

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel  
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust  
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Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
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Chamberlain Tersteegen Gilm Grillparzer Georgy  
Brentano Claudius Schiller Lafontaine Kralik Iffland Sokrates  
Strachwitz Bellamy Schilling Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil  
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus  
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke  
Nestroy Marie de France  
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelnatz  
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz  
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
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# **An Epoch in History**

P. H. Eley

# Imprint

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*Very truly,  
P. H. Ely.*

TO MY MOTHER,  
whose tender love and devotion for me are ever unchanged, I  
dedicate this book.



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## **PREFACE.**

It was the good fortune of the author to take part in a movement without precedent in the history of the world, and the incidents concurrent with, together with those subsequent to that movement, have furnished the material for this book. It has been the object of the writer to weave into the story of his actual experiences an account of those things which are as yet an unexplored field in the realm of letters. The work is submitted to the reader in the hope that it will prove to be pregnant with interest to those who are in sympathy with great movements and to those who listen with delight to stories of personal experiences in distant lands and among strange peoples.

The Author.

The Virginia Polytechnic Institute, April, 1904.

## CHAPTER I.

## AN EPOCH IN HISTORY.

Few people pause to think that Tuesday, the twenty-third day of July, nineteen hundred and one, not only placed a mile-stone on the road of civilization, but also marked an epoch in the history of the world.

That day placed a mile-stone on the road of civilization because it saw the culmination of one of the greatest movements ever attempted in behalf of common school education. It marked an epoch in the history of the world because, for the first time within the knowledge of man, a conquering people, instead of sending battalions of soldiers to hold the conquered in subjection, sent a carefully selected body of men and women to carry to them the benefits of a highly developed society.

It was on this day that the United States Government sent from San Francisco four hundred and ninety-nine trained men and women to establish throughout the Philippine Islands a system of free public schools.

The ball on the tower of the Ferry Building in San Francisco had just fallen, announcing the hour of noon on the one hundred and twentieth meridian, when the propellers began revolving and the United States Army Transport "Thomas" swung out into the middle of the bay, where it dropped anchor for a few moments while some belated boxes of lemons and a few other articles were added to the equipment of the steward's department.

The anchor was again on its way to the surface when a row-boat driven by four oarsmen with drawn muscles and clenched teeth glided in under the bow of the ship. Its passenger, a belated teacher who at the last moment had wandered from the pier, was shouting for some one to throw him a rope, and a few moments later our last passenger whose silvery hair little indicated the probability of such a blunder was landed in a heap on the deck. Our ship was now under way and soon passed out of the Golden Gate bearing on and between her decks the largest number of teachers as well as the largest cargo of pedagogical equipment that any vessel in the history of the world ever bore to a foreign land to instruct an alien peo-

ple. Late in the afternoon five whales came up and spouted and played around us. We passed on and as their fountains of spray disappeared in the distance the sun sank down to pay his wonted devotion before the shrine of night. We were alone.

9By good fortune we went by way of the Hawaiian Islands and touched at Honolulu. We entered the harbor in the first faint light of the coming morn while the moon still shone with resplendent glory just above the nearer rim of the old extinct volcanic crater lying just behind the town. High points of land lay around us on three sides, while across the bay soft billowy clouds completed an enchanting circle from the spell of which none of us wished ever to escape.

No traveler who lands at Honolulu will feel unrequited for his time and his money should he visit two places in the vicinity of the town. The first is the *Pali* and the second, 10the Bishop Museum of Polynesian Ethnology.

The first is a gigantic precipice, reached by a few hours ride from the city by horse. As one reaches the precipice, there spreads out before him at a dizzying depth below a verdant plain, bounded in the distance by an emerald sea. The wind which always blows in tropical countries is gathered in between the long projecting arms of a mountain chain and rushes over the face of cliff with such force that it is said by travelers to be one of the strongest continual winds on the globe.

The Bishop Museum of Polynesian Ethnology contains the finest collection in existence of things 11illustrating the life and customs of Polynesia. Among other things, the visitor is shown the personal god of war of that sovereign whose grand-child was the last to hold the sceptre of the Kanakas. There are royal documents to prove that more than one thousand men have been beheaded before this grim-faced old idol. Here, too, is the famous robe of birds' feathers, made to please the fancy of this same grim old monarch. The feathers of which this strange, but really elegant, robe is made are of a reddish color. The birds from which they were plucked were found only in the Hawaiian Islands and each bird had only four feathers, two being 12under each wing. The extinction of the bird is attributed to the making of this royal robe. So many of them were needed that hundreds of hunters were employed a score or more of years to

secure the number required. Placing the wages of the hunters at a reasonable figure, the value of the robe is over three hundred thousand dollars.

At Honolulu one sees also that famous sport of the South Sea Islanders, *surf-shooting*. The native wades far out into the surf with a long narrow board and then sits astride of it upon the surface of the water. As the long billows come rolling in, he places his board upon the convex surface of an advancing wave, then, with the poise of a rope-dancer, he places his weight properly upon the plank and is shot forward with precipitate rapidity.

Between Honolulu and Manila lies the imaginary line where the days of the week are supposed to begin and end. It has long been a custom among sailors to hold the "Revels of Neptune" on the night after a vessel crosses either the International Date Line or the Equator, and the ship is then turned over to the crew. Even the petty officers of the ship are not free from being made the objects of the sport, and passengers of especial prominence have often been treated to a bath in a tub of cold water or had their faces lathered with a broom as a shaving brush while a bar of old iron served the purpose of a razor.

A naval lieutenant on the battleship which conveyed Napoleon from London to St. Helena, writing to one of the court ladies in London, states that Napoleon offered the sailors four hundred dollars in gold and actually gave them eighty-five dollars to escape being ducked in a tub of cold water and shaved with a rough iron hoop when they crossed the equator.\*\* Century Magazine for September, 1889.

We reached the line on Thursday night and awoke a few hours later on Saturday morning, having lost a day in revelry.

## CHAPTER II.

## MANILA.

One would imagine the water of Manila Bay to be as tranquil as a lake should conclusions be drawn from its almost landlocked position. On the contrary, it is noted among sailors the world over for the roughness of its waters; and a breakwater behind which ships can lie in quiet and take on or discharge their cargoes is essential to the proper development of the city's shipping. But, so far as we were concerned, this was a possible joy of the future. So, one by one we descended the narrow stairway at the side of the ship, and then leaped at opportune moments to the decks of the dancing steam launches below. How it ever came to pass that each of us, ladies and all, in succession went through with this mid-air acrobatic performance without serious accident is a matter of profound wonder; but we did, and the launches when loaded danced away over the bay and entered the mouth of the Pasig River. At the wharf we were informally introduced to a crowd of curious natives. The men wore hat, shirt, and pants, and some of them wore shoes. The women wore a sort of low-necked body with great wide sleeves and a skirt not cut to fit the body, but of the same size at both bottom and top, the upper end not being belted or tied, but just drawn tightly around the waist and the surplus part knotted and tucked with the thumb under the part already wrapped around the body. The long, black, glossy hair of the young women hung loosely down their backs, in many cases reaching below the hips—heads of hair that almost any lady would be proud to own. Many of the women had in their mouths long poorly-made cigars that were wrapped and tied with small white threads to hold them together while the lady owners chewed and pulled away with vigor at the end opposite the fire.

<sup>18</sup>The time of our landing was in the midst of the rainy season, and our clothing each morning when we arose to dress was as wet as if it had just come from a wringer. Our underclothing could be drawn on only with difficulty and the excessive disagreeableness of the feeling added no little to the discomfort of the situation.

When the Spaniard, attracted by riches of these distant islands that he had named for his King Philip, built the city of Manila, he

modeled it after the mediaeval towns of his European home. And it is well that he did so, for, if we give credence to the city's history, its early life was not one of undisturbed quiet. Not to mention the sea-rovers of those early times who paid their piratical respects to the town, legend has it that this old wall has saved the city on two separate occasions from bands of Moros sweeping northward from the southern islands. So Manila consists of two parts, the city "intra muros" and the new city which has sprung up around it.

It was on the morning following our landing that I first stood upon the old stone bridge that for one hundred and fifty years has borne the traffic between the old city and the new. The strokes of eight o'clock were pealing forth from the tower of a neighboring *ecclesia* when I purposely took this station that I might see the current of Manila's life when flowing at its height.

At short intervals along the entire length of the bridge stood in its center a line of well-shaped American policemen in neat *Khaki* uniforms and russet leather leggins. Thousands of pedestrians were pouring across the bridge in a ceaseless stream. Between the two lines of pedestrians moved in opposite directions two lines of vehicles and carts. It was indeed a cosmopolitan mixture of people. There were English bankers, French jewelers, German chemists, Spanish merchants, foreign consuls, officers and privates of the American army, seamen from foreign warships lying in the bay, Chinese of all classes and conditions from silk-clad bankers to almost naked coolies trotting along with burdens swung over their shoulders. There were Japanese, and East India merchants from Bombay and Calcutta, and, finally, all classes and conditions of Filipinos apparently representing all of the seventeen separate branches of the race,—each individual in this wonderful stream following the channel of his own necessities.

In the river beneath were steam launches towing all kinds of small crafts. Along the bank of the stream below the bridge were inter-island steamers packed so closely along the shore that one could almost have stepped from one to another. Into every nook and corner between the steamers were crowded small odd looking boats loaded with native produce over which the owners kept up an incessant chatter.

All of us remained in Manila for about two weeks awaiting assignment to our stations. One may well imagine our consternation on awaking one morning about the end of the second week to find the following notice posted throughout all our quarters:

All teachers not assigned to the city of Manila or to Iloilo should supply themselves with the following articles:

1. 23One bed, or folding cot,
2. One oil stove,
3. One lamp,
4. Enough supplies of all kinds sufficient for six months,
5. Pots, pans, kettles, etc.

It is needless to say that positions in Manila and Iloilo were now at a premium.

Was it possible that teachers were to be sent to places where even the necessities of life could not be obtained! Was it possible that many would be sent to places so remote that for six months no fresh supplies could be gotten! A mass meeting was held at once, and a committee was appointed to send a cablegram to the Associated Press<sup>24</sup> petitioning aid from the American people at large. Realizing what consternation would be created throughout the United States by such a message, two of the teachers leaped into a carriage at the close of the meeting and a few moments later were closeted with the chief executive of the department. As a result the committee was persuaded not to send the cablegram to the Associated Press until by courtesy it had been sent to the President. Of course, this diplomatic move tided affairs over and the teachers who had flatly refused to budge from Manila now agreed to go on to their stations, being assured that whatever action was best would be taken.

<sup>25</sup>The day had come when we must separate. We were to enter an untried and an unknown field. It was fitting that we have a final joyous meeting, so the best orchestra in the archipelago was engaged and we "chased the hours with flying feet" until dawn so that whatever might come to us in that unknown future upon which

we were entering each would hold in pleasant memory our last evening together.

## CHAPTER III.

