WAS SCHLEY'S VICTORY

Commodore's Splendid Work in Destroying Cervera's Fleet.

FOUGHT TERRIFIC BATTLE THROUGHOUT.

Surveyor Made to Blush—Discourteous Act of Admiral Sampson—Account of an Eye-Witness.

Cortlandt-Sons of the Associated Press. Jurgens, Cuba, July 4.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The battle between the Americans and Spaniards on the water was witnessed by the correspondent of the Associated Press from a position about at the elbow of Commodore Schley.

When the Spanish fleet was sighted the Iowa was entering a mile farther out than the rest of the squadron, trying to fix her forward bulkheads there, which was not exposed while the Indiana was doing the same thing to her forward bulkheads inshore. The absolutely available ships of the squadron, therefore, were only the Oregon, Texas and Brooklyn, although later both Gloucester and Cristobal Colon joined their ships.

Navigator Hodgson was on the bridge of the Brooklyn and was the first to observe the moving smoke at the eastern end of the harbor. He said to Commodore Schley: "Sir, I think I see smoke inshore." He said to the lookout, who, after a moment's inspection with a long glass, stepped to the pilot-house and fairly yelled, "There is a big ship coming out of the harbor, sir." Hodgson, who is a quiet spoken man, meant mere bigness, and there swaying the Brooklyn, shouted: "After the ships! Full speed!"

"After the ships! Full speed!" echoed Cook, who stood near, he with "Clear ship for action." Then he shot forward and took his place on a high platform of wood running on the outside of the cutting tower, which had been used for him.

The men with a yell went to their guns and the rapid preliminary orders were given. Commodore Schley watched the first ship turn out and saw her start for the west. Still no signal was issued by the Brooklyn. The Oregon carried with her twelve-inch shells and the Indiana and Texas fourteen-inch. The Oregon was the long one. Still the Brooklyn waited. There below, the coal was being turned into the furnaces, every hole was being filled with coal and every gun made ready to fire.

In the meantime the Oregon began to turn to the west and the Texas had moved closer and was disrupting the leading ship, the Maria Teresa. "They are all coming west, sir," shouted Lieut. Hodgson.

"Full speed ahead, open fire," shouted the commodore. "Fire deliberately and don't waste a shot," he added. The orderly spread the word to the turrets. In an instant the Brooklyn's fourteen-inch and five-inch batteries on her port side opened and the smoke hooded for a point in front of the fleet as the cutting skits, firing and recording the fourteen two of them.

Then Commodore Schley saw that the first ship was coming out from the shore headed directly for the Brooklyn with the evident intention of ramming her. "Hard aport with your helm," shouted Schley, and the cruiser began to go around, the smoke coming from her funnels in big volumes. Quickly the turret and quickly the broadsides rain was pouring at the first ship. The Infanta Maria Teresa had to work in to avoid being rammed. The shells of the Texas and Oregon, with the terrific storm of shell from the Brooklyn, had done their work and the smoke began to appear pouring from her decks.

At 9 o'clock the entire Cuba Yankee squadron was outside the harbor and going rapidly westward. The Iowa and the Indiana turned not her and the yacht, but the Oregon was coming across to the assistance of the Brooklyn, which had taken station of vessel first three ships, the Infanta Maria Teresa, Cristobal Colon and the Vizcaya. At 10:45 the Oregon had all concentrated their shots at the Brooklyn, and she was in a perfect rain of shells, most of which went over her.

Standing in that hail of shells, Commodore Schley asked a young man named Hiller, who stood near him, to be a stalwarter. "What is the distance to the Vizcaya?" The man took the glasses, "Twenty-two hundred yards, sir," he said, and there was a whistle, followed by a splash as his head was literally torn from his shoulders by an eight-inch shell.

"Too bad," said Commodore Schley, as the body fell at his feet, and then, with his face as pale as his hair, he cried, "The fleet ship is close for the 14-inch gun." The Maria Teresa was running for soon on the beach and in an instant was a mass of flames. The Brooklyn was ordered to concentrate her fire on the Almirante Oquendo, which, with the Vizcaya's exception, in the minutes more, the Oquendo was sent adrift burning, a wreck. Then, in the meantime, had sank one torpedo boat destroyer and the other one had been driven back by the Gloucester's fire.

At 10:40 the Brooklyn turned her attention to the Vizcaya, which the Oregon having passed the latter and now trace to the lead will be the end. At the time of the Oquendo's wreck from the Brooklyn with the Oregon, about a mile and a half astern, and the Texas about a mile and a half astern.

At 10:40 the Vizcaya was raked for and 20 shots among her gunnery in an eight-inch shell, which burst in the forward part of the ship, killing a number of men, a minute after, boarded to her superintendent with Cooper Mills, who had been wounded in the arm, and at 10:55 she headed for the beach at Aguadores, where the wreck now lies. The Oregon, Texas and Brooklyn went on the chase after the Cristobal Colon, the chase coming finally to an end between 2 and 3 o'clock.

The other vessels at 10:30 were from six to eight miles behind and at least three miles apart. The Iowa, New York, was one in sight, at 11:30 the Brooklyn, slightly ahead of the Oregon, at Santiago, Cuba, and the Texas in the rear. Soon after the Oregon passed the Brooklyn, to make a stricter course, the chase, Schley, thought, she would have to travel a long time before it got away.

In the battle Commodore Schley was deliberate, and as had the officers and Commodore Schley himself one bullet hole in his coat, he was the most cool, unexcited target in Santiago. There was a bottle of wine in the ward room which was to be opened when the fleet was in the harbor. Schley said, "Open it." The officer who opened it said, "Shall I open it, sir?"