

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1896.

## DEEDS OF GREAT VALOR.

SOME THAT HAVE COME UNDER THE NOTICE OF FOREIGNERS.

The Famous English War Correspondent's Story of Bravery in many Lands—The Bravest Deed He Ever Saw Was a Heroic Rescue in Africa.

There are many kinds of courage that to enumerate the variety in detail would fill a number of the Youth's Companion. Personally I do not rank particularly high, ready valor in the battle or the forlorn hope. Then the blood is hot and the ardor of the fray is throbbing in every fibre. Unless a man is an utter coward at heart, it seems to me that he must be in the nature of things be brave in the turmoil of battle. Of course, there, as elsewhere, degrees of conduct present themselves, and the true man will stem a sudden panic or greatly dare to save the life of a comrade.

But it is in cold blood that the higher courage exhibits itself, and the comparative rarity of that virtue proves its exceptional and more elevated stamp.

Rarest of all kinds of courage is perhaps that variety which the Duke of Wellington used to call "two o'clock-in-the-morning courage."

There was the spirit of the finest courage in the conduct of Capt. George Napier, who, being struck in the breast at Ciudad Rodrigo, at the head of the storming party, his arm shattered by a cannon ball, kept cheering and directing his men as he lay bleeding and helpless, trodden on, buffeted by the charging soldiers. He would not have himself removed until he heard the place was won, and then, with his ash binding his arm, he walked quietly to the amputating place, waited his turn, and had to listen to the discussion of a point of etiquette between two surgeons as to which of them was entitled to perform on him.

That was cool daring on the part of a rough Irish private in the Peninsular war, when a thirteen-inch shell fell in the crowded work, knocked out the burning fuse with a blow of his spade, picked up the shell and carried it to his officer, with the quiet remark: "There she is now, your honor. She'll do nobody any harm now, for it's me that has knocked the life out of the creature!"

Who does not remember the noble stoic courage and discipline of those recruits who stood in their ranks on the deck of the Birkenhead troop ship, waiting for the inevitable death that was imminent, while the woman and children were being saved.

A Briton myself, I have ties with the great republic, and for that reason I cherish the knowledge of some acts of courage of the stamp I specially admire, performed by Americans—acts which probably are widely known among the countrymen of those brave men.

It was in the late Admiral John Rodgers' first action in the Galena that a shell crashed into the turret in which he was with the gunners, and half smothered him with the blood and brains of an adjacent sailor. Others were struck down by the explosion, and panic was setting in. Its progress Rodgers stayed, not, however, by angry voice and loud abjurations, but by the quiet, unassuming, half-complaining remark, as he wiped his bespattered face, "And they told me these things were shell-proof!" The utterance and the manner thereof appealed to the ever-wert American sense of humor. The gunners rallied and renewed the fight.

On another occasion, I think when his ship, the Weehawken, was in action with the Confederate ironclad Atlanta, Rodgers, having gone below for a moment, found a man of the turret crew wandering about between decks. When challenged to answer for cowardice in deserting his post, the man made no reply, and was put in irons by Captain Rodgers' orders.

The fight over the Atlanta a prize. One of his officers entering his cabin, presented to him that the man was no skulker, but, on the contrary, one of the best men on the ship, who had been dazed and stunned by the impact of a hostile missile on the turret, against the inside of which he had been leaning; that he had been ordered below and that when challenged by the commanding officer he had not yet recovered from the shock.

Rodgers ordered that the man should be immediately unironed, and at quarters next day, when officers and ship's company were mustered, he thus curtly but pointedly addressed the sailor:

"My man, I called you a coward yesterday. I find I was mistaken, and, diffusing his cap, 'I beg your pardon.'"

Surely than this no commanding officer ever did a nobler and more gallant act, and one can well believe that for a chief so royal in his manhood to his fellow citizens, so generous and whole-souled in owning his error, the Weehawken's crew would have died to a man.

It is remarkable with what different sentiments commanders regard the efforts of their subordinates to gain renown. Lord Wolseley, for example, would have every officer burn to seize every opportunity

to obtain personal distinction. Steady old Lord Clyde, on the other hand, held that an objection to the Victoria Cross was its incentive to 'aides-de-camp and staff officers to place themselves in prominent positions for the purpose of attracting attention.' And he continues, 'To such, life is of little value as compared with the gain of public honor, but their conduct is a cruel injustice to other gallant officers, who in all the excitement of action, have important responsible, and self-abnegatory duties to perform.'

I have seen Skobeloff dash into the turbulent heart of half a dozen actions, conspicuous above all men by the white coat he wore and the white charger he bestrode, and I have seen him stand on the parapet of our earthwork for an hour at a time, the target for a heavy fire. These things seem to savor of sheer recklessness, but they were done in the intensity of devotion to a purpose, that purpose being to gain prestige, to inspire his men with confidence to follow whither he led, to simulate them to daring by the force of example.

He worked for results; and his mostly attained them; when he failed it was for no want of endeavor to succeed. How he strove is vividly described in MacGahan's powerful etching of him returning from an effort which failed for want of support. Your gilded and lamented countryman wrote:

"He was in a fearful state of excitement and fury; his uniform was covered with blood and mud; his sword broken; his cross of St. George twisted roundover his shoulder; his face black with powder and smoke; his eyes haggard and bloodshot and his voice quite gone. He spoke in a hoarse whisper. I never saw such a picture of battle as he presented."

Skobeloff was striving for victory, for glory, for promotion; for dispelling the cloud under which he unjustly lay. His motives were partly patriotic, partly personal.

But much as I admired that singularly brave man, there was in my heart a warmer glow on that summer afternoon on the plain of Ulundi, when I saw Lord William Beresford wheel his pony and gallop back to the succor of a fallen trooper around whom the Zulus were already piling their assegais; saw him alight, hustle the wounded man up into his saddle, fending off the Zulus with the revolver grasped in his spare hand, clamber up behind his man, and with a dig of the spurs set the game little beast a-going after the other horsemen.

That was pure, unselfish, devoted, gallant chivalry, concerning which, as behoved a self-respecting soldier, he kept silence. It was because I went and told the story to Sir Evelyn Wood that Beresford got the Victoria Cross; and, indeed, he declined the honor were it not accorded also to the soldier who had aided him in keeping the wounded man in the saddle during the retreat.

This piece of work of Beresford's I account "the bravest deed I ever saw;" and I should have made it the topic of this contribution, but that I have already described it fully in print.

Of a very different type of courage was the conduct of Wigram Battery, a distinguished Indian officer who was my companion with the little garrison of Saarbrücken, at the beginning of the Franco-German war.

On the 2nd of August the day of the poor Prince imperial's "baptism of fire," came pouring down on the little town Frossard's divisions from the Spicherenberg. The German battalion slowly quit. As the last detachment cleared out from the earthwork it had been holding, a man was shot down.

Batty, who had been chafing at the withdrawal, "got mad," caught up the fallen man's rifle and pouch, ran out, dropped on one knee, and started a lively fusillade against Pougnet's French brigade. Pougnet's brigade responded with cheerful promptitude, and Batty presently was bowled over.

His reckless freak would have cost him his life without benefit of clergy had he, a neutral citizen in arms, been caught by the French, and it gave to a German professor and myself the trouble of going out and fetching him in, mending him, and sending him off to hospital.

Batty felt fighting bravely in Afghanistan, a country in which it matters nothing whether you are neutral or belligerent. But for the excellent adage, Nil nisi bonum de mortuis, I should style his conduct at Saarbrücken reckless beyond measure.

Some instances of serviceable exposure to danger in cold blood, undertaken without any incentive beyond the impulse to avert calamity, are in my memory, and one of them I may relate. The scene was Gen. Toberniaff's headquarters camp at Deligrad, in Upper Serbia, in the summer of 1876.

The huts of the camp surrounded a square area, through one corner of which passed a small stream. It was near dusk, and the staff, having finished dinner in the school-room which served as mess room,

were sitting smoking on the rear veranda. Suddenly there came a loud cry of "fire!" and men were seen running away in all directions.

We all hurried through to the front, the rush led by a couple of Englishmen. In the centre of the open space stood a walled hut, roofed in with a flat covering of wattled hurdles. Would it be believed that this structure was the powder magazine of the Deligrad force?

Yes; during the day I had seen men of work filling the powder bags to be used as charges for the cannon—filling them from open powder barrels, which, when the work was done, were simply covered loosely with canvas.

Besides the powder in the barrels and in the charge bag, there was a quantity of Remington cartridges, partly in cases, partly in loose heaps. There was not even a sentry on the hut. I remembered thinking it the most dangerous place I had ever seen.

And now sparks, carried by the wind from some cooking fire, or swept from one of the innumerable cigarettes constantly being smoked, had fallen on the roofing hurdles, and they, as dry as tinder, were kindling into isolated blazing tongues.

The two Englishmen were running toward the hut at top speed. Then they diverged. One headed for the water, the other held straight for the hut, clambered up its wattled side, reached the roof, and set about beating out and throwing down, as far away as possible, the blazing hurdles. His comrade had filled a bucket and was swiftly carrying it to the man on the roof of the hut.

The Russian officers of Tcherniaff's headquarters caught up the idea, ran toward the stream, and formed a chain, but the long link next the hut was allowed to be constituted by the comrade of the man on the roof. His danger, spite of the bucketful of water which reached him from time to time, seemed imminent. With every hurdle thrown down, his footing became the more precarious. Sparks dropping from the wattled roof to the thick, became the more precarious. Sparks dropping from the wattled roof to the thick, became the more precarious.

THE SKULL BIT.  
A Catch That was Lucky for the Fish, if not for the Fisherman.

"The stranger's fish story I ever heard was an experience I had myself," said Judge Scudder of Altaluna, as he settled himself back in his big armchair, while a reflective look passed over his open countenance.

"It was in the summer of '82, I think, that an Easterner and myself started out on the war path for fish. Salmon Creek afforded fine fishing for salmon, trout and salmon, as well, and many were the stories of mammoth fishes caught there which were waited to our ears when our friends learned of our destination, to all of which my friend from the East listened incredulously.

"This stream, as you know, flows through a narrow defile, with precipitous sides, and winding around considerably after leaving Freestone, finally empties into the Pacific, and right near there we had our headquarters, at the Ocean View House, tramping up the narrow canon each morning with bait in ourselves as well as the fishes.

"We had good sport—fine luck in fact—for two days, and on the third day I chose a very wild spot and seated myself on a large rock overlooking the creek. I fished with a line and rod, using the same old-fashioned sort of worm I did as a boy. There was no need to use the more scientific fly when fish were so easily caught.

"The Easterner was down stream a little way, and everything was felt a fierce pull on the line I roused up at once, and, pulling up, what should I see come bobbing to the surface but a human skull, which, to all appearances, had swallowed the bait through its eyes. Naturally my otherwise steady nerves were considerably shaken, and with a sort of howl I started back suddenly, which motion swung the growsome thing rather sharply against a rock, where it cracked apart and the several pieces to my relief slid off into the stream, leaving dangling to my line a most peculiar looking fish, almost white, and forming an almost perfect ring.

"I quickly jerked the hook out of its gills and let it drop into the clear water, where it went through the strangest motions, still keeping its circular shape. It was unable to swim, but twisted around in the water, or moved with a wheel-like motion. My friend who had been attracted by my howl, arrived just in time to see some of the eccentric gyrations, and I really believe if he hadn't actually seen it he would always have said it was a California yarn.

"We afterward came to the conclusion that the fish, when small, had strayed into the skull, and probably through some motion of its jaws had turned the ruin over, and so closed its mode of escape, though it could easily survive and grow on the food which came floating by, and there it continued to float, only in a ring, till the worm falling through one of the eye sockets, provided a mode of relief from its cramped quarters.

"We quit fishing for that day, and it was some time before I could eat fish without a thought of the strangely imprisoned curio.—San Francisco Call.

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AMERICA'S DEEPEST LAKE.  
Curious Facts about the Crater Lake in Oregon.

Crater Lake, in Oregon, is the deepest body of fresh water in America. Only one lake in the world is deeper, namely, Baikal, which exceeds it in depth by about 400 feet. Until recently it was asserted that Crater Lake was bottomless, but soundings have proved that its greatest depth is 2,000 feet. It is five miles in diameter, nearly circular, and occupies the crater of an extinct volcano.

No fish have ever been known to exist in Crater Lake. Not long ago a request that it be stocked with trout was sent to Washington by the Mazamas, who are a club of mountain climbers, having headquarters at Portland. Mazama is the Indian name for mountain goat. The climbers are anxious to angle in the extinct crater, and the government experts are going to find out whether or not such a thing is practicable. It is easy enough to put trout into the water, but that would be of no use unless there is food for them there. Trials will be made by an expedition, for the purpose of ascertaining how much food there is and whether or not it is of a kind suitable for speckled beauties to browse upon.

This will be accomplished by towing small nets of gauze along the surface of the water. The water will flow through the gauze, which will catch all the animalculae that come in its way. The quantity of the latter secured in a given number of minutes or hours will be an accurate measure of the amount of food present. They will be bottled and preserved in formalin for subsequent examination by a specialist who will determine the species represented. Chiefly they will be little shrimps and other small crustaceans, and there will be some insects also. It will be necessary to make the towings at different hours of the day, because some crustaceans swim near the surface only in the morning, others at midday, and others yet in the evening. Shady areas as well as sunny ones must be sought for various species.

A most interesting series of experiments will be made for the purpose of ascertaining the temperature of the water at various depths. No temperature observations have ever been taken in fresh water nearly so far down. With this end in view, an equipment of self-registering thermometers and supplementary apparatus will be taken and will be let down by means of sounding lines. There are very few places in the entire lake where the depth is less than 1600 feet, though it shoals off somewhat in the southwest part. One line of soundings registered over 1900 feet for a distance of two miles. These depths are unapproached by any other lake in the western hemisphere.

No wonder then that Crater Lake was supposed to be bottomless. However, the truth is that all lakes over 150 feet deep possess a similar reputation. Any body of water that is deeper than the length of the longest feeling line is sure to lack a bottom in the popular belief. A first-rate example of this sort of delusion is afforded by Payette Lake in Idaho. It was formerly imagined to be bottomless, and later its depth was officially stated to be 2600 feet. Recent investigation proves that its greatest depth is 305 feet. There are no data on which to base a guess as to the bottom temperature of Crater Lake, but the supposition is that it will be very little above freezing. The temperature of the ocean depths remains at about forty degrees Fahrenheit all the year round, even in the tropics. Nevertheless, some volcanic heat may yet remain to warm the waters of Crater Lake.—Louis Globe-Democrat.

POLAR EXPEDITIONS.  
Perils That Await the Traveler in the Far North.

News from the Polar expeditions of Sir Martin Conway explains once more the perils that he ahead of anyone who ventures into the Polar regions. Sir Martins company in June came upon the two surviving members of a crew of four Norwegian sealers, who had met disaster off Cape Staraschin. They stayed too late in the season and the ice came and embraced their vessel. They lived aboard of her until the sun went below the horizon for its six months' trip south. Every day they had

fine sport shooting white bears and reindeer, and they thought they could get through the winter alive. But the ship began to break up. They dug a place in the sand of the beach, and roofed it over with sail cloth. They gathered their seventy carcasses of reindeer and placed them in a heap, needing no refrigerator. All the coal that was in the ship they transferred to the little hovel and settled down to wait for the end of the half year of night. In January their coal gave out. They knew of a coal seam back on Spitzbergen and set forth one day to find it. After fourteen hours of fast walking they reached a shelter built by some early exploring party. One of the men was so badly frost-bitten that they couldn't proceed farther. Two weeks they waited there for him to recover. Then they were compelled to return to their first camp to get food, leaving as much as could be spared for the sick man.

In endeavoring to return to their comrades they were for twelve days buffeted by bad weather. When they did get back to him they found him in a painful condition. His nose was gone; his feet and hands were black; he was almost dead. They nursed him until their provisions gave out a second time. Crossing the ice they encountered two polar bears, the flesh of which they placed on a rude sled, and intended to take it to their unfortunate shipmate; but wind and storm were against them, and they say they couldn't succor him. He was left to his fate.

In April the captain, one of the three men remaining, fell sick with scurvy, and soon died. So hard was the ground now that no grave could be dug for him. So he was laid in two old molasses barrels, covered with a sail, and a little pyramid of sticks was set up at his head as a tomb mark.

When Sir Martin Conway's party found the two survivors, one of them had scurvy. He couldn't have lasted much longer, for he had been in bed a month, living on biscuits, butter and the wild geese that his companion shot.—Providence Journal.

He Held Down the Piece.  
"One of the best judges Indiana ever had was Silas Ramsey of Corydon," said J. K. Helton, a prominent lawyer of Indianapolis. "And yet his election was a joke. A very able but unpopular lawyer received the judicial nomination, and in order to humiliate him Ramsey was induced to run against him. Ramsey was a blacksmith and had probably never opened a law book in his life. He was a hail fellow well met and had an extensive acquaintance, but, of course, had no idea of being elected. When the votes were counted he had a majority and it was feared that the joke would prove a serious one, but he at once took a course of a law school, and during the first two or three years on the bench conferred with able lawyers, reserving decisions in close cases until he could fully study them and be advised upon them, and by the close of his term had acquired an enviable reputation. The blacksmith's decisions were very rarely reversed by the Supreme Court."—Washington Star.

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