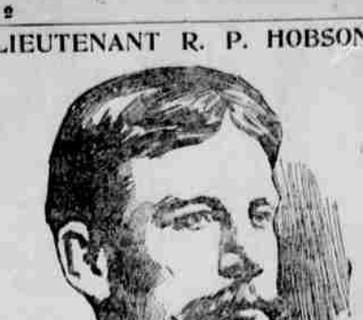
LIEUTENANT R. P. HOBSON.



The Hero of Merrimac and "Merry Smack" Fame.

Lieutenant Richard Pearson Hobson passed through Salt Lake City. He came on the Union Pacific and left for the coast on the Southern Pacific. He is going to Manila, having been assigned to duty there by the secretary of the navy.

Lieutenant Hobson is an old Utah Merrimac fame; not so much for the accounts of the "kissing bee" as for a subject dealing his "Merrimac smack" in the court his "merry smack" has pressure to handicap's outside the Merrimac exploit in the back of Santiago harbor, which was dared a house bed by which was a it was expected to be a sort of Chevalier's farce.

Rear Admiral Sampson, during the early morning of Friday, June 3, detailed the Merrimac, carrying Hobson's volunteers to Hobson, to Cuba to sink in the outer Merrimac, loaded with metal, in the harbor mouth. He called for volunteers to go in almost every officer, crew, and 1,000 men offered themselves. Lieut. Hobson and six other men were chosen, and at 3 o'clock Friday morning the Merrimac, under her own steam, entered the channel under a terrible Spanish fire. The vessel was riddled with projectiles, but she anchored and swung around. Lieut. Hobson then set off an internal torpedo with an electric attachment; there was an explosion, the Merrimac sank, and the channel was closed.

The story of the exploit, however, is best told in Hobson's own words: "We had been thirty-three days in a Spanish prison," said Mr. Hobson, "and the news I think about it the more marvelous it seems that we are alive.

"It was about 3 o'clock in the morning when the Merrimac entered the narrow channel, and steamed in under the guns of Morro Castle. The stillness of death prevailed. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the bowsprit.

"We had planned to drop our starboard anchor at a certain point to the right of the channel, reverse our engines and then swing the Merrimac around, sinking her directly across the channel.

"The plan was adhered to, but circumstances rendered its execution impossible. When the Merrimac piled her bow into the channel, our troubles commenced. The deadly silence was broken to the wish of a small boat approaching us from the shore. I made her out to be a picket boat. We ran close up under the shore of the Morro and then we were shaded from what seemed to be three-pounder guns. The Merrimac's rudder was carried away by the fire. This left us helpless. The rudder was not sunk across the channel.

"We did not discover the use of the rudder until Morro was the shadow. We then found that the Merrimac would not swing her bow, and were compelled to make the best of the situation. The run up the channel was very exciting. The shots fired from the forts, the cheering, and in a moment the roar of the Vizcaya, Almirante and Oquendo and of the shore batteries were turned upon us.

"Searchlights, shots and torpedoes all were directed at us almost as fast as they could be fired. The others did be damage, although we could hear the rumbling and could feel the ship tremble. We were treated without a hitch and only the darkness saved us from direct destruction.

"When the ship was in the desired position, we found the rudder was gone, and I called the men on deck. When we reached the deck we found the Merrimac's bow had piled up on Cervera's decks.

"At the same moment, two torpedoes from the Vizcaya struck the side of the Merrimac amidships. I cannot say whether our explosives of the Spanish torpedoes, but the fact is that the Merrimac was lifted out of the water and stood up on another.

"Our men were as cool as assembled workmen at a raising. Our officers were chosen, and at 3 o'clock Friday morning the Merrimac, under her own steam, entered the channel under a terrible Spanish fire. The vessel was riddled with projectiles, but she anchored and swung around. Lieut. Hobson then set off an internal torpedo with an electric attachment; there was an explosion, the Merrimac sank, and the channel was closed.

"The story of the exploit, however, is best told in Hobson's own words: 'We had been thirty-three days in a Spanish prison,' said Mr. Hobson, 'and the news I think about it the more marvelous it seems that we are alive.

"'It was about 3 o'clock in the morning when the Merrimac entered the narrow channel, and steamed in under the guns of Morro Castle. The stillness of death prevailed. It was so dark that we could scarcely see the bowsprit.

"'We had planned to drop our starboard anchor at a certain point to the right of the channel, reverse our engines and then swing the Merrimac around, sinking her directly across the channel.

"'The plan was adhered to, but circumstances rendered its execution impossible. When the Merrimac piled her bow into the channel, our troubles commenced. The deadly silence was broken to the wish of a small boat approaching us from the shore. I made her out to be a picket boat. We ran close up under the shore of the Morro and then we were shaded from what seemed to be three-pounder guns. The Merrimac's rudder was carried away by the fire. This left us helpless. The rudder was not sunk across the channel.

"'We did not discover the use of the rudder until Morro was the shadow. We then found that the Merrimac would not swing her bow, and were compelled to make the best of the situation. The run up the channel was very exciting. The shots fired from the forts, the cheering, and in a moment the roar of the Vizcaya, Almirante and Oquendo and of the shore batteries were turned upon us.

"'Searchlights, shots and torpedoes all were directed at us almost as fast as they could be fired. The others did be damage, although we could hear the rumbling and could feel the ship tremble. We were treated without a hitch and only the darkness saved us from direct destruction.

"'When the ship was in the desired position, we found the rudder was gone, and I called the men on deck. When we reached the deck we found the Merrimac's bow had piled up on Cervera's decks.

"'At the same moment, two torpedoes from the Vizcaya struck the side of the Merrimac amidships. I cannot say whether our explosives of the Spanish torpedoes, but the fact is that the Merrimac was lifted out of the water and stood up on another.

"'Our men were as cool as assembled workmen at a raising. Our officers were chosen, and at 3 o'clock Friday morning the Merrimac, under her own steam, entered the channel under a terrible Spanish fire. The vessel was riddled with projectiles, but she anchored and swung around. Lieut. Hobson then set off an internal torpedo with an electric attachment; there was an explosion, the Merrimac sank, and the channel was closed.

"'