

## CERVERA IS NO LONGER IN THE WAR HOBSON'S MEN ARE FRONT-RANK HEROES

### Naval Authorities Eliminate the Cape Verde Fleet as a War Factor and Ascribe to the Merrimac's Crew Imperishable Renown

With the American fleet, off Santiago de Cuba, June 3, via Mole St Nicholas, Hayti, June 4—(Copyright, 1898, by the Associated Press.)—All the members of the Merrimac expedition are safe. Only two of them were slightly injured, and their names are not known; Lieutenant Hobson was not hurt. All of the Merrimac's men are held as prisoners of war. The news of their wonderful escape was sent to Rear Admiral Sampson by Admiral Cervera, the Spanish admiral being so struck with the courage of the Merrimac's crew that he thought Admiral Sampson should know that they had not lost their lives. Admiral Cervera's chief of staff, Captain Oviedo, boarded the New York, under a flag of truce, bearing the announcement of the safety of the Merrimac's crew and returning with a supply of provisions and money for the prisoners.

Kingston, Jamaica, June 4—Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of Santiago harbor, appears to have carried out his plan to the smallest details, except as regards the method of escape. The row boat in which the crew were to attempt to escape was either blown up or shot to pieces, for Lieutenant Hobson and his men drifted ashore on an old catamaran which was slung over the ship's side at the last moment as an extra precaution. Upon reaching shore the men were taken prisoners and sent to Santiago City under guard. Later they were taken to Morro Castle, where they are now. Captain Oviedo, Admiral Cervera's chief of staff, who boarded the New York under a flag of truce, did not give further details of the capture. The bravery of the Americans evidently excited as much admiration among the Spaniards as it did among the men of the American fleet. The prisoners will be perfectly safe and will probably be well treated while they remain in Morro Castle. The fleet is wild with delight tonight over the termination of the most daring expedition since the destruction of the Confederate Ironclad Albemarle by Lieutenant Cushing in 1864. The admiral is just as glad as the youngest jackie. Captain Chadwick, of the flagship New York, who is usually most conservative, in speaking of the incident said: "Splendid! Splendid! Too much cannot be said about it."

The general opinion is that no man ever deserved recognition by congress for personal bravery more than does Lieutenant Hobson. His work was well done and his men are safe. When he started on the expedition few thought he could accomplish his object.

Officers of the fleet, when questioned as to whether Captain Oviedo could have had any ulterior designs in visiting the New York under a flag of truce, scouted the suggestion, saying that the visit was prompted by pure chivalry on the part of the Spaniards, and was noble of them.

Clausen, the New York coxswain, went on the Merrimac against orders. Nothing could have kept him from that trip into the jaws of death.

It is probable that the Spaniards will try to blow up the Merrimac, but improbable that they will succeed.

Speculation is rife as to the exact details of how Lieutenant Hobson managed to blow himself and ship up and live to tell the tale. His heroism has cleared up the situation well. The Spaniards are doubly hemmed in.

At quarters on the New York last evening, Chaplain Royce, praying before the bareheaded crew on deck, thanked God for having preserved Lieutenant Hobson and the men under him.

Cadet Powell, who was the last man to see Lieutenant Hobson before his start and who had charge of the launch during its perilous trip, after much needed sleep, told the story of his experience. He said:

"Lieutenant Hobson took a short sleep for a few hours, which was often interrupted. A quarter to 2 o'clock he came on deck and made final inspection, giving his last instructions. Then we had a little lunch. Hobson was as cool as a cucumber. About 2:30 o'clock I took the men who were not going on the trip, into the launch and started for the Texas, the nearest ship, but had to go back for one of the assistant engineers, whom Hobson finally compelled to leave. I shook hands with Hobson the last of all. He said:

"Powell, watch the boat's crew when we pull out of the harbor. We will be cracks, rowing thirty strokes to the minute."

"After leaving the Texas I saw the Merrimac steaming slowly in. It was not fairly dark then and the shore was quite visible. We followed about three-quarters of a mile astern. The Merrimac stood about a mile to the westward of the harbor and seemed a bit mixed, turning completely around; finally, heading to the east, she ran down and then turned in. We were then chasing him, because I thought Hobson had lost his bearings.

"When Hobson was about 200 yards from the harbor the first gun was fired from the eastern bluff. We were then half a mile off shore, close under the batteries. The firing increased rapidly. We steamed in slowly and lost sight of the Merrimac in the smoke, which the wind carried off shore. It hung heavily. Before Hobson could have blown up the Merrimac the western battery picked up and commenced firing. They shot wild and we only heard the shots. We ran in still closer to shore, and the gunners lost sight of us. Then we heard the explosion of the torpedo on the Merrimac.

"Until daylight we waited just outside the breakers, half a mile to the westward of Morro, keeping a bright lookout for the boat or for swimmers, but saw nothing.

"Hobson had arranged to meet us at this point, but thinking that some one might have drifted out, we crossed in front of Morro and the mouth of the harbor to the eastward. About 5 o'clock we crossed the harbor again within a quarter of a mile and stood to the westward. In passing we saw one spar of the Merrimac sticking out of the water. We hugged the shore just outside of the breakers and then turned toward the Texas, when the batteries saw us and opened fire. It was then broad daylight. The first shot fired dropped eighty yards astern, but the other shots went wild.

"I drove the launch for all she was worth, finally making the New York. The men behaved splendidly."

The news of Lieutenant Hobson's safety lifted a great load from Cadet Powell's mind. Probably no other details of this marvelous trip will be known until Lieutenant Hobson gets back.

Some heavy firing was done shortly before midnight by the New York and New Orleans, aimed at what they thought to be a small gunboat, which disappeared. Whether she was sunk or not is not known. The firing took place to the eastward of Morro Castle.

## Each Later Detail Sheds New Lustre on the Heroes of Santiago

(Copyright, 1898, by the Associated Press.)  
Fort Antonio, Jamaica, June 4—Delayed in transmission—A single deed of magnificent American daring has lost to the kingdom of Spain the powerful fleet of Admiral Cervera. Just before daybreak today seven gallant seamen took the collier Merrimac, under the blazing Morro battery and anchored and sunk her, beneath a withering fire of musketry and heavy cannonading from the shore, and the wrecked hull of the sunken vessel effectually closes the entrance to the harbor within which the Spanish squadron is hopelessly and helplessly locked up. This splendid streak, which leaves the government at Washington free to act without further fear of the Spaniards' fleet, was planned by Lieutenant Richard P. Hobson, who commanded the expedition. He is a naval constructor, attached to the Annapolis, and his home is in Brooklyn. With him went Daniel Montague, George Cuscuta, J. C. Murphy, Oscar Diegan, John P. Phillips and John Kelly, all non-commissioned or enlisted men. A steam launch from the flagship New York, commanded by Cadet J. W. Powell, followed the Merrimac to the mouth of the harbor, and despite the fire from the forts, cruised in the vicinity for an hour and a half after the collier was sunk, but no sign of the brave Americans was seen and Cadet Powell was finally compelled to rejoin the flagship. The plan to block the entrance to Santiago has been under consideration for several days, as Admiral Sampson had decided that it was impossible to take his fleet inside. Lieutenant Hobson had expected to do the work Wednesday night, but owing to the delay in preparing the ship, it was deferred. The daring officer attempted to run in after daylight on Thursday, and was only stopped under protest after stern orders to return from the admiral. All day yesterday the preparations continued, and last night by midnight the craft was in readiness. A row of torpedoes had been arranged outside the hull so that Lieutenant Hobson could explode them from the bridge of the vessel and thus insure her rapid sinking. At night all the various ships of the fleet passed the doomed Merrimac, cheering her lustily. Hundreds of men and scores of officers volunteered for the duty, and Commander Merrimac, who has been the captain of the Merrimac, begged permission of Admiral Sampson to go, but Lieutenant Hobson wanted only six men. By 10 o'clock all but the men who were going on the dangerous errand had been taken from the Merrimac and the collier took a position near the New York to await the approaching hour. It was an impressive night among the men of the fleet, for few expected that the members of the little crew would see another sunrise. The night was cloudy, with dismal lightning flashing behind the dark lines of the fort now and then showing the great shadow of the battlements. Soon after 2 o'clock the back hull of the Merrimac began to drift slowly toward the land and in a half hour was lost to sight. It was Lieutenant Hobson's plan to steam past Morro, swinging crosswise the channel, drop his anchors, open the valves, explode the torpedoes in the port side, leap overboard, preceded by his crew, and make his escape in a little lifeboat which was towed astern, if possible, and if not, to attempt to swim to shore. All the men were heavily armed, ready to make a fierce resistance to capture. Scarcely had the ship disappeared when a flash from Morro's guns proclaimed the tabs had been discovered. Instantly the other batteries around the harbor opened fire, but the ship went steadily on, for this morning the top of her masts can be seen in the water beyond Morro and near the Punta battery. A heavy cannon and musketry fire continued for about half an hour and guns were fired at intervals until long after daylight. None of the American ships dared to fire for fear of striking the Merrimac's crew. As daylight came on the steam launch could be seen drifting along close to the harbor entrance. Until half past 5 o'clock the search was continued and then, under a shower of Spanish shells, which flew wide of their mark, Cadet Powell steamed away and half an hour later boarded the New York and reported to Admiral Sampson that he believed the entire crew of the Merrimac had been lost. Not one of them did he catch sight of. The Merrimac, he said, lay well across the channel, her masts showing that Lieutenant Hobson had done his work well, sinking the ship almost in the exact spot decided upon. The channel is not as wide as the Merrimac's length, and it is impossible for the Spaniards to raise or destroy the wreck under the gaze of the American fleet. Admiral Cervera is no longer a figure in the war. The cruizers Oriental, Ochoa, Infanta Theresa, Victoria and Albatross Ochoa are known to be inside and it is believed that two or three smaller war ships, possibly torpedo boats, are with them.