

LARGEST ON EARTH!

An Instructive Table of Comparative Daily Circulation of the Leading Newspapers of the World.

New York Journal.....	1,250,751
Paris Petit Journal.....	1,000,000
London Daily Mail.....	525,000
London Daily Telegraph.....	250,000
London Standard.....	250,000
London Chronicle.....	200,000
London Daily News.....	200,000
London Times.....	40,000

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

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WEATHER

The Local Weather Bureau's prediction for New York City and vicinity is as follows: Fair and pleasant; northerly winds.

For New York, New Jersey, Eastern Pennsylvania and Connecticut: Fair and warm; brisk northerly winds.

The highest temperature yesterday was 77 degrees, at 2:30 p. m.

The lowest temperature yesterday was 67 degrees, at 8:00 p. m.



# SHAFTER ASKS ORDERS FOR SAMPSON. WANTS THE FLEET TO FORCE THE HARBOR.

## HERO OF THE GREAT SEA FIGHT.



COMMODORE WINFIELD S. SCHLEY.

"We Have Won a Great Victory!" He Signalled When Rear-Admiral Sampson Arrived at Close of Battle.

Sampson Refuses to Do So Unless He Receives Orders Direct from Washington.

President Orders Them to Confer at Once and Agree on a Plan to Reduce Santiago Without Delay.

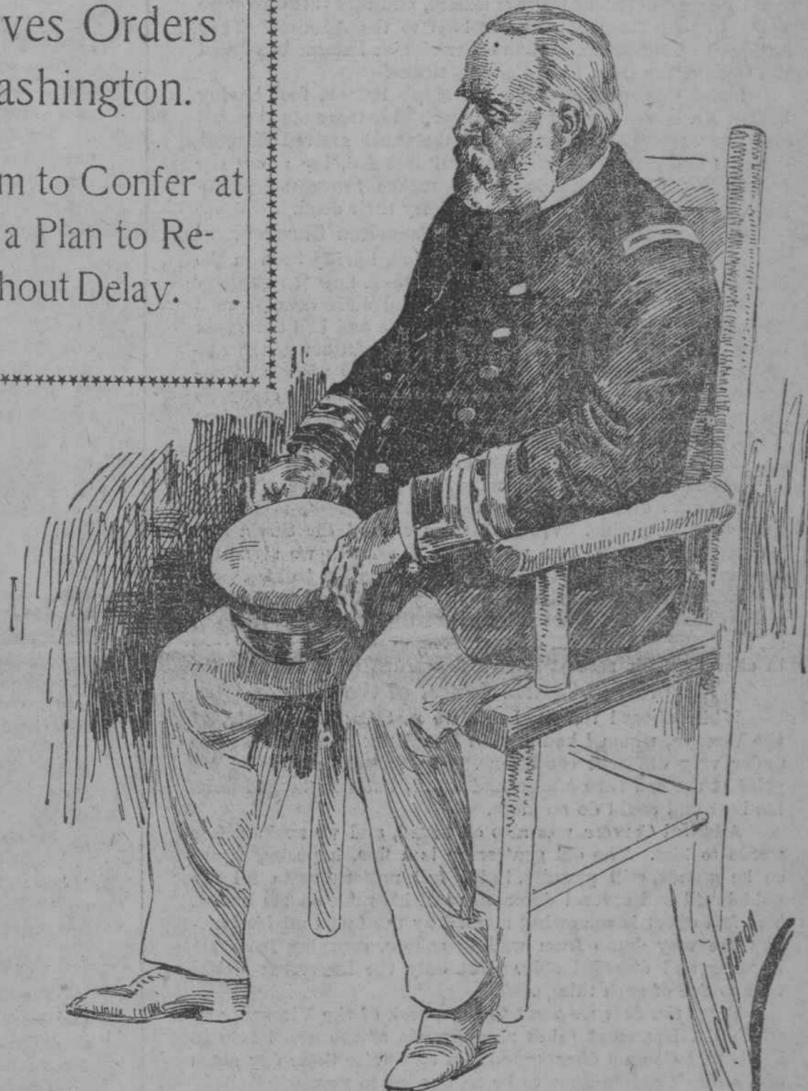
Dispatches to the Journal from the Deck of the Wrecked Vizcaya.

All the Spanish War Ships Are Mere Hulks, and Cannot Be Restored.

Madrid at Last Hears of Her Crushing Defeat on the Sea.

Vivid Story of the Chase and Fight from the Deck of Battle Ship Texas.

## VICTIM OF GREAT SEA FIGHT



ADMIRAL CERVERA Y TOPETE.

He Tells the Journal That He Had to Make the Thrilling Dash Out of Santiago Under Blanco's Orders.

Special Cable to the Journal.  
(Copyright, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.)

THE situation before Santiago is that General Shafter has postponed the bombardment. Heavy reinforcements have arrived for the enemy. Shafter has cabled Washington that Sampson will not take the fleet into the harbor of Santiago except by direct orders, and he asks that the orders be sent as he cannot reduce Santiago alone. The President has ordered both commanders to hold an immediate conference and agree upon a plan of action.

Dispatches to the Journal, written from the deck of the ruined Vizcaya, show that all the Spanish ships are mere wrecks. A vivid story of the battle is told as it was witnessed from the deck of the Texas.

Refugees from Santiago say the city is on the verge of starvation, that the buildings have been badly damaged and that the losses of the Spanish have been enormous.

ON the quarterdeck of the Spanish cruiser Vizcaya, seen by many New Yorkers during her visit to their harbor and now lying beached on the southern coast of Cuba with gaping shot wounds in her port side, her bow blown out by the explosion of some forward magazine or torpedo, blackened by fire, beaten by waves and as nearly a collection of scrap iron as a once splendid battle ship can be, July 4—By the dispatch boat Silvia, by way of Port Antonio, July 5—Last night's story of the mighty sea fight, of our glorious victory and of the complete destruction of the Spanish fleet has been told. Early this morning we headed our dispatch boat Silvia down the coast to inspect more closely than we could yesterday, when fire was sweeping them the wrecked and ruined leviathans of Spain's navy. They lie with their heads buried in the sand, as if to hide from themselves the sight of their own destruction and humiliation.

The first wreck we approached was the Oquendo. She lies in a small bay well up on the beach, her steel sides scarred by many shots, and with one tremendous hole on the port bow, showing where a 13-inch shell from one of our battle ships must have exploded. She has also a large rent aft on the port quarter, near the water line. Her military masts have been swept overboard and her decks are clear of top hamper down to the turrets and the guns.

We lowered a boat to visit her, and as we came alongside

a shocking sight met our eyes. Dead Spaniards were floating all about in the water, stripped to the waist as they had stood to man their guns. We steered nervously among the bodies, feeling much pity, and some satisfaction, too, that the Maine had been again so well remembered.

About this time the Suwanee came up and sent the famous Lieutenant Blue ashore in her whaleboat to look for survivors of the crews of the Spanish vessels and take them prisoners. We determined to follow, though we had neither lifeboat nor life preservers, as the Suwanee's boat crew had, and though the surf was running high and strong on a rocky beach.

But deciding to swim for it if we were upset, we dragged off our clothing and headed our jolly boat for the shore.

Lieutenant Blue's boat was some twenty yards ahead of us when we saw a huge breaker lift it forward and throw the Lieutenant overboard into the white froth of the sea.

### Making a Landing Through the Breakers.

I guess we would have turned back then if we could, but it was too late. We were in the breakers. One after another the huge rollers broke under us and over us, lifted us high on their curling backs and shot us at the shore. When the first scrape of gravel sounded under our heel we jumped out and dragged the boat up on the beach.

Lieutenant Blue had been safely hauled ashore by his crew and was interviewing a band of Cubans, who were also looking for Spaniards. But as Spaniards there were none, the Lieutenant pushed out through the breakers, boarded the Suwanee and put to sea again.

We had concluded, however, that it would be a glorious