

fired at the ship, none of them seemed to strike. It was evident from the speed of the pursuing vessels, which was gradually increasing, that his fate was seen by the Spanish captain, and his flag came down, after having made a game fight, considering the odds.

The news that the surrender had come was sent flying through our ship, and every man seemed to come on deck instantly. The band was called for and in some way misunderstanding the real moment of the situation, they began a dirge, which was probably intended for the Spaniards, but the next moment when the familiar air of Yankee Doodle was struck up cheer after cheer rose on the air, there was not a blue jacket or sailor, or marine, or coal passer, or officer, but who realized what a great victory had been gained.

Cheers were given for everybody, from the captain down, and the "Brooklyn," coming as near as possible, joined in the celebration and signaled "Well done, Oregon."

In the meantime the "New York" and the "Texas," accompanied by the "Vixen," had started after the "Brooklyn" and "Oregon" in hopes of assisting at the final surrender, but it was hours later that they finally hove in sight. A conference was immediately called by Admiral Sampson, and the captains of each ship were requested to report without any delay to the flagship. The "Oregon" gig was lowered, and being one of the crew, I had the opportunity of going alongside the "Colon," being almost among the first to touch that vessel.

The conference ended, each captain returned to his ship, and the cheers which were given for Captain Clark by all the ships exceeded those given at the time of surrender.

The rest of that afternoon was spent in transferring the Spanish prisoners to the "Resolute," and the prize crew which was sent on board in hopes of repairing the damage done, was obliged to be taken off at midnight, as the "Colon" was slowly filling and in danger of sliding down the beach. At two in the morning a signal was received from the shore that the ship was sinking, and a short while



after the "Christobal Colon," the last of the Spanish cruisers which had started out so bravely that morning and attempted to run the gauntlet of the American fleet, turned over on its side and sank, only a few of the guns and the propeller showing above the water and offering resistance to angry waves which were singing a requiem as they dashed over it.

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