

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott  
Turgenev Wallage 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  
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier  
Garschin Defoe Descartes Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder  
Damaschke Wolfram von Eschenbach Dickens Schopenhauer Bebel Proust  
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Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot  
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy  
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius  
Chamberlain Langbein Lafontaine Iffland Sokrates  
Brentano Claudius Schiller Bellamy Schilling Kralik Raabe Gibbon Tschchow  
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius  
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke  
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist  
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil  
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Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus Moltke  
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo  
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht  
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz  
von Ossietzky Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving  
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# **The Battle of Bayan and Other Battles**

James Edgar Allen

# Imprint

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series.

Author: James Edgar Allen

Cover design: toepferschumann, Berlin (Germany)

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg (Germany)

ISBN: 978-3-8491-5652-7

[www.tredition.com](http://www.tredition.com)

[www.tredition.de](http://www.tredition.de)

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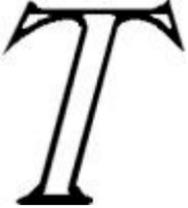
The facts, as related in this little volume, actually occurred on the dates herein mentioned, and anyone doubting the authenticity of this statement can easily verify it by communicating with any of the persons mentioned within these pages, or by consulting the files of any leading Newspaper or Magazine, nearly all of which published accounts of the affairs shortly after they occurred.

### **The Authors.**



## THE SOLDIER'S DEATH IN MINDANAO.

(By John J. Reidy.)



*he lone shades of evening have fallen o'er the white tented plain,  
And the sun has sank deep in the horizon of the watery main.  
The Camp is all silent, the banners are waving no more,  
And the sound of the waves are echoing from the far distant shore.*

*The tire-worn soldier, fatigued from the march of the day,  
Is silently sleeping and dreaming of scenes far away.  
Of his own Native Land where he spent many jovial hours,  
Of the sweetheart with whom he has roved by the shady green bow-  
ers.*

*He sees in his dreams the cherished home of his boyhood so dear,  
And the mother he loved as she sits by the fireside in tears.  
She is thinking of him who has gone from her side to the war  
To fight the bold Moros in Mindanao's island afar.*

*She is patiently waiting for the bright day of gladness to come,  
When with arms outstretched she will welcome the warrior home.  
But lo, as the darkness grows denser in Mindanao's heights,  
The loud pealing of cannons is heard in the dark stilly night.*

[8]

*The trump'ter's call, echoing loud through the hills and ravines,  
Has aroused the brave soldier from the joy of his whimsical dreams.  
He has joined his brave comrades who have formed in line for the  
fray,  
Then he thinks of his mother, his sweetheart and home far away.*

*The battle commences, loud crashes the bolos and spears  
And the gleam of the bayonets shine forth like the stars in the sea.*

*Colonel Baldwin's command is now heard by the brave and the bold,  
As onward they charge like lions leaping mad at a fold.*

*They meet in hot conflict, they bleed in the midst of the strife,  
For their country's freedom, for their glory, their honor and life.  
The battle is over amid cheers from the victors of war,  
But alas, one brave hero has fallen with many a scar.*

*Bleeding he lays on the field in his anguish and pain,  
Whose dreams were of home, of the loved one he will never see again.  
He pictures, in anguish, his mother in sorrow and gloom,  
Vainly waiting for him who will never return to his home.*

*The black cloud of death darkens o'er the young soldier so brave,  
Then he dies, and with honor is borne to his rest in the grave.  
But the mother waits on, no news from the young hero comes,  
For he sleeps with the brave where he fell, in a warrior's tomb.*

[9]

## PREFACE.



n after years, especially when one has lived to survive a great battle, it is sometimes a pleasant thing to be able to recall to memory the scenes of by-gone days. But this cannot always be done in the desired form without some outside aid. Accordingly, this little volume is published for that very purpose, and the authors earnestly hope that it will meet with the approval of all those who were fortunate enough to survive those memorable events.

It has been the aim of the authors to give an unbiased description of the Battles, just as they occurred, and it is expressly desired that the public as well may derive some satisfaction from a perusal of the following pages.

[11]



## **THE BATTLE OF BAYAN AND OTHER BATTLES.**

[13]



THE

## BATTLE OF BAYAN.

(PART FIRST.)

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.



As I sit here on the demolished walls of Fort Pandapatan, contemplating the magnificent scene spread out before me, my mind reverts to that awful Battle fought on the 2d of May of this year, which was rightfully designated by General Adna R. Chaffee as the hardest fought battle of the entire Philippine insurrection. And as I look down the grassy slopes of Pandapatan hill, and across the open towards Binidayan hill, on which once [14] stood that impregnable Moro stronghold, Fort Binidayan, I can see in fancy those advancing lines of determined men and hear the awful screech of flying projectiles, just as if that terrible drama of reality were being enacted over again for my own especial benefit.

And while I am in the mood and have the inspiration to do so, I shall endeavor to convey to the reader a slight conception of what the Battle was like, and how it appeared to me on that eventful day, and which will go down in history as one of the most glorious feats of American arms.

I can see again, in fancy, that column of determined fighting men, at the head of which rode General (then Colonel) Frank D. Baldwin, struggling over the slippery mountain trails, fording the swift running rivers, and sweltering [15] in the hot tropical sun, just as they did on April 17, 18, and 19, 1902.

It does not seem that several months have elapsed since General Chaffee issued an ultimatum to the Sultan of Bayan and other lead-

ing Moros of the Lake region, demanding the surrender of several Moro tribesmen for the murder of Pvts. Lewis and Mooris of the 27th Infantry, in March last, and for the return of several horses which had been deliberately stolen from Lieut. Forsyth, 15th Cavalry, at Buldoon, a small village in the mountains along the south coast of Mindanao.

When General Chaffee visited the little town of Malabang in the early part of April, inviting the Sultans and Dattos of the Lake region to come in and hold a friendly conference with him, little did he dream that he was taking [16] the first step in what was to be one of the most aggressive campaigns ever inaugurated.

But when, instead of complying with the terms of the ultimatum, the Moros insolently replied to it and defied the Americans to come and fight, General Chaffee realized then that the situation was grave indeed, and accordingly telegraphed to Washington immediately for permission to proceed to the Lake region and administer a lesson to the recalcitrant Sultans and Dattos.

But it was not until after much delay that the War Department reluctantly gave permission to proceed against the Moros, and General Chaffee was cautioned not to go to the extreme of warfare, until every peaceful method had been exhausted. [17]

## **THE FIRST ADVANCE.**

Preparations were at once begun; an expedition was formed and got in readiness, and on April 17, 1902, six companies of the 27th Infantry, two troops of the 15th Cavalry, and the 25th Battery of Field Artillery started for the interior of Mindanao, which had, as yet, never been explored by white men.

The troops constituting that column were, for the most part, raw material, having been organized but a short time previous to the time of which I write, and had as yet seen but little of active service.

But it must not be imagined that they were all inexperienced in warfare, for in its ranks were many who had either transferred from other organizations or who had voluntarily enlisted in [18] these organizations, and who had seen service in more than one war.

It is needless to narrate how the column marched over the first great mountain range which follows along the southern coast in a parallel line, and then on to the enemy infested region about Lake Dapao, which is but a forerunner of a more impregnable region, and which is now gradually resuming its former peaceful aspect, and which in time will develop into one of the most productive regions in the Philippine Archipelago.

## **THE ENEMY ENCOUNTERED.**

Suffice it to say that after three days of hardships and privation, those troops, constituting what was known as the "Lake Lanao Expedition," encountered the enemy on a bit of rising ground at a place known as Gadungan, and [19] after two engagements fought, one there, and one at a place known as Fort Pualos, a camp was established in that vicinity and negotiations with the Moros were renewed.

These were but preliminary engagements and were merely fore-runners of what was to come.

After a useless delay and fruitless attempt to restore peace, the column again advanced, this time for the Bayan Forts.

On May 1 the little army of American troops arrived at a point on the south-eastern shore of Lake Lanao, overlooking the Lake and in sight of the enemy's stronghold.

At this juncture Brigadier General George W. Davis, commanding the Seventh Separate Brigade, and who had been designated by General Chaffee to personally [20] accompany the expedition, arrived from Malabang after making a flying trip across the mountains.

A temporary camp was established and General Davis prepared messages in Arabic writing, which were immediately sent to the Sultan of Bayan, demanding his surrender by noon of May 2, or suffer the consequences.

These messages are known to have been delivered but they were not replied to.

## **PRELIMINARY FIRING.**

During the night of May 1, the American outposts were fired upon frequently by the Moros, but they did not reply to the fire of the enemy.

At daylight camp was broken, and the column pushed ahead in the direction of Bayan. [21]

The column was halted about one half mile from the first fort.

The Moro outposts opened fire on the Americans, but they were not replied to.

The Americans were waiting for twelve o'clock.

About one thousand yards to the right and front was a small clump of bamboo, several natives appeared there, firing a few shots and flourishing their weapons, all the time yelling like mad.

It was now plainly seen that the Moros were determined to have war.

The Artillery was brought into play and trained on the clump of bamboo on the right, also Fort Binidayan, which was situated on the crest of a high hill about fifteen hundred yards distant.

Those were indeed moments of suspense for those gallant troops, but [22] not a shot was fired by them, although they were under an almost constant fire from the enemy.

## **HOSTILITIES BEGIN.**

But just at twelve o'clock, General Davis stepped forward, watch in hand, and took one long, lingering look in the direction of Fort Binidayan, and then, not seeing any signs of a peace envoy, but, on the contrary, every indication of hostility, he turned slowly to Captain W. S. McNair, of the 25th Battery, and gave the signal to "let her go."

"Boom," echoed the little mountain guns, and away went a shrapnel screaming across the open and just three and six-tenths seconds after, exploded immediately over the fort.

Instantly figures were seen hurrying to and fro about the fort. [23]

"Boom!" went another, this time at the clump of bamboo on the right.

A puff of smoke, and then,—a cloud of dust immediately in front of the bamboo—told the tale only too well to the gunners.

The battle of the Bayan forts had begun.

Quick movements were observed here and there, companies were being assigned their positions, orders were being transmitted like lightning from point to point, and in less time than it takes to narrate it, that body of men were swung into action like the pendulum of a clock.

## **DESTRUCTION OF BINIDAYAN.**

The work of demolishing the Binidayan Fort had now begun in earnest, companies "F" and "G" of the 27th Infantry advanced in line of skirmishers, [24] while the Artillery continued a slow fire on the Fort, company "H" joined "F," and crossed the intervening ridge and then through the little valley, while "G" went off to the right, to flank Binidayan and at the same time to make a demonstration against Fort Pandapatan, which was to the right and rear of Binidayan.

Fort Pandapatan was the second fort known as the system of Bayan forts, of which there are four.

At the base of the Binidayan hill the Infantry halted for an instant, and then started up the hill in a long, thin line of skirmishers, with determination written in their faces.

It was the initial event of the kind for many of them, but every head was erect, every man in his place.

There was not a bit of confusion, simply an orderly line of men coming up to do battle. [25]

They were under a constant fire from the enemy while they were advancing but they did not reply to them until they were close enough to plainly distinguish the heads of the Moros bobbing up and down in the trenches which surrounded the Fort.

They laid down prone on the ground then and poured a withering fire into the fort and trenches, which quickly routed the enemy.

## **THE CHARGE.**

Suddenly, back on the ridge where the Artillery were stationed the clear notes of a bugle were heard, sounding "Charge."

Instantly those blue shirted figures away up on the grassy slope, rose as if by magic, and then pressed forward and upward, with a yell that was sufficient in itself to route the enemy, and it did [26] route them, for the Moros were fleeing and falling back on Fort Pandapatan by hundreds.

The troops reached the very walls and there paused for an instant — to gain breath, then a command rang out, clear and cool, and it seemed that one mighty wave swept on and over the walls, and in an instant more, those standing back on the ridge where the Artillery was, saw "Old Glory" unfurled to the breeze from the shattered walls of Fort Binidayan.

The first position of the enemy had been taken without loss to the Americans.

But not so fortunate for the Moros, for here and there a mangled body of a dusky warrior dotted nature's carpet, some already dead, others breathing their last, but stubbornly defying the Americans to do their worst. [27]

At this stage of the battle there came a distinct lull in the firing, and both sides took advantage of it to "take a hitch" and prepare for the real battle, which was yet to come.

During this lull the Artillery closed up and took their new position on Binidayan hill, a little to the south of the fort.

Floating over Fort Pandapatan there were no less than twenty large red flags.

Most of the Moros had already fallen back on this stronghold and they could plainly be seen, throwing up extra intrenchments.

It was now two o'clock and the real work was about to begin.

Companies "E" and "F" started straight down the Binidayan hill in the direction of Pandapatan, while "B" Company was sent to the right. [28]

After the Infantry had crossed the little valley in front, the Artillery opened up and the big fight was on.

### **THE REAL BATTLE BEGINS.**

The shell and shrapnel flew fast and furious from those little mountain guns, accompanied by the music of the "Kraggs."

On and on, nearer and nearer up the hillside came the crash of advancing troops, smothering other unseen trenches on their way, until by nightfall there was not a rifle but could shove its muzzle into the very face of the trench behind which the Moro warriors laid in waiting, peering down the slope between the explosions for something they feared more than the whistling fragments of Krupp shells—the blue-shirted form of the silent American soldier, with [29] whom the Moros knew the ultimate issue rested.

### **EXCEPTIONAL COURAGE.**

On they came, however, up the hill, silent and straight, hundreds of them, right into the open below the trench from behind which the Moros delivered a withering fire and gasped at the folly of the Americans.

Up and up they came, the lower lantacas blasting them off the face of the earth, but still they rushed on and upward against the frowning walls.

The mountain guns howled and roared over them, the walls grew troubled and shaky, falling in and falling out, dimly seen between the curtain of smoke and sheet of flame whirling about the leaping stones.

But steady eyes were gleaming where they could through the sheets of [30] fire, and steady fingers were pulling triggers rapidly and incessantly.

The crash came unbroken and clearly heard from the midst of the uproar thundering up at the trench, as if the shells were bursting

with a million rattling fragments, and down the slope were tumbling the blue-shirted figures, one under that tree, two over there by the big boulder, another here and a dozen more down there, and during the next two hours there was the most magnificent display of true courage and grit ever heard of or seen.

The Artillery roared in anger and anguish, but apparently of no avail, for the long streams of fire continued to pour from the fort with regular intervals, and more blue-shirted figures went tumbling down the hill.

But this did not continue very long, for the Artillery turned loose all its little [31] dogs of war and they barked fiercely and hurled death projectiles into the fort and trenches with renewed vigor.

Think how you would feel if a person should hurl a stone at you with a tremendous shout.

Multiply the stone and shout by twenty millions, add fire and smoke and nauseous vapors, and imagine the earth trembling beneath your feet, with the air filled with screaming projectiles, even then you cannot imagine the terror of that Artillery assault.

## **DEFIANT TO THE LAST.**

But the fanatical Moros would not give up; there they stood in the very midst of that hurricane of death, calm, immovable, and indifferent to it all. Their resistance could not help but be admired as they stood there calm and defiant, against that advancing, enveloping [32] thunderstorm of musketry. But it must not be imagined that they were idle; far from it. If one can imagine taking a handful of pebbles and hurling them with a strong force against a pane of glass, then, and then only, can one imagine the whirlwind of bullets which the Moros were pouring into that little army of Americans out there in the open.

When it is considered that the Americans were out in the open storming this fort while the Moros were strongly fortified and deeply intrenched, the fierceness of the battle and the heroism of the troops can be imagined. Nothing like it had ever been seen before and nothing like it ever will be seen again. Regardless of bullets and the flying fragments of shell and shrapnel, Baldwin's men kept