

## THE SINKING OF THE MAINE.

Let British lion lash his tail  
And Russian bear stand up and quail  
While Spanish forces now turn pale  
From memories past.  
On the Maine's mast  
The eagle screams above the gale,  
"Our poor, poor boys!"

Let liberty expand her light  
From off the needless giddy height  
To guide us now in line of right  
While strong men, arm them for the  
fight,  
The eagle screams: "It was a sight!  
Our poor, poor boys!  
Sunk in the night!"

Summon in haste the ancient seers  
From Babylon, Rome and Chaldea  
here;

Come Webb, Parsee, Spartan grand,  
And Nena Sahib, come and stand  
While eagle screams: "It was not  
right;  
Our poor, poor boys, sunk in the  
night!"

Come Gerafbaldi and William Tell,  
The brave six hundred, those who fell  
By riding in the jaws of hell;  
St. George's cross it waves in sight  
They did not perish in the night.

At Valley Forge in houses old,  
Though food was scarce and scant  
was gold,  
With frost and snow O bitter cold,  
The eagle screams: "Yet it was light;  
They did not perish in the night!"

Hush, hush, my noise, do not com-  
plain,  
Because their end it was so tame.  
Their names are enrolled on glory's  
fame,  
Theirs was no blot, theirs was no  
shame.  
The eagle screams: "Yes you are  
right,  
Yet they were sunken in the night!"  
JAMES R. MISKIM.

## FROM ENSIGN PEARSON.

The "News" is enabled today to pub-  
lish a letter written from Manila Bay  
on May 4th, three days after the great  
American victory over the Spanish fleet.  
The writer is Ensign Pearson of Draper,  
Utah, who is about to be presented by  
the people of this State with a gold and  
silver mounted sword for the gallant  
manner in which he acquitted himself  
in the memorable contest. While the  
letter does not contain very much that  
has not already been published, it is full  
of interest, coming as it does direct  
from the scene of conflict and having  
been written by a Utah officer. Perhaps  
the most interesting feature is that the  
Zafiro, the transport which Admiral  
Dewey purchased from the English,  
and which was under Ensign Pearson's  
command, cut the cable over which so  
much apprehension was felt for a  
time. That alone was no small dis-  
tinction. The letter was to Ensign  
Pearson's parents, brothers and sisters,  
and is as follows:

S. S. Zafiro, Manila Bay,  
May 4, 1898.

Dear Family:—I believe I last wrote  
you from Hongkong about April 24th.  
War having been declared, the governor  
of Hongkong, an English port, gave us  
the usual time of forty-eight hours  
to leave. We went on April 24th to  
Mirs Bay, a small bay in China about  
twenty-five miles from Hongkong.  
April 27th the fleet of nine vessels  
sailed for Manila, the capital of the  
Philippine Islands. On the eve of  
April 30th we were about sixty miles  
from the entrance to Manila Bay, on  
which is the city of Manila. The en-

trance to the bay was known to have  
forts on both sides and to have mines  
laid to explode when we went in. That  
evening the admiral informed the fleet  
that he was going into Manila Bay  
that night about midnight. All lights  
were to be put out and officers and  
men were to stand by their guns ready  
for the forts or any of the Spanish  
ships that might be met. We steamed  
along and about midnight the head  
ship passed the forts unseen, and some  
of the others passed unobserved, but  
the forts finally saw that a fleet had  
come in and at once opened fire. I  
was on the last ship. Some of the  
last ships returned the fire. Our ships  
sped along as fast as possible, the forts  
firing and our ships returning it. This  
was between 12 and 1 a.m. on May 1st.  
None of our ships were hurt and prob-  
ably the fort was not, for it was dark  
night. About a dozen (12) shots were  
fired. Luckily only one fort fired at us  
and no torpedoes were exploded. We  
all got through the entrance safely,  
and then steamed up the bay toward  
Manila.

About daylight, May 1st, the fleet  
had arrived off Cavite, the Spanish  
naval station near Manila city. We were  
soon observed and soon the forts there  
as well as those at Manila opened fire  
on our ships. The two ships of ours,  
the Zafiro and the Nanshan, which  
were loaded with coal and supplies, got  
out of the fire. The other ships turned  
slowly around toward Cavite, where  
the forts continued the fire. Soon our  
ships got the distance of the forts and  
opened fire on them, our ships steamed  
past the forts, one ship behind another,  
firing for all they were worth, the forts  
doing the same. When they had passed  
the forts they turned around and  
steamed back, firing again. By this  
time the Spanish fleet of about ten  
ships came out of a small bay at the  
back of the forts and with the forts  
fired vigorously at our ships, which re-  
turned a similar fire.

When our ships had passed the forts  
they turned and steamed by again  
and then again and again. In all they  
steamed by the forts and Spanish ships  
and back, three times. It was a terrible  
fire when all were firing at once. After  
two and a half hours hard fighting  
our ships withdrew to rest and for  
breakfast. One Spanish ship had been  
sunk, one was on fire and another one  
had been struck and was sinking; to  
save her crew, she was run on the  
ground. The others had withdrawn to  
the bay back of the forts. While at  
breakfast our ships were fired at by the  
Manila forts.

About 11:20 a. m., breakfast be-  
ing finished and the men being rested, the  
fleet went over to Cavite again and  
gave the Spanish forts and ships a very  
heavy fire for one and a half hours.  
Finally, the white flag was run up over  
Cavite and it was ours.

Every Spanish ship in the fight was  
now burned by us. When Cavite had  
given up, the fleet started for Manila  
to take it, but found the white flag  
up there on the governor's house, so no  
fighting took place there. We have tak-  
en all Spanish ships which were not  
burned, have blown up all their forts  
and arsenals except at Manila and all  
is ours.

There was not a man killed on our  
ships and none hurt beyond bad  
scratches from pieces of bursting shells  
and they are few in numbers. It is the  
most marvelous thing you can think  
of.

The Spanish were killed and wounded  
on ship and forts by hundreds. I have  
visited the Spanish hospitals on shore  
and seen many of the wounded, all  
kinds of wounds, legs, arms, fingers  
and toes cut off and all sorts you can  
think of.

All Spaniards have left Cavite and  
the rebels, that is, the natives of these

islands, have plundered their houses,  
taking everything. The Zafiro is now  
at Cavite at the Spanish dock yard tak-  
ing on board a supply of Spanish coal.  
The vicinity of Cavite is a mass of  
ruins, demolished forts, plundered  
houses and the ruins of all the Spanish  
ships which were burned in shallow  
water.

Our orders were to destroy the Span-  
ish fleet here, and it was most thor-  
oughly done in about four hours' fight-  
ing. The Spaniards have not realized  
that the Americans were a strong peo-  
ple, as you will see by reading a copy  
of the proclamation made by the gover-  
nor of these islands to the people when  
war was declared. I enclose a copy  
which please do not lose. We do not  
know how long we will remain here,  
but the place is ours, no one has been  
hurt in the fighting and there will  
probably be no more fighting here.

The Spanish governor would not al-  
low us to use the telegraph, so the  
Zafiro was ordered to find the cable  
which was laid in the bay and cut it,  
which we did.

Regards to all, yours, etc.,

H. A. PEARSON.

All business here is stopped, most  
white people except Spaniards have  
left. We have no communication with  
the outside world, so tomorrow one of  
our ships goes to Hongkong to take  
mails and telegrams, etc. H. A. P.

This proclamation was read to all  
the sailors and marines on the Ameri-  
can ships a day or two before the bat-  
tle:

Extraordinary Proclamation by the  
Governor General of the Philip-  
pines:

"Spaniards.—Between Spain and the  
United States of North America hos-  
tilities have broken out.

"The moment has arrived to prove to  
the world that we possess the spirit to  
conquer those who, pretending to be  
loyal friends, take advantage of our  
misfortunes and abuse our hospitality,  
using means which civilized nations  
count unworthy and disreputable.

"The North American people, consti-  
tuted of all the social excrescences,  
have exhausted our patience and pro-  
voked war with their perfidious  
machinations, with their acts of  
treachery, with their outrages against  
the law of nations and international  
conventions.

"The struggle will be short and de-  
cisive. The God of Victories will give  
us one as brilliant and complete as the  
righteousness and justice of our cause  
demand. Spain, which counts upon  
the sympathies of all the nations, will  
emerge triumphantly from this new  
test, humiliating and blasting the ad-  
venturers from those states that, with-  
out cohesion and without a history, of-  
fer to humanity only infamous tradi-  
tions and the ungrateful spectacle of  
chambers in which appear united in-  
solence and defamation, cowardice and  
cynicism.

"A squadron manned by foreigners,  
possessing neither instruction nor dis-  
cipline, is preparing to come to this  
archipelago with the ruffianly inten-  
tion of robbing us of all that means  
life, honor, and liberty. Pretending to  
be inspired of a courage of which they  
are incapable, the North American  
seamen undertake as an enterprise,  
capable of realization, the substitution  
of Protestantism for the Catholic re-  
ligion you profess, to treat you as  
tribes refractory to civilization, to take  
possession of your riches as if they  
were unacquainted with the rights of  
property, and to kidnap those persons  
whom they consider useful to man  
their ships or to be exploited in agri-  
cultural or industrial labor.

"Vain designs! Ridiculous boast-  
ings!

"Your indomitable bravery will suf-  
fice to frustrate the attempt to carry