

leased from presiding over the Cheltenham conference to return home July 2, 1898.

Elder Herbert L. James has been released from laboring as secretary of the European mission and appointed to preside over the Cheltenham conference. His duties in the former capacity have been discharged in an able manner, and his labors have been highly satisfactory. The change of position has been made to give him the privilege of performing outside missionary labor. Some years ago he filled a mission of over two years' duration in the office, and over one year of his present mission has been spent in a similar capacity.

Elder Edwin F. Parry, of the presidency of the European mission, has been honorably released to return home. He leaves Liverpool per S. S. Lucania, on Saturday, June 13, 1898. Brother Parry arrived in Liverpool on April 17, 1896, and since that time has been engaged in the editorial department of the *Millennial Star*. The readers of the *Star* have become well acquainted with him through his editorials; and many of them have also had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance by meeting him during his travels throughout the British mission.

Elder Herbert L. James was suddenly away from his office last Thursday by telegraph, owing to the illness of his father, William Rhodes James, Esq., of Beacon Down, Pinhoe, near Exeter, Devonshire. Upon arriving at his home Brother James found his father in a comatose condition from which he never rallied but passed away at the ripe age of 81, on Friday night, the last sad rites being performed on June 13th.

The Anchor Line steamship *City of Rome*, advertised to sail on Saturday, June 18th, having been withdrawn and the *Anchoria* substituted in its stead, owing to the latter being somewhat crowded, President E. F. Parry, together with Elder T. H. Cartwright and C. E. Rose have decided to sail for New York in the Cunard liner *Lucania* leaving on the same date.

Elder Attewall Wootton has been appointed to succeed Elder Edwin F. Parry as assistant editor of the *Star*. He is expected to leave his home in Utah for Liverpool on July 8th next. Pending his arrival here Elder George E. Carpenter will assist in the editorial department of the *Star*.

#### DESTROYED THE FLEET.

Ten miles west of the entrance of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, Sunday, July 3.—By the Associated Press dispatch boat *Wanda* to Port Antonio, Jamaica, Monday morning, July 4, via Kingston, Jamaica, July 4.—[Copyright, 1898, by the Associated Press.]—Admiral Cervera's fleet, consisting of the armored cruiser *Cristobal Colon*, Almirante Oquendo, Infanta Maria Teresa and Viscaya, and two torpedo boat destroyers, the *Furor* and the *Pluton*, which had been held in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba for six weeks past by the combined squadrons of Rear-Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, lies today at the bottom of the Caribbean sea off the southern coast of Cuba.

The Spanish admiral is a prisoner of war on the auxiliary gunboat *Gloucester*, (formerly Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's yacht *Corsair*) and 1,000 to 1,500 other Spanish soldiers and sailors, all who escaped the frightful carnage caused by the shells from the American warships, are also held as prisoners of war by the United States.

The Spaniards when they found they would be permitted to live, adapted themselves comfortably to the situation, rolled their cigarettes and began playing cards among themselves.

The American victory is complete, and, according to the best information obtainable at this time, the American vessels were practically untouched and only one man was killed, though the ships were subjected to a heavy fire from the Spaniards all the time the battle lasted.

Admiral Cervera made as gallant a dash for liberty and preservation of his ships as has ever occurred in the history of naval warfare. In the face of overwhelming odds, with nothing before him but inevitable destruction if he remained any longer in the trap in which the American fleet held him, he made a bold dash from the harbor at the time the Americans least expected him to do so, and fighting every inch of his way, even when his ship was ablaze and sinking, he tried to escape the doom which was written on the muzzle of every American gun trained upon his vessels.

The Americans saw him the moment he left, and commenced the work of destruction immediately.

For an hour or two they followed the flying Spaniards to the westward along the shore line, sending shot after shot into their hulls, tearing great holes in their steel sides and covering their decks with the blood of the killed and wounded. At no time did the Spaniards show any indication that they intended to do otherwise than fight to the last. They showed no signals to surrender even when their ships commenced to sink and the great clouds of smoke poured from their sides showed that they were on fire. But they turned their heads toward the shore, less than a mile away, and ran them on the beach and rocks, where their destruction was soon completed.

The officers and men on board then escaped to the shore as well as they could, with the assistance of boats sent from the American men-of-war, and then threw themselves upon the mercy of their captors, who not only extended to them the gracious hand of American chivalry, but sent them a guard to protect them from the murderous bands of Cuban soldiers hiding in the brush on the hillside eager to rush down and attack the unarmed, defeated but valorous foe.

One or another of the Spanish ships became the victims of the awful rain of shells which the American battleships, cruisers and gunboats poured upon them, and two hours after the first of the fleet had started out of Santiago harbor, three cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers were lying off Morro Castle, pounding to pieces, on the shore ten to fifteen miles west, smoke and flame pouring from every part of them and covering the entire coast line with a mist which could be seen for miles. Heavy explosions of ammunition occurred every few minutes, sending curls of dense white smoke a hundred feet in the air and causing a shower of broken iron and steel to fall in the water on every side.

The bluffs on the coast line echoed with the roar of every explosion and the Spanish vessels sank deeper and deeper into the sand or else the rocks ground their hulls to pieces as they rolled or pitched forward or sideways with every wave that washed upon them from the open sea.

Admiral Cervera escaped to the shore in a boat sent by the *Gloucester* to the assistance of the Infanta Maria Teresa, and as soon as he touched the beach he surrendered himself and his command to Lieut. Morton and asked to be taken aboard the *Gloucester*, which was the only American vessel at the time, with several of his officers, including the captain of the flagship.

The Spanish admiral, who was wounded in the arm, was taken to the *Gloucester*, and was received at her gangway by her commander, Lieut.

Commander Richard Wainwright, who grasped the hand of the gray-bearded admiral and said to him: "I congratulate you, sir, upon having made as gallant a fight as was ever witnessed on the sea." Lieut. Commander Wainwright then placed his cabin at the disposal of the Spanish officers.

At that time the Spanish flagship and four other Spanish vessels had been aground and burning for two hours, and the only one of the escaping fleet which could not be seen at this point was the *Cristobal Colon*. But half a dozen curls of smoke far down on the western horizon showed the fate that was awaiting that vessel.

The *Cristobal Colon* was the fastest of the Spanish ships and she soon obtained a lead over the others after leaving the harbor and escaped the effect of the shots which destroyed the other vessels. She steamed away at great speed, with the *Oregon*, New York, Brooklyn and several other ships in pursuit, all of them firing at her constantly and receiving fire themselves from her aft guns. There seemed no possibility whatever for her escape, and while her fate is not definitely known at this hour, it can be readily imagined from the words of Capt. Robley D. Evans of the *Iowa*, who turned from the westward with 350 prisoners from the *Vizcaya* just as the Associated Press dispatch boat *Wanda* was leaving the flagship.

In answer to an inquiry he shouted through the megaphone: "I left the *Cristobal Colon* far to the westward an hour ago and the *Oregon* was giving her hell. She has undoubtedly gone down with the others, and we will have a fourth of July celebration in Santiago tomorrow."

Capt. Evans, who had been in the thick of the engagement up to the time he took the *Vizcaya* officers and crew from the shore, said that to the best of his knowledge, not one American ship had been struck.

The torpedo boat *Ericsson*, which also returned from the westward at about the same time, made a similar report, saying it was believed no man was injured on board the American ships, though another report had it that one man was killed on board the Brooklyn, which could not be verified as this dispatch is sent.

There is no means of telling now what the loss was, but it is believed to have been very heavy, as the prisoners in custody report their decks strewn with dead and wounded in great numbers, and besides there is a statement that many bodies could be seen fastened to the pieces of wreckage floating in the sea after the fight was over. A large number of the Spanish wounded were removed to the American ships.

There can be no doubt that Admiral Cervera's plan to escape from Santiago harbor was entirely unexpected by Admiral Sampson, and the best evidence of this is the fact that when the Spanish vessels were seen coming out of the harbor the flagship New York was seven miles away, steaming east of Morro. The New York was out of the fight altogether at every stage, but she immediately put about and followed the others.

In the race to the westward she soon overtook them and joined in the chase for the *Cristobal Colon*, after the other Spanish vessels had been destroyed by the Brooklyn, the *Oregon*, *Iowa*, Massachusetts, Indiana, Texas, *Gloucester* and other ships of the fleet.

Commodore Schley's flagship, the Brooklyn, had her usual position at the extreme western end of the line, ten miles from the New York and Texas. It is a peculiar fact that he