

*The New York World*  
July 16, 1898

***Night Attacks on the Marines and A Brave Rescue***

Guantanamo, July 4.—Once upon a time there was a great deal of fighting between the marines and the guerillas here, and during that space things occurred.

The night attacks were heart-breaking affairs, from which the men emerged in the morning exhausted to a final degree, like people who had been swimming for miles. From colonel to smallest trumpeter went a great thrill when the dawn broke slowly in the eastern sky, and the weary band quite cheerfully ate breakfast, that scandalous military breakfast which is worst when men have done their best, advanced far or fought long. Afterward the men slept, sunk upon the ground in an abandon that was almost a stupor.

Lieutenant Neville, with his picket of about twenty men, was entirely cut off from camp one night, and another night Neville's picket and the picket of Lieutenant Shaw were cut off, fighting hard in the thickets for their lives. At the break of day the beleaguered camp could hear still the rifles of their lost pickets.

The problem of rescue added anxiety to the already tremendous anxiety of the fine old colonel, a soldier every inch of him. The guerillas were still lurking in the near woods, and it was unsafe enough in camp without venturing into the bush.

Volunteers from Company C were called for, and these seventeen privates volunteered: Boniface, Conway, Fitzgerald, Heilner, Harmson, Hemerie, Lewin, Mann, Mills, Monahan, Nolan, O'Donnell, Ryan, Riddle, Sinclair, Sullivan, W. A., and Smith, J. H.

They went out under Lieutenant Lucas. They arrived in Neville's vicinity just as he and his men, together with Shaw and his men, were being finally surrounded at close range. Lucas and his seventeen men broke through the guerillas and saved the pickets, and the whole body then fell back to Crest Hill. That is all there is to it.