

# HEROES OF HISTORY



*THE ARGO*

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
BOSTON, MASS.

## Publishers' Notice.

**R**EAL MEN in real deeds of heroism arouse universal admiration and a healthy ambition in the minds of youth. Considering this fact, the Editors of **THE YOUTH'S COMPANION** are constantly searching for worthy accounts of worthy deeds with which to embellish the pages of "The Family Paper

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# HEROES OF HISTORY.

## THE COMPANION LIBRARY.

Number Thirty.

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### SELECTIONS

From The Youth's Companion.

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“STRIKE NORTHEAST AND ROUND THAT GUNBOAT.”

## HEROES OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

TO know that Ticonderoga was still in the hands of the British galled American pride. Yet there seemed no help for it. Colonel Brown, with five hundred men, had surprised all the British posts between the northern end of Lake George and the fortress at Ticonderoga.

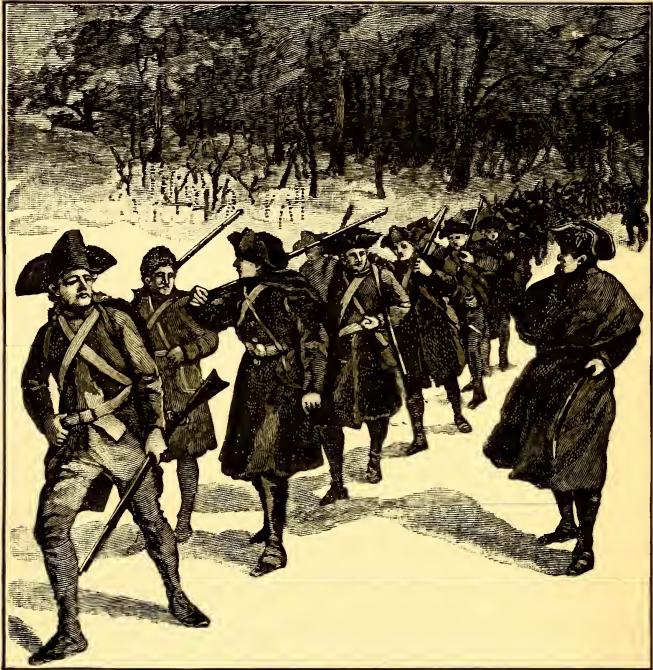
But Ticonderoga itself had resisted so successfully that there was danger of a sortie upon Brown's weary and battle-wasted soldiers; and his only reënforcements were on the other side of the lake, which the British, roused to activity by his presence, patrolled night and day.

It was under these circumstances that Colonel Brown called his men together on a certain September afternoon.

"I must communicate with General Lincoln," the colonel said, when he had pictured the situation. "You know what that means. Two men must swim the lake. Two, because they can help each other, and—because one may be captured, and the despatches must not fail. I shall not order any man to do this. Who will volunteer to risk his life for his country?"

"I'll go for one!" came in quick response.

"Ephraim Webster. Good!" The colonel looked with critical approval at the stout young



COLONEL BROWN WITH FIVE HUNDRED MEN.

fellow who stepped from the ranks so gaily. "Thank you, Webster," he added. "It's no frolic, I assure you. But you were at Bunker Hill; you know a soldier's duty!"

"Who'll go with Webster?" he asked, a moment later. "I realize the peril, men; you may drown; the British may shoot or hang you; but there's a chance of getting through and saving the campaign. Who volunteers?"

A man of Webster's age, but less strongly built than he, came quietly forward.

"Richard Wallace!" the commander hailed him. "I knew Vermont would not lag behind New Hampshire! Your townfolk in Thetford will be proud, Wallace, when they hear of this."

"Come to my tent an hour before sunset," Colonel Brown ordered, as he dismissed the force. "Until that time the day is yours."

"I ought to have left it to some one else, Ephraim," Wallace said, mournfully, after a while. "I don't know as I can do it."

"Nonsense, Dick! Haven't I seen you swim farther, just for fun?"

"Perhaps; but not in September, with the night chill on the water."

"You'll be warm enough after we get started. I've known you to feel just the same way before we went into a fight; but you didn't run, did you? I ain't afraid of you, Dick!"

Nor was the officer who, at Colonel Brown's order, went with them, later on, to advise in the

choice of a route. While the daylight lasted they climbed a hill that commanded the lake.

The British fleet was on the alert. Evidently the shores on each side were constantly watched. At that moment signals were passing between the flag-ship and Ticonderoga. The patriots saw the patrol-boat threading amongst the larger craft, and remembered that she would be even more vigilant when darkness fell.

"The distance across is about a mile at this point," the officer observed. "By the course you must take, it will be nearer two. Strike northeast and round that upper gunboat. Then I'd head for that point of woods. You'll probably find Lincoln's camp south of the fort. There'll be British, I guess, between you and it. Better start right for it, without waiting for daylight."

"That's so!" laughed Webster. "The red-coats can see too far when the sun shines."

The night came on cloudy and with a late moon. The gentle breeze died with the sun, and the warmth of the day seemed to vanish as quickly. There was an autumnal sharpness in the quiet air that pierced to the bone.

"I dread cramp more than I do the British!" Webster said, through chattering teeth, as he rolled up his clothing.

Now that the time for action had come, Wallace had no more doubts. "We'll get warm in the water," he answered, cheerfully.

Their friendly officer helped them to fasten their bundles of clothing by cords that crossed from the forehead to the back of the neck. Then he shook hands with them, silently and solemnly, there in the darkness, and the volunteers dropped into the black water and began the long struggle across the lake.

They swam with long, steady strokes, husbanding their strength. Although they kept together, they exchanged few words. Occasional sounds from the vessels came so sharply to the swimmers that the fear of betraying their own presence set a seal on their lips.

Webster had quickened his pace and left Wallace behind. The British vessels showed few lights, save from the officers' quarters; and it was easy to avoid these beams that made infrequent pathways through the gloom.

Clear of the ships, Webster delayed for his friend. It was unsafe to call to him. He would not have waited so calmly had he known that at that moment Wallace was facing death.

The danger threatened from an unlooked-for source. A sudden incautious movement had

thrown the cord from Wallace's forehead. The weight of the bundle of clothing drew and tightened it round his throat.

"As though the British had me at the yard-arm!" he muttered.

It seemed a simple thing to release himself, and he smiled at his own grim joke as, treading water, he put his hand to the cord. The first effort showed him that this was no laughing matter. The cord seemed momentarily to contract and slip from him as he strove to replace it.

One of the smaller gunboats was just ahead of him. A bell sounded. He heard the watch call the hour and cry, "All's well!" All well! And he was strangling!

A formless shape swept across the darkness, and his tortured senses were conscious of the gentle dip of muffled oars. The patrol-boat was on her rounds. Life was sweet. A few strokes would take him to the boat. There he would find help, aye, a welcome! The British would not harm him if he revealed the patriots' plans. But his conscience revolted. Better die than betray his country!

There was a ringing in his ears. Sparks of flame shot across his field of vision. But in his fierce impatience at his own weak thought, he

made a last desperate clutch at the cord, pulled it into place, and was again free to go forward.

He made his way, with effort, to the nearest



THE BRITISH FLEET WAS ON THE ALERT.

vessel, and held himself up by her cable while he drew in long breaths of the cool night air.

His strength returned, and with it came the consciousness that this was no safe resting-place. He slipped into the water and paddled away.

Presently a faint whistle guided him to Webster.

“All right, Dick?” Webster asked.

“All right,” was the cheering reply.

It was time to turn southward, and they took the new course, although it was half a matter of chance. For ten minutes they held it without incident; then there broke out in the fleet an uproar that almost persuaded them they were discovered.

Shots were fired, and they heard the noise of boats getting away. But the lights showed that these were moving toward the western shore, whence the patriots had come; and the relief of that knowledge brought renewal of vigor.

Weeks after, they learned that a deserter had tried to swim ashore and had drowned when nearly within reach of safety. Then they knew that if he had left his ship but a little earlier the pursuit would have resulted in their capture.

Ignorant as they were of such cause for thankfulness, the moments dragged on. But at last the long swim ended. Just as Wallace touched a bough that overhung the water, he heard his comrade's voice, sounding faint and far away:

“Help, Dick! I'm sinking!”

An instant served Wallace to jump ashore, break off the branch, and plunge in again. A second, feebler cry led him to Webster; and

the next moment saw the drowning man and his rescuer on dry land.

Cramp had assailed Webster, and he was helpless. Wallace opened their bundles, and rubbed him until the circulation was restored; then they set off in search of their friends.

The moon had risen while they lingered, and although the forest was pathless, and dark enough at best, they made fair progress. They had but a vague idea of General Lincoln's



RUINS OF FORT TICONDEROGA.

whereabouts; yet it seemed that following the direction they had taken they must reach him.

An hour went by, and the toilsome tramp showed no result. All at once, from a clump of trees came the challenge, "Who goes there?"

They halted, but made no answer.

Webster, who led, stooped and gathered a

handful of earth, his purpose clearly in mind. They knew they must be very near the friend or enemy who had spoken, and with fast-beating hearts they stood still and waited.

It was no long wait. There was a flash and a crackle, a birch-bark torch flared into a blaze, and by the light they saw that their challenger was a British sentinel.

Webster threw his handful of earth with steady aim. It smote the torch to the ground and extinguished it. The sentry discharged his gun, but the bullet whistled harmlessly past them.

Before the report had ceased to echo, they were far away from the spot, running with that long, swinging and almost noiseless stride that marks the trained woodsman.

There was no pursuit; or, if any, it took the wrong course. Unmolested, they skirted the fortifications on Mount Independence, and still scatheless, they turned toward the lake again.

Thus they went, till the night seemed endless and the quest hopeless. They pushed on doggedly, for theirs was not the temper which succumbs; but the rough road and their aching limbs made every step a torture. When they spoke, in whispers, it was only to cheer each other with hope of speedy arrival.

“Halt! Who goes there?” brought them to a sudden stand, when they were almost spent.

“Friends!” Webster answered, recklessly.

“Advance, friends, and give the countersign!”

It was a moment of desperate anxiety. They were discovered. They doubted that strength would serve them for another dash through the woods. What to do? It was with hardly any hope, save that of gaining time, that Wallace demanded: “Whose friend are you?”

And then the patriots learned that the long night of effort had come to a happy end, when the invisible sentry said, in the earnest voice of an honest man: “America’s! God bless her!”

This is a true story. Wallace and Webster are no fictitious heroes, and in all important details this recital follows established facts.

In the immediate and practical sense, their exploit had no result. Nothing noteworthy came of the message to General Lincoln.

Yet we know that a noble deed is never wasted. The man who performs it sets a new star in the sky. Because we can look up to it, we are better citizens, truer Americans, than we would be if Wallace and Webster had not ventured their lives for their country.

WALTER LEON SAWYER.

## DECATUR'S DASH AT TRIPOLI.

FOR years previous to 1804 American merchant shipping in the Mediterranean suffered from the depredations of the Barbary states. Hundreds of our citizens were held in captivity, and were compelled to labor as slaves till their friends paid enormous sums of ransom money.

The pashas even demanded tribute for the protection of our commerce, and their insolence was so intolerable that Captain Bainbridge, who had been sent with the annual tribute, wrote, "I hope I shall never again be sent to Algiers with tribute, unless I am authorized to deliver it from the mouths of our cannon."

The opportunity came that very year. A fleet of seven vessels was sent to redress the outrages on our merchant marine. One of the earliest incidents of the expedition was the loss of the frigate *Philadelphia*, in which Captain Bainbridge had chased a corsair into the port of Tripoli. In attempting to beat off, she ran on a hidden reef outside the harbor, and fell into the hands of the barbarians.

The sight of this fine frigate, once the pride

of our navy but now in the possession of the corsairs, with her guns turned against those who had built her, filled the hearts of the American officers with emotions of the profoundest chagrin. In the mind of none of them did these emotions rankle more deeply than in that of young Lieut. Stephen Decatur, and from this moment he conceived the bold idea of entering the port by night and recapturing the frigate where she lay, under the guns of the castle.

By urging his scheme as the only means of success, he at length won from Commodore Preble a reluctant consent to attempt the exploit.

The entrance to the port of Tripoli was but little known to American sailors; there were dangerous reefs about it, on one of which the *Philadelphia* had been lost. Moreover, within the harbor lay a numerous fleet of piratical vessels, while the *Philadelphia* herself, anchored close under the high walls of the citadel, was reported to have been converted into a veritable floating castle, and to be manned by a crew of a thousand Tripolitans. Nevertheless, Decatur believed that she might be retaken, and he at once called for volunteers to go with him.

Seventy men eagerly offered, among them a brave Sicilian pilot, *Salvadore Catalano*, who,

fired by the accounts of our free land and free institutions, had entered our service at Syracuse.

A small vessel, recently captured from the pirates, was selected to transport the attacking party. Its name was changed from the *Mastico* to the ketch *Intrepid*, a name which will be forever famous in the annals of our navy.

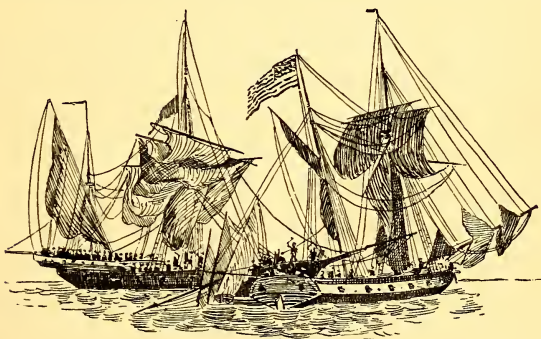
The party embarked on the evening of February 3, 1804, and Lieutenant Stewart, desiring to accompany the expedition, was given permission to do so in his brig, *Siren*.

Thinking it possible that it might be necessary to set fire to the *Philadelphia*, the *Intrepid* was stored with combustibles, and virtually converted into a fire-ship. The *Siren* was to bring off Decatur and his party in case the *Intrepid* was burned. Preble had strongly advised Decatur to make no attempt to bring out the frigate, but to burn her or blow her up at her moorings.

After a pleasant voyage of a little more than three days, the *Intrepid* and the *Siren* arrived in sight of the towers of Tripoli, and made preparations to attempt their contemplated service that night, February 7th; but before evening one of those heavy gales, so common on this coast in winter, began to blow, and the Americans were compelled to put to sea in haste.

For six days they were storm-tossed, and it was not until the afternoon of the 16th of the month that they were able to get back to Tripoli again, and then in a wretched plight, hunger for food as well as thirst for glory being now a powerful sensation beneath their jackets.

But the sight of Tripoli fort, and the Philadelphia lying beneath its white walls, roused



AN ENCOUNTER WITH THE BARBARY PIRATES.

their martial courage again, and although the Siren had not yet joined the Intrepid, Decatur resolved to make the attack that night at all hazards, while the weather favored.

The Intrepid stood in at the main channel about nine o'clock, and the night, although clear, was quite dark, with the pale crescent of a new moon just sinking in the west.

The wind had nearly fallen, only a breath of it continuing to fill the sails; still the ketch stole gently in, and passing the *Shinel* on the west side, glided slowly across the harbor. The pale hull and tall masts of the *Philadelphia* could now be made out, looming high in the obscurity. So slow was the progress of the little craft that it was near half an hour before they had approached within two hundred yards of the frigate.

It was Decatur's plan to run under her bows and board over the forecastle. All the Americans, save the lieutenant himself, the pilot and two or three others, were lying beneath the bulwarks, out of sight. The breeze soon failed, and the *Intrepid* lay stationary not over a hundred yards from the frigate. How to move nearer was a grave question; but at this moment a puff of wind off the land took the sails aback, but canted the *Philadelphia*, and swung her at her cables in such a manner that the two vessels lay broadside to each other, and not more than sixty or seventy feet apart.

Heads could be distinguished above the rail of the frigate, watching the ketch; and immediately a hoarse voice hailed her, and asked why they did not anchor, the officer evidently mistaking the *Intrepid* for some trading craft.

“Answer, Catalano, and say to him that we have lost our anchors in the gale under Cape Misratah,” said Decatur to the pilot. “Ask him to allow us to run a warp to the frigate, and ride by her till morning.”

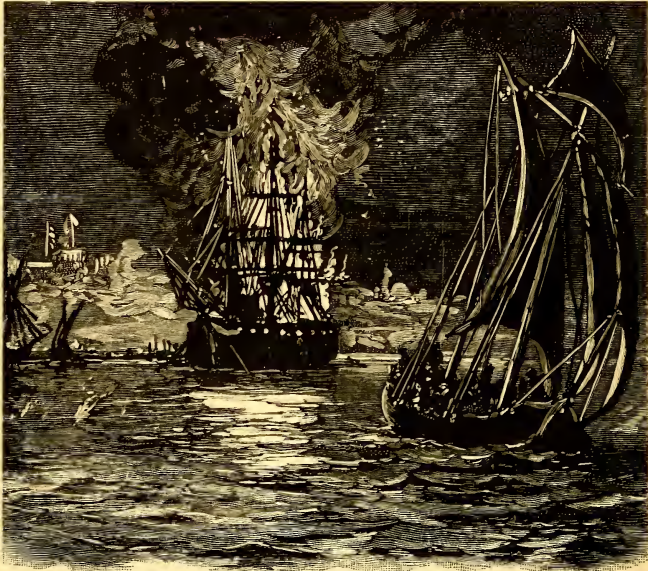
Catalano did so, and after a moment's hesitation and scrutiny, the Tripolitan captain gave his consent, but cursed them for a set of lubbers. He immediately hailed again, and asked the pilot what brig that was in the offing, for they had sighted the Siren at sea just before sunset.

Decatur chanced to know that the English had recently sold an old man-of-war to the pasha at Malta, and that this vessel, named the *Transfer*, was soon expected by the Tripolitans to arrive from that island.

He instantly bade Catalano reply that the vessel seen was the *Transfer*. This statement appeared to gratify the Tripolitans.

Meantime the boat of the *Intrepid* pulled off to the side of the frigate, and took out the end of a hawser which was made fast to the *Philadelphia's* fore chains. Three or four of the *Intrepid's* crew began gently hauling at this line, to fetch the ketch alongside. At the same moment a boat from the frigate came across to the ketch, for there was evidently some distrust

on the part of the Tripolitans as to the character of the Intrepid and her movements. The boat's crew at once took alarm, and pulling back to the frigate, called out, "Americanos! Americanos!"



THE FLAMES RISING IN A DAZZLING COLUMN.

The cry was taken up and repeated from a hundred throats, and from that moment all was confusion and uproar. The Americans behind the bulwarks of the ketch leaped to their feet, and hauling at the line, drew the ketch

alongside, while the frigate crew was seen pushing the tampions from the muzzles of the broadside guns, getting ready to fire.

With a dull, grinding noise, the Intrepid grazed against the frigate's side; and she had hardly touched when Decatur, leaping from the rail of the little craft, caught the main chains of the frigate, and climbing to her rail over the channels, sprang down alone upon her deck.

Midshipman Morris, a little farther forward, was on board at about the same moment. For some seconds these two daring fellows were engaged hand to hand without support. The utmost confusion prevailed among the crew of the frigate, else they must inevitably have been cut to pieces. Before the furious strokes of their cutlasses the Tripolitans drew back, and the next instant the entire party of Americans swarmed aboard and took possession of the after-deck.

Meantime the men of the frigate were rushing up from their berths below. Hundreds of them were crowded together forward, their officers shouting wildly to them, and inciting them to charge the "Americanos."

But before they could form or execute these orders Decatur's men rushed upon them, cutlass in hand. A short, sanguinary contest followed.

Some of the enemy fought with courage and desperation, but the most of them appeared to be panic-stricken, and crowded back upon each other so densely that even those who would have fought had not room to wield their weapons.

Twenty to thirty Tripolitans, as was estimated, fell beneath the strokes of the Americans, and many who were wounded jumped overboard, to avoid the disgrace of falling into the hands of the despised Christians.

Less than three minutes sufficed to clear the deck. Many of the Tripolitans swam ashore, and many others, taking refuge below, lost their lives in the subsequent destruction of the vessel. Of Decatur's party, strange as it may appear, only four men were wounded in the affray, a result probably due chiefly to the suddenness and energy of their onslaught.

The Philadelphia was now in the hands of the Americans, and had there been a breath of wind, Decatur would have cut her cables and attempted to get her out of the harbor. Or if the Siren, with her men and boats, had been at hand, it is possible that even so heavy a vessel might have been towed out of the harbor. But none of these facilities were at his command.

Meantime, while the youthful leaders hurriedly

consulted together as to what course they should pursue, the great guns of the castle and neighboring batteries suddenly belched flame, and heavy shot began hurtling and tearing through the rigging over their heads. The Tripolitan fleet, too, immediately opened fire upon the frigate; numbers of these vessels were anchored within two cable lengths of the Philadelphia,



A CAPTURED CORSAIR CANNON.

which suddenly became the focus of a cordon of fire. The crash of her timbers and the whiz of splinters

in the darkness showed the adventurers that no time must be lost if they would escape the fate of Bainbridge and his crew.

Determined, whatever befell himself and party, to destroy the frigate, Decatur gave the order to pass up the combustibles from the Intrepid. These stores, consisting of kegs of tar and cans of oil and turpentine, were hastily passed on board the frigate, and in the darkness, lighted only by the flashing of the enemy's guns, carried below and piled in the gun-room, berths and cockpit, storerooms forward and the berths on the berth-deck. An eighteen-pounder gun was

then hauled back from a port and pointed down the main hatch, in order that, when the fire reached and discharged it, the ball might knock the bottom out of the ship and sink her.

Despite the enemy's fire and the danger of their situation, all these orders were executed with precision. Fire was then set to the vessel in five places, and immediately volumes of black smoke, lighted up by flashes of flame, began to issue from the hatchways and lower ports.

Meantime, numbers of armed boats were seen putting off from the quays and from the ships of war lying near. Still Decatur would not give the order to abandon the frigate till assured that the fire had gained such headway that its extinction would be impossible. Although the Tripolitans opened a musketry fire from their boats, they did not attempt to board the frigate.

Not till the flames were bursting from many of the ports and rising in a dazzling column from the main hatch was the order given to reëmbark on the *Intrepid*. Little hope was entertained of escaping by most of the men; for they were literally girt about with the enemy's boats and ships of war, with a tremendous artillery fire converging upon them, and so dead was the calm that the enormous volume of black smoke,

now brightly illumined by the flames, rose straight upward into the sky.

They shoved off, however, and succeeded in getting clear of the burning frigate. Two sweeps were hastily rigged. With these they could but barely move the heavy ketch, and it seemed that, exposed to such a terrific artillery fire, the destruction of the little craft was certain.

But at this moment Providence supremely favored the brave fellows; a breeze from the land suddenly filled the sails of the ketch. She stood away at a good rate of speed past the *Shinel* and gained the outer bay, the cannon-shot plunging into the sea all round her, throwing up white fountains which sparkled in the ruddy light of the conflagration. Only three balls of all those discharged at them struck the ketch, and not a man was injured.

Before they were fairly clear of the entrance of the port the magazine of the *Philadelphia* exploded, thus insuring the destruction of the ship; and then with three rousing cheers of derision, which could not have failed to reach the ears of the corsairs, they stood out to sea and bore away for the fleet.

M. A. PHILLIPS.

## A TEAMSTER AT GETTYSBURG.

THE steamer from Newbern, that carried the wagon-train of which Jim Wright had charge, proceeded directly to Baltimore. At this place all of the officers' baggage and the camp equipage of the 76th Regiment were dumped out. The wagons were then reloaded with ammunition, and rushed to the front.

It was late in the afternoon of July 2d when Jim's wagons reached the vicinity of Gettysburg. All day they had heard the sound of cannon, and toward noon had met streams of wounded and squads of prisoners under guard.

Now the officers were continually hurrying the trains forward, and as Jim's teams were in excellent condition, his train was in advance of the others. He could hear musketry rattling furiously over beyond the hills on the left, when a staff officer came galloping up to the wagons.

"What have you in those wagons?"

"Ammunition, sir; E. B. cartridges, caliber .58," answered Jim, promptly.

"Good! Get those wagons up to the front as quickly as possible! Kill your teams if

necessary, but get there! The left of our line is being flanked, and the men are nearly out of ammunition. Hurry, for God's sake, hurry!"

"Show me where to go, captain, and I'll shove those wagons there as quick as mules can take them," answered Jim.

"Come on!" The officer dashed ahead. "I'll show you."

The captain led Jim's train from the main road, up a slight elevation, and then, looking down the steep hill and out into the field beyond, Jim saw the Union line. Flashes and puffs of smoke beyond that marked the enemy's position.

A division of regulars was retiring slowly; on their left one battered brigade was stretched out in single rank, with their left flank "refused," or bent back like a door on a hinge.

"O Lord, we are too late! The enemy are on our road!" shouted the officer, in dismay.

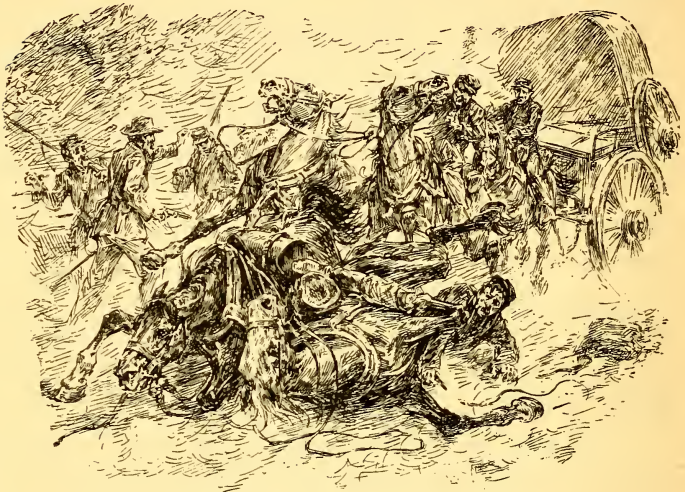
"Captain," said Jim, scanning the ground, "I can take a wagon down that hill, across that wheat-field, swing to the left, and give those boys ammunition."

"If you could you might save the whole army. But can you?" the captain cried.

The feat looked impossible. The hill seemed too steep. The likelihood that the wagon would

overrun the team and be upset, and the whole load lost, was very great. Once at the bottom, however, the teamster would be all right.

“I can tie a couple of dead mules to the hind end of the wagon, and they will act as brakes.



THE FOREFRONT OF BATTLE.

I've let wagons down gulches worse than this," said Jim, confidently.

“But where are your dead mules?”

“Here, captain,” and Jim pointed to the leaders of a team. “I'll tie them on behind the wagon, and,” touching his pistol, “when we begin to go down the hill they'll be dead!”

“Good! good!” said the captain. “Go ahead; it’s our only chance. But be quick!”

“Sam,” said Jim, addressing the black driver, “I want you to drive your team down there.”

“Yes, boss, I hear yo’,” was the stolid answer.

“I’m going along with you, Sam,” said Jim. “It’s mighty hot down there; we may both be killed; but those cartridges have got to go to the boys in that line—understand?”

“Sergeant Jim,” said Sam, “did de cap’n say dat dis load ob ca’tridges mout sabe de army?”

“That’s what he said, Sam.”

“Den, boss, I’s a-gwine ter take dem ca’tridges dere. Jes’ yo’ show de way. I’s a-gwine ter stay wid yo’!”

“Bully boy, Sam! That’s the kind of talk! We aren’t killed yet, and I hope we won’t be.”

Then Jim, having pointed out the course he wished the negro to take, tied the two mules doomed to serve as brakes to the rear of the wagon, and stripped off the canvas cover.

“Come on!” yelled the officer.

Sam leaped into the saddle, cracked his whip, and shouted, “Git—yo’!” and the wagon started.

It was but a short distance to the summit; then came a steep, rough descent to the rolling field where the Union line was fighting. As

they reached the crest, Jim's revolver cracked twice, and the two mules fell. Away the wagon went, plunging, crashing down the hill, and would have been dashed to pieces had it not been steadied, and its speed checked by Jim's ingenious brake. At the base of the hill his keen knife severed the halters of the dead mules without slackening the speed of the team, and the wagon went flying toward the blue line.

The hissing, humming bullets were everywhere; splinters flew from the wagon, and with a shriek Jim's horse stumbled and went down.

Jim sprang from the saddle and ran beside the team, shouting at the mules, and soon the wagon was in the rear of the forefront of battle.

Back from the firing line the sergeants came running and eagerly seized the pine boxes of cartridges. A mule went down; his harness was quickly cut and the wagon rolled on. The captain's horse was shot under him; he fell with it and Jim and Sam saw him no more.

At the next halt, soldiers with powder-blackened lips, bloodshot eyes and ashen faces were round them, yelling, "Cartridges! cartridges! cartridges!" and more of the pine boxes were quickly pitched out and smashed, and the cartridges in each distributed to the men.

“Pass the word for the boys to hold on hard a little longer—the Sixth Corps is coming on



“CARTRIDGES! CARTRIDGES! CARTRIDGES!”

the double-quick, and is almost here!” shouted Jim, as he gave out the ammunition.

“They’ll have to come mighty soon, or they’ll be too late,” said a sergeant. The leading mules had been shot. Only three remained; but on went the wagon, Sam holding the leader by the head.

But a slight hollow seemed to afford some protection, and Jim led Sam that way. They were almost there when a withering volley felled one of the remaining beasts. Instantly Jim’s knife cut the beast out; then Sam grasped the yoke on the wagon-pole, exerting all his strength, and yelling at the remaining mule, while Jim pushed behind, and all together, with one desperate, final effort, they rolled the wagon into the little hollow! At that instant a bursting shell crashed over their heads, scattering its fragments in every direction, and the faithful negro and the last mule went down together.

The soldiers came running for the few remaining cartridges, and Jim Wright, picking up a musket which one of the wounded men had dropped, ran with them to the line.

“Stay with them, boys! stay with them!” he yelled. “The old Sixth Corps is almost here! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! there they come! There’s the white cross, boys!”

Down the side of Little Round Top, in magnificent order, two full brigades came pouring

on the run. Then the feeble cheer that went up from the hard-pressed line was drowned in the crashing volley that came from the troops of the Sixth Corps, whose advance struck the enemy's right flank, threw the men into disorder, and quickly drove them back into the shelter of the thick woods beyond the field.

The rays of the setting sun were touching the crest of Round Top when the firing ceased, and Jim Wright made his way back to the wagon. There the black man still lay, face downward, beside the dead mule, and a froth was on his lips.

Jim snatched from the wagon-box a canteen in which remained a pint or more of precious water, knelt beside his driver, raised his head, and poured a little water between his lips. The drops revived the wounded man; he opened his eyes, and a smile came over his face.

"De ca'tridges done got yere in time?"

"Yes, Sam, they got here just in time."

"Den, boss, it's all right. Tell de boys dat ole Sam—done stay by—as long as he las'."

"He was black and a hero. He gave his life for his country as truly as any soldier," said Jim to a grizzled sergeant.

FREE S. BOWLEY.

## SINKING THE ALBEMARLE.

ONE of the most daring exploits ever performed with a torpedo-boat was that of Lieut. W. B. Cushing, a young officer then scarcely twenty-one years of age.

The terrible career of the ironclad Merrimac at Hampton Roads was still fresh in the minds of the people of the Union when, in 1864, the Confederates equipped a still more formidable war-ship in Albemarle Sound. This ironclad ram, the Albemarle, issuing from the Roanoke River, had defeated the Federal fleet in two furiously contested naval actions.

So successful had she been that it seemed probable that unless she could be disabled or destroyed, the military movements of General Grant against Richmond might be seriously imperiled. The destruction or defeat of the Albemarle was therefore a necessity.

Provided with only an ordinary launch and a spar torpedo of rather complicated construction, Lieutenant Cushing volunteered to go up the Roanoke River, a distance of seven or eight miles from our fleet, and if successful in passing

the Confederate pickets and batteries, attack the dreaded Albemarle at Plymouth wharf.

A crew of thirteen bold men from the sailors and marines of the fleet volunteered to accompany the lieutenant, and on the night of October 27, 1864, they set off on their desperate mission.

One of the Union vessels, the Southfield, had been partially sunk in the river, in the previous naval battles. The Confederates were in possession of the wreck, and it was thought impossible for the launch to pass it undiscovered. Should it be discovered, the men in the boat taken in tow were to make an attack on the Southfield, and thus divert attention from the launch itself.

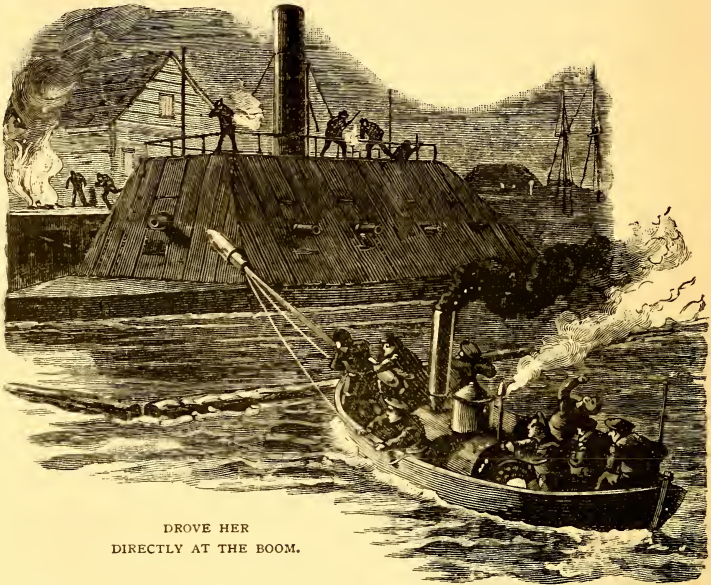


LIEUT. W. B. CUSHING.

The channel of the river averages about two hundred yards in width, and is rather tortuous. Both banks were lined with Confederate pickets. Relying on the darkness of the cloudy night, the launch and her intrepid crew moved slowly up the stream, every man watchful and silent.

The launch was not seen by any of the Confederate pickets. It crept forward, and passed within twenty yards of the stern of the wreck of the Southfield without discovery by her sentinel.

On turning the bend in the river, just below Plymouth wharf, where the Albemarle lay, a fire was seen on shore, almost immediately in line with the ironclad. This proved of great service



DROVE HER  
DIRECTLY AT THE BOOM.

to Cushing and his men, for they could see the outline of the ram against the light, and were thus able to locate it.

The launch was stopped for a few moments, and everything got in readiness for a dash. The torpedo-boom was hoisted out, and the

lines tightened. The torpedo consisted of some sixty pounds of powder, placed in a copper case, and held in a scoop at the end of the spar.

When the spar was lowered the torpedo could be projected forward and downward by a sharp pull at a line attached to it and extending back to the stern of the launch; then after it had sunk to the required depth, by means of a second line, it could be exploded.

“Look sharp, and every man do his duty!” was the whispered command, and the launch dashed forward at full speed. Before it was the long, dark hull of the ironclad. Four lookouts were seen pacing back and forward on her deck, the light beyond the vessel revealing their forms.

The moment the little launch came within the wide circle of the firelight, one of the sentries cried out, “Boat ahoy there!”

There was no reply. Instantly the sentries sprang their rattles and began to fire their carbines, repeating the hail, “What boat is that?”

By this time the deck of the ram was fully manned, and a rapid fire was opened on the launch. Several of its crew were shot. Lieutenant Cushing ordered a howitzer to be fired. The charge of canister at such short range confused the Confederates and flurried their aim.

Meantime, the launch had reached the side of the ironclad, and Cushing found that the formidable vessel was protected by an outlying boom of logs, that had been placed about thirty feet from her side. For a moment he was at a loss how to proceed, but immediately brought the launch about and drove her directly at the boom. The shock either broke through the obstruction or forced it in several feet.

A hail-storm of bullets and grenades was now poured into the launch. Nearly half her crew was hit. Three balls tore through Cushing's clothing. But he lowered the torpedo-spar, and with a vigorous jerk on the line succeeded in diving the torpedo down under the overhang of the Albemarle's iron armor, just abreast her port quarter, and with a smart pull on the trigger-line the plucky lieutenant exploded the torpedo.

The shock drove the launch violently backward, and a tremendous column of water, thrown up by the explosion, fell into it and completely swamped it.

A hole about five feet in diameter was blown in the side of the ironclad, near her bilge. Through this the water poured with great violence, causing the vessel to careen rapidly.

There was much confusion among her crew, a part of whom still continued to fire at the men in the launch as the little vessel lay disabled alongside. An officer twice shouted to Cushing to surrender. This Cushing peremptorily refused to do, bidding him look to his own ship. Then calling to such of his men as might be alive, he bade them save themselves if they could.

All this occurred in less time than it has taken to tell it. Cushing jumped into the water, and swam for the middle of the river — a dozen bullets falling about his head as



AMONG THE REEDS.

he did so. Five or six of his men, the most of whom were wounded, remained in the launch, and were taken prisoners by the Confederates. Master's Mate Woodman and a sailor named William Hoftman jumped overboard with Lieutenant Cushing, and swam away. They took different directions in the water; and the sailor,

being a good swimmer, got ashore at some distance below, and made his way through the enemy's lines to the mouth of the river. He was the only man of the party, except Cushing, who escaped. The lieutenant himself swam steadily down-stream for half a mile or more, taking care to make as little noise in the water as possible.

At last, finding his strength about gone, and owing to the darkness, not knowing where the shore lay, he swam feebly, barely keeping his head above water, and he had almost given up hope of getting ashore, when his feet touched bottom and he drew himself partly out on the mud among the reeds. So utterly exhausted had he become that he made no effort to stir from the place, or even to get entirely out of water, for nearly two hours, but lay there in the mud.

Dawn compelled him to take some further measures to avoid capture. He crept into the swamp which here bordered the river, and hid himself in some brush beside a path which led to a battery not more than three hundred yards distant. Here he remained, slowly recovering his strength, which had been at its last ebb.

After lying there for several hours, he crept away through the swamp, and emerged near a hut, two or three miles below the town.

Presently, seeing a negro come out of the hut, he beckoned to him, and secured a promise from him that he would go to the town, and see what the people were saying about the ironclad.

The negro was absent several hours, and then came back with the news that the dreaded ram was truly at the bottom of the river. This negro also procured food for the young officer.

Toward evening Lieutenant Cushing set off again, crossing another swamp, and after a toilsome tramp through brush, mire and water, found upon a creek an old skiff. By this time it was dark, and in the skiff he made his way slowly down the creek to the bay where the Federal fleet lay at anchor. At eleven o'clock that evening Cushing reported on board the Valley City. With a little steam launch and sixty pounds of powder at the end of a light spar, he had accomplished what the entire fleet with its heavy batteries had attempted in vain.

T. C. HOYT.

## A NIGHT RIDE IN ZULULAND.

IT was July 4, 1879, the culminating day of the Zulu War. Four days previously Lord Chelmsford's army had quitted its reserve camp and had marched down into the valley on which stood the huge circular kraal of Ulundi, the military capital of King Cetewayo.

About half-way along the valley it had encamped for a night among some swamps, and the next day had tramped onward to the bank of the White Umvaloosi River. There it had formed a lager, and waited for two days the result of an ultimatum to the Zulu monarch.

The latter had pronounced for fighting; and so, on the morning of the 4th, the column had marched out of the lager, forded the Umvaloosi, and marched across the plain in formation of a hollow square, with its front set toward Ulundi.

In the middle of the plain the word to halt had come; for that plain had suddenly grown black by reason of the hordes of Zulus who had sprung up out of the long grass. How fiercely they came on, with what heroism the naked men with their hide shields in front of them

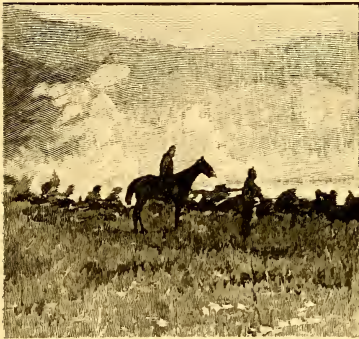
charged up almost to the points of the British bayonets, how the Martini-Henry bullets mowed them ruthlessly down, till twelve hundred dead and wounded Zulus littered the plain in a close circle round the British square—these things have now gone into history.

Half an hour of steady firing, half an hour of frantic, bootless charging, half an hour of steadfast, civilized fighting opposed to the reckless heroism of stalwart savages armed with assagais, sufficed to give the victory to the British. An hour later there was not a live Zulu inside the horizon, and the flames of Ulundi rose high into the clear South African air.

The night before Guy Dawnay under escort had reached camp with despatches from our base at Landmann's Drift, one hundred and twenty miles away on the Natal frontier. He was to abide the issue of the morrow's fight, and take out to the world the tidings of its issue. On that issue hung many dispositions.

Sir Garnet Wolseley had been sent out to supersede Lord Chelmsford, and he was on the march with another column to strengthen Chelmsford's force. The battle gained, there was no need for that column to advance. The whole future pivoted on the result of the fight.

That fight had been fought, and we had won it. Immediately after the battle Lord Chelmsford made known to the war correspondents that he proposed despatching Dawnay and his escort on the journey back to the base at six o'clock the same evening, and that he would carry whatever messages should be handed in



I RODE FORWARD AND SAW FLAMES.

to the headquarters by that hour. This was considerate on the general's part, and due acknowledgments were made to him.

I rode forward and saw what of the Ulundi kraal the flames that were rapidly lapping up its grass-built huts would allow me. I returned to the halted column, and then I rode into the lager, whither our wounded were beginning to arrive. Leisurely I wrote a description of the battle, for there was not much to be made of a combat so short, so unmethodical, so one-sided. As six o'clock approached, I crossed the lager to the headquarters tent, where I found Lord Chelmsford

and his military secretary, Colonel Crealock, writing under an awning. I laid down my despatch, thanking his lordship for the opportunity of its transmission.

“Oh,” said Lord Chelmsford, rising with some seeming embarrassment, “I have decided to hold Dawnay over till the morning.”

“Till the morning!” I repeated, in absolute bewilderment. The military necessity for urgency was so obvious that this intimation simply astounded me.

“Yes,” said Lord Chelmsford, shortly, “I haven’t got Colonel Buller’s casualties yet, and can’t finish my despatch till I do.”

What had Buller’s handful of casualties to do with the broad issue that we had won a victory which altered the whole face of events? It was as an old soldier, not as a correspondent, that my temper got the mastery of me.

“Then, sir, I’ll go myself!” I blurted out.

Lord Chelmsford responded with a bow and smile in which I detected a mocking incredulity. After that I would have started had the Zulus been besieging the camp. I curbed my temper with an effort, and determined not to be outdone in ironical courtesy, I asked, “Can I have the honor to carry anything for your lordship?”

His lordship had no commands, and I was turning to go when Crealock called out, "Wait five minutes, and I'll give you a despatch!"

Verily my enemy had been delivered into my hand. As a bearer of official despatches, I should be entitled to claim a fresh horse at each of the intermediate posts between the Umvaloosi and Ulundi, of which there were four.

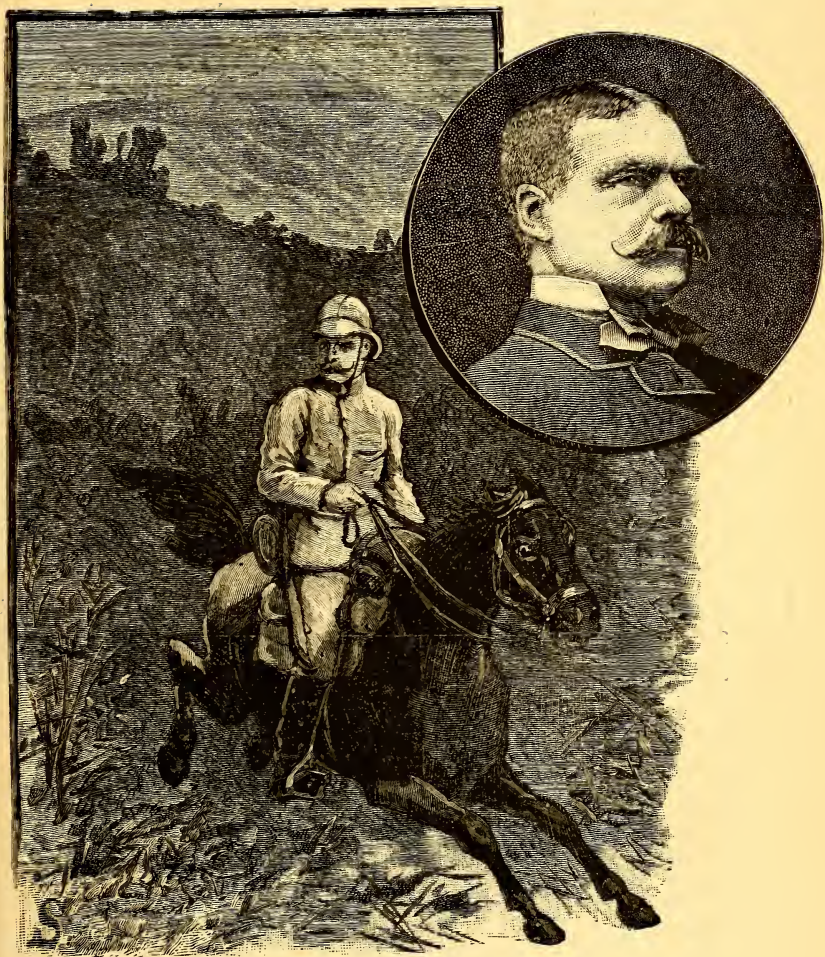
I waited ten minutes, the precious sun sinking lower and lower as I waited. Then my despatch was handed me; I saluted and turned away, then for the first time to realize my rash folly. But I was too great a coward to remain after that sardonic smile on Chelmsford's face.

A man who means to ride for life should be well mounted. I went to the picket-line and looked over my stud. The freshest seemed the horse I had ridden that day, a well-bred old sorrel about fifteen hands high. He had courage and a fair turn of speed. I bade my groom saddle the stanch old sorrel.

I mounted, and riding to the tent of my dear old friend, Gen. Evelyn Wood, I asked him what message I should send to his wife and mother.

"Sheer madness, your going!" exclaimed Wood. "I forbid you to leave the camp!"

Then I told him how it had been, and he



HE REACHED OUT IN THE SWINGING CANTER.

owned I had no alternative. "God bless you!" were his last words, as I rode away.

The last rays of the setting sun flecked the green slope above the camp as I cantered up it. There was no road through the tangled undergrowth, only the marks that had been made by the wheels of our wagons. That the dispersal of the Zulu army by the defeat of the morning had peopled the bush with fugitives, I was certain; and I thought of the kraals our irregular horsemen had burned during our advance. These I should have to pass, and some of their inhabitants were sure to have returned, in quest of the stores of corn-cobs buried under the huts.

Twilight set in as I swung along with the wheel-marks for my guidance. For two or three miles all was still save for an occasional rustle among the bushes that made my nervous horse start and swerve. Behind me glowed still up against the fast blackening sky the sinking flames of Ulundi. Aye, and fires became visible in front of me, the fires set in the dismantled kraals by the Zulus who had returned to them!

Now I heard the loud shouts of the Zulus calling one to another from kraal to kraal. There were fires on the right front, fires on the left front; but directly in front was a fortunate

interspace of darkness rendered blacker by the fires on each side of it. It was a forlorn-looking chance, but it had to be taken.

I patted the good old sorrel, drew my revolver, not that I had any hope if it came to a fight, but because of the instinct not to die without a trifle of satisfaction, and cantered steadily on with tightened rein. The shouts grew nearer, till they seemed in my very path. In the shafts of light that came through the foliage I could discern the foam-flecked forehead of the sorrel, as he reached out in the swinging canter.

One loud shout close by, and I touched the sorrel with the spur. I never knew whether I had drawn that shout, or whether it was a chance exclamation. I know I all but rode over one fire, and several times distinctly saw the naked Zulus cowering around the flickering flames. Seen or not, I could not have been pursued, else for sure I should have been headed, for in the darkness I dare not dash on at full speed.

At last I had lost my way and sunk all my bearings. I was among the swamps where we had camped, but I could discern no way out, and was afraid to press on, lest I should be engulfed. There was nothing to do but to halt till the moon should rise, which would be soon.

The longest half-hour I ever spent in my life was when sitting there on my trembling horse in a little open glade, revolver on thigh. At last the first moonbeam flashed on the upland sky-line, and then down into the hollow. I recovered my bearings and recommenced my journey. An hour later I was challenged by a sentry outside the reserve camp, and then, with a long sigh of relief, I realized that the most dangerous portion of the ride had been safely accomplished. The sorrel had done the twenty miles in two hours, not including the halt.

I left him in the reserve camp to his well-earned rest. But there was no rest for me. I had a hundred miles still to ride through a region all but trackless, a region of hill and valley, rock and swamp. How I made my way from post to post, telling the news as I progressed, would be over-long to tell in detail.

Dawn found me at Fort Marshall, trying to eat, but able only to drink. Soon after noon I rode into Landmann's Drift, and in ten minutes more a brief telegram to Sir Garnet Wolseley was speeding along the wires. Two hours later came back his cordial thanks and complimentary expressions that I should blush to write down.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

## A TORPEDO-BOAT IN ACTION.

FROM brave old Admiral Ting down to the last stoker in the cockpits, every man of us who was aboard the beleaguered Chinese fleet felt that the end was very near.

Won Kee, our Chinese cook, struck his little gong for breakfast. Then Captain Wung of the Sun-pai, a Chinaman who had been educated in the United States, Franz Lotze, the German engineer, and I went to the galley, where we made a hasty repast of canned beef, ship-bread and tea. When I went on deck, fifteen minutes later, the sun was brightening the grim ramparts of the western forts.

Our flag-ship, Chen-yuen, was lying a few hundred meters off our port bow. By their gorgeous uniforms of yellow and blue, I could recognize Admiral Ting and half a dozen of his officers, as they stood on the after-deck with marine glasses in their hands. A group of sailors were heave-hoing cheerily as they busily braced the fore-rigging.

I was still gazing upon this scene when a jet of white smoke spurted from the more easterly

fort, and the resonant report of a thirty-centimeter gun boomed across the harbor. With a crash, the big shell burst over the island fort to our left. One fragment of it came screaming down to the deck of the Kung-ping; others splashed into the water about the ships.

The Japanese had opened the ball. In another moment the whole line of forts along the enclosing heights belched smoke and flame. Full fifty heavy guns had opened fire simultaneously. From the west side of the harbor, too, a dozen batteries of mortar and field-pieces, skilfully masked among rocks and shrubbery, chimed in with their lighter thunders. The Chinese forts on Leu-kung-tao and Isle Lito began to reply. Smoke-clouds rolled up to hide the sky. The noise was deafening.

The gong below struck the order to quarters. At a signal from the flag-ship, the Sun-pai cast off from her buoy and her screw began to churn the water. Down in the torpedo tunnel I could only sit passive and watch the dial. Captain Wung was at his post under the little observation drum or dome which, well-armed and pierced with loopholes, rises two feet above the iron-plated decks of these boats.

“Come up here, if you like, till an active

order is shown!" he called down to me, and I hastened to take advantage of his permission that I might see what was going on outside.

The big cruiser Chen-yuen was coming slowly about. So accurate was the enemy's fire that six shrapnel shells from the Japanese mortar battery burst in quick succession over her deck, sending such an iron rain upon her armor as must have cleared the deck of men had any been exposed there.

"By my father's head, they fire well!" muttered Wung. "But no better than Chinese can be taught to fire," he added, thoughtfully. "Give them training, and officers whom they can trust, and they'll shoot all right."

As he spoke, a solid shot came down with a loud "sudge" into the water so close to us that the torpedo-boat reeled upon the wave it made.

"That would have smashed the Sun-pai like an egg," said Wung, coolly, giving me a curious glance from his oblique brown eyes.

The next instant a ragged fragment of a shell cut through our deck plates and stuck there; and two shrapnel bullets came "ping" against the little dome, within a yard of our faces.

Wung gave some orders to the engineer below and to the Chinese steersman aft. Then

he lighted a cigarette and offered me another. He was perfectly calm and knew the effect of calmness upon his subordinates.

Following the lead of the cruiser Chen-yuen, we steamed round the south end of the Isle Leu-kung-tao. Here, under cover of Fort Koto, we were largely sheltered from the heavy guns of the eastward forts; but now we were even more exposed to the field-pieces and mortar batteries which lined the western shore of the bay. The flag-ship and the protected cruisers were not endangered by these light projectiles; but to small craft the location was still more perilous than the one we had left.

We were not here long, however. At a few minutes past nine, as I looked down the ship-channel past the high, rocky shore of Leu-kung-tao, I saw one of the enemy's large war-ships, the Yoshino, come into view past the lower end of the island, not more than a mile and a half away. She was followed by the Naniwa, and soon five large ships were in sight. They were closing in to engage us.

"Look sharp for signals now!" said Wung, throwing away his cigarette. "Watch the flag-staff on Fort Koto. That is where we will get our first signals for action."

The flagstaff was half-hidden in smoke. At last the clouds drifted aside, and there hung a yellow pennant over a blue and a white, which I promptly reported. Wung glanced at the signal color-sheet, which was posted on the wall of the drum in front of him.

“Torpedo-boats prepare!” he exclaimed. “That’s for us!”

“Hurrah for Ting!” I cried, excitedly, although I knew what it meant for torpedo-boats to attack by daylight. Wung called the order down the speaking-tube to the engineer, and then looked through the slits of the drum again.

“Can you see anything at all?” he asked. “The pole’s completely hidden. No, there it comes again. A yellow, two reds and a blue flag, isn’t it?”

“That’s right,” I said.

Wung looked again at the color-sheet. “Torpedo-boats form in two lines,” he read, and putting his lips to the speaking-tube, he called out to the engineer:

“Let her go, Lotze; quarter speed!” And then he added in Chinese to the helmsman: “Hard aport!”

All the small craft came about simultaneously. For some minutes the confusion was extreme.



"THAT MEANS GO."

Boats were backing, sheering, lining up, amid a chorus of shrill whistles. At last there was a semblance of order, and with seven boats in front and six behind, we moved at quarter speed toward the boom, led by the naval tug, which went ahead to open a joint and thus enable us to pass out.

There was a delay of ten minutes; then we filed out and lined up once more. I strained my eyes to catch the signal through the smoke which often hid the flagstaff on the fort. As I looked, it was shot clean away.

"The color staff is down!" I cried.

"Look to the flag-ship, then," said Wung.

While we were still waiting for final orders, the Lu-kien, a boat in our front line, was either struck by a shell or else her boilers exploded. With a horrible roar she collapsed and, with all hands on board, sank almost instantly. Yet in the terrific thunder of the fight about us, we scarcely gave a thought to the awful fatality.

"Look for four yellow flags, one above another," said Wung. "That's the new code signal for attack."

Just then a string of colors went apeak on the flag-ship. "There it is!" I shouted, in a burst of excitement.

“What do you make it?” asked Wung.

“Four yellow flags — sure!”

“That means go,” said he, calmly, and putting his mouth to the tube again, he called: “Forward, full speed! Steady!”

The torpedo-boats had formed outside the boom in two lines, the Sun-pai being the third from the right in the rear line. But the instant the signal to attack was given all order ceased. Each boat started at full speed, as her captain discerned the signal, and every attempt to hail or concert a plan of action between boat and boat was utterly drowned by the continuous roar of the cannonade. Every captain picked out his point of attack; every stoker heaped coal like mad into his furnace, and down the channel we all went, pell-mell, for the Japanese fleet.

When we started, five of the enemy's largest cruisers had come to, off the lower end of Leukung-tao, and had opened with their long-range guns upon the Chinese fleet. Shells and solid projectiles were hurtling over our decks, but I do not think that the Japanese were aware of our attack until we were well on our way.

We were completely shrouded in a choking fog of our own smoke, and it was probably this moving cloud that first warned them of their

danger. At the time I could not see fifty feet ahead, but I have since been told that in response to a signal from the Yoshino the five cruisers backed off for half a mile and took up a semi-circular position, while they hastily brought their Hotchkiss and other rapid-fire guns to bear on us in a convergent storm of shot.

In the bow compartment of the Sun-pai I had a torpedo ready set for discharge, while three others were prepared. My two Chinese assistants squatted there, waiting to work the apparatus at my bidding. For the first half-mile, however, I remained with the captain, looking out of the loopholes in the dome.

As we dashed forward we could discern the outlines of one or two boats ahead and abeam of us, but not much else. In the lulls of the cannonade we could hear the thrashing of our screw in its rapid pulsation.

"I shall make for the nearest ship I see," said Captain Wung, "and I'll tell you when to let go at her. Never mind the dial. I'll call out."

As he spoke, a Japanese ship suddenly opened her battery of rapid-fire guns: Flash! flash! flash! They seemed to spit red flame through the smoke in front of us.

"To your post," said Wung, with a quietness

of manner that I could not but admire. "I know you'll do your duty," he added; "all we can do is to die like men."

I had scarcely reached my post when the Sun-pai bumped into the boat ahead of us and scraped heavily along her side. A solid shot had pierced her boiler; she came to a standstill, and soon sank. I felt that we had veered from our straight course, but from the quick throb of the screw and the noisy rush of the water outside, I knew that our speed had not abated.

A horrible explosion followed right abeam; something heavy, like a gun or smoke-stack, fell on our deck. I knew by the sound that some boat near us had blown up. The Sun-pai rocked violently and veered again. Where we were heading now I had no idea. Captain Wung was probably trying to keep clear of other boats.

Then came a sickening shock that seemed to stop us short. The steelwork about me vibrated, and a frightful metallic ripping of wrenched iron seemed to pass from stem to stern. A shot had struck us.

My two Chinese shrieked with terror; both sprang to gain the deck. "Back!" I shouted, and seized one of them; the other slipped past.

The boat rocked unsteadily, but the screw

was still going. On the floor of the lookout Captain Wung lay on his back. He was dead,



"WE CAN'T STOP HER!"

I thought, as I saw blood about one ear. But he stirred, and presently struggled to his feet.

Above us the iron dome had disappeared, and with it the funnel and most of the deck plating,

stripped off by a single shot. The next moment a percussion shell struck us forward, and a storm of smashed oak planking and twisted iron flew over our heads as we squatted on the floor of the unprotected compartment. It must have been the end of poor Lotze and the stokers, for we never saw them again. Apparently this shell did not burst till it had reached the after part of the deck, for a great hole was torn out there clean down to the bunkers. Steersman, wheel and steering chains were gone.

We had changed our course again, and were heading toward the northwest shore of the bay. A war-ship lay ahead of us.

“By the face of Tau!” exclaimed Wung, still somewhat dazed. “Helm gone, and steersman, too! We’re going straight for the Tschiyoda. Her guns will open in another second.”

“Shall I shut off steam?” I shouted.

There was nothing of the coward in Wung Tsai, whatever may be said of his race. “No!” he cried. “Let her go! Get out your torpedoes!”

The Tschiyoda’s guns began to get our range. I swung down the scuttle to the forward compartment. The Chinese assistant whom I had prevented from escaping crouched beside the tube, staring wildly, paralyzed with fear.

“Out with you!” I screamed, for there was a hole in the bow plates, and in a few moments the place would be full of water.

Before we could get out, however, Wung called out to me, “It’s useless; we sha’n’t strike her! We’re going clear.”

As I clambered up I saw the high side of a war-ship looming over us not twenty meters away. Several officers and a squad of marines stood at her rail. One or two marines cracked their carbines at us, and an officer pointed toward us with his sword and laughed. I fancy it was an order from him that saved our lives. The Sun-pai was an utter wreck, and to shoot us seemed like murder. He stepped forward and shouted “Surrender!” first in Chinese and then in English.

I saluted, and making a speaking-trumpet of my hand, shouted back: “We can’t stop her; she’s unmanageable!” They laughed again.

Meanwhile we had cleared the Tschiyoda and were pointed directly for the high, steep shore of the channel, scarcely two hundred meters off. The Sun-pai was leaking fast and had settled visibly when she struck the shore with a violent shock. Even then her screw continued to turn.

We jumped off the bows into five feet of water.

My Chinese assistant, the only survivor of our crew, ran off along the beach; but Wung and I made for some copses of evergreen among the crags above us, hoping to conceal ourselves and await the coming of night.

Bitterly cold and drenched to the skin, we squatted in a thick clump of bushes, and might have made our escape had not a mob of Chinese seen us from the shore. In hopes of reward, these wretches gave information to the enemy's pickets. Before we guessed our danger a lieutenant and six men were upon us. We were covered by their rifles, and there was nothing for it but to crawl out and surrender.

The lieutenant treated us most politely, and seeing that we were soaking wet, he offered us his cigarette case with a most engaging grimace.

That night we spent aboard a troop-ship, and a day or two afterward we were transferred to some prison barracks below Yokohama. It was nearly four months before I once again enjoyed my liberty.

F. R. LANCE.

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