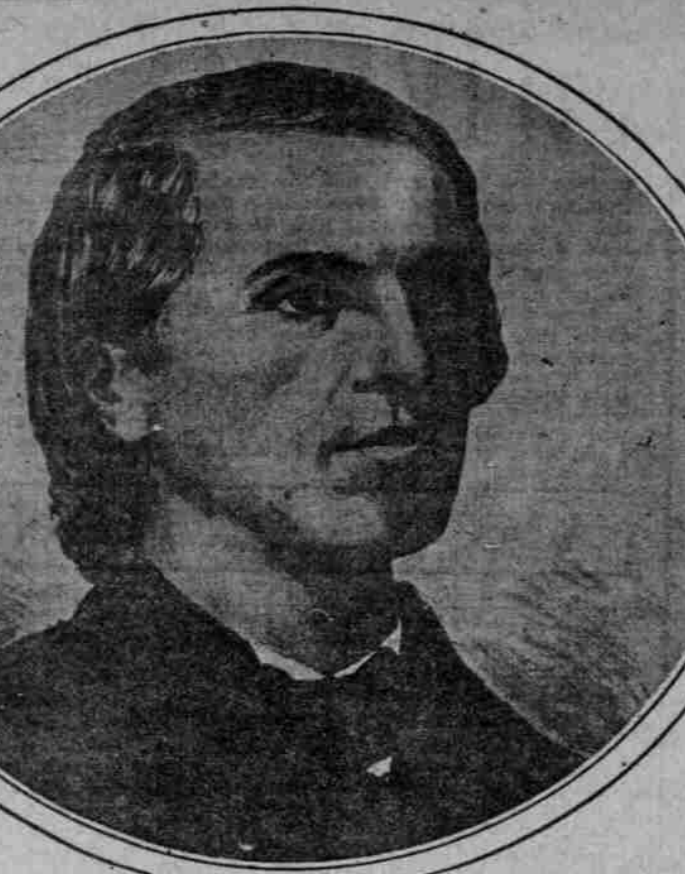


PROWESS IN WAR



Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, Destroyer of the Albemarle.

DEEDS of remarkable heroism are so numerous in time of war that the annals of every country would be obliged to devote many great volumes to their recital if they were to be properly recorded. But there are other deeds which show not alone invincible courage and willingness to give up life on the altar of a country's need but also such an unusual degree of alertness of mind, inventiveness and intrepidity in the midst of danger that one cannot but lament that the waging of battles of progress in times of peace seem so rarely to call forth such remarkable qualities of mind and soul as those made manifest in every great encounter by arms.

But before mentioning incidents of special prowess it may be interesting to recall that unique and most spectacular exploit of history, the capture of the Dutch fleet in the campaign of 1794-95 by a division of French cavalry. Charles Pichegru, a brilliant French general, whose later career was marred by disloyalties and the betrayal of his friends, commanded the French troops in Holland when this extraordinary capture of a fleet took place. It was one of the many brilliant exploits conducted by this military genius, who instead of going into winter quarters conducted a campaign which resulted in the occupation of the whole of Holland.

When the French came to the Heider they found the Dutch fleet frozen up, and it occurred to Pichegru that here was his one opportunity for winning a naval battle. He therefore ordered his cavalry to proceed across the ice and make the capture. When the Dutch commander beheld the approach of the hussars the audacity of the enterprise completely overwhelmed him. The Dutch had practically no way to defend themselves and it was even less possible for them to retreat. They therefore capitulated to the enemy without entering into an engagement. The episode furnishes perhaps the most striking example of the triumph of paradoxical unorthodoxy which has ever been included in military annals.

In September, 1864, the world at large heard with wondering admiration of the extraordinary exploit of Lieutenant W. B. Cushing, U. S. N., which resulted in the destruction of the Confederate ironclad *Albemarle*.

In April the *Albemarle* had recaptured Plymouth, N. C., and beaten the Federal fleet. In May she had entered into an engagement with seven Federal steamers and had injured them severely while remaining practically unharmed herself. The powerful ram lay at Plymouth, out of reach of the fleet, which at that time had no ironclads of sufficiently light draught to get at her.

Cushing had already become famous in the Navy for the many daring exploits which he had arranged and conducted. When the Federal Government needed an agent who could invent and carry out designs for the destruction of the ram Cushing therefore was selected.

With the knowledge that he was to face both the guns of the ironclad and those of the land batteries, Cushing decided to attempt a dangerous mission in a small open launch.

The launch was 45 feet long. It was especially fitted for the occasion with a 13-pound howitzer and a 14-foot boom swung to the bow by a goose-neck hinge. This boom was raised or lowered by a topping lift, which was carried to a steady place on the launch by a rope and a pulley at the end of the boom. The torpedo was to be detached from the boom by one line and to be exploded by the operation of another line. Engineer Lay, of the United States Navy, had invented this torpedo.

Thousands of Confederate soldiers were stationed at the town and forts of Plymouth and on both banks of the Roanoke River. Plymouth, where the ram lay, was about eight miles from the mouth of the river. The wrecked *Southfield*, which lay about a mile below the ram, was used by the Confederates as a station for a guard which was to prevent unexpected approach to the *Albemarle*.

"We determined to overcome all obstacles," said Lieutenant Cushing in his account of the affair in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War." "When the expedition entered the river on the night of October 27, therefore, a small cutter was taken in tow, on which were several men whose duty it was to overtake the guard, so that they should be prevented from sending up a warning rocket. There were 20 men in the Cushing party—all volunteers.

In the darkness the launch and her convey were able to slip by the guard without being perceived. Lieutenant Cushing now decided that inasmuch as the crew of 20 men remained intact it might be well to try to board the vessel from the land side, surprise those on board and capture the vessel, which they could then take out into the stream and turn against the land forts.

straight at the ironclad, which to those on the little launch looked like a great mountain of iron.

From the ship and from troops stationed on shore a heavy fire was poured on the launch, but failed to disable her. The little launch sped swiftly to its work. The Confederates had by this time started a huge fire on the shore, and by its glare Lieutenant Cushing discovered to his momentary dismay that the ironclad was protected from torpedoes by a boom of logs which completely encircled her and stood well out from her sides.

Lieutenant Cushing, after an examination of the boom, during which he took the enemy's fire while he ran alongside the ram, decided that the logs might have been long enough in the water to be coated with slime, so that under full steam he could force his boat over them. It was a desperate chance, for if the launch went over the boom into the pen with the ram it could never come out again. Nevertheless, there was no other way of approaching the vessel close enough to torpedo her, and Cushing sent his

launch squarely at the boom at right angles, using all the force of the engine.

The fire from the boat was very heavy, and it came close enough to Cushing to tear away the back of his coat and the top of one shoe.

The Captain of the *Albemarle* hailed again. Cushing's men, even at that moment of supreme danger, replied with a volley of gibes to the demand of the *Albemarle* as to the launch's identity, and in a second the launch was over the logs, while the seven men on board her looked into the muzzle of a rifled cannon 16 feet away.

On that night Fate seemed determined to show her power to protect as well as to destroy, for while Cushing stood in the bow, the lines controlling the torpedo in his hands, bullets whistled all around him, so that his clothing was riddled with them, but he remained untouched. The boom was lowered until the motion of the launch carried the torpedo beneath the ram's overhang. Then Cushing pulled the two lines which detached and exploded the torpedo.

As the explosion took place a huge mass of water displaced by it fell on the men in the launch and 100 pounds of grape at 10-foot range struck them. The launch was instantly disabled, and as it sank the men jumped into the water and struck out into the river. Some were captured by the Confederates and others were drowned, but Cushing succeeded in reaching the opposite shore.

When dawn came Lieutenant Cushing was obliged to take to a cypress swamp in order to elude the Confederates. For five hours with bare feet, head and hands he made his way through a thicket of thorns and briars which had never been disturbed by man before.

As night approached he was lucky enough to come out upon a road near the river, and possessed himself of a boat moored to the bank.

After cutting loose the boat he floated behind it until sheltered from observation by a bend of the river. Then he got on board and paddled all through the evening and far into the night. After steering by a star for nearly two hours in the direction where

he supposed the fleet might be Lieutenant Cushing finally sighted one of the vessels, and after a long while was able to hail the watch. Boats were lowered to pick him up, but it was a long time before the men would believe that the gallant lieutenant was himself. They declared that Lieutenant Cushing had died the night before.

When Cushing reached the flagship and announced that his mission had been successful rockets were sent up, and a mighty cheer resounded from every vessel of the fleet.

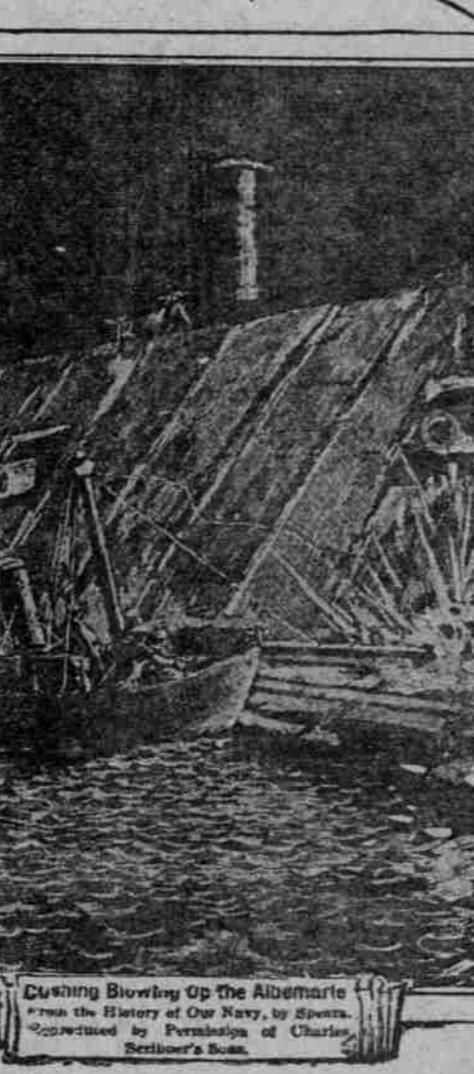
J. E. Foley, writing in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," points out the remarkable skill as well as the unparalleled audacity necessary for the achievement:

"When it is reflected that Cushing had attached to his person four separate lines, viz., the detaching lanyard, the trigger line and two lines to direct the movements of the boat, one of which was fastened to the wrist and the other to the ankle of the engineer; that he was also directing the adjustment of the spar by the haliard; that the management of all these lines, requiring as much exactness and delicacy of touch as a surgical operation, with a single error in their employment, even a pull too much or too little, would render the whole expedition abortive, was carried out directly in front of the muzzle of a 100-pounder rifle, under fire of musketry so hot that several bullets passed through his clothing, and carried out with perfect success, it is safe to say that the naval history of the world affords no other example of such marvellous coolness and professional skill as were shown by Cushing in the destruction of the *Albemarle*."

One of the dramatic episodes of the relief of Lucknow was that in which young "Harry" Havelock, son of Sir Harry Havelock, who commanded the relieving forces, took temporary command of the forces.

On September 23 the British and loyal Indian troops under the command of General Havelock arrived at the *Alumbagh*, the beautiful park and garden of the King of Oude. The Sepoy enemy retreated to the *Charbagh* bridge, followed by the British.

The *Charbagh* bridge barred the way



Cushing Blowing Up the Albemarle from the History of Our Navy, by Spenser.

to Lucknow. The Sepoys had erected over the bridge a barrier seven feet high, with six guns, one of which was a 24-pounder.

Leaving the sick and wounded under a guard of 300 men at the *Alumbagh*, the British advanced to the bridge.

In the first stand of the Sepoys against the oncoming troops, whose leading column was under the command of Major-General Outram, the guns directed a deadly fire on the British ranks. Captain Maude of the British forces hurled his men against the Sepoys and succeeded in silencing the guns. With the object of diverting the enemy from the main division, the Fifth Fusiliers, under General Outram, then deployed to the right and began to clear the garden of the scattered troops of the enemy, who were acting as sharpshooters.

On the left of the bridge were the *Madras* Fusiliers under the command of Lieutenant Arnold. Directly in front of the bridge, facing the enemy's battery with only 100 light guns to their six, were the gunners under Captain Maude. Lieutenant Neill waited with a detachment to charge the bridge until General Outram, who, under Major-General Havelock, was in command of the operation, should direct him to go to the relief of Maude.

But quite unexpectedly General Outram seemed to have vanished from the scene. In carrying out the garden maneuver he had got out of sight with his men, and as further orders must come from him Maude and his gunners were exposed without protection to the fire of the enemy. At last Maude and one subaltern remained in charge of the two guns. "Young" Harry Havelock, who was an aide-de-camp on the staff of his father, was near by and Maude called to him in desperation:

"I can't keep it up much longer; can't fight their guns."

Havelock waited not a moment for further instructions, but dashed off on his horse to where Neill was stationed, begging him to bring his troops up in a charge and so relieve the men at the bridge.

Neill declined to take the initiative in the matter, however, as he was not

in command, and young Havelock dashed away to an officer who was in command of another detachment, but who also refused to make a charge without orders from his superior.

Young Havelock was as resourceful as he was hot-headed, and, refusing to be balked, he wheeled his horse and disappeared in the direction of his father's headquarters.

Back again he galloped, after the passage of a few minutes, and, pausing in front of General Neill, he saluted and said respectfully:

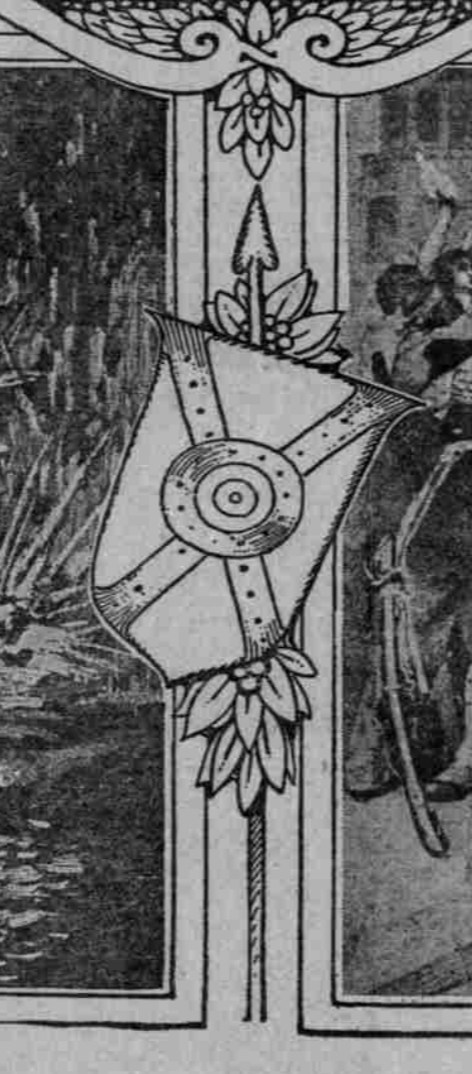
"Orders are for you to charge the bridge, sir."

Young Havelock had been gone far too short a time to have ridden to his father's headquarters and back, but in the excitement of the moment the older officer failed to make any calculations of the time. The bugles sounded the charge and the men dashed upon the bridge, the first group being instantly shot down. Only Havelock on his horse and one private stood in front of the enemy's guns. The fire fell all about him and a bullet pierced his hat, but he yelled a triumphant call to his companions and they came on with a rush, taking the barrier and the bridge. The Seventy-eighth Highlanders were given the task of holding the bridge until the British forces were over and safely on the way to the city.

Major-General Outram strongly advocated the recommendation of young Havelock for the Victoria Cross in recognition of this action, which undoubtedly saved the day for the British, but the aide-de-camp had previously been granted the decoration for another exploit of equal bravery and the British War Office conferred no further honors on him for his later exploit. The "V. C." was granted to Captain Maude, who had stood so nobly before the fire of the Sepoys.

Alexander Suvaroff, the Russian soldier, who played so brilliant a part in the wars of Catherine II., is still the hero of the Russian army, and his many remarkable achievements while in command of the Russian forces are related with pride by every subject of the Czar.

Those who have a taste for brave and noble deeds may remember many



The Relief of Lucknow.

such as having taken place during the Napoleonic wars. Among the many glorious figures which appeared upon the stage of war at that period none is more likely to win and hold our admiration than the strong and gallant Marshal Ney.

"What a man! What a soldier!" Napoleon is declared to have remarked on one occasion when the splendid character and achievements of his favorite marshal had shown forth with unusual brilliance. At another time Napoleon declared that Ney was the bravest man he had ever seen. When Ney was supposed to have been lost during the Russian campaign the Emperor asserted that he had 300,000,000 francs in his coffers at the Tuilleries, all of which he would gladly have given rather than to have lost Marshal Ney.

One of the early exploits which won promotion for Ney was the taking of 2000 prisoners by a cavalry force of 100 under his command. Shortly after this Ney led two cavalry columns straight into the river in the face of cannon which lined the opposite bank. He forced the banks and captured For-

Gumbinnen, Germany, the first place across the border where the army could rest. Ney encountered General Dumas, who failed to recognize the powerful figure with powder blackened face and unkempt hair.

"I'm sorry, but I don't seem to recognize you," said the puzzled Dumas.

"I am the rear guard of the Grand Army of France—Marshal Ney," was the reply.

and by day dodged arrest and other things on the firing line, or as near things as they could motor without going to jail. For these Maxim's were the clearing-house for news of friends and battles. Where once were the supper girls and the ladies of the gold mesh vanity bags, now were only men in red and blue uniforms, men in khaki, men in bandages. Among them were English lords and French princes with titles that dated from Agincourt to Waterloo, where their ancestors had met as enemies. Now those who had succeeded them as allies were, over a sole Marguery discussing airships, armored automobiles and Mitrailleuse.

At one table *Henri Fradier* of the American Embassy would be telling an English officer that a captain of his regiment who was supposed to have been killed at *Conrual*, had like a homing pigeon found his way to the hospital at *Neully* and wanted to be reported "safe" at *Lloyds*. At another table a French lieutenant would describe a raid made by the son of an American banker in Paris who is in command of an armed automobile. "He swept his gun only once—so," the Frenchman explained, waving his arm across the champagne and the broiled lobster, "and he caught a General and two staff officers. He cut them in half."

Or at another table you would listen to a group of English officers talking in wonder of the Germans' wasteful advance in solid formation.

"They were piled so high," one of them relates, "that I stopped firing. They looked like gray worms squirming about in a ball box. I can shoot men coming at me on their feet, but not a mass of arms and legs."

"I know," assents another, "When we charged the other day we had to advance over the Germans that fell the night before and my men were slipping and stumbling all over the place. The bodies didn't give them any foothold. Then another takes up the tale. "My sergeant yesterday," he relates, "turned to me and said: 'It isn't cricket. There's no game in shooting into a target as big as that. It's just murder.' I had to order him to continue firing. They tell of it without pose, or emotion. It is all in the day's work. Most of them are young men of wealth, of ancient family, cleanly bred gentlemen of England, and as they nod and leave the restaurant, we know that in three hours, wrapped in a great coat, each will be sleeping in the earth trenches, and that the next morning the shells will wake him.

Under fire.



Alexander Suvaroff, the Cossack of the Grand Vizier.

UNDER FIRE

(Continued From Page 3.)

Every Cossack is a born horseman. Before he can walk he has set on one of the small, strong and swift Cossack horses—the real horses of the steppe, ordinarily almost wild and extraordinarily intelligent.

Removed as they are from the ordinary population, possessing unique rights, bearing arms for so many years and growing up with only one career in view, it is only natural that the Cossacks should have but one idea, and that is to serve faithfully and blindly the government, which has always shown itself considerate and generous toward them. They are far less civilized in many ways than other Russian peasants, for the communities having remained isolated for centuries, their traditions of hostility to other "camps" have not been greatly modified by outside influence.

In aspect they are picturesque and have retained the characteristics which have belonged to the Cossacks for centuries. As a rule they intermarry among their own kind.

They are in general larger than the average Russian. Strongly built and bearded, with high cheek bones and the far-seeing eye of the steppe dweller, fierce, excitable and ruthless, used to physical fatigue and hardship, indifferent to pain and suffering both where he himself and others are concerned, they are the Cossack.

In time of war the Cossacks supply Russia with 800 squadrons of cavalry and 108 companies of infantry, with 226 guns—that is, with more than 130,000 soldiers, 150,000 of them invaluable for reconnoitering service. It is natural that men such as are the Cossacks, strong and courageous, with an inherited instinct for guerrilla warfare—a method which even now plays such an important part in every war—should add considerably to the success of the army to which they are attached.

—Outlook.

Fighting side by side with the soldiers, Ney arrived at the *Niemen* again bereft of his troops, who had little by little fallen victims to the terrible ravages of cold and hunger as well as to the attacks of the enemy. With a few hundred troops obtained at the boundary, he again made a stand to keep the enemy back while the remnant of the Grand Army passed over the border into Germany. But the sight of their comrades crossing out of the country in which they had suffered so terribly was too great a strain on the fortitude of the men, and the next morning Ney's few soldiers deserted him and started to follow the army, leaving Ney almost alone.

With 30 men Ney continued to guard the retreat until the 30 also deserted and Ney fought alone, slowly retiring through the streets with his face to the enemy and crossing the river, the last of the Grand Army to leave Russia. At

the relief of Lucknow. The Sepoys had erected over the bridge a barrier seven feet high, with six guns, one of which was a 24-pounder.