

An 8-inch shell from the Brooklyn pierced her above her armor-belt. At one o'clock both ships were pounding away at her, an ineffective fire being returned. At 1.20 she hauled down her flag, and, like her consorts, ran ashore. She had made a run of forty-eight miles.

About six hundred men were killed on the Spanish ships; the American loss was one man killed and one wounded. The ships of Spain were blazing wrecks; those of the United States were none the worse for the fight. It was like the victory at Manila repeated. It resembled the latter in another particular, two torpedo-boats taking part in the affair. These were attacked by the Gloucester, a yacht converted into a gunboat, and dealt with so shrewdly that both of them were sunk.

The battle ended, efforts to save on the part of the American ships succeeded the effort to destroy, the Yankee tars showing as much courage and daring in their attempts to rescue the wounded from the decks of the burning ships as they had done in the fight. The ships were blazing fore and aft, their guns were exploding from the heat, at any moment the fire might reach the main magazines. A heavy surf made the work of rescue doubly dangerous; yet no risk could deter the American sailors while the chance to save one of the wounded remained, and they made as proud a record on the decks of the burning ships as they had done behind the guns.

These two signal victories were the great events of the war. Conjoined with one victory on land, they put an end to the conflict. Without a fleet,