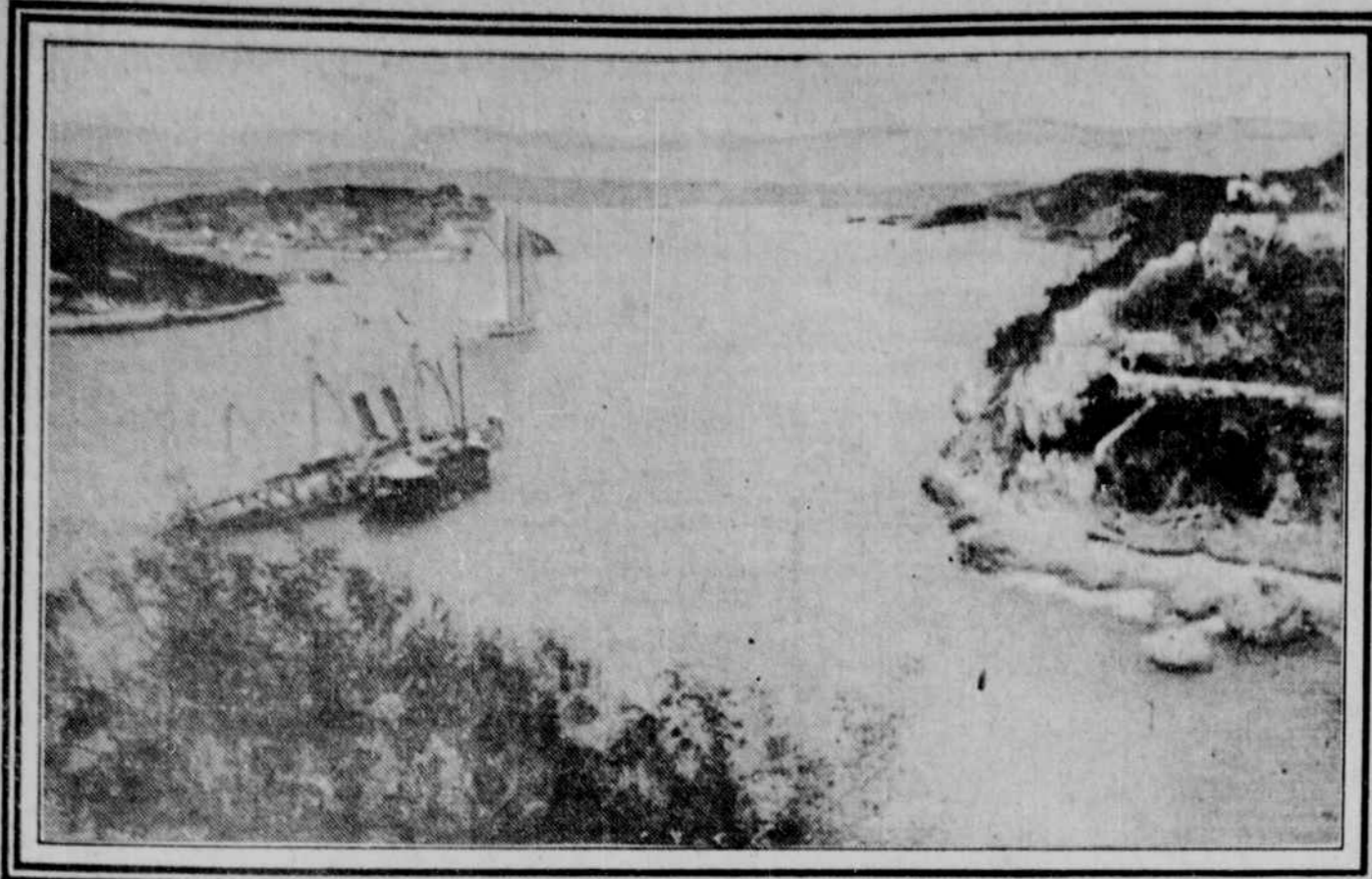


OFFICER TELLS ABOUT SMASHING SPANISH FLEET AT SANTIAGO



ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR SHOWING THE MERRIMAC SUNK IN CHANNEL

A Thrilling Description of the Most Decisive Victory in Annals of the American Navy—The Boyish Spirit and Enthusiasm of the Writer Give His Narrative an Irresistible Charm.

Continued from last Sunday.

By Lieut. Com. D. Pratt Mannix.

Off Guantanamo, July 1. We have come here to coal and will resume station as soon as the bunkers are filled.

This morning Captain McCalla (who is generally known in the fleet as the "King of Guantanamo Bay") and a Cuban colonel called on Captain Taylor. The Cuban said that the fire of the fleet had created a panic in the city; a number of the 15-inch shells struck in the public square and killed several people, among whom were two women. Cervera's sailors are fighting ashore under command of his chief of staff, principally as artillerists.

We are about a mile from the beach and can see the marine camp and also the tents of a body of insurgents down near the water.

Shortly after noon a report came that the long expected combined land and sea attack on Santiago had been commenced. We were simply wild, for our orders were not to rejoin the fleet until all coal bunkers had been filled.

It was noised out among the men that the great attack had been started and that we were momentarily expected that Cervera would be forced to come out of the harbor and fight. The watch off duty threw themselves into the lighters, and I have never seen anything like the way all hands worked, with the exception of those perpetrated by the heat not a man gave himself a moment's rest from shoveling and hoisting the bags in a choking cloud of coal dust under a tropical sun until the last ton went over the side and the empty bags were sent up filled with shovels.

Then the men dragged themselves back on board and fell completely exhausted wherever they happened to be.

By this time it was midnight and we shoved off the lighters and got under way for Santiago.

At 4 o'clock in the morning we cleared for action, and the whole fleet advanced on Morro. The bombardment lasted four hours and certainly was tremendous; we knocked over the Spanish flagstaff, but they immediately hoisted the flag on the stump. We were not hit; all the shells struck all around and several times splashed water on board.

The officers and men went to their battle stations just as they had come out of the coal lighters. I shall never forget the executive officer's messenger; every little while he would be sent on the run to the coming tower to report something to the navigator, and would stick his face, absolutely black with coal dust, through the little scuttle in the top. He looked for all the world like an old man in a minstrel troupe whose tambourine had been replaced by a cutlass and revolver.

THE BUSINESS OF WAR BREAKS UP DRESS PARADE.

Off Santiago, July 3. To-day, being the first Sunday of the month, the uniform was "dress white," and all hands were marched aft to the quarterdeck for general muster at 9:30 o'clock. It was the first time we had been thoroughly clean for a week, and everybody had his best clothes on. The divisions were massed, the officers had fallen in on the starboard side and the captain's writer was about to commence the muster, when a shot was fired from one of the vessels to the westward of us. For a few seconds there was absolute silence, every one standing as if stunned, and then Captain Taylor turned to the bugler at his elbow and said, "Sound general quarters." The first note of the bugle broke the spell, the ranks disappeared and a wild mob of 50 men dashed forward, fighting their way through the narrow casemate doors, up over the ladders to the superstructure and down through the quarterdeck hatches. Lieutenant H—, who commands the powder division, had to get his men to the lower decks through two narrow hatches; he shouted "Quick, or they will get away," and they literally threw themselves headlong down the ladders, regardless alike of their best clothes and their necks.

Up to this time I had been so dazed by the sudden and violent change in our regular Sunday routine that I didn't realize what was about to happen. I ran with the rest, unbuckling my sword belt as I went; when I got to my station I looked toward the harbor entrance for the first time and saw a long dark ship which had evidently just come out, speeding to the westward, her sides lighted by the rapid flashes of her guns. It was Cervera's flagship, the Maria Theresa. She was followed at short intervals by three other armored cruisers and two destroyers.

As the Indiana was the nearest ship in (except the Gloucester) and almost opposite the entrance, we received the first broadside from each of them in turn, and

projectiles. We were hit twice, but the water around the ship was alive with body knew it. It wasn't like a bombardment where you sometimes wondered where the next shell from the enemy was going to land. Every man on board had but one idea, not to let them get away.

I have never seen a more splendid picture than our secondary battery in action; the guns were mounted on a high rail, at least ten feet from the deck, and the men serving them have to stand on small gratings that are swung out inboard of the guns. Apart from being hit by the enemy, a fall from the gratings to the deck would be a very serious matter. The gun crews were stripped to the waist; they were men of splendid physique and fired shot after shot faster than could be counted; you could see in their faces that not one had a thought of himself; the one idea was not to let the enemy escape to the westward. They looked just like gladiators.

It wasn't unlike a big game of some kind; the guns would deliver a tremendous fusillade, great flames would spring up from the Spanish ships and our men would cheer like mad. At one time we were so close that we could see the enemy's men running around in crowds, apparently trying to put out fires that were constantly being rekindled by our shells.

About that time I came to myself sufficiently long to hear the electric bell from the top ringing violently; I put my ear to the mouthpiece, and C—, who was working the range finder up aloft, shouted down the tube, "Look out for the torpedo boats!" Under cover of the smoke we could see them heading to the eastward, apparently around our right flank, and going for all they were worth.

A SPANISH DESTROYER GOES DOWN LIKE A SHOT.

We turned all our secondary battery and some of the turret guns on them and at the same time signalled the Gloucester "Torpedo boats coming out." (We heard later that she had read this signal as "Gunboats close in.") She responded by dashing in through the smoke directly into our line of fire and engaging both destroyers close aboard. I could hear shouts all over the ship, "Look out for the Gloucester!" Before "Cease firing" could be sounded one of our large shells hit one of the destroyers; she stood directly on end and went down like a shot, leaving a few men struggling in the water. The other destroyer apparently had her steering gear shot away, for she commenced running around in circles,

tremendous fire from our ships and turned and ran astore, blazing fore and aft, their guns going off in every direction and ammunition exploding on their decks. As we passed the Oquendo ahead we had a splendid view of the Oregon to port, surging along at cruiser speed, a great green wave curling over her bow, and enveloped to her tops by the smoke from her guns.

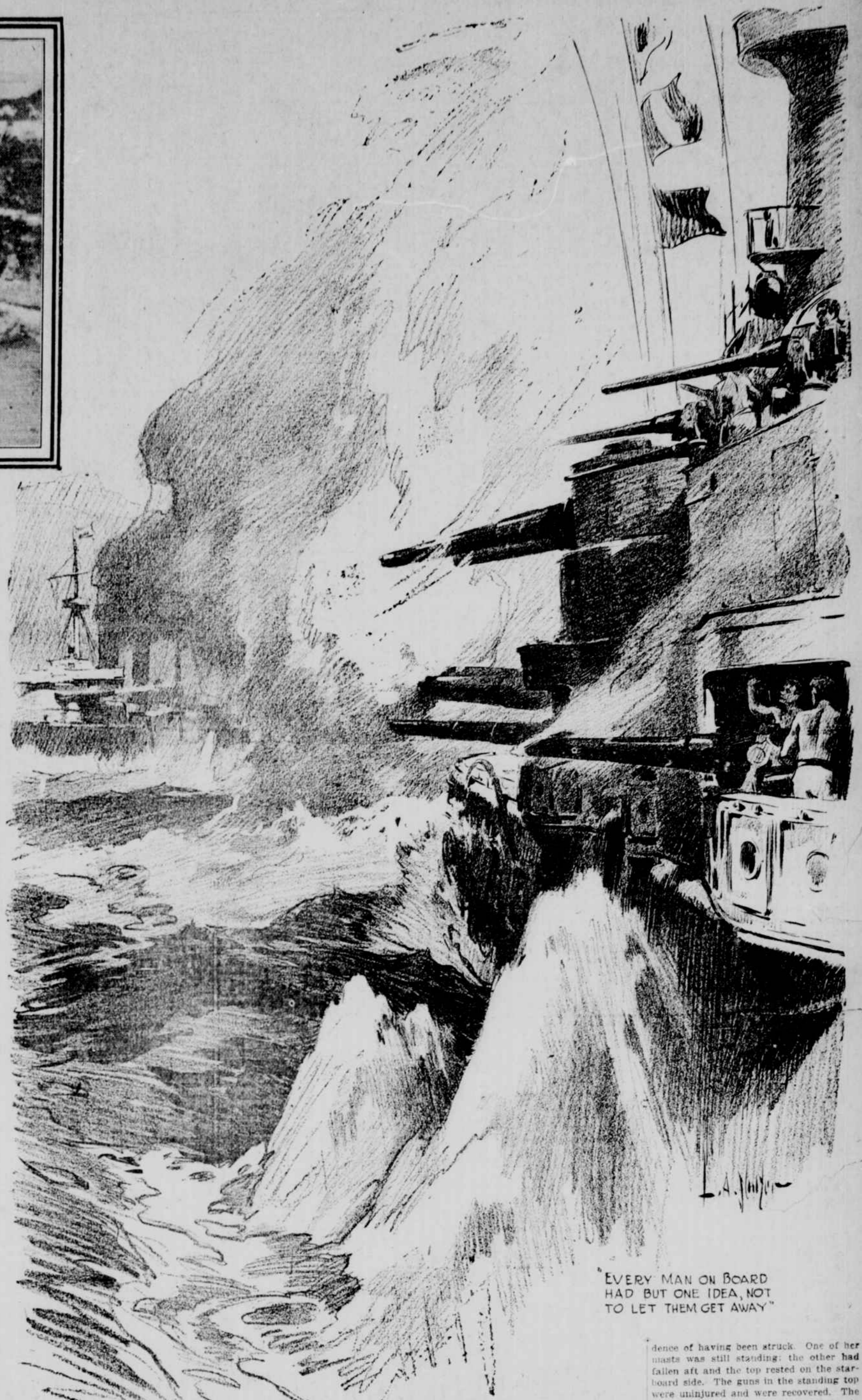
We were abreast the point where the Viscaya was blazing on the beach when the New York passed us, flying the signal "Go back to harbor entrance." We started back, and hadn't gone far when it was evident that something unusual was happening to the eastward.

A PANIC AND THE "ENEMY APPROACHING."

The transports and auxiliaries that we had left quietly at anchor were scattered and running in every direction amid the wildest confusion. It looked exactly like a panic-stricken crowd of people dashing madly about, getting in each other's way in their efforts to escape some danger. Finally we made out the Resolute (which, by the way, was loaded with explosives) running along with the signal "Enemy approaching" flying at the masthead. When she got within halting distance she reported that a first class Spanish battleship was coming from the eastward. The long expected Pelayo had apparently arrived at last. We started ahead as fast as we could go. The troop ships were scattering in all directions. A newspaper tug, the Hercules, came up and said she was a big battleship flying the Spanish flag. Captain Taylor asked if he had made out her name, but the newspaper man said he hadn't waited long enough for that.

When we passed the auxiliaries we hailed that a Spanish battleship was coming from the eastward and we were going to engage her. You should have heard the cheer they gave us. Finally we sighted her. She was an immense white ship. We got the range and trained all the guns. As we were the only American ship in twenty miles it was pretty exciting. We were sure that she was flying the Spanish flag, but just as "Commence firing" was about to be sounded she ran up an international signal, and we saw for the first time that she was an Austrian. Their flag is exactly like the Spanish, except the middle stripe, which is white instead of yellow. Their boarding officer came over in dress uniform, and I have never seen a more amazed person when

denied of having been struck. One of her masts was still standing; the other had fallen aft and the top rested on the starboard side. The guns in the standing top were uninjured and were recovered. The armored deck was covered with water to the depth of about four feet, and at every wave the water would rush through the after torpedo tube with considerable force, making it very difficult to recover anything.



EVERY MAN ON BOARD HAD BUT ONE IDEA, NOT TO LET THEM GET AWAY.



U.S. MARINES LANDING ON THE COAST, CUBA

he took in the condition of our ship and crew. He was escorted to the bridge, and for the first time heard that a battle had just been fought.

When Captain Taylor told him that Cervera's fleet was a thing of the past he was politely incredulous until he had a look through the quartermaster's long glass at

three blazing wrecks on the beach. We referred the Austrian captain to the commander in chief for further information, and started in toward the Theresa and the Oquendo. At the same time the torpedo boat Ericsson came up at full speed, jumping half her length out of the water as she topped the long

swells. She stopped abreast the bridge and said there had been a report that we were engaged with a Spanish battleship, and she had come to lend us a hand. She looked so diminutive alongside the mass of the Indiana that everybody shouted with laughter and then gave her a loud cheer.

Volunteers were called for to help rescue the Spanish sailors, and the boats were all but swamped by the crowds that rushed to get in them. Finally crews were made out for two cutters, which were sent in tow of the launch.

The Spanish ships were blazing fiercely and there were constant explosions. Many of the guns had been left loaded, and they went off as the fire reached them. The men crowded to the rails, and as the fire scorched them from behind threw themselves overboard. They are not a "sea-going" outfit and very few of them could swim. Many were terribly wounded and scores were doubtless burned alive, for there was very little chance for a disabled man. Boats from all the American ships assisted in the rescue work.

PUTTING DUMB ANIMALS OUT OF SUFFERING.

F—, of my class, did a very gallant thing on the Theresa. Anticipating a long sea voyage, the Spanish had a number of live oxen on each of their ships. As the fires spread these animals pushed their way right up into the eyes of the ships, and being unable to go further were being burned alive. F— saw how they were suffering, ordered his boat alongside, and in spite of the flames and explosions, climbed up a rope to the deck and shot them with his revolver. He certainly ought to get a humane society medal. So far all he has received has been a lot of jollying about his "slaughter house."

I went on board the Theresa. Everything that could possibly burn or fuse was completely destroyed. There was nothing left of her decks but the steel beams. The bodies were piled up all around, burned to a cinder, with the bones sticking out. There were over a hundred shot-holes in her and her upper works were completely shot away. A large hole was in her stern, probably made by a 15-inch shell. All the paint on her slides had been burned off and in many cases the glass in her portholes had fused. Nearly all of the rapid fire guns were dismounted, and in one case a shell had passed through a gun shield, exploded and killed the entire gun crew, whose charred bodies were grouped around the breach in a circle. Her big turrets were uninjured, and a large number of tools were taken from them. Neither turret showed any evi-

CONDITIONS ON THE DISABLED MARIA THERESA.

Beams, girders, etc., were all covered with a thick coating of ashes. The bulkheads had evidently been wood, for the gun deck was completely cleared. It was possible to see from extreme aft to extreme forward. The galley was just as it had been left, with a number of pans on the stove. Amidships all clothing had been burned up, leaving only the buttons, but in the after turret the blouse of a Spanish gunner was recovered by one of the men. Swords, rifles and revolvers were scattered about; in the case of the rifles the woodwork had been completely consumed. On the forecastle, which had not been reached by the fire, heaps of clothing were by the rail, where they had been left by people who had swam for it.

I think we struck the parmaster's office, for we found masses of Spanish silver and gold all melted together. F— found about five hundred silver dollars melted into a long stick. I found a gold watch with the crystal melted down on the hands.

We saw something that looked as if the Spanish officers had been obliged to use force to keep some of their men at the guns; there was an officer lying on his back and burned to a crisp; he still had his revolver in his hand; one of our men touched his arm very gently with a stick he carried and the arm fell off; the bone had been burned absolutely brittle. When the revolver was picked up it still had his finger on the trigger.

THE CUBAN "PATRIOTS"—SOME GRESHOME SIGHTS.

There was great confusion all along the beach; naked men were running around as if out of their heads and bodies were scattered everywhere, some in the water and some up on the shore. In the midst of this bedlam parties of armed Cubans appeared and commenced shoot-