BRAVEST DEEDS OF WAR.

Recollections of Episodes of Heroism by Land and Sea.

Stirring Contributions From Major T. P. McElrath, Lieutenant Colonel G. R. McCabe, and Captains W. Drake and T. W. Brooke—Ninth Number of a Notable Series.

It is proposed in the series of papers, of which the following forms the ninth number to give to the public for the first time and in authentic form, by a large number of distinguished contributors, the stories of the most signal deeds of individual heroism and self-sacrifice occurring under their personal observation while in the service, either by land or sea, during the war of 1861. The collection, when completed, will form a splendid monument to the prowess, patriotism and chivalrous magnanimity of the American soldier. Thus those heroes who, by their individual deeds of daring, added lustre and enthusiasm to the conflict—some in distinguished and others in humble role—will find their true place in the loving and admiring hearts of a united nation.

TOLD BY MAJOR THOMSON P. McELRATH.

The captain of the battery of the Fifth U. S. Artillery in which I served as lieutenant in McClellan's Peninsula campaign, was Stephen H. Weed. He was the son of a Staten Island blacksmith who had been sent to West Point in 1850 from the Free Academy in New York, through a competitive examination of public school graduates instituted that year by Congressman Daniel E. Sickles. The circumstance is worth mentioning here as showing the indomitable character of the man who from such lowly start had in the second year of the war earned a brigadier general's stars. Weed was affianced to a daughter of Hon. Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, and he carried in an inside secret

"I AM AS DEAD AS JULIUS CÆSAR."

pocket a package of her letters, which he on several occasions solemnly enjoined me to secure and destroy in the event of his ever being killed in action. Weed's fighting qualities speedily made him an object of admiring regard throughout the famous "Sykes' Division" of Regulars, in the Fifth Corps, with which his battery served. In 1863 he was commissioned brigadier general—a promotion for which the captains of the regular artillery regiments seemed particularly eligible—all but one of the captains of the Fifth artillery, besides the lieutenants and all the field officers of that organization being at one period either brigadier or major generals of volunteers. General Weed wore his stars for the first and only time in battle, at Gettysburg, where he commanded the Third Brigade of Ayre's Division, consisting of two New York and two Pennsylvania regiments of infantry. On July 2d, the second day of the fight his brigade was in reserve in rear of the famous "Little Round Top," near the crest of which eminence Griffin's battery under Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett, was vigorously pounding away at the enemy, while in the vicinity Weed's own former command, belonging to the same regiment, was doing effective service under Lieutenant M. F. Watson. Weed's artillery instinct overcame his professional discretion, and to while away the interval of inactivity he ascended the hill to watch the firing of the batteries. A Confederate sharpshooter sheltered behind a rock was industriously picking off Federal officers, several of whom had already fallen before his destructive weapon, while all efforts to dislodge him were unavailing. General Weed was speedily added to the list of the unerring sharpshooter's victims, and he fell to the ground with a ghastly wound in his side. Placing him tenderly on his back, Hazlett knelt down over his prostrate friend to receive his farewell instructions, respecting the precious package of letters I have mentioned, and wishing to cheer him said:—"Weed, I hope you will carry those messages yourself!" The prostrate man replied: Why do you say that? Don't you see I am as dead as Julius Cæsar?" As he uttered these words a bullet from the same death-dealing rifle crashed through Hazlett's skull, and he fell forward from his knees, a corpse, across the form of the dying General. Weed, turning his eyes downward to see him, said sadly: "Poor Hazlett! He has gone before me!" and not long afterward he too had breathed his last. General Weed's body was brought to New York, and it lay in state in the governor's room in the City Hall during the Draft Riot which convulsed that city about ten days after he was killed. The commotion that prevailed throughout the city prevented the remains receiving the tokens of respect which would otherwise have been bestowed upon them, and on July 15th they were conveyed by a few friends to Staten Island where after a funeral service in the Dutch Reformed church in Tompkinsville they were deposited in their final resting place, near the home of his childhood. It was in recognition of his valor that the name of the "Little Round Top" was changed by order of the War Department to "Weed's Hill."

TOLD BY LT. COLONEL G. R. McCABE.

It was during the Vicksburg campaign, and not long before the termination of that memorable siege.

I was then a captain attached to a heavy detail that was sent down the Big Black, to watch the only point to the east, whereby spies or scouts might enter the city with despatches for the enemy.

For weeks we had been expecting a surrender, for deserters had come through to our lines from the city, and one and all told us that Pemberton's garrison were short of percussion caps and that if they did not get in a supply, they could not hold out; so that our real purpose was to prevent this kind of supply getting through to the enemy.

One evening, it was in mid-June and about a month after the siege began, some of my men who had been to the other side of the river in a bateau, came back in a hurry, bringing with them a prisoner.

This prisoner was a bright and athletic young fellow of not more than five and twenty. The only sign of military dress about him was a blue blouse, but it needed no close examination to prove that he was a southern man by birth, and the contents of the knapsack carried so lightly on his [illegible] shoulders, showed the direction of his sympathies and the reason for his visit to these parts.

The young man after some hesitation, said his name was Singleton, but beyond that he would not talk.

The circumstances of his capture and the fact that he had a good many thousand percussion caps in his possession, warranted us in holding him as a spy trying to make his way through to the enemy's lines.

As we were some eight miles from the headquarters of the Provost-Marshal of the army, and we were to be relieved the next morning, it was decided to hold the prisoner under guard and send or take him on in the morning.

"THINK YOU'LL DIE."

He was in my special keeping and when dinner was cooked I ordered that the man be given all he could eat, including a tin cup of genuine coffee, which he appeared to relish very much.

After he had eaten, I went over to the fire where he sat, near the river, and found him more communicative. A guard was detailed to watch him specially, but it seemed impossible that he could get away, for the west bank of the Big Black was alive with our alert pickets.

"Yes," he said, in response to my question, "there is no use to deny it. I am a Confed, but I tell you I am no spy."

"I think," I said, "you will have trouble in making a court believe that."

"What!" he asked in surprise, "do you think they'll try me for a spy?"

"I certainly do."

"And you think they'll be apt to convict?"

"I do and I am sorry for it, for you appear to be a decent young fellow," I said.

"And if they convict, what then?"

"Then you'll die."

"By hanging?"

"Yes."

"And no choice on my part?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"Well," he said meditatively, "[illegible] damned hard."

"It is the fortune of war. If I can be of any service to you while I am here, let me know," I said, as I turned to leave.

He thanked me, curled himself up at the foot of a tree-oak, and with his soft grey hat pulled over his drawn face, appeared to be soon asleep.

As officer of the guard, I passed the fire several times, before twelve o'clock, when I was to be relieved, and the prisoner appeared to be still asleep.

Down the river I could hear the challenges coming nearer, telling me the pickets were being relieved.

I was nearing the fire again when I heard a crash, then a shot, and between me and the flames, I saw the prisoner leaping like a panther on the guard, and dashing him to the earth. The next instant there followed a yell and a plunge. The prisoner had taken to the river.

As I ran forward the pickets began to fire in the direction of the ripples, but we could not see the man.

In my heart I hoped the daring fellow would not be hit, for a man who could brave such risks deserved success.

A silence of some five minutes, then from the safety of the dense woods beyond the river, we heard a yell of triumph and the words:

"Good bye Yanks and to d—l to you!" and we laughed despite our mortification.

TOLD BY CAPTAIN W. DRAKE, A. D. C.

I was on duty in New Orleans as aide de camp at the headquarters of General Butler in 1862, when the heroic death of the veteran General Williams was the theme of universal

"GENTLEMEN I SALUTE YOU."

admiration. At the beginning of August, 1862, the town of Baton Rouge, was threatened by a Confederate force eager for its recapture. The Federal garrison holding the place was commanded by Brigadier General Thomas Williams of Michigan who had graduated at West Point in 1837, and had served with distinction in the artillery through the Mexican and Seminole wars. General Williams was a gallant officer of the old school. Desiring to save the citizens of Baton Rouge from the risk of life and destruction of property that would attend an assault upon the place he determined to relinquish the advantage of protection which the houses would afford and accordingly on August 5th, marched his troops out into the open country to meet the enemy. The Federals gave way at first before a vehement charge of their opponents, but a Michigan regiment, rallying quickly, restored good order and composure along the whole line.

General Williams who was conspicuous in his General's uniform and his massive grey beard persisted in remaining mounted. Seeing the splendid rally of the western men, he rode before the regiment as it faced the enemy and deliberately doffing his hat in knightly style said:—"I see my Michigan men know their duty. Gentlemen I salute you!" As he pronounced those gracious words a minnie bullet brought him to the ground, a corpse. His body was placed on a steamer which was despatched that night to New Orleans with a large number of wounded belonging to both armies. During the night the boiler exploded and few on board escaped. The corpse of General Williams was found the next day floating on a plank in the Mississippi river, and was conveyed to New Orleans where General Butler ordered it to be buried with military honors. The rector of a prominent church on Canal street gave his consent to have the funeral services performed there, but the feminine portion of his congregation determined not to permit the obsequies to take place in that edifice. When the military escort accompanying the body arrived at the church the latter was found to be crowded to the steps of the portico by an excited multitude, composed principally of females. Captain Kensel of Gen. Butler's staff requested politely that space might be made for the funeral party to enter, but was refused. He was informed that all those present were regular worshippers in that church and as they rented the pews they had a perfect right to remain there, and remain they should. The situation was perplexing, involving points that Captain Kensel had never been called upon to solve before, and for the solution of which neither the army regulations nor the articles of war furnished any clue. He was accordingly forced to return to Gen. Butler's headquarters and report the obstacle that had prevented his carrying out his orders for the funeral. General Butler peremptorily ordered him to have the escort charge, with fixed bayonets, upon the occupants of the church and force an entry. Returning to the church, Captain Kensel informed the inmates of the instructions he had just received, and while he expressed his extreme reluctance to resort to such harsh measures, he declared that he had no alternative but must obey his orders. Drawing out his watch he named an interval within which the church must be emptied if the catastrophe were to be averted. The result was a hasty retreat on the part of the feminine invaders, and the religious services having been performed without further interference, General Williams' body was at length allowed a peaceful resting place.

TOLD BY CAPTAIN T. W. BROOKE.

I was a sergeant in the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry and was with my regiment near Alexandria the last week in February, 1864, when an order came for us to join General Kilpatrick, who with Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, it was reported was about to make a raid on Richmond for the purpose of freeing the thousands of Union prisoners known to be held there, and afterwards, with their help, to hold the city if possible.

This was a bold undertaking and one worthy the best effort of the best soldier, but I recall that while every trooper in the Army of the Potomac connected Kilpatrick's enterprise, there was a very general impression among the rank and file that he lacked the weight essential to a great undertaking, and that while he might do very well—as he always did under the eye of a superior—that he was not the man for this particular work; and the result sustained the popular judgment.

The weather was cold and raw, with a driving sleet much of the time, and the roads were in a frightful state, but then they were just as bad for the enemy as they were for us, a thought that had in it a sort of even comfort.

In all my campaigning, I can recall nothing so trying to men and animals as that rash and heedless raid on Richmond, though it was among the possibilities to make it one of the most brilliant exploits of the war.

Like every other raid, this one was full of incident, and replete with individual acts of coolness and daring, one of which I am glad to add as a contribution to the record of "War's Bravest Deeds."

Along with our expedition was a man named Hogan, of whom I had often heard as a scout, and whose exploits will be remembered by many old troopers of the Army of the Potomac.

Hogan was at this time about thirty years of age, slender, active, a good horseman, and as will be seen, as cool as a man well can be who is not frozen stiff. He wore the uniform of an enlisted man, but I know he was attached to no regiment but rode about, seemingly his own master.

Hogan, it was said, "knew Virginia as well as if he had built its hills and dug out all its rivers and creeks," and it was this topographical knowledge that made him an invaluable man on the raid.

We had just crossed the South Anna at Taylorville, in a cold drenching rain, when I was ordered to report with five men, detailed for the purpose, to General Kilpatrick, then at a tumble-down tavern in the village.

I knew it was special work, for which I was far from being eager, and my suspicions were found to be correct when I was ordered to report to Hogan, who was in another room covered with a long water-proof coat and wearing on his head a havelock of the same material.

I found that five men of Major Cook's battalion of the Second New York Cavalry were detailed for the same purpose, and, judging their looks, they were not at all delighted at the prospect. I subsequently found that they regarded Hogan as a spy and that if he was captured he would be hanged, with the chances that those who were in his company would share the same fate.

We carried with us two days cooked rations and were to rely on the country for forage for our animals, which at this time were in very good condition for cavalry horses. We did not start out till it was dark, a fact that in itself was not inspiriting. And where we were going or how we could go anywhere on such an inky, black night, I could not for the life of me imagine. Afterwards I came to believe that that man Hogan could have made his way to any part of Virginia, as well blindfolded, as with his eyes wide open under the blazing light of the midday sun.

He rode by my side, and instead of talking about the raid, or our present mission, he told me he had been a Methodist and was now a hard shell Baptist, and went on to prove to his own satisfaction, that immersion was essential to eternal salvation.

The next morning we turned a bridge over a fork of the North Anna, rested and fed our horses at a "scotch" farm house, and then headed for Richmond. Hogan discussing sprinkling and immersion again, with all the vigor of a camp meeting preacher.

During the day, he sent four men back with despatches, so that there were only six of us and himself left. The morning of the third day out, we were within sight of the Richmond outworks, and in turning a bend, we saw, but a few hundred yards away, a Confederate camp. Quicker than it can be told, Hogan had a white handkerchief on the end of his saber, and whispering to us to follow him, he waved the flag, and dashed down on the astounded Confederates, who turned out to be Richmond Homeguards. Before the officer in command could catch his breath, Hogan shouted:

"I am Captain Redmond of General Kilpatrick's staff, and I am here to demand your surrender!"

This was sublime cheek. The officers whispered apart, then one of them said: "We want an hour to consider."

"Very well," replied Hogan, "I shall return in an hour."

"I AM CAPT. REDMOND OF GEN. KILPATRICK'S STAFF."

"It is needless to say that we did not return, but used the time in getting back to Kilpatrick, whom we joined that night, and from that time on, Hogan has been to me the coolest and bravest man I ever met.

In the current issue of "*The Pennsylvania Magazine*" a very unflattering description of Benjamin Franklin's wife is given. It is taken from the diary of Daniel Fisher, who was Franklin's secretary for a short time. "She sat on the floor at a neighbor's. She 'assumed the airs of extraordinary freedom and great humility, lamented heavily the misfortunes of those who are unhappily infected with a too tender or benevolent disposition, said she believed all the world claimed a privelege of troubling her Pappy (so she usually calls Mr. Franklin) with their calamities and distress, giving us a general history of many such wretches and their impertinent applications.' He mentions 'the turbulence and jealousy and pride of her disposition' and the violence of her invectives. Pointing to Franklin's son, one day, she exclaimed: 'There goes the greatest villain upon earth!'"

A CHAT WITH G. A. GROW.

Return to Congress of One of the Great Men of the Past.

His Early Life and How He Became the Successor of David Wilmot—Interesting Recollections of the Leading Statesmen and Orators of the Ante-Bellum Period—Passage of the Homestead Laws.

GLENWOOD, PA., March 9, 1894.—An interview with the most affable of American statesmen, Galusha A. Grow, who at the end of an election for Congressman-at-large in Pennsylvania, returns to the U. S. House of Representatives, is a matter of pleasure as well as interest. With a courtesy equal to Chesterfield, a dignity and ease that made him memorable as Speaker of the House, during the stormy times of 1861-62, he is at the same time as truly democratic as when he was a young and unknown attorney. In Pauwell's great allegorical picture, exhibited in the Holland section at the Centennial, prominent among the great Americans, stands the figure of Galusha A. Grow, who as the originator of the Homestead Bill, has been hailed abroad, as one of the benefactors of mankind. Elected again, to that House (that he did so much to honor), by the unprecedented majority of 185,000, he still retains that cognomen of "Great Majority Grow," that was bestowed upon him on his unanimous election to Congress.

On the opening day of the thirty-second Congress, in December, 1851, a tall, smooth faced young man of twenty seven, walked to the clerk's desk and took the oath of office. Curious eyes closely scanned the new member's make up, for he came to the House as the comparatively unknown successor of a man of national repute, David Wilmot, whose proviso had occupied the attention of previous congresses to the almost total exclusion of other matters. The young man's name was Galusha A. Grow, and he soon demonstrated that those who had selected him to succeed so notable a man had made no mistake in their choice. He early became the leader of the courageous and brainy men who, during the exciting days preceding the war, waged unyielding battle against the demands of the slave power on the floor of the House, and the leadership which he gained at the outset of his congressional career, his great abilities and unswerving devotion to duty and the right, easily enabled him to retain during the

(GALUSHA A. GROW, FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.)

twelve years he remained in Congress. There was no important measure introduced during his period of service that did not feel the influence of his voice and vote, while to his determination, persistence and farsightedness was due the final passage of the homestead act, with perhaps a single exception the most important legislation of Congress, and which has done more than all else to make the West so great and prosperous.

Pennsylvania has no more honored citizen than Galusha A. Grow, none with a more stainless record, free from all taint of personal profit or time serving, none who has rendered to his country in its hour of need more efficient and patriotic service. In the comfortable home of his latter years I found him this afternoon and asked him to tell me something of his life and the men with whom he was associated during his public career.

"I was born," said he, "in Ashford, Connecticut, in 1824. My father died when I was still a child and I was sent to live with my mother's father, Captain Samuel Robbins. When I was ten years old my mother anxious to gather in a home of her own, her children, who had been scattered since my father's death, bought this farm and came here with my oldest brother, youngest sister and myself, I being the youngest of four boys. My mother, one of the noblest and best of women, died in 1864, just after I retired from Congress. A yoke of oxen and a cow, at the outset, constituted the entire stock on our farm. The first year we were able to plant and sow a few acres of corn and wheat, Edward, my brother, doing the plowing and I driving the oxen. The pigeons were very numerous that year playing sad havoc with the newly-planted crops, and as I was not yet large enough to handle a gun safely, I was assigned the task of keeping the pigeons away.

"Each winter, until fourteen, I attended the district school—one of the old fashioned kind, with its spelling bees and other features of educational work in those times, which have since fallen into disuse. The winter that I was fourteen we had a debating society in our district, in whose discussions I took an active part, the experience in public speaking which I thus obtained proving of the greatest service to me in later years. When I was a boy here in Susquehanna county, lumbering was still one of the leading industries and the fondest ambition of every boy in the country was to go down the Susquehanna river on a raft to Marietta and Columbia, or still farther down, to Port Deposit. I made the trip the spring I was fifteen. It was the most interesting and novel experience of my life. The trip from Tunkhannock to Marietta occupied about five days and we ate and slept in a cabin built on the raft. I acted as cook for the party and took a hand at the oar when my assistance was needed. It was just after the panic of 1837, and all branches of business were paralyzed. Lumber was an absolute drug on the market.

"At Deposit we found Horace G. Phelps, of New York, with a large stock of lumber, for which they had for weeks been vainly endeavoring to find a purchaser. At last they decided to load it on vessels and send it down Chesapeake bay in search of a market. I was given charge of one of the vessels as supercargo, my instructions from Colonel Bailey being to go until I had sold it, to Norfolk or Richmond if necessary. A few days later, at Annapolis, I found the purchaser for which I was searching, and, sold the cargo of which I had charge for much more than the Colonel had expected to receive for it. Returning to Baltimore, I met Colonel Bailey and my brother. The former was so pleased with my success that he gave me a handsome sum for my services. This was the first money I had ever earned.

"I accordingly visited Washington and Mount Vernon. I walked from Alexandria to Mount Vernon and back the same day. In Washington I saw all that a country boy could see, visiting among other places, the White House. I clerked in the store which my mother had established here in Glenwood, and later made other trips down the river with my brother. In 1838 my sister and I entered the Franklin academy at Hartford. I entered Amherst college in 1840, and graduated there from in 1844. The following year I commenced the study of law with Hon. F. B. Streeter, of Montrose, and in April, 1847, I was admitted to practice in the courts of Susquehanna county. Soon after my admission to the bar I was invited by David Wilmot to become his partner at Towanda. I accepted his offer and remained in Towanda a year, when my health, which had become completely broken by study and confinement, compelled me to take to the open air. I came home and spent the most of the next two years out of doors, surveying and lumbering."

"Tell me something of Wilmot."

"During the time we were associated together I, of course, came to know him well. A large, portly, phlegmatic man of strong personality, resembling in some respects the late Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana. Mentally he was what you would call a great man, and he possessed sterling common sense; was a sound lawyer and a good judge—but one or two of his decisions during the time he was on the bench were over overruled. Moreover, he could see clearly into the future, a great gift for a public man in the forties, and to his lasting credit it is to be said that the position which he took on the slave question—the only just and righteous one—he steadily maintained during his public career. I remember a talk we had after his return from the last session of the thirty-first congress, which passed the fugitive slave law and the famous compromise measures, which both the Whig and Democratic parties united in loudly proclaiming as final and conclusive legislation regarding slavery."

"How did you come to succeed Wilmot in congress?"

"An interesting chapter of history attaches to it. In 1848 Wilmot had supported Van Buren, the Free Soil candidate for president, and this coupled with his own position as author of the proviso, made him unpopular with a large element of his party. When he came up for re-election in 1850 there was trouble. The district was composed of Tioga, Bradford and Susquehanna counties. Wilmot secured the regular nomination in Bradford county and was also named by the Free Soil wing of the party in Tioga county. With two Democratic candidates, it was evident that a Whig would be elected. Wilmot agreed to retire, if his opponent would, and I was accepted as a compromise. It was close to the time of election, and the committee who waited on me found me at work on the farm repairing bridges. One week after my nomination, I was elected to congress by 1,200 majority. Two years later, my majority was 7,577, and in 1854, as a result of my stand on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, there was no candidate against me and I was unanimously elected."

Mr. Grow entered public life at a critical period. The previous congress, which contained but nine avowed anti-slavery men, had passed Clay's omnibus bill and the fugitive slave law, and all parties save the small contingent of Abolitionists hoped and avowed that the slavery question was settled for once and all. But early in the administration of President Pierce, the successful attempt of Senator Douglas to repeal the Missouri compromise started anew differences only war could settle. It is one of the ironies of the "irrepressible conflict" that the successor of David Wilmot, who had been defeated largely on account of his anti-slavery views, took and from the outset maintained an even more radical and advanced position than his predecessor. A ready and effective speaker, on Mr. Grow's shoulders fell the brunt of the bitter but fruitless battle in the House against the repeal, and when it finally was passed by congress and received the executive sanction he publicly and permanently broke with his old party associates and became the congressional leader of the slowly swelling forces of the newly formed Republican party, once its caucus candidate for speaker and finally the presiding officer of the first war congress.

"The great triumvirate of Webster, Clay and Calhoun had already been broken" said he, "by the death of Calhoun before I took my seat in the House. Webster and Clay died the following summer. Thomas H. Benton, their old time rival, however, survived them a number of years.

"After Benton retired from congress, and while he was engaged on his condensation of congressional debates, he sent for me one day and asked that, as I had to pass his house on my way from my lodgings to the capitol, I would drop in daily and I tell him what was going on in congress. I did so for a long time, and as a consequence enjoyed many long and pleasant chats with him which are among the most delightful recollections of that period of my life. On one occasion I remember, while the repeal of the Missouri compromise was under discussion, I asked him how he thought General Cass, then a senator from Michigan, would vote on the measure."

"'General Cass, sir,' said he in answer to my question, 'don't know how he will vote on the repeal. He is a man that is very easily seduced. It is very fortunate for General Cass, sir,' this after a moment's thought, 'that he wasn't born a woman. If he had been he would have been without a character before he was sixteen years old, sir.' Afterwards we were talking of Senator Douglas position on slavery; he said: 'They say Douglas is leading the Democracy off. No, sir; the Democracy is leading Douglas off, sir. He would go to hell, sir if the majority were going there.'

"William H. Seward came to the senate from New York, in 1849, where he soon became the leader in debate, first of the anti-slavery Whigs and afterward of the Republicans. No man could have done better than he the work he was then called on to do, but in the management of men he was not so successful. It was a most fortunate thing that he failed to receive the Republican nomination for president in 1860, and that the wise and patient Lincoln was nominated in his stead. John P. Hale had been in the senate four years when I took my seat in the House. He was a very indolent man and for that reason never rose to the position for which his abilities fitted him.

"Some years before the repeal of the Missouri compromise Senator Slidell introduced a bill appropriating some $20,000,000 for the purchase of Cuba, the object of course being to strengthen the slave power. General Cass made an elaborate speech supporting the bill, on the grounds that it was dangerous to our government to have a dependency of a foreign power so near our shores as Cuba. Hale followed. 'Consistency,' said he, 'has always been a crowning jewel in the diadem of the senator from Michigan. He favors the annexation of Cuba because its proximity is a constant menace to our welfare when every night of his life when he is at home,'—General Cass lived in Detroit,—'from the window of the room in which he sleeps you can throw a stone into the possessions of her Brittanic majesty."

"Ben Wade entered congress as a senator on the same day that I entered the House. During the following twelve years we were thrown much together, and I came to know him very intimately. He was one of the most manly of men, thoroughly honest and terribly in earnest.

"I recall one occasion when George E. Pugh, his colleague during the first part of his senatorial career, and one of the most plastic of doughfaces, had finished a pro-slavery speech which aroused Wade's anger; he said: 'While listening to the words of my colleague I have wondered why God Almighty did not make some men spaniels instead of men.' Toombs, of Georgia, one of the southern leaders in the senate, was a good deal of a blusterer. While the bill for the purchase of Cuba was up Toombs one night made a speech in support of it. He denounced the Republican senators as demagogues, who were afraid of the 'backlanders' of the North. When he had finished Wade, who sat next to him, sprang to his feet and turning upon Toombs, his eyes flashing fire, burst out: 'Afraid are we! Afraid are we! There is no man or thing on God's footstool that I am afraid of,' and he brought his fist down on Toomb's desk with a vigor that made the latter wince. 'I except the senator from Ohio from my remarks,' said Toombs. 'All right, if you want to back out you can,' retorted Wade. 'We gladly accept the issue which the senator from Georgia presents and will go to the people on it, land for the landless against niggers for the niggerless.'

"Salmon P. Chase was in the senate from 1852-1861, and his pre-eminent talent rendered his services of the greatest value. Chase's vanity was his besetting weakness. When he became a member of Lincoln's cabinet it surrounded him with mischievous advisers, who greatly impaired his usefulness. Other strong men on the Republican side whose friendship I enjoyed during these years were Charles Sumner, Henry Wilson, Hannibal Hamlin, Jacob Collamer, Lyman Trumbull and William Pitt Fessenden, all pure and able men. Toombs, Jefferson Davis, John Slidell and Judah P. Benjamin, were the leaders of the southern contingent. Davis was the most supercilious and condescending and Benjamin the wittest and brainiest of the lot. In the art of making a weak case appear strong, Benjamin's gifts amounted almost to genius."

"There were also strong men in the House during your period of service?"

"There were indeed. Thaddeus Stevens was a member of the House during the latter part of my congressional life, and whenever he was there, of course, he was always a prominent figure. He was equal to any emergency, and a remorseless antagonist. His grim humor often made even those toward whom it was directed laugh. Once when Whaley, a member from West Virginia, begged for the floor in order to make a statement while Mr. Stevens was speaking on an important question, Stevens finally yielded, saying, 'Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from West Virginia for a few feeble remarks.'"

"How did your famous encounter with Keitt, of South Carolina, come about?"

"That was during the debate as to whether Buchanan's message on the Lecompton constitution of Kansas, should be referred to the committee on territories, which was Democratic, or to a select committee of fifteen. I had previously been chairman of the committee on territories while Banks was speaker and was then a member of the committee, and, accordingly, had charge of the Republican forces. The House sat until long after midnight. About 1:30 I crossed over to the Democratic side to consult with John Hickman as to the best means of protracting the session until morning. While I was talking with Hickman, General Quitman Arose to speak. We did not want them to talk, but to keep on voting, and I objected. Keitt, who was sitting near where I was standing, broke out: 'If you are going to object, go back to your own side of the hall.' I replied that the hall was a free one and every man had a right to go where he pleased. Keitt then arose from his seat and came around to the aisle in which I was standing. As he came up to me, he said: "I want to know what you mean by such an answer as that?' I told him I meant just what I had said—that it was a free hall and every man had a right to be where he pleased. 'Sir,' said Keitt, 'I will let you know that you are a black Republican puppy.' 'Never mind,' said I, 'I shall occupy such place in the hall as I please, and no negro-driver shall crack his whip over me.' This angered Keitt and he made a grab for my throat and I struck him. This proved the signal for a rough and tumble fight. The southerners who were sitting near rushed to Keitt's assistance, and Potter, the Washburns, and others came to my aid. Barksdale, of Mississippi, who essayed the role of a peace-maker, caught hold of me. Potter, thinking that Barksdale meant me harm, hit him. Barksdale did not know who it was had hit him, but supposing it was Elihu Washburn, pitched at the latter. Cadwallader Washburn, seeing the assault on his brother, struck out for Barksdale and knocked off his wig. Barksdale picked it up and put it on wrong end foremost. This made him appear so ridiculous that all burst out laughing, and in this way the affair ended. There were a number of laughable incidents connected with the affray. After it was over and order had been restored, John Covode was seen carrying back to his seat in the rear end of the hall an immense spittoon. Some one asked him what he purposed to do with it, and he said that when the trouble commenced he picked it up intending to spit any fellow with it who drew a weapon.' The House continued in session until 6 o'clock on Saturday morning, when it was adjourned until Monday. Monday afternoon, Keitt arose and apologized."

"You also had some trouble with Congressman Branch, of North Carolina?"

"Yes, but it never went any further than talk. I replied with some spirit to a speech he had made, and as a result he challenged me to a duel. I sent him a reply that I was opposed to dueling, and that it was prohibited and declared a crime by the laws enacted by the body of which we were members. However, my personal rights and the freedom of debate assured by the constitution, I should defend whenever and wherever they were assailed. There the matter ended."

"Joshua R. Giddings was already well known when I took my seat. Persistent and unfaltering in his devotion to duty, he was the Cato of the anti-slavery agitation. Gerrit Smith was also in the House in the early fifties. A man of noble figure, strikingly handsome and a splendid speaker, he did good service. Naturally open-handed, Mr. Smith's great wealth enabled him to be an incalculable benefit to the early anti-slavery apostles. He was for years their chief financial supporter. Owen Lovejoy the brother of Elijah was a member of the House from Illinois. He was a born agitator and his services were of the greatest value. John Hickman was one of my colleagues from Pennsylvania, a brainy, courageous and worthy man. Thomas Corwin, who had previously been in the senate, became a member of the lower House in 1858. The year following a number of the Republican members desired me to be a candidate for speaker. I had been the Republican candidate when Orr, of South Carolina, was elected, but the majority of the party supported John Sherman. The speakership contest lasted eight weeks and finally ended in the election of Pennington.

"General Banks, from Massachusetts, was the first Republican speaker. He was elected in 1855, after what was probably the most exciting contest in our history, it being drawn out for many weeks. The House finally declared by resolution that after three more ballots without choice, the candidate who received the highest number of ballots in the next vote should be declared elected, regardless of the absence of a majority of the whole vote. On the next three ballots Banks received 102 votes; Aiken, the Democratic candidate, 93, and the other candidates 20. On the next ballot Banks received 103 votes; Aiken, 100, and the others 11. Banks was accordingly declared elected."

Mr. Grow was elected speaker of the House July 4, 1861, and so ably and acceptably did he discharge the duties of the office that at the close of his term a unanimous vote of thanks was given him—the first unanimous vote given to a speaker in many years. Previous to his election to the speakership he had been chairman of the committees on Indian affairs and on territories, being at the head of the latter committee during all the Kansas troubles.

"I early came," said he, "to believe that the government should not make the public lands a source of revenue, but that it should bestow them in small homesteads upon those without land for actual settlement and cultivation. My first speech in congress was made in support of a bill embodying this doctrine. The leaders of the slaveocracy did not care to see the territories settled up by a class of small farmers who, coming from the free States, would be naturally of anti-slavery proclivities, and their opposition defeated the passage of the homestead law until after the breaking out of the war. I introduced five bills at five different sessions of congress before one was finally passed and became a law, as it did while I was speaker."

In 1862 the Pennsylvania legislature reapportioned the congressional districts of the State, and Susquehanna county was united to Luzerne, thus making Mr. Grow's district strongly Democratic and preventing his re-election. Since he retired from congress on March 4, 1863, he has held no office, but his life has been a busy and useful one. In 1868 he was chairman of the State central Republican committee, and did much to secure the election of General Grant.

In 1879 President Hayes in the most flattering manner tendered Mr. Grow the mission to Russia, but adhering to his resolution never to accept an office which did not come by the votes of the people, he declined the honor. Two years later he was a candidate for United States senator. Since then he has been engaged in immense operations, in oil, lumber, and coal, his income from the latter investment being large. Handsome, alert, with an inherited and unimpaired vigor, that shows him equal to any duty, he is a man of mark wherever he goes, and when he re-enters Congress, the State of Pennsylvania will have honored herself, rather than the man she has chosen.

REVUS R. WILSON.

Bertha Lamme, of Springfield, Ohio, is said to be the first woman to receive the degree of electrical engineer. She is a graduate of the Ohio State University, where she was at the head of her class. She now holds a responsible position with the Westinghouse Electric Company of Pittsburg.

It does not necessarily follow that because the hotel steak is pounded so much that it is bad. May be, however, it is tough.