The Sinking of the "Merrimac."

By Richmond Pearson Hobson.

[The sinking of the *Merrimac* in Santiago harbour was one of those exploits which breathe the very spirit of the romance of war. No forlorn hope more desperate can be imagined than the enterprise undertaken by Lieutenant Hobson and his gallant crew of volunteers—to take their ship, by moonlight, into the narrow entrance of a harbour charged with mines and guarded by the ships' guns, the shore batteries, and the search-lights of the enemy, there to blow her up with torpedoes and sink her (with themselves on board), so as to block the channel against the exit of the Spanish fleet within. It was a hundred to one that not a soul of them would return alive. The success with which the feat was accomplished—the applause with which the whole world rang—will be fresh in the memory of our readers. We are glad to offer them the treat of reading an account of this deed of daring written by the man who planned and executed it. Lieutenant Hobson's story is, indeed, in one respect unique. We recall no instance in which such an exploit has been related by its chief actor in words at once so simple, vivid, and enthralling. This story has recently appeared in a volume entitled "The Sinking of the *Merrimac*, by Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson" (published by Fisher Unwin). The following pages, with illustrations done under Lieutenant Hobson's own supervision, describe the actual "run in" of the *Merrimac*, the sinking, and the almost miraculous escape of the crew. But the whole book, with its account of the preparations for the exploit, and of the truly noble treatment of the captives by the officers of Spain, is more absorbing than most fiction. No lover of the gallantry and the chivalry of war can afford to miss it.

At the moment when the following account begins, the position of affairs is this: The *Merrimac*, a large collier, has been stripped, supplied with special means for speedy anchorage at the spot desired, and fitted with eight torpedoes, slung outside, and fired by separate batteries on board. The time is a little after moonrise on the night of June 3rd, 1898. The other vessels of the fleet have drawn off, and the fated collier, with her little crew of heroes, is steaming slowly forward to her doom.]

PREPARATION was ended. The road was clear. The hour for execution had come. The *Merrimac* was heading about west-south-west. The engine telegraph was turned to "slow speed ahead," the helm was put a-starboard, and we gathered headway and swung round by the southward and stood up slowly on the course. The moon was about an hour and a half high, and, steering for the Morro, we were running straight down the reflected path of light.

As we stood on, the outlines of Morro and other shore objects became clearer and clearer. The blockading vessels were miles behind. When we arrived within about two thousand yards there could be no further question of surprise. In the bright moonlight we were in clear view, and our movements must long since have caused suspicion. The enemy was now doubtless on the verge of sounding the general alarm, if indeed it had not already been sounded.

Morro drew farther to starboard. It bore north, then north by east, then north-north-east. We must keep clear of the two-fathom bank and not overreach to the westward. Morro drew higher in the sky, and the western side of the entrance, though dim as expected, showed the bald spot of the sea battery on top.

We were within five hundred yards, and still no token from the enemy, though the silence was ominous. Ah, we should make the channel now, no matter what they might do! I knew how long the vessel carried headway, we were making nearly nine knots, and soon the flood-tide would help, while we had over seven thousand tons of reserve buoyancy, which would carry us the required distance even under a mortal wound.

Another ship's length, and a flash darted out from the water's edge at the left side of the entrance. The expected crash through the ship's side did not follow, nor did the projectile pass over; it must have gone astern. Strange to miss at such short range! Another flash—another miss! This time the projectile plainly passed astern. Night-glasses on the spot revealed a dark object—a picket-boat with rapid-fire guns lying in the shadow. As sure as fate he was firing at our rudder, and we should be obliged to pass him broadside within a ship's length! If we only had a rapid-fire gun we could have

disposed of the miserable object in ten seconds; yet there he lay unmolested, firing point-blank at our exposed rudder, so vital to complete success. A flash of rage and exasperation passed over me. The admiration due this gallant little picket-boat did not come till afterward. Glasses on the starboard bow showed the sharp, steep, step-like fall with which the western point of Morro drops into the water. This was the looked-for guide, the channel carrying deep water right up to the wall. "A touch of port helm!" was the order. "A touch of port helm, sir," was the response. "Steady!" "Steady, sir." Now, even without helm, we should pass down safe. Suddenly there was a crash from the port side. "The western battery has opened on us, sir!" called Charette, who was still on the bridge, waiting to take the message to the engine-room if telegraph and signal-cord should be shot away. "Very well; pay no attention to it," I replied, without turning, Morro Point, on the starboard side, requiring all attention. The latter part of the answer was spoken for the benefit of the helmsman. "Mind your helm!" "Mind the helm, sir." "Nothing to starboard?" "Nothing to starboard, sir." The clear, firm voice of Deignan told that there need be no fear of his distraction. I estimated the distance to Morro Point at about three ships' lengths, and wondered if the men below would stand till we covered another ship's length, two ships' lengths being the distance at which it had been decided to give the signal to stop. All of a sudden, *whir! cling!* came a projectile across the bridge and struck something. I looked. The engine telegraph was still there. Deignan and the binnacle were still standing. Two and a half ships' lengths! Two ships' lengths! Then over the engine telegraph went the order: "Stop." Sure and steady the answer-pointer turned. There need have been no anxiety about the constancy of the brave men below.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR, U.S.N.
From a Photograph.

The engine stopped, and somehow I knew the sea connections were thrown open. This has been a puzzle to me ever since. For how could the bonnet flying off, or the axe-blows on copper piping, or the inrush of water make enough noise or vibration to be heard or felt on the bridge, particularly with guns firing and projectiles striking? It may be that the condition of expectation and the fact of the fulfilment of the first part of the order suggested the conclusion, but sure I was that the connections were open and that the ship was beginning to settle.

"You may 'lay down' to your torpedoes now, Charette." "Aye, aye, sir." On the vessel forged, straight and sure the bow entered. Morro shut off the sky to the right. The firing now became general, but we were passing the crisis of navigation and could spare attention to nothing else. A swell seemed to set our stern to port, and the bow swung heavily toward Morro, which we had hugged close intentionally. "Starboard!" "Starboard, sir." Still we swung starboard! "Starboard, I say!" "The helm's a-starboard, sir."

Our bow must have come within 30ft. of Morro Rock before the vessel began to recover from the sheer, and we passed it close aboard. "Meet her!" "Meet her, sir." The steering-gear was still ours, and only about half a ship's length more and we should be in the position chosen for the manœuvre. The sky began to open up beyond Morro. There was the cove. Yes; there was the position! "Hard aport!" "Hard aport, sir." No response of the ship! "Hard aport, I say!" "The helm is hard aport, sir, and lashed." "Very

well, Deignan," I said; "lay down to your torpedo."

Oh, heaven! Our steering-gear was gone, shot away at the last moment, and we were charging forward straight down the channel!

We must have had four and three-quarter knots' speed of our own, and the tide must have been fully a knot and a half. What ground-tackle could hold against a mass of over seven thousand tons moving with a velocity of six knots? We stood on a little longer to reduce the speed further. A pull on Murphy's cord to stand by—three steady pulls—the bow-anchor fell. A pause, then a shock, a muffled ring above the blast of guns: torpedo No. 1 had gone off promptly and surely, and I knew that the collision bulkhead was gone.

If the bow-chain in breaking would only give us a sheer, and the other torpedoes proved as sure, we should have but a short interval to float, and, holding on to the stern-anchor, letting go only at the last moment, we might still effectually block the channel. An interval elapsed and grew longer—no answer from torpedo No. 2, none from No. 3. Thereupon I crossed the bridge and shouted: "Fire all torpedoes!" My voice was drowned. Again and again I yelled the order, with hands over mouth, directing the sound forward, below, aft.

It was useless. The rapid-fire and machine-gun batteries on Socapa slope had opened up at full blast, and projectiles were exploding and clanging. For noise, it was Niagara magnified. Soon Charette came running up. "Torpedoes 2 and 3 will not fire, sir; the cells are shattered all over the deck." "Very well; lay down and underrun all the others, beginning at No. 4, and spring them as soon as possible." In a moment No. 5 went off with a fine ring. Deignan had waited for No. 2 and No. 3, and not hearing them had tried his own, but had found the connections broken and the cells shattered. He then went down to Clausen at No. 5. No other torpedo responded. No. 6 and No. 8 had suffered

Randolph Clausen. Osborn Warren Deignan. *From*] George Charette. Daniel Montague. Francis Kelly. J. E. Murphy. George F. Phillips. [*Photographs.*

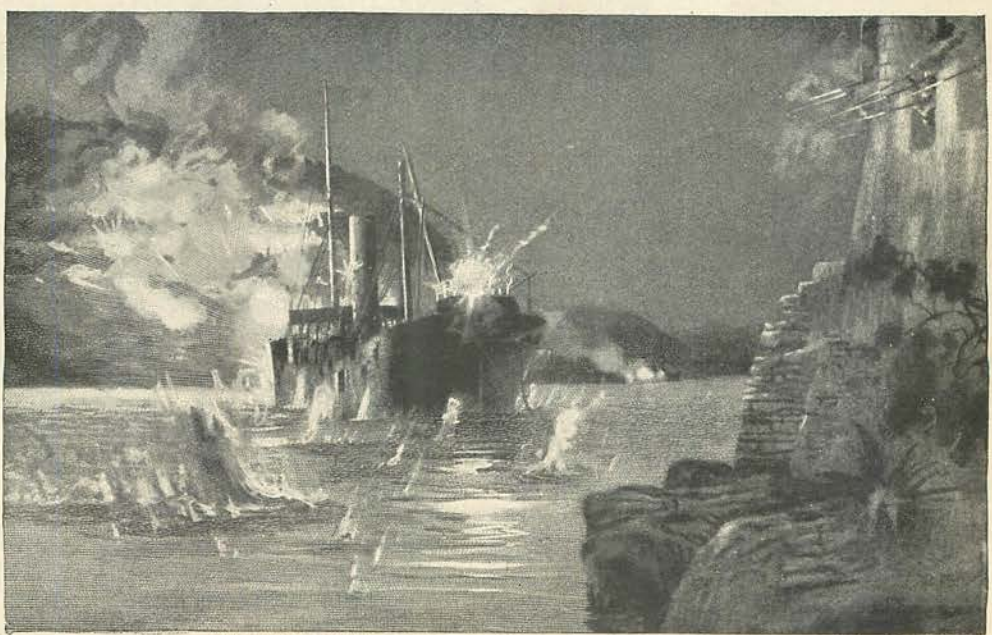
THE MEMBERS OF MR. HOBSON'S CREW.

the same fate as Nos. 2, 3, and 4. With only two exploded torpedoes we should be some time sinking, and the stern-anchor would be of first importance. I determined to go down aft and stand over to direct it personally, letting go at the opportune moment.

Passing along the starboard gangway, I reached the rendezvous. Stepping over the men, they appeared to be all present. There was Charette, returned from a second attempt at the torpedoes. There could be no further hope from that quarter, and, oh! there was Montague! The stern-anchor, then, was already gone. If the chain was broken, we should have no further means of controlling our position. Looking over the bulwarks, I saw that we were just in front of Estrella, apparently motionless, lying about two-thirds athwart the channel, the bow to the westward. Could it be that the ground-tackle had held? Then we should block the channel in spite of all.

I watched, almost breathless, taking a range of the bow against the shore-line. The bow moved, the stern moved—oh, heaven! the chains were gone! The tide was setting us down and would straighten us out if the stern should touch first. Oh, for the war-heads to put her down at once! But we were helpless.

There was nothing further to do but to accept the situation. We mustered, counting heads, and thought all were present; but we must have counted wrongly, for after a minute or two Kelly came across the deck on all fours. He had done his duty below with promptness and precision, and had come on deck to stand by his torpedo. While putting on his life-preserver a large projectile had exploded close at hand—he thought against the mainmast—and he had been thrown with violence on the deck, face down, his upper lip being cut away on the right side. He must have lain there some little time unconscious, and had got up completely dazed, without memory. He looked on one side and then the other, saw the engine-room hatch—the first object recognised—and, under the force of habit, started down it, but found the way blocked by water, which had risen up around the cylinders. The sight of the water seemed to bring back memory, and soon the whole situation dawned upon him; he mounted again, and with heroic devotion went to his torpedo, only to find the cells and connections destroyed, when he started for the rendezvous. He had, indeed, brought his revolver-belt, so as to be in uniform, and adjusted it after reaching us. His reception must have seemed strange, for it was at the muzzle of my revolver. Thinking that our men were all at hand, it was a strange sensation to see a man come up on all fours, stealthily, as it seemed, from behind the hatch. Could they be boarding us so soon? My revolver covered



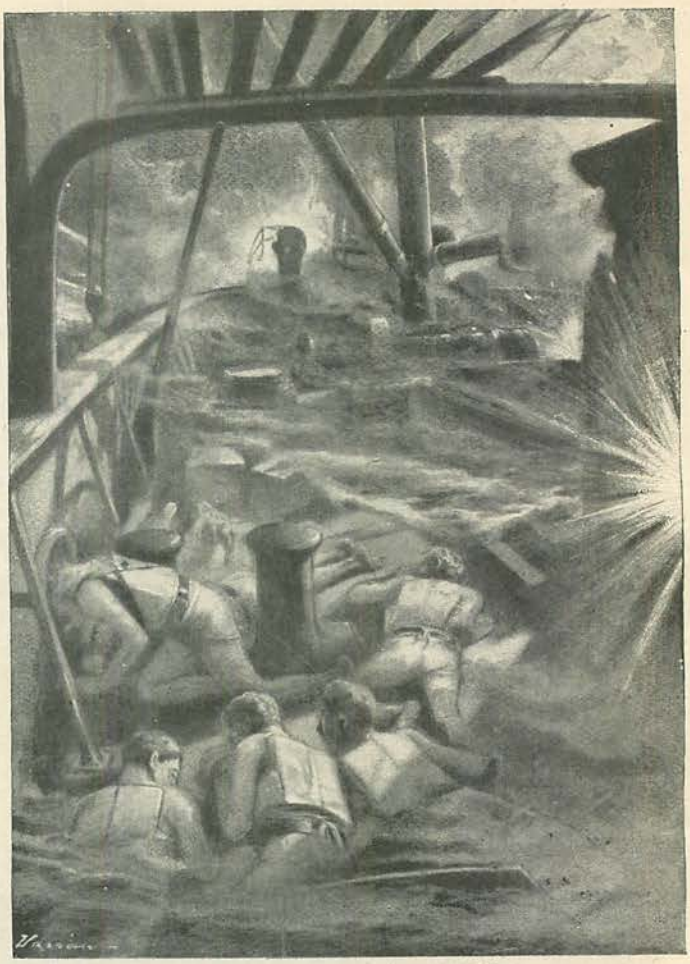
THE "MERRIMAC" AGROUND AND UNDER FIRE OFF ESTRELLA POINT.

him at once, and I looked to see if others followed. It was not until the revolver was almost in his face that the unusual uniform showed that the man was one of us. The idea of the Spaniards boarding us under the condition seemed ridiculous the moment the man was accounted for, and the mental processes and the action taken must have belonged to the class of reflex or spontaneous phenomena. Charette told me that he also, when he saw the man, drew his revolver with the idea of repelling boarders.

We were now moving bodily onward with the tide, Estrella Point being just ahead of the starboard quarter. A blasting shock, a lift, a pull, a series of vibrations, and a mine exploded directly beneath us. My heart leaped with exultation. "Lads, they are helping us!"

I looked to see the deck break, but it still held. I looked over the side to see her settle at once, but the rate was only slightly increased. Then came the thought, "Could it be that the coal had deadened the shock and choked the breach, or had the breach been made just where we were already flooded by sea connection and torpedo No. 5?" A sense of indescribable disappointment swept over me. I looked again: no encouragement. But, ah! we had stopped, Estrella Point had caught us strong, and we were steadily sinking two-thirds athwart. The work was done, and the rest was only a question of time. We could now turn our attention toward the course of action to be taken next.

"Here is a chock, sir, where you can look out without putting your head over the rail," called Charette. The hole was large, just above the deck, and well suited for observation. It was doubtless a valuable find of Charette's, for the patter of bullets had continued to increase, and now repeating-rifles were firing down on us from



ON THE DECK OF THE "MERRIMAC."

Estrella, just above.* It is remarkable, indeed, that some of these men did not see us, for though the moon was low, it was bright, and there we were with white life-preservers almost at the muzzles of their guns. The pouring out of ammunition into the ship at large must have prevented them from seeking special targets with deliberation.

The deafening roar of artillery, however, came from the other side, just opposite our position. There were the rapid-fire guns of different calibres, the unmistakable Hotchkiss revolving cannon, the quick succession and pause of the Nordenfelt multi-barrel, and the

* While in prison the men were told by Spanish soldiers that the troops of the 65th Regiment were lining the eastern side of the entrance, and troops of the 75th Regiment the western side; and the writer was informed by a Spanish army officer that troops were ordered in from far and near, a detachment from Santiago, of which he was a member, arriving only as the *Merrimac* sank.

tireless automatic gun.* A deadly fire came from ahead, apparently from shipboard. These larger projectiles would enter, explode, and rake us; those passing over the spar-deck would apparently pass through the deck-house, far enough away to cause them to explode just in front of us. All firing was at point-blank range, at a target that could hardly be missed, the Socapa batteries with plunging fire, the ships' batteries with horizontal fire. The striking projectiles and flying fragments produced a grinding sound, with a fine ring in it of steel on steel.

The deck vibrated heavily, and we felt the full effect, lying, as we were, full-length on our faces. At each instant it seemed that certainly the next would bring a projectile among us. The impulse surged strong to get away from a place where remaining seemed death, and the men suggested taking to the boat and jumping overboard; but I knew that any object leaving the ship would be seen, and to be seen was certain death, and, therefore, I directed all to remain motionless.

The test of discipline was severe, but not a man moved, not even when a projectile plunged into the boiler, and a rush of steam came up the deck not far from where we lay. The men expected a boiler explosion, but accepted my assurance that it would be only a steam-escape.

While lying thus, a singular physiological phenomenon occurred. After a few minutes, one of the men asked for the canteen, saying that his lips had begun to parch; then another asked, then another, and it was passsed about to all. Only a few minutes had elapsed when they all asked again, and I felt my own lips begin to parch and my mouth to get dry. It seemed very singular, so I felt my pulse, and found it entirely normal, and took account of the state of the nervous system. It was, if anything, more phlegmatic than usual, observation and reason taking account of the conditions without the participation of the emotions. Projectiles, indeed, were every moment expected among us, but they would have been taken in the same way.

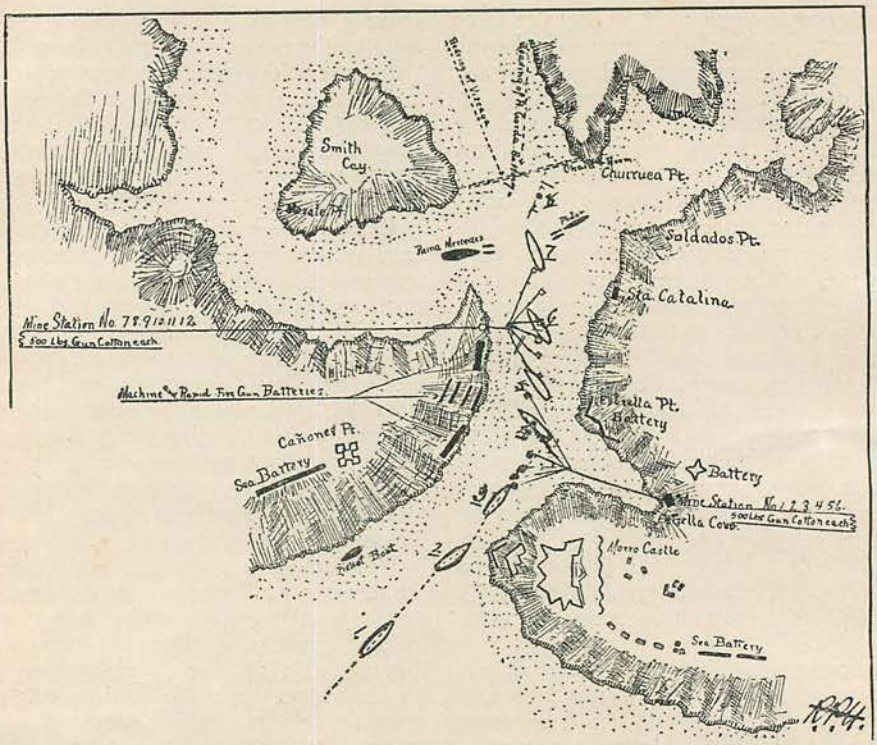
Reason took account of probabilities, and, according to the direction of the men's bodies with regard to the line of fire from the ships' guns, I waited to see one man's leg, another man's shoulder, the top of another man's head, taken off. I looked for my own body to be cut in two diagonally, from the left hip upward, and wondered for a moment what the sensation would be. Not having pockets, tourniquets had been carried loosely around my left arm, and a roll of antiseptic lint was held in my left hand. These were placed in readiness.

We must have remained thus for eight or ten minutes, while the guns fired ammunition as in a proving-ground test for speed. I was looking out of the chock, when it seemed that we were moving. A range was taken on the shore. Yes, the bow moved. Sunk deep, the tide was driving it on and straightening us out. My heart sank. Oh, for the war-heads! Why did not the admiral let us have them? The tide wrenched us off Estrella, straightened us out, and set us right down the channel toward the part where its width increases. Though sinking fast, there still remained considerable freeboard, which would admit of our going some distance, and we were utterly helpless to hasten the sinking.

A great wave of disappointment set over me; it was anguish as intense as the exultation a few minutes before. On the tide set us, as straight as a pilot and tugboats could have guided. Socapa station fired two mines, but, alas! they missed us, and we approached the bight leading to Churruca Point to the right, and the bight cutting off Smith Cay from Socapa on the left, causing the enlargement of the channel. I saw with dismay that it was no longer possible to block completely. The *Merrimac* gave a premonitory lurch, then staggered to port in a death-throe. The bow almost fell, it sank so rapidly.

We crossed the keel-line of a vessel removed a few hundred feet away, behind Socapa; it was the *Reina Mercedes*. Her bow-torpedoes bore on us. Ah! to the right the *Pluton* was coming up from the bight, her torpedoes bearing. But, alas! cruiser

* Just after the surrender of Santiago, when I went in to assist Lieutenant Capehart, who was detailed to raise the mines, I took occasion to look at the batteries on Socapa, and found in place the following: in the sea battery, two 16-centimetre (6·3in.) breach-loading rapid-fire, and three 9in. mortars, studded system, old pattern; on the slope opposite Estrella, one Nordenfelt 57-millimetre rapid-fire, one Nordenfelt four-barrel 25-millimetre, and four Hotchkiss 37-millimetre revolving cannon. There were emplacements from which guns had been removed, and it was impossible to tell what was the full strength of the battery when the *Merrimac* entered. I was informed that after the landing of United States troops a general redistribution of artillery took place, guns placed along the entrance being transferred to the defence of the city. I was also informed that the batteries of the destroyers had been used ashore at the entrance, but had been put back on the boats before they left the harbour on July 3rd. It may be added that eight observation mines were found to have been fired at the *Merrimac*—all of the six from the Estrella station, and two of the six from the Socapa station, leaving only four, there being no material to replace the ones fired. Powell in his report of his observations speaks of seeing seven simultaneous columns of water as from torpedoes. As only two of my torpedoes went off, and at different times, this would indicate that six of these must have been from the Estrella station mines.



PLAN OF THE MANŒUVRE AS EXECUTED JUNE 3RD, 1898—EXPLANATIONS.

1. Position when engine was stopped.
2. Position when helm was last in operation.
3. Position when bow-anchor was let go and torpedoes were fired.
4. Position when struck by mine explosion, just before starboard quarter grounded on Estrella Point.
5–7. Positions as the tide wrenched vessel off Estrella Point, and set her down channel—vessel gradually straightening out.
8. Position when sunk.

□. Submarine mines unexploded, mines Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12.
■. Submarine mines fired at vessel, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
*. Submarine mine that struck vessel, No. 5.
►►. Automatic torpedoes fired by *Reina Mercedes* and *Pluton*.

NOTE.—The exact location of mines is not known. It would be perhaps fairly accurate to subdivide the distance between the extreme positions into eight equal parts, following the middle of the channel.

and destroyer were both too late to help us. They were only in at the death.*

The stricken vessel now reeled to port. Someone said: "She is going to turn over on us, sir," to which I replied: "No; she will right herself in sinking, and we shall be the last spot to go under." The firing suddenly ceased. The vessel lowered her head like a faithful animal, proudly aware of its sacrifice, bowed below the surface, and plunged forward. The stern rose and heeled heavily; it stood for a moment, shuddering, then started downward, righting as it went.

A great rush of water came up the gangway, seething and gurgling out of the deck. The mass was whirling from right to left "against the sun"; it seized us and threw us against the bulwarks, then over the rail. Two were swept forward as if by a momentary recession, and one was carried down into a coal-bunker—luckless Kelly. In a moment, however, with increased force, the water shot him up out of the same hole and swept him among us. The bulwarks disappeared. A sweeping vortex whirled above. We charged about with casks, cans, and spars, the incomplete stripping having left quantities on the deck. The life-preservers stood us in good stead, preventing chests from being crushed, as well as buoying us on the surface; for spars came end on like battering-rams, and the sharp corners of tin cans struck us heavily.

The experience of being swept over the side was rather odd. The water lifted and threw me against the bulwarks, the rail strik-

* It was found that the *Reina Mercedes* fired both bow-torpedoes, and Admiral Cervera informed me afterward that the *Pluton* had fired her torpedoes. The day following our entrance, two automobile torpedoes were found outside, having drifted with the current, and, what was remarkable, one still had on the dummy, or drill-head. It cannot be said positively whether any of the automobiles took effect. If they did, we did not feel the effects where we were. In any case they could not have appreciably affected the sinking.

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC."

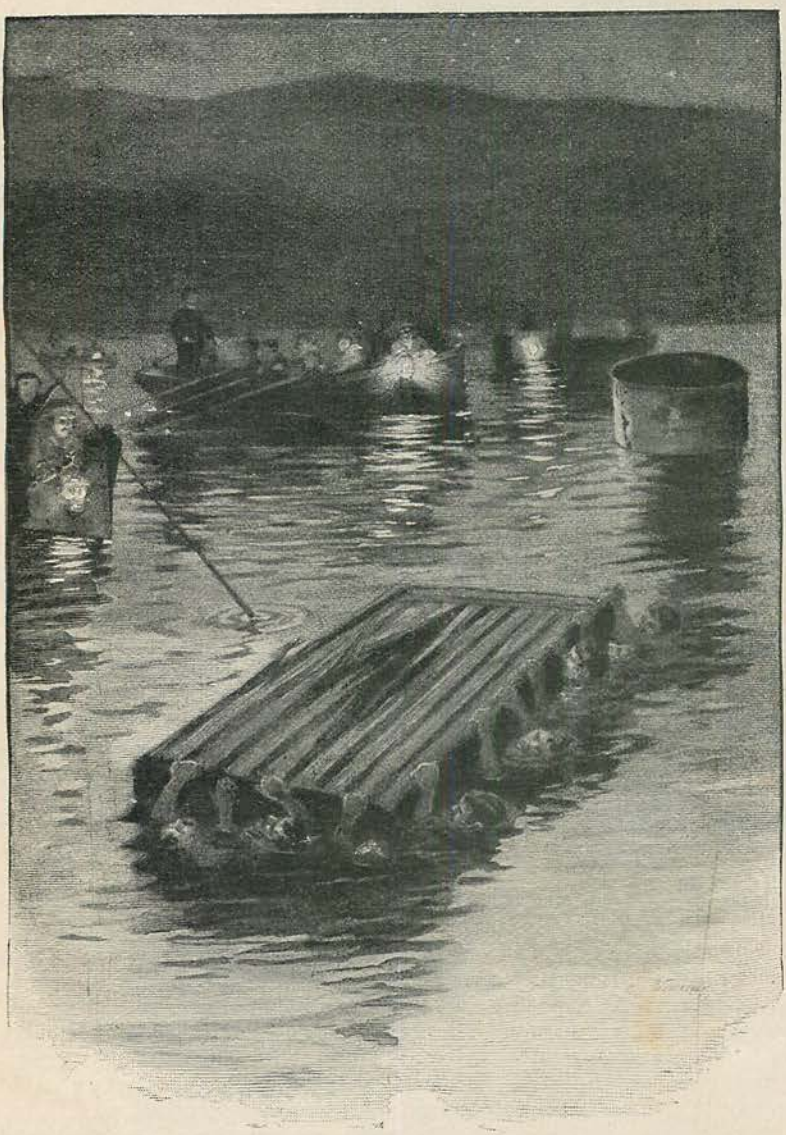
ing my waist; the upper part of the body was bent out, the lower part and the legs being driven heavily against what seemed to be the plating underneath, which, singularly enough, appeared to open. A football instinct came promptly, and I drew up my knees; but it seemed too late, and apparently they were being driven through the steel plate, a phenomenon that struck me as being most singular; yet there it was, and I wondered what the sensation would be like in having the legs carried out on one side of the rail and the body on the other, concluding that some embarrassment must be expected in swimming without legs. The situation was apparently relieved by the rail going down. Afterwards Charette asked: "Did those oil-cans that were left just forward of us trouble you also as we were swept out?" Perhaps cans, and not steel-plates, separated before my knee-caps.

When we looked for the lifeboat we found that it had been carried away. The catamaran was the largest piece of floating *débris;* we assembled about it. The line suspending it from the cargo boom held and anchored us to the ship, though barely long enough to reach the surface, causing the raft to turn over and set us scrambling as the line came taut.

The firing had ceased. It was evident the enemy had not seen us in the general mass of moving objects; but soon the tide began to drift these away, and we were being left alone with the catamaran. The men were directed to cling close in, bodies below and only heads out, close under the edges, and were directed not to speak above a whisper, for the destroyer was near at hand, and boats were passing near. We mustered: all were present, and direction was given to remain as we were till further orders, for I was sure that in due time after daylight a responsible officer would come out to reconnoitre. It was evident that we could not swim against the tide to reach the entrance. Moreover, the shores were lined with troops, and the small boats were looking for victims that might escape from the vessel. The only chance lay in remaining undiscovered until the coming of the reconnoitring boat, to which, perhaps, we might surrender without being fired on.

The moon was now low. The shadow of Socapa fell over us, and soon it was dark. The sunken vessel was bubbling up its last lingering breath. The boats' crews looking for refugees pulled closer, peering with lanterns, and again the discipline of the men was put to severe test, for time and again it seemed that the boats would come up, and the impulse to swim away was strong. A suggestion was made to cut the line and let

the catamaran drift away. This was also emphatically forbidden, for we should thus miss the reconnoitring boat, and certainly fall into less responsible hands. Here, as before, the men strictly obeyed orders,



SPANIARDS SEARCHING FOR THE CREW WITH LANTERNS.

though the impulse for safety was strong to the contrary, and *sauve qui peut* would have been justifiable, if it is ever justifiable.

The air was chilly and the water positively cold. In less than five minutes our teeth were chattering; so loud, indeed, did they chatter that it seemed the destroyer or the boats would hear. It was in marked contrast with the parched lips of a few minutes before. In spite of their efforts, two of the men soon began to cough, and it seemed that we should surely be discovered. I worked my legs and body under the raft for exercise, but, in spite of all, the shivers would come and the teeth would chatter.

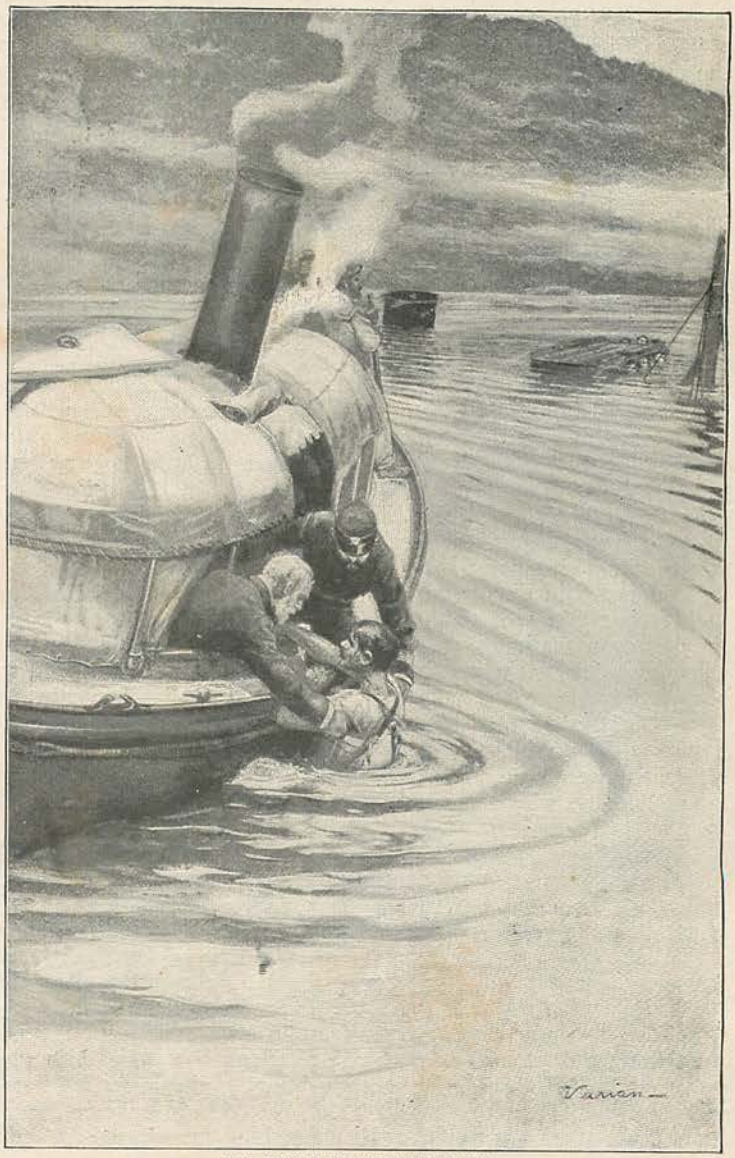
We remained there probably an hour. Frogs croaked up the bight, and as dawn broke the birds began to twitter and chirp in the bushes and trees near at hand along the wooded slopes. Day came bright and beautiful. It seemed that Nature disregarded man and went on the same, serene, peaceful, and unmoved. Man's strife appeared a discord, and his tragedy received no sympathy.

About daybreak a beautiful strain went up from a bugle at Punta Gorda battery. It was pitched at a high key, and rose and lingered, long drawn out, gentle and tremulous; it seemed as though an angel might be playing while looking down in tender pity. Could this be a Spanish bugle?

Broad daylight came. The sun spotted the mountain-tops in the distance and glowed on Morro and Socapa heights. The destroyer got up anchor and drew back again up the bight. We were still undiscovered.

Someone now announced: "A steam-launch is heading for us, sir." I looked around, and found that a launch of large size, with the curtains aft drawn down, was coming from the bight around Smith Cay and heading straight for us. That must be the reconnoitring party. It swerved a little to the left as if to pass around us, giving no signs of having seen us. No one was visible on board, everybody apparently being kept below the rail. When it was about thirty yards off I hailed. The launch stopped as if frightened, and backed furiously. A squad of riflemen filed out, and formed in a semi-circle on the forecastle, and came to a "load," "ready," "aim." A murmur passed about among my men: "They are going to shoot us." A bitter thought flashed through my mind: "The miserable cowards! A brave nation will learn of this, and call for an account." But the volley did not follow. The aim must have been for caution only, and it was apparent that there must be an officer on board in control.

I called out in a strong voice to know if there was not an officer in the boat; if so, an American officer wished to speak with him with a view to surrendering himself and seamen as prisoners of war. The curtain was raised; an officer leaned out and waved his hand, and the rifles came down. I struck out for the launch, and climbed on board aft with the assistance of the officer, who, hours afterwards, we learned was Admiral Cervera himself. With him were two other officers, his juniors. To him I surrendered myself and the men, taking off my revolver-belt, glasses, canteen, and life-preserver. The officers looked astonished at first, perhaps at the singular uniforms and the begrimed condition of us all, due to the fine coal and oil that came to the surface; then a current of kindness seemed to pass over them, and they exclaimed: "Valiente!" Then the launch steamed up to the catamaran, and the men climbed on board, the two who had been coughing being in the last stages of exhaustion and requiring to be lifted. We were prisoners in Spanish hands.



THE RESCUE BY ADMIRAL CERVERA.