THE LAST SHIP FIRED UPON BY MORRO.

I't was the twelfth of August, the same day that Spain decided to accept our terms. The cruiser San Francisco, the flagship of the North Cuban Coast Blockade Squadron, had for several weeks conducted very successfully the blockade of Havana. Supplies within the city were becoming scarcer and scarcer and there, from four to six miles out at sea, lay, like some savage tyrant, the chief cause of their want. Morning, noon and night—at any time that they cast their eyes asea—would they behold this dull, sluggish monster looking to see whom she might devour.

No wonder then, when the Dons found opportunity, that they endeavored to take revenge upon this tantalizing mass of steel! Blanco threatened any vessel that approached within six miles of Morro. Our usual instructions from Washington were to lay within three miles of the city at night and from four to six miles during the day. On the eleventh orders came to steal quietly at night within two miles of Morro, presumably to prevent the designed escape of General Blanco.

It was a beautiful night. The ever-prevailing breezes of the Cuban coast made sleeping pleasant and invigorating. Early in the evening the glaring rays of Morro's search light found us holding our proper distance. But as the late hours of the night approached we likewise approached Morro and its death dealing guns. And there we lay under cover of night within less than two miles of the castle. The electric lights of the city were clearly visible and the craft about the harbor could be observed, lulled upon the calm waters.

At half after four 'twas dawn—the sun rose out of the sea—and what must have been at that time the surprise of the bloody Dons! There, not two miles distant, lay the bold but cursed form—the main root of all their misery.

Imagine yourself an unobserved observer amongst them. Amidst a great deal of gesticulation and harangue they study our range, one and then another and then still another. They surely must have known that the end of the war was near at hand