CERVERA'S DOOM.

An Interesting Description of the Great Naval Battle

WHICH CRUSHED SPAIN'S PRIDE

And Added Lustre to the United States Navy.

LIEUTENANT DAWSON'S STORY

OF THE TERRIBLE CONFLICT OFF THE COAST OF CUBA—A VIVID PICTURE OF THE ATTEMPTED ESCAPE OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S SQUADRON FROM SANTIAGO HARBOR, AND THE UTTER ANNIHILATION OF THE SPANISH SHIPS—LIEUTENANT DAWSON'S VIEW OF THE FIGHT FROM THE BATTLESHIP INDIANA.

In two letters written to his mother, Mrs. Jane Dawson, at Webster Groves, Missouri, Lieutenant W. C. Dawson, of the battleship Indiana, gives a thrilling and picturesque account of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's squadron on July 3, off the coast of Cuba. Lieutenant Dawson is a nephew of Hon. A. W. Campbell, of this city, and the many friends of his mother and himself in this city and Brooke county, will read his story of that glorious victory with interest as well as pride in the part which he took in the battle:

U. S. S. INDIANA,
OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA,
July 4, 1898.

Long before this reaches you you will have read in the papers of the battle of Santiago, or whatever name they may give it; for as I write now, the day after it took place, I can't even guess when my letter will get started on its way to you. The question of mails is more uncertain and vexatious here than at Tortugas, even, and you know what that was.

Our chance came at last; what we had been hoping for so long, and seeing over and over again as in a dream, became actual reality yesterday morning, when the Spanish squadron steamed defiantly out of Santiago harbor and risked all in one last desperate effort to escape.

But I will go back a little and tell you something of our experiences since I last wrote. We left Key West on June 14, went over to Dry Tortugas and there joined the fleet of transports from Tampa on the evening of the 15th. This fleet consisted of about thirty-three vessels, carrying some nineteen thousand troops under Major General Shafter, fifteen thousand of whom were regulars and the rest volunteers. The convoy was composed of the Indiana (in command) half a dozen small cruisers and gunboats, and a miscellaneous assortment of auxiliary yachts, torpedo boats and armed tugs—the whole force numbering fifteen vessels, I think. There were formed ahead, astern and on both flanks of the troopers so as to guard them on all sides, and we started off on our trip of seven hundred miles.

The passage was made without startling incident, although not without vast amount of work and irritation, caused by the trouble of keeping the three columns closed up and in some sort of shape. The weather was fine, however, and we reached Santiago in good order on the morning of the 20th. That evening and the next day were spent in maturing plans for debarking, holding consultations with the admiral and the Cuban general, Garcia, etc., and at daylight on the 22d the landing was begun at Daiquiri, feints being made at several other points along the coast at the same time, to distract and divide the Spanish forces. Daiquiri was shelled and then occupied without any trouble, the garrison having decamped in good time to find a more comfortable locality. Daiquiri, I should add, is fifteen miles to the eastward of Santiago, at the mouth of a deep, rugged gulch that is one of many which scar the mountain slopes along this southern Cuban coast.

A Beautiful Prospect.

It is a beautiful coast, by the way, wild, towering and majestic, almost beyond description. The sky line is a sort of undulating zig-zag for miles and miles, that is, the sharp peaks and clear cut ridges of the mountain chain rise and fall in the most irregular manner, but the general trend of the jagged line is wavy, repeating itself at intervals from range to range.

These mountains, which vary in height from two to eight thousand feet, are a little inland, and their bases are masked by lower foot hills, steep and barren, looking like the mountains; while in front of these, on the very edge of the sea, the shore is fringed with alternating knolls and slopes of many colors and patterns, some fresh and green and soft in outline as a terraced garden, others sharp and angular and covered over thickly with tangled masses of tropical underbrush interspersed with ragged patches of ugly chaparal.

These successive tiers of hills are all split, at frequent intervals, by long, deep ravines that tumble headlong down to the sea, and many of them contain the beds of the so-called rivers that abound among these mountains.

The whole scene, as one passes along the coast some ten or a dozen miles off shore, is one of great beauty and picturesqueness, especially at sunset when the slopes of the mountains take on a tint of green that I can only describe as radiant, so bright and glowing is it.

But where am I getting in my rhapsody? I had just landed the army. Well, the troops advanced as far as Siboney, eight miles from Santiago, which they held for some days as an advanced post while the supplies and war material were being landed and brought up; then the army moved forward for the real campaign against the city. They have been moving forward ever since, according to all accounts, and after about a week of steady advance had arrived within three miles of Santiago a few days ago. This dizzy speed is rivalled in the annals of war only, I imagine, by the operation of the celebrated Mackerel Brigade, so inspiringly told by the immortal Orpheus C. Kerr.

Army had Its Hands Full.

Really, though, the army has had its hands pretty full ever since it began to advance; the Spaniards have disputed every inch of the way, and during the last few days, when the fighting has been in the trenches just outside the city, our losses have been mighty heavy. On July 1, for instance, Shafter lost nearly a thousand men in killed and wounded, the motality among the officers being especially great. We haven't heard from him for a day or two. He has approximately 20,000 men, counting Cubans, and the enemy have, it is said 15,000, in and around Santiago. So the task of carrying the city by assault will be a hard one, I'm afraid.

Well, the day the army landed the Indiana went in close to the batteries at the mouth of Santiago harbor and engaged them for an hour or so; the other ships had done so before our arrival, and we were merely taking our turn at the fun. We touched them up pretty lively, but their shooting was slow and desultory and we were not hit.

The middle of last week we went down to Guantanamo Bay to coal (forty miles east of here) and stayed there a day and a half during which time I got a chance to go ashore and visit the marines' camp. They occupy a very strong position on a steep hill, and can hold against a large force. I think the enemy has retired from the neighborhood, however, after his severe drubbing, and is not likely to appear again unless we should meet with reverses before Santiago. The marines had a hard stern job before them when they were landed on that point; the country was absolutely new to them; there had been no previous reconnoissance of it made; and they were surrounded by dense thickets of chaparal and undergrowth which no line of outposts could thoroughly observe.

Indian Warfare.

It was, indeed, a regular Indian warfare that they had to carry on during those four days; and they were nearly on their last legs for want of sleep and rest when the last day's fight took place. They showed the stuff they were made out of, however, and a detached expedition of less than 200, including some forty Cubans, utterly routed and demoralized for good the enemy's force of between six hundred and seven hundred; more than sixty of his dead were found and there must have been many more, besides three times that number wounded, who were carried off. It was the first time our troops had a crack at them in the open, and also the last for the Spaniards haven't been heard from since. On that day a Spanish lieutenant and sixteen men were captured.

We got back here again just before daybreak on last Thursday or Friday, I don't remember which, (events follow one another fast these days) and were just in time to join in a general bombardment of the batteries, participated in by the New York, Brooklyn, Iowa, Oregon, Massachusetts, Texas and Indiana. We all moved in and banged away for three-quarters of an hour or so, but got little response from the forts. Our fire was very heavy, and the garrisons evidently took to the woods while it was going on; then, when we slackened up and turned out again, they came back and fired a few rounds by way of farewell, I suppose. I think we damaged their earth batteries considerably (the old Morro has no guns fit to use); they are very hard to hit, however, being very low and flat and lying along the crests of high, bluff hills on each side of the entrance.

Last act of the Drama.

Now I am coming to the last act of the drama, as far as our main object is concerned. Sunday morning (it is now Tuesday) at 9:30 o'clock we went to quarters, and were just preparing for a general muster when the Iowa blew the signal "enemy's ship escaping," and immediately we heard a gun fired. The call to "general quarters" (stations for battle) was sounded, and the whole crew dressed in spotless white (battle uniform is blue—the oldest and dirtiest you have) rushed as one man to the guns. Battle plates were put on the hatches, armored doors shut, the guns cast loose and manned, and the whole ship ready for action in an incredibly short time, and with the most delighted enthusiasm, for every officer and man knew that the hour had struck. I jumped up on the bridge deck and ran forward to the pilot house, climbed the last ladder and saw coming out of the harbor, past the Morro, the leading ship of the Spanish squadron—black, grim and majestic as she steamed slowly along and turned to the westward. Simultaneously with her first shot the western sand batteries began a terrific fire, the Iowa, Oregon and Indiana replied and the grand ball was opened. What a scene that was! I shall never forget the feeling I had as the Spaniard first appeared—a feeling of exultation and hope and suspense mingled in one quick thrill that shot through my whole being! Now we were to have what we had so long been waiting and hoping and preparing for, a pitched battle with the enemy's fleet.

I must pause to say that the Massachusetts had left early in the morning for Guantanamo, to coal, and was out of the whole action; and the New York was down at Siboney when it began, the admiral having gone there to consult with General Shafter. She missed all but the very end of the affair. So the ships that took part were the Brooklyn, Texas, Oregon and Iowa and Indiana, with the little auxiliary yacht Gloucester, which hurried up behind us after the squadron had gotten out.

Lack of Steam.

We were arranged in a sort of vast semi-circle around the mouth of the harbor, Brooklyn to westward, and Indiana to eastward, all of us some two and a half or three miles from shore, and, unluckily, with steam rather slow; for night was the time when we expected them to break out, if ever, as they would have the best chance in the comparative darkness (the moon was full about the 1st or 2d) so at first we were handicapped by lack of speed, and it took many precious minutes to raise full steam; in fact it was a full half hour before the Indiana could get anything like decent speed.

The Spaniards came out in the following order: Infanta Maria Teresa (flag ship); Viscaya, Cristobal Colon, Almirante Oquendo, all fine armored cruisers, and the Furor and Pluton, high speed torpedo boat destroyers—six vessels in all; and pitted against these were our four battleships and one armored cruiser, with assistance from the Gloucester, and a little (very) from the armored cruiser New York. It would not have been a very uneven match if the Spanish ships had been manned by Englishmen, for instance; their crews couldn't shoot, and that settled their fate.

We began firing about 9:40 o'clock and headed for the leading Spaniard; he had more speed than we, however, and steamed on along the coast to the westward, firing at us pretty hard, but hitting nothing but water. Then came the second and third and so on all firing rapidly but wildly. A number of their shots whistled close to our ears, and it was pretty hot for some time; but we were hit only once in the whole battle, and that was by a small shell, or fragment of a big one, on the after thirteen-inch turret.

Our shooting was good, and we could see some of the larger shells strike the Spaniards.

Destruction of the Fleet.

When the destroyers came out we concentrated most of our fire on them, as we were behind the others now; the Gloucester came up at full speed and also engaged the two destroyers from the rear, or rather their port quarter. They were particularly dangerous on account of the latter quality, and because of their torpedoes; so we used all our guns, big and little, for awhile, against them. Presently one showed a big black cloud of smoke pouring from her; she was struck and a magazine had exploded. Then another and another cloud showed her boilers blowing up. She was gone now, and they steered her into the nearest point and abandoned her. The other suffered the same fate, and sank alongside the beach in a little cove near by; both the "destroyers" were destroyed and all hands were relieved. Meanwhile the Teresa was seen slowly heading inshore, and moving with difficulty; she too was in her agony, and fire could be seen bursting from her decks. They ran her ashore and began to abandon her. The Oquendo soon followed suit—our terrible fire had done its work, and she was blazing and ruined.

As we passed several of her magazines blew up and hastened her complete destruction.

We were now jogging along at a good pace and were nearly up to the Vizcaya, when she prepared to give up the ghost—put her helm hard a-port and made for the friendly shore to die. The Iowa had paid particular attention to her, heading right for her when she seemed to be getting away, and punished her dreadfully with her 12, 8 and 4-inch guns. Just here the flagship caught up with us, having fired only a couple of shots at the ghost of the two destroyers as she passed.

The Vizcaya ran on shore and hauled down her colors, beaten to her knees at last.

But the Colon had fled like a rabbit to the westward, and was away ahead of all of us except the Brooklyn and Oregon, who were now after her with all the speed they could raise, firing as they went. The Brooklyn was nearly abreast of her, and steered a course to head her off, in a long sweeping bight, in which she was.

Continuing his letter on July 5, Lieutenant Dawson writes:

The boat left in such a frantic hurry this morning that I had to break off abruptly in the middle of the battle, or rather, of my description of it; for the battle itself was nearly over when the New York came up with us.

It was just 11:30 o'clock when the Vizcaya hauled down her colors after going ashore, a burning wreck. The New York overhauled us, and seeing the Colon so far ahead of us (she was almost hull down) and that we couldn't hope to catch up with her, she ordered us back to guard the entrance to the harbor; for the blockade had to be kept up, although the enemy's squadron was now gone. So we put about with a bad grace, and started back towards Santiago, some ten or twelve miles to the eastward. The Iowa remaining awhile with the Vizcaya, and the Brooklyn, Oregon, Texas and New York were in full cry after the Colon, which was the fastest and liveliest of the four Spanish cruisers.

Turned out to be an Austrian.

On the way "home" we were met by the auxiliary cruiser Resolute from Guantanamo, who signalled excitedly that an enemy's ship was coming from there towards Santiago—a battleship, she said. We were greatly surprised, for no such vessel was known to be anywhere near here; but as a newspaper tug hailed us soon after and repeated the story, with some variations, and a little later we got it again from the auxiliary Harvard, we had to believe that perhaps the Pelayo had crossed the Atlantic and had turned up here "by appointment" to make a junction with Cervera's squadron. And sure enough as we passed Santiago steaming east, we sighted a large man-of-war near Daiquiri, apparently heading for us. She had a white hull and answered to the description given us; moreover, we soon made out her colors, which were (at that distance) as Spanish as Cervera's own. So we went joyfully to general quarters again, this time hoping for a square, stand-up and knock down fight—a plain duel, with no third parties. She had a lot of international signals flying, but these we supposed were for the Spanish signal stations on shore, so we kept steadily towards her, with every gun loaded, and trained square on the stranger. Judge, then, of our disappointment when, on getting within plainer signal distance, we made out her ensign to be the Austro-Hungarian and not the Spanish, red, white, red, instead of red, yellow and red. When first seen the white had looked like yellow, as is so often the case—in fact the two are indistinguishable beyond a certain distance. I then read her signals and found her to be the Austrian "Maria Theresa"—an ill-fated named, in view of the disaster that had just overtaken her Spanish sister. We were still suspicious, however, for the queen regent of Spain is an Austrian princess, and the two nations are supposed to be pretty much as one in this war under the surface; so we kept the guns trained while we answered her signals. She sent a boat over to us with an officer, who said his captain wanted to communicate with our commander-in-chief.

What Astonished Him.

He had been summoned by his nation's counsel, he said, to look after their interests in Santiago, which might fall at any moment. He learned of the battle for the first time, and seemed greatly astonished to hear that we had suffered no loss or damage.

Well, he went back to his ship, after the usual palaver, and she steamed off to the westward in search of the flagship. All hands then, at 3 o'clock, got something to eat for the first time since eight in the morning; we were hungry, thirsty and tired, as you may imagine, but what did that count after such a day's work? We went back to our station off Santiago, and towards evening news began to come in from the chase. First the Brooklyn herself arrived and told us that the light-footed Colon had been caught at last, sixty miles to the westward; her officers and crew had surrendered and the ship was beached, there being some hope that she might be gotten off and saved. The Brooklyn had been hit, she said, thirty odd times, but only one man had been killed and several wounded. Later the torpedo boat Ericsson came along (three of these boats had hurried up from Guantanamo while the action was going on, but too late to do anything) and reported that there was much doubt about the Colon being able to get afloat again; so as yet we don't know whether she can be saved or not. I hope she may be, for it is a pathetic sight, those fine, brave ships lying cast up on the beach burning and smouldering away like so much drift wood, their splendid guns and barbettes looming through the blaze and rolling clouds of smoke like signals of distress.

W. C. DAWSON.

SHIPPING MARINES FOR THE INVASION OF SAN JUAN

The enlistment of marines for the invasion of Porto Rico is being carried on rapidly. The auxiliary cruisers which did not have a complete complement of men are now being rapidly filled. Uncle Sam has already more applications for service in the navy than he has ships to put the applicants upon. The applications are from every nationality in the world.

CUBAN JUNTA

Does not Credit the Stories About Friction Between United States Troops and Garcia's Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21.—Gen. Palma, president of the Cuban junta, is in the city. He does not credit the stories about the reported friction between Cuban soldiers and the Americans.

"I think," he said, "all Cubans recognise the nice work of the United States in helping the Cubans to attain their independence. I cannot think any regular soldiers of the Cuban army have refused to help build roads, dig trenches, etc. I do not know what some few scattered soldiers may have done, but it is not reasonable to suppose that any of the regulars under Garcia have declined to perform such service. General Garcia from the beginning, said he was ready to do all that was necessary to aid the Americans, and his soldiers have for years been doing just such work as you refer to. They have grown accustomed to it."

"What do you estimate as the number of Cuban soldiers under arms in Cuba at the present time?" was asked.

"I think we have about 55,000 Cuban soldiers under arms in Cuba now," said General Palma. "There are probably about 4,000 or 5,000 soldiers with Garcia and the balance of them are scattered all over Cuba. It must be remembered that we have possession of a good many towns and there must be a guard maintained over them by our Cuban army. All through the provinces there are needs for the protection which is afforded by these soldiers. Most of our cavalry is in Puerto Principe."

General Palma does not credit the reports regarding the death of General Garcia. He said he had a letter from General Garcia a few days ago and believes he is still alive.

VICTORY ON SEA AND LAND.

INTENSE MOMENTS IN WARFARE.

HOW WOMEN BEAR THE BRUNT OF WAR.

During the few months we have been at war with Spain, there have been many critical moments in which men felt that they were living whole years! The landing of the invading army upon the shores of the enemy's country is perhaps the most critical time for the success or defeat of our arms. The enemy can pour in a deadly fire upon our men as they wade ashore, while they may be in comparative safety behind brastworks, unless they are within the accurate range of our war vessels. In every engagement our men have shown the most heroic bravery and steady-strong nerves coupled with determination. When Farragut and Cushing taught the world, in the naval engagements of our late war, of what material our navy was made, we did not expect so soon to see their counterparts in Dewey and Hobson.

For all the risks that are run by our men and the critical moments they experience, and the times when they feel their nerves stretched to the breaking point, there is unfortunately another tremendous nervous strain endured by the loved ones at home, the women. The wife, mother or sister at home sits wearily waiting for news of those they love—the men who are taking desperate risks at the battle's front. With fear and dread they scan the paper to look over the names of those lost or wounded in the last engagement. The greatest calamity, the saddest picture of all war experiences is the disaster that falls upon the weak and helpless loved ones at home when their hero is killed in action.

Who suffers most deeply and fearfully from the shock of battle? Who feels most poignantly the stabs of poverty and privation and disease? Human life everywhere gives the answer as in an open book that all may read: Women are ever the chief and sorriest victims; the weight of misfortune falls heaviest upon the mother and her child.

Look where you will in any corner of America to-day and you find women suffering such agonies from the weaknesses and diseases peculiar to their sex as would make the bravest soldier flinch and almost hesitate to face them. Their nervous systems are run down at a time when they need the greatest fortitude, strong will and nerves of steel to bear their burdens of care.

"I believe that the sick and suffering women of this country," says Doctor Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., "whether in times of war or peace, are entitled to just as much sympathy as we bestow upon our military and naval heroes; just as much care and attention and solicitude; just as high an appreciation of their heroic fortitude and endurance."

From his earliest practice as a young physician thirty years ago, Dr. Pierce has always felt that the grandest and worthiest work in the world for a physician is to raise up the suffering women who labor under a constant burden of sickness and discouragement and set them upon a higher plane of physical and mental capacity and healthful vigor.

Among all the achievements of an extraordinarily successful career in the field of medical practice, that which yields him the deepest gratification is that he has been able to cope successfully with those delicate and complicated diseases which render the lives of so many women miserable.

Of all his remarkable contributions to medical science his marvelous "Favorite Prescription" for women's complaints stands easily foremost in the world among remedies of its class. It has brought more perfect relief to suffering women, and through them has conferred greater benefit upon their offspring than any other medicine ever invented, and probably more than all other medicines combined.

The "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, opium or other narcotics; no false or uncertain stimulus; does not create a craving for injurious stimulants; the power it gives is the power of nature; it imparts energy and nervetone that is real, healthy and permanent.

"Last February I became sick and had a very lame and painful back and side and I was entirely unfit to attend to my household duties," writes Mrs. M. P. Woodman, of East Newport, Penobscot County, Maine, to Dr. Pierce. "My back was so lame I could not lie down at night, but had to be bolstered up against the head of the bed. We called our family doctor. He gave me medicine, but it did me no good. I became discouraged and told my husband I was going to write to Dr. Pierce and see what he said about my case. I did so and you wrote back describing my case very plainly and advising me to take your 'Favorite Prescription," and "Golden Medical Discovery." I got two bottles (one of each kind), and by the time I had taken them was well enough to do all my housework alone—which is considerable, as I live on a farm, have a good deal to see to, and have four small children. I have remained well up to this time (June 9th) and have not taken any more medicine. I had taken your "Favorite Prescription" several other times with great benefit, and I think it is all that you claim. I shall always take these medicines in the future and shall recommend them to my friends. I thank you very much for your careful attention to my case."

"I suffered for years from a very aggravated case of female weakness, backache, cold hands and feet, and was very weak and nervous," writes Mrs. F. H. Prosens, of Wallington, Wayne county, N. Y. "Had fainting spells, palpitation of the heart and could hardly drag around. My blood was also very bad. Had salt-rheum in my hands. Had a terrible pressure under shoulder blades and my lungs were in very bad condition. The doctors said I must have help right away or I would have consumption. I doctored a long time but did not seem to get any better, and my husband wanted me to try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I did so, and after taking the 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' I was cured of all my complaints, and I have never been better in my life than I have been since taking these medicines, I think they are the best medicines in the world.

"My husband had the grip and it left his lungs in bad condition so he got three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and it helped him right away. We feel that we cannot say enough for Dr. Pierce's medicines. You have my best wishes for your continued success."

"I will express my gratitude to you for the benefit I have received from your 'Favorite Prescription,'" writes Mrs. Cora Mann, of Fairburn, Custer county, South Dakota. "When I began taking it, I could hardly move one foot after the other. I have taken three bottles since February last, and in May I gave birth to a big baby boy. When I was confined there was no one but my husband with me, and I had less pain than with my other children, this being our sixth child. When baby was five days old I got up and washed and dressed him, and got up to the ninth day and stayed up all day. It was all due to God, and to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

"I also gave two bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' to my little girl for a severe breaking out and I think she is completely cured, as she has not had the trouble for over a year."

"I will send you a testimonial of the effect of Dr. Pierce's wonderful 'Favorite Prescription,'" says Mrs. Annie F. Arkins, of Stevenson (Green Spring Valley), Baltimore county, Md. "I am the mother of five children and have suffered very much, mostly from female weakness. Before my last child was born I saw the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and decided to try it. I bought two bottles and took the medicine according to the directions. When baby was born he weighed thirteen pounds. I had a very easy time, and I have not suffered one hour since my boy was born. He is fat and healthy as can be. We thank you for such a great medicine. I do not think I can say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's medicines. May God bless you and may you live long to minister unto the sick."

"I suffered two years or more with female weakness," writes Mrs. Jannie Pigford, of Teacheys, Duplin county, N. C., Box 5. "I had leg-ache and headache and suffered untold misery with bearing down pains in my back and bowels. My feet were cold all the time. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicines—'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' in June, 1897. When I first began to take the medicine I seemed to be worse for a time, and I thought I would die, but I kept on taking it, and before I had finished one bottle I felt better. I took eleven bottles in all. I told my lady friends what Dr Pierce's medicine had done for me, and I know some who are taking it to-day. I will always recommend your medicine as the best I ever found. I would advise all invalid women to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

"I took your 'Favorite Prescription' the last four month of my illness and think it is a wonderful medicine," whites Mrs. Nannie Plummer, of Numa, Butler county, Kansas. "I was only in labor about twenty minutes and had no pains like other women say they have. My seven-pound baby boy, who is now three months old, has never been sick a day in his life and weighs fourteen and one half pounds.

"I would advise every woman who is in the same condition to take Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

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