

ate one, the fire of the entire fleet being concentrated on the single antagonist, until the storm of projectiles grew so terrific that utter annihilation seemed at hand. The Spanish admiral now swung his ship around and started hastily back. Just as she had fairly started in the reverse course an 8-inch shell from the Olympia struck her fairly in the stern and drove inward through every obstruction, wrecking the aft-boiler and blowing up the deck in its explosion. It was a fatal shot. Clouds of white smoke were soon followed by the red glare of flames. For half an hour longer the crew continued to work their guns. At the end of that time the fire was master of the ship.

Two torpedo-boats came out with the same purpose, and met with the same reception. Such a rain of shell poured on them that they hastily turned and ran back. They had not gone far before one of them, torn by a shell, plunged headlong to the bottom of the bay. The other was beached, her crew flying in terror to the shore.

While death and destruction were thus playing havoc with the Spanish ships, the Spanish fire was mainly wasted upon the sea. Shots struck the Olympia, Baltimore, and Boston, but did little damage. One passed just under Commodore Dewey on the bridge and tore a hole in the deck. One ripped up the main deck of the Baltimore, disabled a 6-inch gun, and exploded a box of ammunition, by which eight men were slightly wounded. These were the only men hurt on the American side during the whole battle.