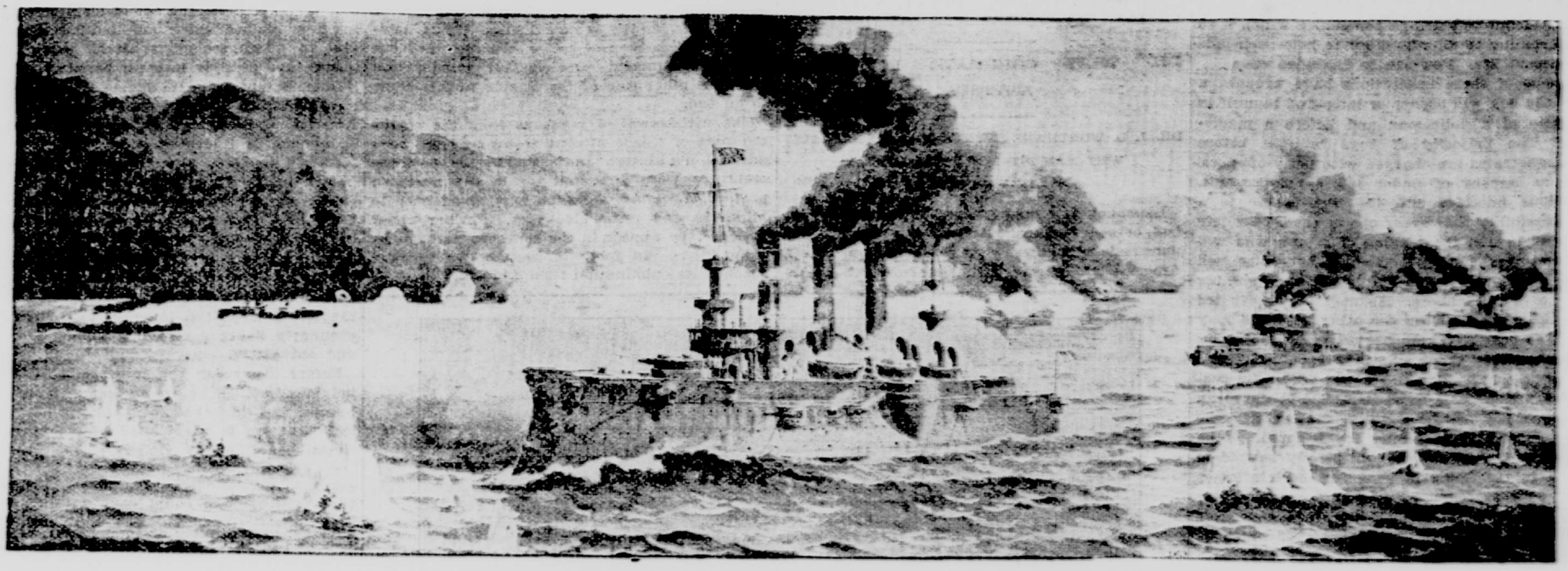

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 3, 1898.

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

A PAINTING OF THE ENGAGEMENT PLACED IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR OF THE NAVY.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Probably no officer of the United States Navy has taken a more lively interest in the welfare of this branch of the Governmental service than the present Chief Constructor of the Navy, Rear-Admiral Philip Hichborn. Notwithstanding his multitudinous duties as Chief of the Bureau which has in charge the construction and repair of all vessels of the Navy, he has found time within the last few years to investigate the history of early naval architecture in America, and as a result has placed in the office of the Chief Constructor a series of seven paintings illustrating four hundred years of progress in this science—from the caravels of Columbus, in 1492, to the Pennsylvania class of battleships of 1901.

In addition to this series, and as a climax to the story of naval progress, a large painting of the latest engagement which reflected credit on United States naval construction has been added, "The Battle of Santiago de Cuba." Almost all the vessels engaged in this action were from designs of which Mr. Hichborn had supervision, and, while a certain pride exists for this fact, the greater delight of perpetuating the heroism of the officers and men and the glory achieved by the United States Navy has actuated the preparation and hanging of this canvas.

It may be remembered that between 9:35 and 10 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, July 3, 1898, when the Spanish vessels attempted to escape from Santiago de Cuba, the United States blockading fleet consisted of the Brooklyn, the Texas, the Oregon, the Iowa, the Indiana and the auxiliaries Gloucester and Vixen, arranged in a semi-circle about the harbor entrance, about two and a half to four miles from shore, that being the limit of the day blockading distance. Two other vessels of the fleet were unavoidably absent, the Massachusetts and the New-York, the former having left at 4 o'clock a. m. for Guantanamo to coal, and the latter to convey Rear-Admiral Sampson to Siboney for a conference with General Shafter.

When the Spanish fleet cleared the harbor's entrance it became at once apparent that a running fight was planned instead of an attack upon the American fleet. This method of escape attempted by the Spanish fleet, all steering in the same direction and in single formation, made the scheme of battle easy for the American squadron.

The first rush of the Spaniards to the westward carried them past a number of the vessels of the blockading squadron, whose crews were at Sunday "quarters for inspection," but when the warning "Enemy's ships escaping" was reported from the lookout and "general quarters" sounded, the men dropped clean clothes and polished accoutrements, and with a cheer sprang to man the guns. The thorough training they had received in the service quickly demonstrated that the enemy had encountered no ordinary opponent, for in less than three-quarters of an hour from the time the last Spanish vessel had left the harbor four of the six vessels comprising the fleet had been reduced to burning, shapeless masses of steel by the terrible accuracy of the American gunners.

The Spanish plan of escape resulted in an engagement extending over a distance of fifty miles, the vessels of both fleets in the mean time changing their relative positions. The time selected for the painting was about 10:20 o'clock a. m., in position 4, as shown on "Chart showing positions of ships of Admiral Cervera's squadron and those of the United States fleet in the battle of July 3, 1898, off Santiago de Cuba," published by the Bureau of Navigation.

This position is off Cabrera Point, looking eastward. The Spanish ships are seen close inshore, the Viscaya leading and the Cristobal Colon following, the Maria Teresa and the Oquendo, on fire, turning to run inshore, and the torpedo boats Furor and Pluton practically destroyed. The American fleet is shown in the foreground, with the Brooklyn in the lead, followed by the Oregon and the Texas, while in the distance are seen the Iowa, the Indiana and the auxiliary yacht Gloucester. The engagement at this time and in this position was probably the most exciting and picturesque of any in the battle, and its portrayal by the artist is realistic and inspiring.

This painting probably is as truthful a representation of the battle of Santiago de Cuba as if the artist had painted it from actual sight, because of the advice and experience of officers engaged in the action having been sought and given and no doubt it will remain in the office of the Chief Constructor of the Navy as a memorial to the officers and crew who manned and the ability of the architect who designed the vessels which in two hours' time sank the entire fleet of the enemy, with a loss of only a single man to the United States Navy.

THE HOME OF THE MALLARD.

NO MIGRATORY BIRD HAS A WIDER RANGE.

From Forest and Stream.

No one of our ducks has a wider range than the mallard, which, as has been said, is the precursor of the common domestic duck. It is found over the entire northern portion of the world, and in America as far south as Mexico, while in Europe it breeds in Southern Spain and Greece. It is believed to be common throughout Asia, except in tropical India, and it is more or less abundant in Northern Africa. Although a migratory bird, the mallard may usually be found throughout its range in winter, provided there is open water, and so a place where it may feed.

In many places in the Northern Rocky Mountains, where the temperature often goes to 30 and 40 degrees below zero, mallards may be found throughout the winter living in warm springs or along swift streams where the current is so rapid that the water never freezes. Thus it is seen that the winter's cold has little to do with the migration of the mallard—or, in fact, with that of many other ducks—and that if food is plentiful the birds can bear almost any degree of cold. It is the freezing of the waters, and thus shutting off the food supply, that forces these inland birds to move southward.

In the New-England States the mallard is not a common bird, but in the Southern States, the interior and California it is extremely abundant.

In the Northern interior the mallard is shot from early October until the waters close in November, and all through the winter it is abundant in the Southern States. Here it feeds in the marshes along the salt water, in the rice fields and along the sloughs and streams throughout the interior, and becomes fat and well flavored and is eagerly pursued. It comes readily to decoys, and if one or more live ducks are tethered with the decoys to call down the wild birds they are quite certain to respond and to offer easy shooting to the gunner. Formerly the mallard bred in considerable numbers within the limits of the United States, though it has never been a common bird at any season on the Atlantic Coast north of New-York. It formerly bred, however, in great numbers in Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, as well as in the prairies of the further West and about alkali lakes and pools on the high central plateau. Now most of the birds proceed further north to breed, and Canada, the Hudson Bay country and the shores of the Arctic Sea are all occupied by it during the nesting season. Dr. Brewer states that "it has been known in rare instances to nest in a tree, in such cases occupying a deserted nest of a hawk, crow or other large bird."

The mallard is one of our typical fresh water ducks. It is rarely or never found on salt water, but, on the other hand, is common on the lagoons along the Southern Atlantic Coast, which are brackish. Here it associates with many other fresh water ducks, and is frequently seen flying in company with black ducks, sprigtails, widgeons and other species.

Perhaps no one of our North American ducks is so well known as the mallard, and yet it has comparatively few common names. It is called greenhead, wild drake, wild duck, English duck, French duck and gray duck or sometimes gray mallard for the female. In Canada the same stock duck was formely a progenitor of the domestic duck. The French Canadians call it canard Français, or French duck. Mr. Trumbull calls attention to the old but now obsolete duckinmallard, a word supposed to be a corruption of duck and mallard, duck being the female and mallard the male. The word is thus the equivalent of duck and drake, it having been the custom seemingly to speak of the species by this double name.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MUTINY.

HOW MUNGUL PANDY MET HIS MATCH.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

How the white teeth gleam, and the black eyes flash through the crowd of excited Sepoys! The clamor of voices takes a new shrillness. Two sahibs are down before their eyes, under the victorious arm of one of their comrades! The men who form the quarter guard of the 34th, at the orders of their native officer, run forward a few paces at the double, but they do not attempt to seize the mutineer. Their sympathies are with him. They halt; they sway to and fro. The nearest smite with the butt ends of their muskets at the two wounded Englishmen.

A cluster of British officers by this time is on the scene; the Colonel of the 34th himself has come up, and naturally takes command. He orders the men of the quarter guard to seize the mutineers, and is told by the native officer in charge that the men "will not go on." The Colonel is, unhappily, not of the stuff of which heroes are made. He looks through his spectacles at Mungul Pandy. A six-foot Sepoy in open revolt, loaded musket in hand—himself loaded more dangerously by fanaticism strongly flavored with bhang—while a thousand excited Sepoys look on trembling with angry sympathy, does not make a cheerful spectacle. "I felt it useless," says the bewildered Colonel, in his official report after the incident, "going on any further in the matter. . . . It would have been a useless sacrifice of life to order a European officer of the guard to seize him. . . . I left the guard and reported the matter to the brigadier." Unhappy Colonel! He may have had his red tape virtues, but he was clearly not the man to suppress a mutiny. The mutiny, in a word, suppressed him! And let it be imagined how the spectacle of that hesitating Colonel added a new element of wondering delight to the huge crowd of swaying Sepoys.

At this moment General Hearsey, the brigadier in charge, rides on to the parade ground; a red faced, wrathful, hard fighting, iron nerved veteran, with two sons, of blood as warlike as their father's, riding behind him as aids. Hearsey, with quick military glance, takes in the whole scene—the mob of excited Sepoys, the sullen quarter guard, the two redcoats lying in the road, and the victorious Mungul Pandy, musket in hand. As he rode up somebody called out: "Have a care; his musket is loaded!" To which the General replied, with military brevity: "Damn his musket!" "An oath," says Trevelyan "concerning which every true Englishman will make the customary invocation to the recording angel."

Mungul Pandy covered the General with his musket. Hearsey found time to say to his son, "If I fall, John, rush in and put him to death somehow." Then, pulling up his horse on the flank of the quarter guard, he plucked a pistol from his holster, levelled it straight at the head of the native officer, and curtly ordered the men to advance and seize the mutineer. The levelled pistol, no doubt, had its own logic; but more effective than even the steady and tiny tube was the face that looked from behind it, with command and iron courage in every line. That masterful British will instantly asserted itself. The loose line of the quarter guard stiffened with instinctive obedience; the men stepped forward, and Mungul Pandy, with one unsteady glance at Hearsey's stern visage, turned with a quick movement the muzzle of his gun to his own breast, thrust his naked toe into the trigger, and fell, self-shot. He survived to be hanged, with due official ceremonies, seven days afterward. It was a true instinct which, after this, taught the British soldier to call every mutinous Sepoy a "Pandy." That incident at Barrackpore is really the history of the Indian mutiny in little.

THE QUEEN'S WILL.

From The London Globe.

The will of Queen Victoria will not be proved, for the Probate Court has no power over the testament of the sovereign, and there exists no machinery by which probate can be granted. The exact contents of the will will, therefore, not be made known to the public, though doubtless some information will be forthcoming as to the general tenor of the document. The only royal will which has been published since that of Henry VIII is, we believe, that of George I.

A KANSAS LULLABY.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bye-a-baby—pittywits!
Papa by the cradle sits;
Mamma's gone to get an axe
To smash a rummie's bar to bits!

MY LADY.

'Tis not her kind yet mastering air,
Nor is't the glory of her hair,
Nor yet the beauty of her eyes
With the deep look of soft surprise;
'Tis not the wit so often heard
Where wisdom lines each airy word;
'Tis not her humours grave and gay
That give my Lady all her sway.
My dainty Lady's sovereign power
Hangs not upon the passing hour;
The years may roll, and still the same
She is my Lady and my Dame.
My Lady's face, my Lady's voice,
These make my heart and soul rejoice.
And yet they fall full short of all
That keeps me still my Lady's thrall;
The secret why my Lady's reign
Can never turn to change or pain
Is known alike to man and elf,
It is that she is just—Herself!

—(Walter Herries Pollock, in Longmans' Magazine.

A COURSE IN PAINTING.

Margaret Armour, in Phil May's Annual.

The lilacs below the classroom balcony grew so high that Fräulein Elizabeth, by leaning over, managed to pluck a spray of the blossom.

Austerely dressed and delicately grave, she stood, for a space, against the invading flood of spring rapture, till suddenly it reached and overwhelmed her.

She paled, and held out the clasped hands which held the lilac, as if offering it at some shrine, while her eyes burned with the mystic adoration of an early saint.

Her pupils were chattering inside, waiting for the blossom, which was to serve as their drawing model, and when the din became too loud to be ignored Elizabeth switched her mood back on to the line of her duties, and, returning to the table, brought the girls to order by some chill, repressive words, and set them to their task.

Then she went her round, instructing silently, for the most part, with indiarubber and pencil.

"But that isn't there, Fräulein," objected one of the young draughtswomen, the laborious verisimilitude of whose copy Elizabeth was tampering with.

Elizabeth flushed, and hastily rubbed out the addition by which she had achieved rhythm of line at the expense of realism.

It was a tendency which, as a teacher, she strove against with all her might, but to which, as an artist, she clung with a passionate instinct.

The lesson over, every face brightened. The young eyes roved with relief over objects which they were not bound to record with foolish minuteness.

Classes were changed with a buzz and a clatter of feet up and down the polished wooden stairs, and during the interval Elizabeth took a volume out of a drawer and pencilled a delicate border round one of the pages.

She was absorbed in her work when an older woman entered, and, with some indecision on her handsome face, crossed the table, and laid her hand affectionately on Elizabeth's shoulder.

Fräulein Anna was the eldest of the three sisters who ran the institution, and although the silent, beautiful Elizabeth held a large place in her heart, and the one thing she ever really shrank from was giving her pain, she was bound, as educational head, to insist on the efficiency of her staff.

She had just come from an interview with a parent, which had roused her uneasiness concerning the drawing class, and it was indecision as to the most tactful mode of broaching the subject which had puckered her brow.

"Very pretty," she remarked of the border, without giving it a glance. "You have never tried oils, Elizabeth?"

"No, that medium doesn't attract me."

"That is rather a pity, dear one, for it seems to attract the parents. Frau Hagen has just been here, to tell me that she wishes Mariechen to leave your class and join Herr Hofmeyer's. That's the fourth withdrawal this month."

"It doesn't matter who teaches them," Elizabeth answered; "they cannot learn."

"True, my Herzchen, but—don't you see they can pay? And it's beginning to make a difference. Now, you mustn't be vexed, dear" (for Elizabeth had winced and reddened), "but I thought I ought to mention it.

"They know nothing of art, nor do I; your style, I am sure, is perfect; but everybody seems to think more of oils; I notice they always give oil paintings the handsomest frames. I was wondering if you couldn't—just to satisfy their prejudice—take some lessons yourself from Herr Hofmeyer.

"You are so clever, you would soon pick up his method, which appears to be a very popular one; and it would be so much in your pocket. We would make secrecy on his part a condition, as, of course, your prestige must not be lowered in the girls' eyes."

Elizabeth drew forward her sister's hand,