

The Mataafa natives all the time kept up a constant fire on the retreating force, which was now on the march for the sea coast, leaving their dead and wounded on the field of battle. Numbers of the rebels were seen to be firing from coconut trees, where they had good positions for sharp shooting. Several of them were shot while up the trees, and in some cases the bullets went right through the trees and struck the native behind them.

The various British and American companies were by this time making across country for the beach, under a hot fire from the natives, who were all around them. The machine gun had to be left in the bush, with about 2000 rounds of ammunition.

The manner in which two American officers met their death was sad and touching. Lieut. Lansdale, Ensign Monaghan, and a small party of British and American bluejackets were together, soon after the gun jammed, when Mr Lansdale was shot through the leg. Ensign Monaghan and two American sailors tried to assist the officer and one of the sailors was then shot down. Lansdale told the other to retreat and save himself, which the man did. Hurst, a seaman belonging to H.M.S. Porpoise, then came up and heard Lansdale say that he was done for, and urge Monaghan to leave him. Monaghan, however, did not, but bravely stuck to his wounded friend, meeting his death heroically while endeavouring to protect Lansdale. A bullet struck Lansdale through the heart, and he fell dead. Monaghan, still defending himself, was shot through the breast a few seconds afterwards, and fell dead near the fellow officer whom he had stood by to the last.

The gun squad of which Mr Lansdale had charge was in the rear during the retreat, and therefore exposed to the heaviest fire.

As the retreating force approached the beach and came in view of H.M.S. Royalist, that vessel sent a shell into the place just vacated by the Europeans, and it burst in the middle of the rebels. A loud cheer was given by the survivors as they emerged into the open, and they then started to throw up earthworks on the beach. By this time it was dark. Communication was established with the Royalist, and the wounded (who had been carried or had walked through the bush) were taken off to the ship in boats.

Several more shells were fired by the Royalist into the bush and the Vailele plantation, but it was impossible to see what damage was done.

Mr Macdonald who guided a stretcher party through the bush towards the sea caught a horse at Ma-



TWO FIELD GUNS. THE NEAR ONE IS THE COLT AUTOMATIC WHICH "JAMMED" IN THE VAILELE ENGAGEMENT.

tautu and rode into Apia with the news. He met Capt. White of the Philadelphia and told him what had happened, and the captain at once signalled for reinforcements, which were landed from the British and American ships. The reinforcements at once marched out along the beach and met the retreating party. It was not known then that the American officers were killed; it was thought they might be in hiding, though wounded.

TAMASESE'S FORCE GOES OUT.

HEADLESS BODIES RECOVERED.

Tamasese, the vice-king, was sent for, and late the same night he and about 350 Malleton men went out to search at Vailele for the missing officers and men. Early on Sunday morning they returned, bringing in the bodies of seven dead. The bodies

of Lieut. Freeman, Lieut. Lansdale, and Ensign Monaghan were headless, these officers, who were recognised by the enemy as chiefs by their uniforms and swords, having been decapitated by Mataafa's men, according to Samoan custom. The ears were cut off the bodies of the dead sailors, and taken to Mataafa as a tally of the slain.

On Sunday afternoon some of the French Roman Catholic priests volunteered to go out to Mataafa's camp for the heads. Late in the afternoon they brought back the heads of the three officers wrapped in native mats. The heads were buried with the other remains of the officers. The funeral took place on Sunday at Malinua Point, the American chaplain reading the English burial service over the graves of those who died so bravely. All the Apia people attended the funerals, and the coffins were covered with flowers.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Those who contemplate taking a share in war as soldiers, correspondents, clergymen, or nurses, probably give an occasional thought to the possibility of being shot. I can satisfy curiosity as to the feeling of a Mauser bullet (writes Mr Edward Marshall in "The Cosmopolitan"). My narrative is based on one Mauser bullet which shot away part of my backbone.

When the Rough Riders ran into the ambulance in which Hamilton Fish and others lost their lives, I first emptied my revolver at the enemy, and, with an eye to the news for which I had come, began to look around and make notes. A royal palm tree under which I was standing seemed to shiver. I saw three or four bullet holes in it above my head. I felt a blow in the back. It was neither violent nor painful. It was as though a friend had given me a light blow in play. I fell down. To my surprise I could not get up. I had interrupted the course of a Mauser bullet.

Those who contemplate going to war, and those in the army who have not yet been shot, will be pleased to know that there is little pain immediately following a wound. The first persons to come to me were the Red Cross nurses to bandage me, and then a surgeon hauled me over and told me I had only a few minutes to live.

It is a fact that every man struck by a Mauser bullet, no matter how slightly or on what part of the body, drops instantly. It seems as though the enormous force behind the bullet administers to the nerves, wherever struck, a shock like that from a powerful electric battery. We could not wave our arms or make any other movement, but we could talk.

One chap said, "Let's sing a song to show those fellows we aren't dead." So we sang the "Star Spangled Banner," and another song with a good deal of the tune left out. Pretty soon I began to feel as if red hot needles were being stuck, slowly and deliberately, into my spine, from one end to the other. This part of my experience was not pleasant, and does not call for extended description. I have learned since that the burning sensation was due to small splinters of bone sticking in the spinal cord. Nobody showed any particular anxiety to avoid the bullets or made any particular fuss after coming in contact with one. Once you are shot you have the quiet numb feeling that the Mauser gives, and a general kind of an understanding with yourself that you will probably not be shot again for the present.



LAYING WASTE A NATIVE VILLAGE.

Photos by Davis.