15, tapps, all lights out, if any are found burning after taps the offender is promptly punished. It is not the duties that makes army life monotonous, it is the same ceaseless roll from day to day.

We are allowed but one pass in every two weeks and that alone would drive a fellow insane.

Now, as peace is assured, most of the troopers want discharges. Here is an extract from a petition that was sent to Col Torry, most of the boys signing the same:

> *Camp Cuba Libre, Fla, Aug 12, 1898- Colonel Jay L. Torrey, Commanding 2nd Reg Vol Cav-*
>
> *Dear Sir: We offered ourselves as volunteers in time of war, leaving home, private interests and all, to fight for our nation's honor, to free an oppressed people, to avenge the heroes of the "Maine," at whatever the cost might be The mission for which we enlisted has been accomplished; we wish to be discharged from the army of the United States, as we are averse to garrison duty. We hereby petition that you use your utmost influence in our behalf. Respectfully*
>
> *(signed) Troops*

A great deal has been said of late regarding the recent war with Spain as uniting once more the north and south. I do not doubt that such is the tendency, but the old time hatred still remains. I have just witnessed a case of this kind. The 2nd regiment of Mississippi is camped but a short distance from our camp. The feeling existing between the two regiments is not the best, but no trouble occurred until last Sunday night, when several "dough boys" - that is what we call them - undertook to thrash a few of the rough riders, who called for help, with the result that a score of soldiers were badly thumped. Now we are closely watched by a guard of 100 men. The boys can't be blamed after all, because it broke the monotony of camp life for a few minutes at any rate.

The 3rd regiment of Nebraska volunteers are camped across the railroad track from us. I have met several old friends among them. The regiment is considered one of the best here.

General Holcomb was here and addressed the boys last night, after which Col. Bryan and Mr. Cheveris, the New York evangelist spoke briefly to the immense crowd present.

There are now 31,000 soldiers stationed in and about Jacksonville, all on the same

stretcher, waiting to see what Uncle Sam is going to do wth them.

There goes "taps," so good night.

COL. J.L. TORREY, MY COLONEL

I shall never forget the first time I saw J.L. Torrey. It was on May 16, 1898. He was the colonel of the Second United States Volunteer cavalry. At the breaking out of hostilities with Spain I was travelling through the west in company with a friend, and like a million more the war fever struck us with full force. Soldiers we must become. Upon hearing that a cowboy regiment was being formed, we hurried from the mountains and reached Laramie, Wyo. to find troop C of the Rough Riders ready to leave on the morrow. Selling the outfit, we enrolled and the next day amid a howling crowd the troop started for Fort D A Russell, the majority dreaming sweet dreams of glory won on bloody battlefields. That evening we were hustled into the barracks at Fort Russell, and the next afternoon the colonel came.

I think most of us expected to see a grim-looking old man, simmering over with sharp words and sharper actions. But oh, how those fears passed away when he came and stood before us, a man about 45, his hair lightly flecked with gray, with the kindest of faces, and addressed us in these simple reassuring words: "Fellow patriots," and in all the time afterwards I never heard him use any other word in addressing his men.

I have forgotten what his exact words were, but he urged those who did not wish to be soldiers to the backbone not to enlist; then he went on to tell us what to expect, of the hardships we might encounter, what a soldier's life really consisted of, and if there was any who did not wish to go knowing this, they had better step out before it was too late. He gave us the plain unvarnished facts. Then drawing a letter from his pocket he smilingly read the following:

P_____, SD May 25 1898
Col J.L. Torrey, Fort DA Russel, Wyo:
Dear Colonel-
I have been working hard and would like a vacation so I have decided to join your regiment if possible . In so doing I could make some money and have a good time all at once. Hoping to hear from you, I am yours respectfully,

There was a gay twinkle in his eye; then he tried to look serious and remarked, "That fellow seems to think we are going on a picnic. He does not take into consideration that we are going into a country full of malaria and fevers; possibly to be torn in pieces by shot and shell and die on some battlefield: but I am going to send for him just the same, for I would like to take a squint at that chap."

Then he finished with the election of officers by unanimous choice, and turning he said, "Men, salute your officers. Officers, salute your men." From that time on Colonel Torrey was my ideal soldier and I think there were a thousand others thought the same.

For the next month, while the regiment was being equipped, I saw a great deal of him, one place or another, always treating his men with the greatest kindness, looking over their many faults, smoothing down the rough spots, ready to help and assist any who were in trouble, addressing them with pleasant words.

Never was a regiment drilled, equipped and made ready for war in less time. Everything went right from the beginning and kept on going right. There was a man behind the gun who knew how to work the lever and keep the shells from sticking. So in little over one month a thousand men from the plains had been moulded into a splendid body and made ready for the front. Such was Colonel Torrey's executive ability. This regiment, I think, had the opportunity offered, would have covered itself with glory.

Then came the long trip to Florida and here, in the columns of the *Colorado Springs Gazette*, I wish to thank him for ordering cream put in our coffee, as we received it at various places along the line of travel. It was the best coffee I ever drank, but Uncle Sam does not furnish cream for his soldiers. But Colonel Torrey did.

Our trains on the way down were so conducted that everyone had a splendid chance to see the country. A regiment never had more fun than ours, as it went from

Wyoming to the sea. And to whom are we indebted for this? It was Colonel Torrey who treated us all like kings.

At the wreck at Tupelo, Miss, he was badly crippled, but his first thoughts were not for himself but the boys and later on, when in camp at Panama Park, Fla, I have seen him come out many a time with his ankles tied up in bandages, and drive over the grounds in the ambulance wagon to see if all was well. Such was the man. Forever the same, with a welcome word for everyone. And then rough men began to love him; they would have gladly followed him through hell itself about this time. I saw one man throw his hat high in the air and yell, "Torrey, the best man that ever lived!" "You are right," said another by his side. Then someone would start the regiment's own song-

Now up, and cinch your saddles, boys,
And buckle on your gun;
And when you touch the stirrup!
Let your horse be on the run.

And so on. Those were happy days for us at Panama. But all soldiers, if they are not sent to the front, in time become dissatisfied, and such was the case with the 2nd USV Cav. Men began to kick at this and kick at that. I never saw more chronic grumblers gathered in one spot in all my life; and he, our colonel, showed us still more what a man he was. He did not censure or threaten - merely inquired into the facts and did all he could. He gave band concerts at headquarters, and did everything possible to make things flow smoothly.

We were allowed a furlough of 24 hours quite often. On one of these occasions I was down in Jacksonville talking with some comrades by the pier. The colonel approached us. We came to attention and saluted. He stopped and said, "Patriots, is there anything I can do for you?" Go where you will; circumnavigate the whole globe: you may get acquainted with ten thousand, but not another like Colonel Torrey.

And when everyone began to clamor to be discharged he did not read us a lecture on obedience, or enforce too severely the means he had in his power. No, far from that. He went to work and found out what the majority wished, went to Washington, and four

days later the 2nd USV Cav only lingered upon the books.

Since the regiment was mustered out of the service I have met many old comrades. They are still loud with the praise of the man who called them patriots. Last fall, while in the Philippines, I met one of the boys who was in the 2nd. I asked him how he liked his new commanding officer. "D___ it!," he replied, "There was never but one colonel - and that was Torrey."

And if he is with McKinley this fall, I'm for McKinley, and I'm certain he can depend on every one to the last man, in what little influence they may have. And I am proud to say he was my colonel, this soldier, diplomat, and true gentleman.

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With The Fighting Boys

San Francisco, Cala, Sept 22 1899 *The News*:

At 6:30 a.m. yesterday morning the Thirty-second US Volunteer infantry stepped from the cars at Oakland, Cala. and were marched to the ferry; thirty minutes later they paraded the streets of San Francisco and the journey overland to the sea was over. The journey was uneventful, barring one incident that might have proved serious if it had not been for Co. E Quartermaster Sergeant H. Hozlett, who was in charge of the commissary stored in the baggage coach ahead. The third night out from Leavenworth sparks from the engine set fire to the coach, and when discovered by Sergeant Hozlett was fast consuming baggage and stores, but by quick work he put out the blaze and averted what would have been a serious affair.

The regiment is in splendid condition and the health of the men excellent. Nebraska City is well represented in the thirty-second by Lieut W.S. Mapes, Oliver

Thornton, Wm. Rivett and Mark Munn. Mrs. Mapes accompanied the regiment to San Francisco where she will remain until matters in the Philippines are more settled, when she will go and join her husband.

At present there are six regiments stationed at the Presidio, all awaiting transportation to the front, and the time is not far distant when "taps" will no longer blow at the Presidio. Transports *Grant*, *Nelson, Hancock, Sherman,* and *Sheridan* are being coaled and loaded as fast as possible. To the rear, lying at anchor, are the famous battleship *Iowa* and the cruiser *Marblehead,* with their great guns pointing silently out towards the deep blue green.

Today the people of San Francisco are happy, for the First California has just been mustered out and the boys are once more back to haunts so dear. Nowhere under the occidental sun is there more warm-hearted, whole-souled people than here at 'Frisco. Both officers and men are treated as honored guests and the boy in blue is the man of the hour.

I predict a great and glorious future for the Thirty-second (speaking strictly from an impartial standpoint, as I am not a member of the regiment). I think it one of the best regiments that will ever sail for the Orient. It is recruited to its full number, 1,272 men; the average age is 25 years, and 60% have served in the recent war with Spain. And if the Thirty-second does not write its name in red letters of blood in the jungles round Manila it will be strange indeed, for it goes to fill the place of the fighting First and the Twentieth.

IN DREAMY HAWAII

To the east across the deep blue green could plainly be seen two mighty volcanoes, while the everlasting black smoke slowly oozed from their massive craters; the sun tumbled down behind the western clouds; it appeared for a moment, then sunk into the sea. I climbed up on the hurricane deck, rolled up in my blanket and tried to

sleep. I heard the swish of a sea gull's wings as it went gliding though the gloom; a fragrant tropical breeze gently fanned my face, and to me the world was dead.

"Clang clang-clang, clang-clang clang." Six bells. I jumped from my blanket; the boat was motionless, and the day had broken with all its splendor. On every side were mountains high, nestling down at their feet I gazed for the first time on Honolulu the beautiful, while the hills seemed to say, "In Dreamy Hawaii."

As soon as breakfast was over, away I went, determined to sweep the town. I expected to see a semi-barbaric tribe, thatched roofs and banana trees, but instead I found myself in an intensely modern city, electric lights, cars and paved streets. My dreams were sadly shattered, but the worst was yet to come. Upon reaching the next corner I stopped dumbfounded, for there in great red letters was this: "Use James Pyle's Perline for Easy Washing." I sat down on the pavement, lit a cigarette and tried to collect my scattered senses. Across the street was another surprise: "Don't Fail to See Mr. Clay Clement in His Great Play, The New Dominion." Twenty-five hundred miles from American shores. Don't tell me the world is degenerating.

Hawaii has been called the garden spot of the Pacific, and well it deserves that name. A more delightful place would be impossible. Modern conveniences, perfect climate, the people bright, witty and intelligent. The city is full of drives and parks, along which the cocoanut and palmetto grow in abundance, and the whole city seems to be a mighty green house.

Last night the band of Honolulu gave a concert. I never listened to better music. There were fifty pieces in the band and the harmony was perfect. At the close of this one of the native dusky maidens rendered a vocal selection. I believe it went something like this: "I Love Somebody, Just Like You." It was a marvel how she could sing, and here I had a chance to study some of the female beauties. I cannot say that they are pretty, just a happy medium. As for myself I prefer Nebraska City girls, but the boys of Honolulu don't think so, for they appeared very attentive when the band had ceased to play.

Today I got myself into a terrible mess. On ship our coffee is made in one large

tank, inside of which is a round coffee strainer. After dinner I attempted to throw the coffee grounds overboard, but instead my hand slipped, strainer and all slipped into the sea. Now here was a nice box, we must have it or no coffee could be made. The captain of the boat would find it out and I would get the devil, but the water was forty feet deep. I tried to get it with a grapple iron, but in vain. Looking up I saw a Kanakee boy playing in the water. "Oh, happy thought!" Getting him on ship board I offered him a half dollar to dive for the strainer. Down he went, but soon came up, declaring it was not there and that it was so dark he could not see. Then I told him to take a match down with him. He grinned a little, but smiled all over as I laid another fifty cents in his chubby little black fist and told him to try again. Down he went and was gone fully a minute when up came his head, next the coffee strainer, then the boy. He was prouder than a lord. I will always love a Kanakee boy, for he saved my life. It is great sport to watch the little fellows swim around the ship, throw a nickel at them, and ninety-nine chances out of a hundred they will get it before it reaches the bottom. There are a thousand more curious, but I cannot tell you, for there goes tra-tra-tra-la, so I wish you all a good night.

WHAT I SAW AT MADELINA

At high noon, Nov 4th, the Seventeenth Regulars left Angeles, which they took from the Negroes on the morning of August 16th, and marched towards the next rebel stronghold, Madelina, twelve miles distant at the foot of Mount Arait. Reveille sounded at 3:30 a.m.. The next morning the Thirty-second Volunteers fell in for the reserve, tramping through the mud in the wee hours of morn. They were finally halted behind a great bamboo thicket and ordered to lie down.

Then the day broke like thunder, "ah!" it was thunder indeed and a thousand shrieking messengers clipped the leaves from the bamboo and went howling over the rice fields. I looked up and down the line; men's faces were white and one fellow's legs were beating a wild tattoo.

But no order came to advance and seeing the Thirty-second volunteers would not

likely take foot I hurried out to overtake the fighting line - through bamboo thickets, over cane fields, getting gloriously wet and puncturing the air with all kind of unpardonable things. Ring, a bullet split a bamboo within three feet of me and the next moment a nigger jumped from the brakes, not fifty yards ahead and ran for cover. I was strongly tempted to shoot him with my revolver, but then I am no combatant; then a shell went moaning by. I crossed some deserted trenches and found myself with the American advance.

Troop K of the Fourth Cavalry dismounted and started through a cane field within 500 yards of the rebel lines. They reached the outer edge before the rebels fired and three of our boys fell, and then for a moment amid the howl of the Remington bullets I stood paralyzed, and I realized what war really was. I went up to one poor fellow who had a great hole in his head. He opened his eyes and I saw he was dying. His lips trembled and he muttered, "I have b-e-e-n in a good m-a-n-y fights, pardner, but I g-u-e-s-s I a-m done for this t-i-m-e," and the man of many battles was silent.

The Second Battalion of the Seventeenth regulars advanced by rushes, all the time keeping up a steady fire; then the Negroes broke from the nearest trenches and to reach cover they had to cross a small opening. Our artillery opened up at the right moment and dropped a four-inch shell in their midst and when the smoke cleared away only three or four panic-stricken wretches gained cover. I saw a hospital steward lifting one of our wounded men to put him in the ambulance wagon - a bullet smashed his shoulder and at the same time entered the foot of the wounded man.

The insurgents made their last stand in some heavy trenches east of Madelina and here they put up a fierce fight and did not break until the regulars gained the earthworks and clubbed them out, and then came the baptism of blood. In going over the field ten minutes later I counted fifty-one dead niggers, and I do not know the number of wounded. One fellow who was shot through the back looked as if he had fallen from the clouds. His head and his feet were sticking in the mud and his back bowed up like a wagon wheel. They were in all kinds of positions, and it looked as if it had rained dead

niggers.

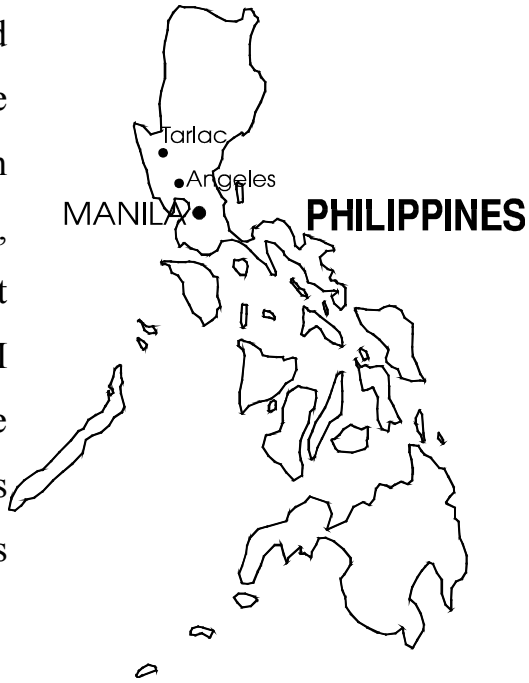
We next moved into the town. One rebel ran from the old monastery and started across the Plaza; half a dozen boys fired. He dropped his gun, ran to the road, jumped high in the air and fell dead. In fifteen minutes more the town was ours, and the boys were making themselves as comfortable as possible in the soaking rain. That night I stayed in a fine stone mansion, which had evidently been occupied by some wealthy Philippino family; everything was just as they left it and some rice was still warm in a pot. A large gold-plated crucifix stood in one corner of the room, back of which I found a pair of gold braided slippers and a bolo knife.

At midnight the Thirty-second volunteers came in, guarding the supply trains in a perfect deluge of rain and covered with mud to the necks. Then a passing officer told me the American forces had lost twenty killed and wounded in the previous day's engagement. In the morning we started back to Angeles through mud and slush, but such is a soldier's life, or of one who wishes to see how real war is.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES

Lewis C. Burnett of This City Writes From the Seat of War

Angeles, PI Nov 11- Dear Friends- Here I am at the other side of the world. Look down through 12,000 miles of earth, fire and brimstone and behold my smiling face, a soldier in disguise. I have not enlisted, and that is the best part of it all. When the Philippine Islands get too small for me o live in, back I come to Nebraska City. Yesterday I went through my first battle and did not get frightened as I thought I would, and bullets played a merry tune through the bamboo thicket. There really was something fascinating in that shrieking melody. I was



near one fellow who was shot through the head, he muttered a few words and was dead. A great many Filipinos were killed.

I like the country, it is entirely tropical and banana trees surround the place where I am writing, but they do not take the place of maidens fair. Tomorrow I go to Manila to take a good look over the town, and will then go up the Pasig river and watch the gunboats bombard the rebels along the shore.

It took the ship I came over on thirty-two days to make the voyage. We stopped but once, at Honolulu, the garden spot of the Pacific. When we sighted Manila, passed the place of Cavite, where Dewey smashed the Spanish fleet and steamed into the harbor, how glad I was to get on terra firma and stand on dear old mother earth. I will write to you later of my trip to Manila and up the Pasig River.

Little Incidents of a Simmering War

(Written for *The Conservative* by Lewis C Burnett Jr)

I pushed the high grass back and saw a little, brown half-naked body lying there before me. The skin had commenced to slip from the fast-decomposing flesh. Big green bugs, with yellow stripes across their beetle-like wings, crawled slowly around as if warming themselves for the feast. The face looked frightfully distorted in the pale light of the coming day. A rusty bolo knife lay near, beside which rested a long bamboo canteen. "Viva Aguinaldo" was roughly cut in the hard wood.

The morning sun burst over the distant mountain top. The rice fields waved gently in the freshening breeze, beyond which loomed the cocoa palms like ghostly sentinels, dim in the light of the new morn.

A dirty rag lay upon the ground. I placed it over the still, bloated face and then went on down the narrow road between the tall bamboos. He died for the cause he thought was right.

I am going to tell you a short, broken story of a few things I saw around Tarlac, then the headquarters of the Filipino insurrection; how I first saw Aguinaldo and his body guard. Just little, but most peculiar, happenings that one does not read in the cable dispatches of a war. I was not a soldier, nor did I have cause to take part in any way. I merely tell you these as seen with the eye of a civilian. I heard a short chopping noise one morning, as if a cross-cut saw had struck a knot. The rattle continued, and I recognized the voices of the 30-calibers, barking from a distant rice field. I hurried over the furrowed ground, waded a little creek, pushed my way through a young bamboo thicket and came upon the firing line of the 17th US Infantry.

Through a wet cane patch many small bodies were dodging, their red trousers making fine targets for men in kakai brown. The way these brave running soldiers crawled out of their showy uniforms was a most comical sight. They left a red trail behind them, of cotton, not of blood.

A man of the 4th Cavalry was lying on his back. There was an ugly hole in his forehead where a Remington copper covered ball had torn its way through. I thought he was dead, and stood looking down on him. Suddenly he opened his eyes and said; "Say, Bill, I have been in a good many fights, and the niggers have knocked the mud up in my face more than once, but I guess they have got me this time." I looked away to where a detachment of infantry was gathering up the dead and wounded natives. The man was dead. An ambulance came up and I saw the poor fellow, his feet sticking out from the cot, as the wagon rolled away.

A Filipino soldier had crawled under a wire fence to die. A Krag bullet had struck him in the left side, leaving a little blue hole where it entered. His head and feet were sticking in the mud, while his back was bowed up in a half circle. His face was of a light green color; fright and pain were written there.

The troops marched into the captured town. In the middle of the plaza was a Catholic church. One of Aguinaldo's regulars ran in at the west door and presently came out of the other side of the building. Four shots rang out. He dropped his gun, ran to the

road, jumped high in the air and fell dead.

It was a hot, sultry day; pulling up my pants, I waded across the creek. An advance guard of infantry was in front.

Bang, bang, bang, bang.

The mud flew up in their faces, while broken twigs from the limbs overhead rattled on the ground. A nice little ambush, but the Filipino soldiers had ben true to their principles, in hitting everything but what they shot at. No one was hurt, the rear guard came running up and the entire force was ordered to drive the enemy from its entrenchments. One of the boys, a big fellow from Missouri, would not move. He lay in a buffalo wallow hugging the muddy ground. A lieutenant took him by the shoulder and pulled him on his feet. The big soldier was so completely unnerved that he could hardly stand, while his knees kept beating a wild tattoo.

The fight went on, the enemy was easily routed. A man lay dead upon the breastworks, a dark red spot was slowly spreading on his blouse. I went up to him - it was the fellow from Missouri and the only man that had been hit. Was he a coward? The lieutenant said so, or was it fright brought on by a premonition of what was to come? Strange things happen in this world of ours!

I was standing on the edge of a bamboo thicket; to my left, resting on four short poles, was the floor of a native house; the upper portion had been torn away. A wounded islander lay upon the bamboo slats. A bullet had gone though both knees, and another had opened up his right lung. I made him as comfortable as I could, but he would not talk. Once he said, "*agua*," and I went down to the creek and filled my hat with water. He would have nothing else, and plainly told me to "vamoose." I passed that way two days later. It was a glorious evening; the sun was just going down where the everlasting green of the hills around seemed to break off into the heavens.

I climbed over the tangled bamboos, the natives had dropped across the road to hinder the progress of the American troops. At last I reached the half-ruined house.

There lay the man that I had tried to help but a few hours ago. The green flies were gathering upon his bloated lips. Such is war. Raw facts they are, but true as truth itself.

A Mauser twanged nearby, a splinter from the pole against which I was leaning went humming through the air. A Filipino soldier ran from the thicket and jumped across the creek. He was not more than thirty paces from me and I could easily have shot him with my revolver, but then I was not a soldier. I went away, leaving him alone with his empty rifle and his dead.

"That's all I have got by which to remember the Prince of Bavaria," said a white haired Englishman, as he showed me two broken matches. "Last spring when he was accidentally killed on the firing line, I was with a company of Oregon boys and I saw him fall back into the doorway of a house. I helped one of the surgeons carry him into the old monastery that had been turned into a hospital. A 45-70 ball had passed through his body, ranging from the shoulder downward, and killing him almost instantly. I was told to sign a paper as a witness to his death, and then I felt in his pockets for something to remember him by. These two broken matches were all that I could find, but you may rest assured that I will hang onto them. The surgeon major told me that at some future time I might be called to Germany as a witness to the death of the prince. I hope they send for me! Won't that be a great trip!" I turned to my aged companion and asked for a description of His Highness. "Well," said the Englishman, "he was not very good looking, had a long, sallow face and a heavy jaw. I should judge he was about thirty years of age."

"Goodbye," said my new friend a half hour later, as he turned off at a crossroad. "Hope I see you again. I know how it is to wish to look upon the scenes of war. I ran away from home when I was a mere child, and went with a regiment of Highlanders to take part in the Crimean war. If you ever get over to Dagupan, don't fail to hunt up John Cummings."

The sun beat down fiercely for the early morning. I was hurrying along a muddy road for I wanted to reach Bam Bam that night. A few miles to my left loomed the green coast mountains. Suddenly, as if by magic, a band of Filipinos appeared in the foothills and came toward me. They were mounted on small bay ponies, and were formed in what seemed to be four troops of cavalry. I crawled into a bunch of high grass as they drew near. They were heading for another spur of the mountains in front of where I was concealed. I began to think it was all up with me when they changed their course and passed me at about fifty paces. In the center of the band was a little man with black hair riding a sorrel horse. I have heard him called Aguinaldo. He reminded me of General Wheeler. Why such a fancy should have struck me I do not know unless it was his horsemanship or his size, for they certainly do not look anything alike. The small body of cavalry soon disappeared in the hills. It was nine miles to the nearest troops. That night I reported what I had seen, but I don't think it helped them to catch the little fellow.

'Twas on the first day of the fizzling fight at Tarlac that I first saw Captain Lawrence. Previous to that time I had heard his gentle voice. It was the night after Angeles was taken, some two months before. He was then in charge of a field piece stationed somewhere east of town. The night was very clear and we could hear him sing out every few minutes: "Give the Yankee devils hell!" Then would follow the report of a gun. Several shells dropped in town, but few exploded. The next morning I picked one up, it was about four inches in diameter, with at least a quart of small shot inside. The conditions were quite different under which I saw Captain Lawrence and heard his gentle voice for the second time. He was taken with a small squad of native artillerymen at Tarlac. I had a good look at him as he marched up the street, a short, redheaded man in the prime of life, full of fire and the devil. I could not help but admire his nerve, even if he was making a fool of himself.

Chug, squeak, squeak, chug: that is the way I left Tarlac, in a little dingy car,

drawn by a staggering engine that looked as if it had been made in the seventeenth century, and moved at fully eight miles an hour.

It was early in November; I was staying at Capas, a small town then guarded by a company of negro soldiers. One day three of the boys went out to get some chickens. A few minutes later firing commenced in the direction they had taken. The company was ordered out to investigate the trouble. I went with the rest, and we soon found the reason. On a little hillside near a bamboo thicket we came across one of the chicken hunters. He had been literally cut to pieces and around him lay a ring of empty rifle shells. He had died game. What became of the other two was never known.

If you have even been at Angeles, on the Manila and Dagupan railroad, you may have noticed an old dead bamboo standing near the track. A crow used to light there every morning and caw loudly for several minutes. He was an East India crow and as noisy a one as I ever heard. One morning, as I rolled from my blanket, I was surprised on not hearing my black neighbor piercing the still air with his clarion notes. For the first time since I had known him he was silent and as motionless as the dead bamboo in which he perched. I think he was waiting for the end. A little puff of white smoke drifted up from a distant rice field; the crow flapped his wings and fell down through the tangled network of thorns. A Remington bullet went humming overhead and then skipped down the road. A Filipino brave had shot at a regiment and killed a crow.

A few miles west of Bam Bam are the ruins of an old town. In the fall of '99 it was captured by the American forces. During the fight, fire broke out and the place was burned to the ground. I waded through the black ashes on my way to the former town; desolation and ruin were everywhere. In the outskirts of the town I came across a freshly-cut pile of rice; I pushed it aside with my foot. A little child lay dead underneath. It could not have been over a week old, and I am quite sure that it did not weigh more

than a pound.

A great wall of tall bamboo loomed up on both sides of the road - it was not a safe place for one to be alone. Rounding a bend, I saw two Filipino soldiers hid in the thicket. Now here was a nice box! I did not dare to pass them for fear they would attack me from behind and so catch me off my guard. There was only one thing to do. Drawing my revolver, I walked boldly toward them. I had not taken a dozen steps when they both came smiling from their hiding place, saying in their softest Spanish, "Omega, omega." They were only armed with bolo knives and I demanded the weapons. What a pitiful story they did put up - of how they were only out looking for straight bamboos with which to build a fence. But I did not care to go off and leave those bolo men to bring up the rear, so made off with their knives. One of them still kept repeating "Omega, omega." This word does not always mean friend in Spanish, as I have since found to my sorrow.

I came to a long procession carrying household goods, water jugs and other things upon their heads. As I drew near they knelt down upon the ground, and uncovering their heads, remained there until I had passed. If Spain and the soldiery heaped such laws upon them, and then caused those laws to be enforced, can we wonder at the result?

December had come; Major Logan and six of his battalion had been killed at San Fabian. I was going from Angeles to San Fernando in company with Spanish soldiers who had recently escaped from the insurgent lines. They were thin and looked worn out, as though their eighteen months of captivity had not been all roses. We were nearing San Fernando when a rifle barked from a weedy field to our left. One of the Spaniards clapped his hands to his breast and fell across the track. The ball must have passed through or very near his heart. That was the only straight shot I ever saw a Filipino make, and I am not sure that he hit the man at whom he aimed.

Reveille sounded one morning at three o'clock. I guessed there would be some fighting and I wanted to be in at the killing. Blanket rolls were hastily made up, travelling rations given out, and in less than an hour the regiment was on the move. I followed in the rear of the first company with the quartermaster, a tall Arkansan that the boys called "high pockets." It was always a mystery to me how he escaped getting hit, for he was just the right height to catch all the skyward Filipino bullets.

All day we tramped in a deluge of rain. Little rivers were running down the road, and we could see the water rise slowly over the tops of the rice fields. Only twice during the long day did that tramping body of shoes stop for a short rest. My feet were covered with blisters. The sand had worked in around the bottoms of my shoes and getting under my feet, acted like sand paper. On and on they went and still the rain fell in torrents. It must have been twelve o'clock, midnight, when they halted for a little rest. I lay down by the road side: I never was so sleepy in my life. If some one had threatened to kill me if I closed my eyes, I am quite sure that I would have laughed in his face and then gone to sleep. I awoke to see the first streaks of day peeping over the eastern hills. I was lying in a puddle of water; the regiment was nowhere in sight. Steely grey clouds were scudding across the heavens; big silvery drops from last night's rain were falling down through the bamboo leaves. I had slept the greater part of the night in a downpour of rain, and let the boys walk off and leave me. A heavy firing commenced down the road; I jumped to my feet and started off as fast as my stiff limbs could carry me. Two hours of hard walking and I caught up with the regiment.

The fight was over. I saw a few dead natives piled up in a old house. A sergeant turned to me and said: "I hear General Lawton has been killed."

Over In The Orient

L C Burnett, Jr, Tells of the Russian Frontier,

Manila, Hong Kong etc

Under date of Dec 14 1899 Lewis C Burnett Jr writes *The News* as follows;

The war in the Philippines seemed virtually at an end. The Manila and Daugapau railroads were open from one end to another. An occasional shot along the outpost was all that resembled war, so to me Manila began to lose her beauty.

Taking a coastline steamer I went to Cebu Ilillo and the island of Negros, but there was little to entice a fellow to remain, so coming back to Manila I bought a ticket for the Russian coast, determined to see what the country really looked like. But alas! my fond dreams were never to be realized.

December 10th at 6 pm the steamer *Salvadora* dropped down the Pasig river, out past Cavite where Dewey left such splendid marks of American skill, and on into the green, with her bow pointing toward the north.

Going down into my cabin I opened my grip and took out some books I had purchased for the trip. I was counting on having a big time, sitting on the after deck deep into Conan Doyle's famous tales. Then there was Laura Gene Libby's tale of Daisy Brooks and Schienwiske Polish romance. Little did I dream that in less than twenty-four hours I would wish that Conan Doyle had never been born, that Daisy Brooks had swallowed a tablespoon in her infancy and ceased to exist, or that Schienwke was been chewed up by a Polish bear and slowly passed down into oblivion. But I went to bed that night feeling supremely happy.

Next morning I was called by the China boy, who brought me a cup of tea, a fashion which is always practiced in the Orient. An hour later breakfast was served, and a royal one it was too. There was everything one might wish, every dish delicious in itself. I don't believe I ever ate such a good meal and at the same time such a big one in my life, and going on deck in the cool sea breeze life seemed complete. The idea of sea sickness never entered my mind. Had I not travelled from San Francisco to Manila and not felt the slightest touch, and laughed at the other fellow until I cried? But here on the China Sea I was to meet the monster in his rankest form, and come out much sadder;

also with a deep feeling of pity for the seasick mortal than I ever expected to feel.

I had not been on deck more than twenty minutes before I began to feel lonesome. I started for the cabin but somehow reached the ship's side, and there in the face of flying spray I uttered volumes of deep intense agony. I do not know how many they were, perhaps fifteen or twenty, but I am certain of one thing, they were not bound volumes. Then I went below and groaned all night. Next morning I went on deck and took a cup of tea, but the tea became restless and wished to mingle with the sea. I did not object. I wished to die for the first time in my life, and lying there on the deck with ten thousand conflicting emotions tearing the inner man asunder, I prayed the sea might open and the ship go down, or the crew would mutiny and come racing down the deck with knives; I imagined it would be royal sport to shoot a couple before I died. The strangest part of it all was that I wished everybody else dead or seasick. I would go and lie in front of the hatchway, so everybody had to walk around me in going to their berths, such was my sweet disposition.

That night the Russian coast was sighted and shortly after we were laying alongside some sailboats. I managed to get one good look, then went down in a pile of agony. If His Royal Highness Nicholas II had been there and offered to shake hands, I should have told him to call when I had more leisure. And then came another day of inward sorrow, and if there had been any lady passengers on board I soundly believe that I would now be down in the deep, where the waves forever clap their hands in fiendish glee; down in the depths of the China Sea.

On December 14th the *Salvadora* dropped anchor in Hong Kong harbor and I was overjoyed to find myself over that dreadful spell.

Hong Kong is certainly one of the greatest natural ports in the world. Great mountains on every side make it a natural fortress and Great Britain has recognized this fact, and she has turned a pile of rubbish into a cosmopolitan place of the first class, today the greatest harbor in the orient. British police patrol the streets day and night while two thousand of the Queen's Royal Artillery hold complete mastery. Twenty of

Her Majesty's battleships and cruisers keep a watchful eye on the harbor.

But I must say, although I am an American born, that England's soldiery is far superior to our own. I do not refer to their fighting qualities, but their gentlemanly conduct. They are always clean and orderly, and a profane word is a thing unheard of in the streets of Hong Kong, while in Manila the place is reeking with rotten songs and the very atmosphere simmers with curses, both loud and deep. But here the air is British, the sky British, the hills seem to whisper Britain! Britain! Britain! The greatest colonizer underneath the shining sun.

Fortune's store has certainly favored me here. I succeeded in making friends with some Chinese customs officials and they are going to take me with them over the Chinese frontier and to Corea. Perhaps I will see some other sights worth looking at.

KNOCKING ABOUT HONG KONG

Nebraskan Goes in Search of Adventure and Gets It

On a glorious morning in December 1899 I climbed over the side of the little Spanish steamer *Esmeralda* and into a small launch that lay puffing alongside. It went scudding through the water and presently drew up at the Victoria wharf. Jumping from the little boat I ran up the stone steps.

There stood Hong Kong, dim in the light of the coming day. I was alone and hunting for adventure, to see and to taste everything that might come my way. Some peculiar experiences befell me while among the long-tailed celestials and I saw some sights that one does not look upon but once in a lifetime.

You might pass through China a dozen times, stop at the Hong Kong Hotel or the Great Western at Canton, but see little of the real condition of affairs. If on the other hand you were marooned alone upon that little British isle without friends or money, not even a place to crawl in during the dark hours of the night, you would have a very

different story to tell than the man who with letters of credit and a flock of coolies is carted around in a sedan chair. Many young fellows have told me that they could travel anywhere in the United States without money. True. I will agree to this. But if these same young men would find themselves all at once on the small island off the China coast, where one can neither walk from, swim from, bum from, and the only hope is to get off in some airship, they too I think would tell a different tale. They would then know what it means to be without money in a foreign land.

I had $10.20, a short cane and a great abundance of sweet ignorance stowed all about me on this particular morning. I walked on through the main portion of the city. The streets were dark and narrow and had the smell of centuries. They reminded me of a whiff I once had from a fertilizer factory. I followed on down the Queen's Road West. Upon all the buildings were strange lettering in gold that one can never understand. Presently I came to a restaurant and went in for breakfast.

Have you ever eaten a mixture of beast, fin and feather, mixed with horse weeds, red pepper catnip and dog fennel? If not, you have never spent a pleasant half hour in a true Chinese restaurant or tasted the greatest of all dishes. I stuck a toothpick between my teeth and walked out. I had suffered but conquered. The door had scarcely closed behind me when a score of coolies came rolling up with their small human buggies, "rickshaws," I believe they call them. A jabbering crowd they were, with their long tails safely stowed away under their broad straw hats, which we all painted blue. I shook my head and walked away. At the first corner I turned and entered a narrow street. Extending from the second story of each building were small porches; these were filled with Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and Spanish women, all dressed in gay costumes. Close-fitting green waists and yellow skirts seemed to be the only prevailing colors. The Chinese women had their hair done up on one side, like a new sunflower, while the headdress of their Japanese sisters reminds one of a butterfly with wings outspread. They were all women of the gay kind and a merry crowd, indeed, waving their fans and calling "'Merican, 'Merican."

I sat down upon a stone step. A Chinese lady of quality came walking by. Her hair was done up with a great silver buckle. She had at least a dozen amber combs fastened in her black hair. She wore a loose pair of white slippers, with the heel in the middle of the shoe. Next came another woman of the same class, with a heel on each end of her little shoes, and presently a third, with three heels. I did not stay to see the rest.

Companions in Distress

Across the street I saw a man leaning against a tobacco store. I saw at once that he was an American and went up to shake hands with him. Both shoulders of his coat were worn through where he had leaned against the stone walls. I learned that he was a sailor, discharged at Hong Kong and went broke. I gave him 50 cents and he was more than happy with the donation.

One morning I awoke with the toothache and I hurried out to find a dentist. A Chinaman was sitting by the road with several small instruments on the table before him. I showed him my tooth. He nodded his head. He did not have the sign of a pair of forceps about his place of business and I began to wonder how he was going to extract my tooth. Laying my head upon his knee he deliberately dug out my tooth with a miniature spade. I have the marks on my gum until this day. Such is modern dentistry in the Orient.

A procession came up the street one morning, making a terrible din and the most unmusical music I ever heard. Several small boys were in front dressed in red and carrying gold banners. Next came four bearers holding between them a little palace hung with yellow fringe, in which were two geese, as quiet and unconcerned as if they had been lovers always. Third in line was a roast pig. It had been cooked whole and the ears were carefully preserved. Some roast ducks followed close behind, swinging from a pole. Then last came two sedan chairs closely curtained so that none could see the occupants. In these sat the bride and groom. The following day I was standing in front of the Hong Kong Hotel. An English soldier stood nearby. Down the street came the same procession, the noisy crowd that I had seen the day before, but the pig's ears were gone.

I turned to Tommy Atkins and said, "Can you tell me the meaning of the ears?" This is what he told me. "When a Chinaman has decided to take a wife, or more than likely, someone has decided for him, they soon are married. Upon the day of the ceremony a pig is roasted whole, great care being taken to keep the ears from breaking. Then the marriage company proceeds down the street, so that the public can see the pig. If on the morrow the groom is satisfied with his choice the same crowd goes again, with the ears of the pig intact, but if in any way his bride does not come up to his expectations he exhibits the pig, ears cut off, which shows the world his disregard for his wife, who no doubt will shortly be done away with."

In the coolie part of the city one afternoon I heard a great racket ahead down a narrow alley. I hurried on the see what could be the trouble. Up the dark passageway came a string of men. First, three boys blowing brass horns, which sounded greatly like a bagpipe without the variations. A huge coffin carried by a dozen men followed next. The death box was made from the rough sides of a cedar tree, with the bark left on. Following close in the rear were two men carrying pots full of rice and fish. Another good Chinaman had been created.

One morning I awoke to find I had only 20 cents left in an old string pocketbook in which rested a big copper cent. I went down to the wharf. Old Sol was just peeping up from over the China coast. Boom, boom, boom! came from various battleships as a Japanese man-of-war dropped anchor in the bay - a friendly salute to a friendly power. I will never forget that morning. I spent 5 cents buying some oranges. I believe I got five. Then I went into a barber shop to get shaved. They put me on a small stool of the milk yard variety, the kind that falls over every time you get up. The barber pulled my head back upon his knee and went scraping away, without water or soap, with a razor that looked like a pruning hook and as dull as a Bolo knife. I felt as if I had lost the outside covering of my face.

That night I slept upon the mountain side. I still had 10 cents, and in the morning, by hard talking, I bought twenty-five oranges for a nickel. I spent the day in trying to

find a ship or get work. Again the dawn came clear and beautiful. There was a slight frost upon the ground, and looking down upon the city far below I saw what a splendid place it was. Out in the harbor lay 10,000, from the little Chinese sam-pams with their dragon-like wings, to England's greatest battleship, *Powerful*, and our nation's pride, *Oregon*. Scudding over the bay were a dozen small launches, with the white foam jumping from their bows. Down below the narrow alleyway the Chinese population poured from their crowded homes like black rats from a fever ship.

With my last five cents I bought fifty oranges, a gain of forty-five, the difference between knowing what a thing is worth and not knowing. Oranges sell readily among the Chinese population for a tenth of a cent apiece. So the end came. I went to over sixty merchant ships in the harbor. They were bound for all parts of the world, but I could not get a chance to work my passage on a single one. I remember going on a German freighter. The mate took a fancy to me, for as I was leaving he called to me and said, "If you will say that you are a German you can go along with us." "No," I said, "not if I starve on Hong Kong island. I'll be an American until the crack of doom." He looked at me and said, "So, so." I went on down the ladder.

Then I hunted up the American sailor that I had met with in my days of plenty. The holes in his coat were a little bit bigger, but his face was as expressionless as the pavement underneath. I told him my troubles and we were soon fast friends. He was an old hand at the business, for that day he "found" a can of salmon. It was Christmas, and upon the steep sides of Hong Kong we ate this hearty meal. I wager no one has had a stranger dinner on a greater day.

In the harbor lay the British ship *Monmouthshire*, bound for Liverpool. It would take 50 cents to hire a Chinese sam-pam to take me out to her. I took out the old string pocketbook and tied a dozen knots in the draw string. Then I boldly stepped into a boat and told them I wanted to go to the ship. They hoisted the bat-wing sails and away we went. In a half hour we were alongside the *Monmouthshire*. I went aboard and met with the same "No, I can't use you." Climbing down the ladder I told the boatman to take me

ashore. I took out the pocketbook and handed the thing to him, cent and all. He felt of it a minute, then smilingly put it in his pocket, no doubt thinking it contained a fifty cent piece.

I went back to my sailor friend and together we thumped around the town. One night we stumbled into an opium den. Chinamen lay upon the floor dreaming sweet dreams. One was resting upon his side, a pipe between his lips, and a small lamp that gave out a blue flame stood near, from which he continually kept lighting his pipe. He tried to force us to leave, but we held our own and he shortly was slumbering with the rest.

New Year's Day was just cold enough to make one feel good. I got my breakfast at a Chinese chop house down in the dense part of the city. I walked out swinging my cane in the air, the proprietor jabbering at my heels, but he let me depart in peace.

I went to the American consulate to ask if any ship was going out. Mr. Wildman was then the executive. He was drowned off the Golden Gate but a few months ago. He treated me kindly and told me that Captain Pendleton of the sailing ship *Mary L. Cushing,* loaded with firecrackers and bound for New York, would be up shortly and that I might get passage with him. Then he turned and addressed a man sitting to his right, a fellow of medium stature, with a brown mustache and a satisfied look. "Lieutenant Hobson," he said, "how about the dry dock at Manila?" I looked up in surprise. There sat the great lieutenant of Santiago, of ruby lip fame - the fortunate Hobson.

Captain Pendleton came about 10 o'clock, the best type of developed manhood at 65 I have ever met. His hair was as white as the paper upon which I write. A gentleman of the high seas. Does one find them often? I fear not. He heard my story patiently, looked me over carefully, then told me to sign the register. I thanked him as never a man was thanked before.

The next morning, with a "Ho, my lads!" we weighed anchor and dropped into the China Sea. Borneo, Sumatra, Java, South Africa, St Helena, Bermuda and at last New York. Eighteen thousand miles a sailor before the mast. Four months upon the high seas.

That is the way I left China.

Newark, NJ April 28 1900

Editor *News*:

Four months ago today, December 28th, I was in the American consulate's office at Hong Kong, seated opposite me was a rather good-looking fellow, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, with dark brown hair and darker eyes, while a self-satisfied expression lingered around the ends of his droopy moustache. His was not an ordinary face so I began to wonder who he might be, when Mr. Wilderman, the consulate, turned and said, "And now, Lieut. Hobson, how about the dry dock at Manila?" Eureka! For the last ten minutes I had been sitting within as many feet of the Prince of the Kissing Bugs and did not know it. The sea may go dry, but it cannot surprise me now.

The next time I went to the consulate's office I met Captain Pendleton of the American packet *Mary L Cushing*. He was one of those great big whole-hearted red whiskered fellows, whom the world respects and everybody loves. I told him I wanted to go to South Africa, and wouldn't he take me? After I finished, he said, "Where are you from?" "Nebraska," I replied. He whistled softly through his teeth, "What won't those Nebraska fellows do next. Does not Bryan belong to Nebraska?" I nodded my head. "And now, my young friend," he continued, "I am going to overlook that great sin, and take you along with me." I jumped about three feet in the air, gave his hand a tremendous shake, and signed for the trip, and there commenced my first and I think the last voyage as a sailor before the mast.

The next morning, with a "ho, my lads, the wind blows free," we went chantering around the capstan, lifted the ponderous anchor from its bed and sailed from Hong Kong harbor, on the long voyage over the high seas. The first land we sighted was the Malayan coast, and then we sailed through famous waters, where many a good ship has met her doom at the hands of the notorious East Indian pirates, during the early part of the last

century, and I looked upon those rocky points where the skull and crossbones floated from the flagstaff in all its glory a hundred years ago.

We soon reached Sumatra and dropped anchor off the Java coast at Angie Point. In 1886 the city of Angie disappeared during an earthquake and 30,000 lives were lost. This was caused by the great Crack-a-to volcano, which is always in a state of eruption. I shall never forget it. For an entire day I watched the molten matter run down its furrowed sides, while the air was full of sickening, choking odors.

To ride peacefully at anchor fifteen fathoms above 30,000 graves makes one feel queer. I saw a skull in the shallow water along the beach; some little fish had made it their home and were swimming in and out of this strange abode. The sea was just as clear, the hills were just as green, but the story of yesterday shone from those bony sockets.

On January 12th, the wind blowing strong from the north, we hoisted the anchor, pulled the great yardarms around and sailed into the Indian Ocean. I was standing on the main deck when the skipper sang out, "bring aft the large fish hook." The ship's carpenter brought it; it was quickly baited, made fast to a inch Manila rope and thrown overboard. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed before there was a tremendous pull and the fight commenced. An eight foot shark is not the easiest thing to land, and it took seven men to put that fellow safe on deck, where I had the glory of giving him the finishing touch with a knife, back of his shoulder. It was exciting work.

One morning it dawned clear and bright, not a cloud floated across the sky while the southern sun shone down in all her tropical fury. Becalmed at last on a sea that shone like an endless mirror, those broad sheets of canvas flapped dismally against the masts, and there, for two long weeks we lay. It was a beautiful sight, but one that certainly tries a fellow's patience, for the most helpless thing in the world is a great sailing ship becalmed at sea. The long-looked-for trade winds came at last, the ropes in the rigging sang merrily in the breeze, and away we went. In a week we passed Madagascar and were drawing near the African coast. Several days we sped along the shore until we

reached Cape Town at the Cape of Good Hope; there the sea became heavy and from fair winds there sprung a gale. Great mountains of water, deep valleys of green below- one moment to look down into the sea a hundred yards, next to see the waves break high above my head, then to listen to those timbers groan. Then I looked at the captain, who always stood by the wheel house; a shadow of a smile played on his face. Well, I thought, if the owner of the ship is not afraid, I certainly have no cause to fear. But going around the Cape of Good Hope at fifteen knots through a mad, mad sea, was a thrilling experience and one that shall never grow dim.

Off the African coast British battleships and transports were coming in from all directions. No bands were playing, troops were disembarking and silently marching toward the interior. It was the silence of war, that is, war where mortals think but do not laugh.

Fifteen hundred miles more and we reached St Helena, where the great Napoleon passed his last hours in miserable captivity. He was buried here, where the body remained for several years; there is the grave where once he lay. You may look at the place where he looked between steel bars- the man who made the whole world tremble. Some one has said, "He had no motive save ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of her idolatry." Somebody has chiselled in the rock by his grave, "Let me kneel at her shrine, rather than have no ambition." Bravo! I say. But thanks to the country that gave him birth, he now rests in the most beautiful palace on earth, in the marble crypt beneath the golden dome of the Hotel des Invalides in Paris. How different the grave of today and that of ninety years ago.

Hundreds of Boer prisoners are stationed here and I think St Helena will be their home for many days to come, for such a natural prison only birds can leave - one great rock rising steep from the sea.

We crossed the equator on March 25th, we were all on deck. I looked aft and saw the skipper, with his nose high in the air, trying to get a whiff of the northeast trades. He turned to the mate and said, "I tell you, that Yankee breeze feels good, after being in

China for a twelvemonth." Then I heard him singing:

There she breezes, there she blows,
All dressed up in her Sunday clothes.

then the mate yelled out, "All hands to the port braces! Give them one long savage pull," and away we went.

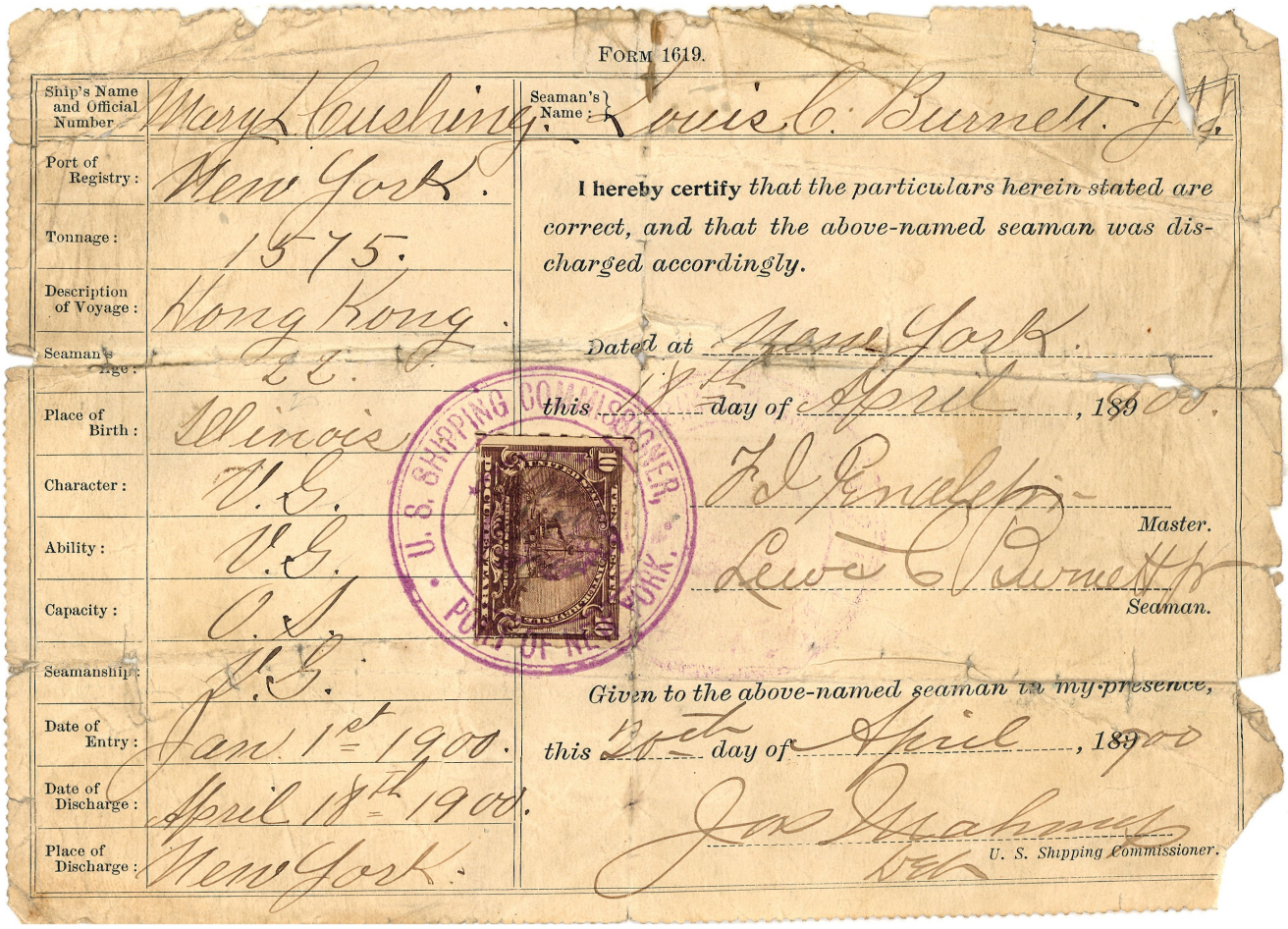
Off the coast of Bermuda a northwestern struck us and came very near putting the ship to the bottom. But, thanks to good luck, we came out all right. For three days we beat against a ferocious wind, and on the evening of the third a squall carried away part of our sails; with a farewell shriek though the rigging it went screaming over the white caps. The norwester had broken. We were safe.

On the morning of April 17th a heavy fog settled down; the ship was running at about six knots, all hands were on deck. The fog broke a little just then and a small boat was sighted. "Pilot boat!" sand out the mate. The skipper sprang into the cabin, grasped a lighted torch and waved it round and round. The boat came alongside, the pilot sprang on the ladder and over the ship's side, grasped the wheel and sent her hard to port. 'Twas the beginning of the end. New York, thirty miles.

We soon passed the great guns at Sandy Hook; to the right loomed the mighty Brooklyn Bridge; to the left the Goddess of Liberty waved her torch on high. Before us stood the second largest city in the world - in the distance the best country the sun has ever shone upon. Do you wonder because I was happy? And then I remembered an Italian I met away down in the southern seas. He recognized me at once as an American. "*Americano*?" I answered yes. He looked toward the sky and muttered "*Dios esla*" - God's land. I looked again and understood, America - God and nature's masterpiece.

The ship gave a lurch, the anchor struck the water with a mighty splash and the

this is a discharge certificate for Lewis Burnett's son Lewis Jr (Lewie) when he ended his 'trip around the world."



FORM 1619.

Ship's Name and Official Number	Mary L. Cushing
Port of Registry:	New York.
Tonnage:	1575.
Description of Voyage:	Hong Kong.
Seaman's Age:	22 Y. O.
Place of Birth:	Illinois
Character:	U. S.
Ability:	U. S.
Capacity:	O. S.
Seamanship:	U. S.
Date of Entry:	Jan. 1st 1900.
Date of Discharge:	April 18th 1900.
Place of Discharge:	New York.

Seaman's Name: Lewis C. Burnett. Jr.

I hereby certify *that the particulars herein stated are correct, and that the above-named seaman was discharged accordingly.*

Dated at New York.

this 18th *day of* April, 1900.

F. D. Pendleton
Master.

Lewis C. Burnett Jr
Seaman.

U.S. SHIPPING COMMISSIONER. PORT OF NEW YORK.

Given to the above-named seaman in my presence,

this 20th *day of* April, 1900

Jos Isaacs
U. S. Shipping Commissioner.

chain went tearing through the wildcats as it sank into the deep.

The sails are silent now: and sixteen thousand miles a sailor before the mast only linger in that place we all call memory.

Lou Burnett