

DEEDS OF NAVAL HEROISM.

One of the most formidable of the confederacy's ships was the Alabama, commanded by Capt. Semmes. This was still afloat in 1864 and already had done immense damage to United States shipping. She was seen only in European and more distant waters. Her last voyage was a prosperous one into the south Atlantic and Indian oceans, during which she had captured sixty-seven vessels, of which forty-five were destroyed. She returned to European waters early in the summer of 1864 and took refuge in the French harbor of Cherbourg. At that time the United States steamer Kearsarge, commanded by Capt. John A. Winslow, was lying in the Dutch port of Flushing. The American consul at Cherbourg immediately informed Winslow by telegraph of the presence of the Alabama, when he left Flushing and proceeded with the Kearsarge to look after the pirate ship.

At Cherbourg on June 24 appeared the Kearsarge and as soon as it arrived Semmes, understanding the meaning of the visit, sent word to Winslow desiring him not to leave the harbor, alone, as he wished to fight him. Winslow did not need this information, as he had come thither fully intending to fight him, if he ever attempted to leave the harbor. Semmes then made many preparations and secured valuable assistance. He deposited his private property on the shore with his friends, property that consisted chiefly of a chest of coin and sixty-two chronometers, which he had taken from the vessels he had captured, and at his own chosen time, which was Sunday, June 19, he went out of the harbor with the Alabama. He was followed by the yacht named Deerhound, belonging to an Englishman named Lancaster, as a tender to see that Semmes, if worsted in the fight, should not fall into Winslow's hands.

Winslow steamed out to sea about seven miles from Cherbourg, to make sure of being out of the jurisdiction of France, and was followed by Semmes at a distance of about a mile. Then the Kearsarge rounded to and made for the Alabama. When within 1,200 yards of her the latter opened fire. The Kearsarge received two or three broadsides without returning any, when she suddenly retorted with great effect. Winslow attempted to close and board his antagonist, but Semmes sheered the Alabama off and steamed ahead. Meanwhile he fired rapidly and wildly, while the Kearsarge delivered her fire slowly and with deliberate aim. Now the ships apparently moved in a circle, still fighting, and thus each kept its starboard side, from which it was firing, bearing upon the starboard side of the other. They described in the course of the conflict seven circles and at the same time drifted together with the tide about four miles from the place of the beginning of the fight before it was ended.

When the combat had continued an hour and when it was a little past noon the Alabama was at the mercy of her adversary. She had been hit by several eleven-inch shells, one of which disabled a gun and seventeen men. An explosion had taken place in her coal bunker, which had so blocked up the engine-room as to compel a resort to sails. Her sides were pierced with holes and otherwise shattered. The Kearsarge was comparatively uninjured and was in position to fire grape-shot effectually. Now the Alabama's flag came down, but Winslow was in doubt whether it had been shot or hauled down. Next a white flag was displayed over her stern, which Winslow respected and ceased his firing.

Semmes was treacherous and in a few minutes opened two guns upon the Kearsarge, at the same time attempting to run into neutral waters, not far distant. This drew the fire of the Kearsarge again and then she steamed ahead and got in front of the Alabama's bows, where she opened a raking fire. Again the white flag was seen flying and again Winslow ceased his firing. Then the boats of the Alabama were seen to be lowering and in one of them an officer came alongside the Kearsarge with the information that her antagonist had surrendered and she was in immediate danger of sinking. At that moment the Deerhound, the Englishman's yacht, came alongside and Winslow invited him to assist in saving the people of the Alabama. He picked up Semmes and some of his officers and men and took them away to England. The Kearsarge rescued sixty-five of the Alabama's men from drowning. Thus ended a very remarkable naval battle, which was witnessed from the shore by thousands of French men and women and which brought great fame to Capt. Winslow.

The casualties were slight, all things considered. The Alabama had nine men killed and twenty-one wounded. The Kearsarge had three men badly wounded, one of them mortally.

On June 3, 1898, at 3 o'clock in the morning, Lieut. Richard P. Hobson, with seven companions, started on the tug collier Merrimac for the northwest part of the neck of Santiago de Cuba harbor. His instructions, which he himself prepared, from Admiral Sampson were to go right into the harbor until about 400 yards past the Estrella battery, which is behind Morro castle. He was to take every precaution against being sunk by the guns of the castle before he should reach that point. As the Merrimac had in her hold 600 tons of coal and was to go in under full speed, she was expected to make speed at the rate of ten knots an hour. When the narrowest part of the

channel should be reached he was told to put her helm hard to port, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open sea connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the vessel a wreck, lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the Merrimac was long. Provision of 10-inch torpedoes were attached below the water line, on the port side, against the bulkhead and vital spots, and connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contained eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Likewise each torpedo was connected with the bridge, and thus was everything prepared, that Hobson and his men should do their work in a minute or a minute and a quarter.

On deck it was ordered that there be four men, besides Lieut. Hobson. In the engine-room were assigned two other men. This was the total crew, and all were directed to wear nothing but their underclothing, that weight of clothing might not hinder their escape if they should be obliged to take to water without boats. A man was placed forward and around his waist a line was made fast to the bridge on which the lieutenant was to stand. By that man's side was to be an ax. When the vessel should reach the right point the lieutenant was to jerk the line as a signal to the man forward to cut the anchor lashings, and then jump overboard and swim to a four-oared dingy towed at the stern. The dingy was to have life buoys and rifles in her. The first man to reach her was to haul in the tow line and swing her round to starboard, to take in the rest of the crew as they should be released from duty on the Merrimac. The quarter-

While robbed of some sensational circumstances by the shots of the Spaniards, the affair, in its conception, was still of so daring and brilliant a nature as to command the admiration of the Spanish admiral, Cervera, and the applause and reward of the American government and people. That is about what history will say, and it is enough. In that manner the glorious affair will be kept in remembrance as long as his-



LIEUT. W. B. CUSHING. His story is read. But in the present, the excited and grateful people of the United States are excusable for making vastly more of it, for their pride and glory, than a naked statement of the facts will be likely to convey to any that may be living in after times. In history it will take its place along with other instances of individual daring, similar in nature, that are already fixed in the annals of the American



"THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS."

master at the wheel was not to leave until after having put it hard apart and lashed it so. He was then to jump overboard. Down below the man at the reversing gear was to stop the engines, scramble up on deck and get over the side as quickly as possible. The man in the engine-room was to break open the sea connections and follow his leader into the water. This was to insure the sinking of the ship, whether the torpedoes worked or not. Then, as a last step, the lieutenant was to touch the electric button and start the explosion, while he should save himself as best he might.

The Merrimac was run into the narrows according to the plan, but she was detected by the enemy in the shore batteries and subjected to a terrible cannonading. Still she made straight for the point where she would be, and there swung herself across the channel, but there was no need to put its machinery of destruction into operation. The Spaniards did all the work of destruction for it, with shot and shell they sank it, and so closed up the channel of their own harbor. Lieut. Hobson and his crew saved themselves, by means of the boats, but were soon



LIEUT. JOHN A. WINSLOW. captured and taken prisoners of war and secured in Morro castle. The object of the expedition was accomplished, and happily no life was lost.

navy. It was October 31, 1893. Capt. Bainbridge, with the frigate Philadelphia, had been maintaining the blockade at Tripoli, but his vessel was blown away from its station by a furious gale.



When returning next morning Bainbridge saw a corsair stealing into port and gave it chase. The Philadelphia gained rapidly on the corsair, but struck on a reef hard and fast. The enemy came out upon it with his gunboats, shot into it until it keeled over and its magazines were flooded, its pumps disabled, and men were on board who made holes in the bottom and then hauled down the American flag. Then Bainbridge surrendered himself and 315 men. The victors righted the vessel, new rigged it and brought it to anchor under the bashaw's castle.

Bainbridge found means of communicating with the commander of the American fleet and he proposed that the Philadelphia be destroyed as she lay at anchor. Volunteers were called for and sixty-two promptly responded. Among them were Midshipman Thomas Macdonough and James Lawrence, the first sixteen and the latter twenty years old; Decatur was twenty-four, all little more than boys. Everything in readiness, the run

across to Tripoli was made in a captured ketch, but arriving there at night and in a furious storm the expedition suffered a delay of several days. On February 6 the weather cleared and they stood in for the harbor, and when night came the men were divided into five crews. They came up with the Philadelphia and the ketch was made fast with grapnels to the Philadelphia and afforded a bridge on to it for the attacking officers and men. Twenty Tripolitans were killed, the rest were driven overboard, the stolen ship set on fire and finally blown up from its magazines.

The enemy had not for some time shown much willingness to fight, but they had been successful in keeping their ships together well in their principal harbor. Capt. Preble therefore resolved to take unusual measures against them. The example of Decatur and the Philadelphia had inspired great enthusiasm in the men and warmed the officers sufficiently; they all were ready to undertake some new deed of daring. It was decided to send a fire ship among the enemy's shipping. The ketch Intrepid, that had served so well in the attack on the Philadelphia, was selected for the enterprise. One hundred barrels of powder in bulk, 150 fixed shells and a lot of iron were placed in a bin amidships and from this a pipe led to a room well aft, where a huge mass of combustible was dumped. It was intended to make the ketch appear to be a blockade runner and so deceitfully to get into the midst of the enemy's shipping. She was then to be fired in the after part and the fiercer there, it was supposed, would be fierce enough to prevent the Tripolitans from extinguishing it. Meantime a train regulated to burn fifteen minutes should be running through the pipe to the magazine. There was a provision of rowboats placed on the ketch, and in these her crew hoped to escape to the smaller vessels that would be in waiting to pick them up.

Volunteers for the service were called and plenty showed themselves eager to man the ketch. Of those who offered Master Commandant Somers was chosen to command, while Midshipman Henry Wadsworth, uncle to the poet Longfellow, was second in command. Ten seamen constituted the crew.

On the evening of September 4, a dense fog lay on the waters in the harbor of Tripoli. There was a fair wind in prospect and at 8 o'clock the ketch left the flagship and sailed away. She was seen by the American vessels to glide in among the enemy's gunboats. After a little they saw that the enemy had taken the alarm and again after a little they saw lights move rapidly along the deck of the ketch and then seem to fall. They had been purposely dropped into the magazine. Instantly the Intrepid exploded and a shock followed that made the ships beyond the bar quiver until the water was agitated for miles around. A great noise was heard that was long in dying away in the surrounding hills. Then a profound silence. All night the Americans cruised up and down in the channel, hoping to find some survivor. Next morning they found one Tripolitan boat missing and three more badly shattered on the beach. The ketch and all who sailed in her had been blown to pieces. Of the Tripolitans themselves it was learned that Somers, finding that his venture was discovered and the crew of a Tripolitan gunboat coming on board, had deliberately fired the mine and destroyed himself with the enemy. A number of the bodies were recovered, but none was recognized, so badly were they mutilated.

The ram Albemarle was the most dreaded, as it was the most daring and best officered of the confederate fleet. She was, when Lieut. W. B. Cushing's ingenuity was brought to bear upon her case, lying at Plymouth in the Roanoke river. He believed that he could, if allowed to have his way, make close up to her and destroy her. His plan was this. He would construct a picket launch, furnish it with a compact engine, man it with a small number of men all as brave as himself, and with it ascend the river stealthily by night to where the Albemarle was moored. Picket boats were not a new thing, but they had formerly been rowboats; nothing of the description that was proposed by Lieut. Cushing, propelled by steam and carrying torpedoes, had ever been seen.

This plan was approved of by the admiral of the fleet and the navy department, and young Cushing was detailed to visit New York and procure whatever he thought might be necessary for the success of the undertaking. When he returned he had with him a steam launch, of a size and shape best calculated to elude the vigilance of the enemy. It remained, that he secure his crew, and this he did in the manner that crews are invariably obtained for extra-dangerous enterprises—by calling for volunteers. These numbered several times as many as could be accepted. Indeed, the number accepted was the same as that had by Hobson when on his perilous adventure of the other day. Seven men were all the little launch could well take, and in a very short time these were instructed in their duties, the torpedoes were attached, the engine fires started up, all ready for a start on the night of October 26, 1864. She did start, but quickly ran aground and was with much difficulty again set afloat. The following night all went in better fashion; the launch was now off for good.

His arrangements were carefully made to insure complete success, should he first succeed in passing the enemy's pickets and come alongside the Albemarle. Approaching, there must be perfect silence. The usual bell signals to the engineer were accordingly replaced by pulls at a line, one end of which was fastened around his leg, while the other end was in the hand of Lieut. Cushing. Another line would

when pulled, detach the torpedo from the launch, and a third was to enable him to explode it at the right time. When come within hearing distance of the Albemarle the engine was to be stopped and the oars then used. The night was pitch dark when with muffled oars they rowed toward Plymouth, and as they passed safely under the walls of the fort, they turned and shot across the river and on up the river above where the Albemarle was. They descended, still undiscovered, upon the ram which, they found, was moored to a wharf and protected by a log boom against just such attack as was this one. They were close upon the ram when they were discovered and challenged in the words, "What boat is that?" The answer was a lie, of course; it was "The Albemarle's boat." At the same instant the launch struck full against the logs, which also in the same instant drew upon it a shower of bullets from the infantry on shore. In another second the ports of the Albemarle were open and belching shot and shell upon the daring visitor.

Now Lieut. Cushing touched off a howitzer, and pulled the line which exploded the torpedo fair against the side of the ram, and so damaged her that she soon sank, carrying several lives with her. But a musket ball had hit the lieutenant in the right arm and a shell had burst on the launch; he and all the men were compelled to jump into the water. It was icy cold, but all, except the lieutenant, swam to the near shores under a rapid fire from the rebel infantry. Cushing, with one arm disabled, was longer in the water and made directly down the stream for several miles to a safe landing for him.

Crawling ashore, he could do no more then, but fell asleep only to be awakened by men talking. They were rebels, and talking of the wonderful adventure of the preceding night. From what he overheard of the conversation he knew that the Albemarle had gone down and that his work was effectually done. After another day and night, he was again with the fleet and the object of admiration and praise. Soon his exceptionally heroic deed was known to the whole country, and for the time and as long as he lived, he was made the recipient of many appropriate attentions and rewards.

HE FAINTED TWICE.

A Tender-Hearted Motorman Ran Over an Emphy of Weyler.

A motorman in Brooklyn fainted twice Tuesday night, once from fright and once because he found that he had not crushed out a human life. He is the most remarkable motorman in Brooklyn. He is different from all his kind, says the New York Herald: He was running his car along at full speed at 1:30 o'clock, when the motorman saw a figure lying upon the track. He tried to stop the car. He was too late. There was a whirring sound, a crushing, grinding noise, which gradually ceased, and then the car stopped. The motorman saw a shoe over the edge of the fender. He put his hands to his face and fell backward in a dead faint. More than a score of passengers with bleached faces left the car and looked at the form beneath the trucks. The limbs were twisted about the wheels and wisps of straw showed from the torn clothing. The passengers, after much difficulty, extricated the form which had been run over and found it was that of a Spanish general of great distinction. The man, who had been run over had a card across his breast, which bore the inscription: "This is Weyler." Half a dozen passengers had meanwhile succeeded in reviving the motorman. "Did I kill him?" asked the knight of the lever, when he revived. "That's all right, old man," said a good-natured passenger, slapping the motorman on the shoulder, "it was a straw one this time." No. 779 was in a daze. He looked at the passengers and then at the distorted figure upon the pavement. He jumped upon his car, released the lever and ran his empty conveyance with all speed up the avenue. He stopped short in front of the police station. He abandoned his car and rushed into the house. "Sergeant," he said, "I've killed a man down at Powell street." There was a scurrying around the station house. A patrol wagon hastened to the scene of the accident. Fifteen minutes later three disfigured-looking policemen came back. "Brace up, old man," said one of them to the wide-eyed motorman. "Your victim was a man of straw." Being told to "brace up," the motorman fainted again. He was revived with appropriate stimulants and a few minutes later he was running his car again, blithe and happy.

Those Daring Bostonians.

That's the man over there, isn't it, who polished up Kipling's "Recessional?" "No. You've got them mixed. That's the man who rewrote the first chapter of Genesis in words of two syllables, and corrected the grammar of the Lord's prayer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Cold Shoulder.

It was once customary in France, when a guest had remained too long for the host to serve him a cold shoulder of mutton instead of a hot roast. This was the origin of the phrase, "to give the cold shoulder."

Siberia.

Siberia is an empire in itself. There have been discovered along its line of road fifty-four bituminous coal fields, twenty gold, forty copper and two silver deposits.

Example.

She—Did you ever see any rapid firing? He—Yes; I was in Washington when the Spanish minister and attaches were sent home.

MRS. SARTORIS' ROMANCE.

Loved by Gen. Douglass for Thirty Years

—May Become His Bride.

When Gen. Grant was inaugurated president of the United States his daughter Nellie, then a child, was permitted to sit on the platform from which her father delivered his inaugural address. In the crowd which viewed the impressive ceremony was Henry Kyd Douglass, an ex-confederate general, then and still often spoken of as "the handsomest man in the south." At the inauguration ball that evening the handsome and courtly southerner first spoke to the charming little daughter of the man against whom he had fought so well. Then and there he fell in love with Nellie Grant and vowed fealty to her. This vow has been well kept by all accounts; for it is now positively declared by persons "who ought to know" that Gen. Douglass and Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris are soon to be married. The family of Mrs. Sartoris declare that the report is without foundation, but as this has come to be almost a pre-nuptial form no great amount of reliance is placed in the disclaimer. While the Grants deny, Washington society, wherein the scene of this mature courtship has been enacted, affirm. It hopes and expects that its lovely and beloved Nellie Grant Sartoris will be the chaste wife of Gen. Henry Kyd Douglass' splendid mansion in Hagerstown, Md. Gen. Douglass, though past 60 years of age, is still called "the handsomest man in the south." He was one of the bravest officers of the confederacy. He is one of the richest men in Maryland. Society assumes its wisest air and says the match is a fitting one, and sometimes society is right. When Algernon Sartoris wooed and won Nellie Grant, Gen. Douglass hid his disappointment like a gentleman and a soldier. By that time he had come to be a genuine admirer and close personal friend of Gen. Grant, though during the terrible days of the civil war he had hated the silent soldier of the north with bitterness characteristic of his southern race. The hero of Appomattox always had fears that his beloved daughter's happiness was being intrusted to unsafe keeping, and to Gen. Douglass spoke of his misgivings. The latter consoled the anxious parent while suffering his own pain in silence. Ere long the sun of Nellie Grant's happiness had set. The knowledge that his favorite daughter was unhappy embittered Grant's last days and he often talked of his grief to Douglass. Five years ago Algernon Sartoris died and in due time his widow returned to America with her children and went to live at the Washington home of her mother. Nellie Grant Sartoris in a measure renewed her youth in the old atmosphere. The pathetic lines about her mouth disappeared. Something of the old merry light returned to her eyes. She was in the country she loved and whose people loved her. She was a girl again; when her period of conventional mourning had disappeared Gen. Douglass renewed his attentions, rudely interrupted by her marriage twenty-two years before. He followed Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant and her daughter and grandchildren to Sorrento last summer. "Those who know" say he will repeat his pilgrimage this summer, and that before autumn the hand and happiness of Mrs. Sartoris will have passed into the keeping of her faithful lover of thirty years: Heron, Altemon Sartoris, is a manly fellow of 20 years. His sister, Vivian May, is 18; Rosemary, 16. They are, say the gossips, very fond of their mother's elderly and devoted suitor. Mrs. Sartoris is 42 years old. She looks ten years less. She is as fair as when she was first dubbed the most beloved girl in the United States. Society on both sides of the Atlantic is much interested in the rumored engagement, fully approving in advance.

As He Found It.

Mrs. Intrade—Where is your father? Adult Son—He is at the store editing his edition of "Society as I Have Found It." Mrs. Intrade—What? A book? Son—Yes; a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollectible bills.—New York Weekly.

A Year's Rain, Snow, Etc.

It is estimated that the amount of water precipitated on this globe annually in the form of rain, snow, etc., is 29,000 cubic miles.

LAUGHING GAS.

"Mamma, didn't papa say he was going to a stag party? What is a stag party?" "It is a party, dear, that is so called because of the horns that are necessary to satisfy its thirst."

"I wonder how much money Billipera makes in a year?" "About \$3,000. At least, I heard him talking very eloquently in favor of putting a war tax on all incomes above that amount."—Indianapolis Journal.

Early Ryser: "Why don't you leave the match safe in one place two consecutive times? Every morning I waste five minutes groping for it." Mrs. Ryser (sleepily from under the bed clothes): "How do you expect to find anything in the dark? Why don't you strike a light?"—Philadelphia Call.

Mother: "What is the matter, Clara? You look distressed." Clara (a bride): "George has—has had to go off on a trip, and he won't be back for—for two days—hoo-hoo!" Same mother (some years later): "How long will your husband be away?" Same Clara: "I forgot to ask."—New York Weekly.

Little John (after casting his penny into the fund for the Bamaian islanders): "I wish I was a heathen!" Sabbath school teacher: "Oh, Johnny! Why do you wish such an awful thing as that?" Little John: "The heathen don't never have to give nothin'—they are always gittin' somethin'."—Harper's Bazar.