

HEROIC DEEDS OF TWO FEARLESS FIGHTERS

by
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PROMINENT PEOPLE

HERO OF THE AMERICAN NAVY



Rear Admiral Melville had won fame for heroism in Arctic exploration as a naval engineer and constructor. He was a member of De Long's party, which sailed for the Arctic regions from San Francisco in 1879 in the ill-fated *Jennette*, and he commanded the boat's crew which escaped from the icy wastes of the Lena Delta after the wreck of the expedition. He afterwards commanded the expeditions which recovered De Long's body and the records of the *Jennette*, for which services he received a gold medal by special act of congress. But that is another story.

Rear Admiral Melville entered the navy as an assistant engineer at the beginning of the Civil war. A New Yorker by birth, he had received his education at the Brooklyn Polytechnic institute. He served throughout the war and was subsequently stationed at various navy yards. In 1887 the

late William C. Whitney, then secretary of the navy under President Cleveland, picked Melville as the man to take charge of the construction of the new navy of the United States and appointed him engineer-in-chief. To this post Melville was reappointed in 1892 and again in 1896.

As a naval engineer and designer Rear Admiral Melville has combined progressiveness with caution. He has been quick to give practical tests to new designs and appliances, but careful not to adopt them generally until they had been thoroughly tried out and approved. The magnificent showing made by our navy in the war with Spain is no doubt attributable in a large degree to this policy of his.

PREACHER ELECTED MAYOR

One of the most notable political changes in New York at the recent election was that in the city and county of Schenectady, where certain Republican and Democratic factions united with the Socialists and elected all the city officers, except one and gained a majority of the county offices, beside electing an assemblyman. The leader of these mixed forces was Rev. Dr. George R. Lunn, their candidate for mayor, whose portrait is shown, and who polled practically two-thirds of the entire vote.



Rev. Dr. Lunn was at one time pastor of the First Reformed church, one of the most aristocratic in the city. Three years ago his advanced political views, some of them in harmony with Socialistic principles, forced his resignation from the First Reformed pulpit and he then organized the United People's Congress, which recently united with the First Congregationalist. Dr. Lunn edits a weekly paper called the *Citizen* in which he expresses his political and sociological views and frequently conducts Sunday evening meetings in theaters for the same purpose.

The Socialistic vote in Schenectady at the last preceding election was 2,240. The town has a population of 81,000, with an assessed valuation of \$51,000,000. Dr. Lunn's plurality was 1,999.

HEADS RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT



Charles Stelzle of the New York Labor Temple and Dr. I. J. Lansing discussed "The Church and Labor." The audience at this mass meeting included men of every social station and of almost every occupation. Laborers and capitalists, professional men and merchants, artisans and factory operatives sat elbow to elbow, evincing the utmost interest.

Mr. Cannon is enthusiastic over the apparent success of the campaign of which he is the head.

IS FIRST WOMAN OFFICIAL

Miss Edith Campbell is the lady who has been elected a member of the Board of Education for the city of Cincinnati. President Taft in a public speech heartily endorsed her candidacy and though she was not on his ticket he voted for her. She is a brilliant woman with marked executive ability and wide educational experience. President Taft says he believes that every city Board of Education would be the better for women in its membership and doubtless his endorsement had much to do with Miss Campbell's election.

Her election gives her a three-fold distinction. She is the first woman elected to any public office in Cincinnati, though several have been candidates before. She is the first candidate ever elected to the Board of Education in Cincinnati who ran as an independent, and she goes on lasting record as the first woman in the United States for whom a president of the United States cast his vote.

Miss Campbell, who is thirty-five years of age, is of medium height, slender, with dark eyes and hair. "It isn't that I am elected, it is the fact that a woman has been elected to the Board of Education," she said. "Moreover, the registration showed that the men of Cincinnati have decided that women should have a chance to demonstrate their efficiency in this direction. Though but few women voted, the way that they were organized and worked, showed what women can do in politics if given a chance."



In the records of the war department appears the name of Henry B. Clitz, who was a major in the regular service, and who rose to the rank of a brigadier general of volunteers while in the Union army during the Civil war. Old army officers remember Clitz well, but possibly millions of civilians will never have heard his name. After the short official story of his service written on the now time-stained paper hidden away in a vault of the war department, these words appear: "Mysteriously disappeared in the year 1888." The disappearance of Henry B. Clitz is one of the mysteries of army life.

On other records in the war department are brief official lines, also on time-stained paper, telling of the career of Jasper A. Maltby, colonel of the Forty-fifth Illinois infantry, more familiarly known in the darker days of the country's history as the "Washington's Lead Mine Regiment." Maltby's name was brought back not long ago sharply to memory by the death of his widow in St. Luke's hospital, Chicago. She was a little snow-haired woman who had borne life's burdens for just the time allotted by the Psalmist. During the days that this woman lay ill at the hospital of the Beloved Physician, if her eyes wandered about the walls of her room, it is probable that for the first time in many years when within any room chosen by her as an abiding place, they failed to rest upon the folds of an American flag.

The stories of Generals Clitz and Maltby were stories of sterling patriotism, of action and of wounds received in the discharge of duty. Mystery has added its interest to the life's story of Major Clitz, perhaps one should say to his death's story, though there is always a possibility that at a great age the major somewhere in some condition still has left in him a spark of the spirit of life which moved him to soldier deeds.

Recently a brigadier general of the regular service, many years retired, came to Washington. In the lobby of a hotel he met a veteran as grizzled and wrinkled as he, but still of an upright physical bearing. The general looked at the man a moment actually aghast and then with words that came out in the disorder of a "route step" gasped:

"John I heard you were dead. I would as soon have thought of meeting Clitz."

The two had been subalterns in Clitz's regiment during the Civil war and after, and had loved him. It was perhaps the flashing thought of an anniversary of a disappearance at hand that sent the returned soldier's thought to Major Clitz when in the lobby of a Washington hotel he met the former comrade, who he had heard was dead. The army archives bear no stranger records than that of this case of General Henry B. Clitz—he was only a major, however, when he won distinction by his gallantry. He is twenty-three years ago now that Major Clitz was lost. Twenty-three years, but a man may be found after twenty-three years.

Major Henry B. Clitz, Twelfth infantry, U. S. A., was once dead and buried and was alive again, was lost, and—the other word that should naturally fit here is either yet to be supplied, or forever is to remain unwritten. There are scores of soldiers today, old soldiers—but once a soldier always a soldier—who, in the memory of what happened after Gaines Mills, think that one day they may again grasp this side of the grave the hand of Comrade Clitz.

Henry B. Clitz of Michigan entered West Point in the year 1841, graduating four years after. He was a schoolmate of Grant, McClellan, Sheridan and Burnside. Clitz went into the Mexican war and won praise on the field and a brevet rank afterward for conspicuous gallantry at Cerro Gordo. Clitz was a fighter. He proved this fact every time he had a chance, and during his forty-five years of service he had chances in plenty.

When the Civil war had been on for a time Clitz found himself major of the Twelfth regulars. He was transferred to that outfit from the Third, another fighting regiment. It came along toward the time of Mechanicsville and Gaines Mills. The Twelfth and the Fourteenth were lying pretty close together. When the Gaines Mills battle was on and war's hurricane was at its height the Twelfth and the Fourteenth were given a position to hold. The two regiments were attacked by overwhelming numbers, but the numbers weren't overwhelming for a long time. There wasn't any retreat in the make-up of those two regiments of regular infantry. The wave of battle simply had to come down on them and engulf them. Afterward when General Sykes wrote a report about the Twelfth and Fourteenth and the fight that they put up, he said the ranks of the Twelfth were "decimated." General Sykes had probably never studied "English Lessons for English People." Unless things have changed, decimated means the cutting out of one in ten. This is the way the Twelfth was "decimated." It went into the fight with 470 men; came out with



PURCHASED A RAILROAD TICKET FOR
A LAKE CITY

200. They say Major Clitz fought that day as he did at Cerro Gordo, only a little more so. The regulars resisted strenuously for an hour or two. Finally some of the men saw Major Clitz go down. A big wall of gray was falling on them just then, and many others went down.

most desperate enterprises of the entire war. There are today surviving members of the Forty-fifth Illinois in whose veins the words "Fort Hill Mine" will make the blood tingle. It was only a week before the Fourth on which Pemberton surrendered the Confederate city. In Logan's front lay Fort Hill. It was decided at a council of the generals that its sapping and mining and the subsequent seizing and holding of the embrasure made by the explosion would be of tremendous moral and strategical value to the Union cause. The place was commanded by Confederate artillery and by sharpshooters in a hundred rifle pits. It was known that if the explosion of Fort Hill was a success that few of the men who rushed into the crevasses could hope to come out alive. It would be what the Saxons called a deed of derring-do. Owing to the limited space to be occupied only a single regiment was to be named to jump into the great yawning hole after the explosion and to hold it against the hell fire of the enemy until adequate protective works could be thrown up.

There was as many volunteers for the enterprise as there were colonels of regiments in Grant's army. The choice fell on Jasper A. Maltby and his following of Illinois boys.

The time came for the explosion. The Forty-fifth lay grimly awaiting the charge into death's pit. The signal was given; there came a heavy roar and a mighty upheaval. Silence had barely fallen before there rose one great reverberating yell, and the Lead Mine Regiment, led by its colonel, Jasper A. Maltby, with his lieutenant colonel, Malancthon Smith, at his elbow, hurried itself into the smoking crater. The lieutenant colonel was shot through the head and mortally wounded before his feet had fairly touched the pit's bottom. The colonel was shot twice, but paid little heed to his wounds. A battery of Confederate artillery belched shrapnel into the ranks and sharpshooters seemed afraid to be firing by volleys. The question became one of getting some sort of protection thrown up before the entire regiment should be annihilated. Certain men in the pit were tolled off to snaver the sharpshooter's fire and to make it hot for the cannonaders in the Confederate battery. They did what they could, but it availed little to save their comrades, who were toiling to throw up the redoubt. Men fell on every side.

Beams were passed into the pit, and these were put into position as a protection by the surviving soldiers. The joists were placed lengthwise and dirt was quickly piled about them. Colonel Maltby helped the men to lodge the beams. He went to one side of the crater where there was no elevation. There he stood fully exposed, a shining mark. He put his shoulder under a great piece of timber, and, weak with wounds though he was, he pushed it up and forward into place. The bullets chipped the woodwork and spat in the sand all about him. One Confederate gunner of artillery trained his great piece directly at the devoted leader. A solid shot struck the beam, from which Colonel Maltby had just removed his shoulder, and split it into kindling. Great sharp pieces of the wood were driven into the colonel's side, and he was hurled to the bottom of the black pit.

The action was over shortly, for the gallant Forty-fifth succeeded in making that death's hole tenable. Then they picked up their colonel. He was still alive, though the surgeon shortly afterward said that it would be hard work to count his wounds. They took him to the field hospital, and before he had been there an hour there was clicking over the wires to Washington a message carrying the recommendation that Colonel Jasper A. Maltby of the Lead Mine Regiment be made a brigadier general of volunteers for conspicuous personal gallantry in the face of the enemy.

A week later Grant's victorious forces marched into Vicksburg.

Colonel Jasper A. Maltby or General Jasper A. Maltby as it soon became, lived until the end of the war, but no system could long withstand the shock and pain of those gaping wounds. He died in the very city which he had helped to conquer. Afterward a flag and a precious memory were rarely absent from the life which finally flickered out when the white-haired little widow died at St. Luke's hospital, Chicago.

too. When the fight was over, and afterward, when some order came out of the chaotic hell, this report was turned in by General Sykes: "The Twelfth and Fourteenth were attacked by overwhelming numbers. The ranks were decimated, and Major Clitz was severely if not fatally injured. Around his fate, still shrouded in mystery, hangs the painful apprehension that a career so noble, so soldierly, so brave, has terminated on that field whose honor he so gallantly upheld."

Major Clitz went on the list of the dead and what was left of his regiment mourned him as few soldiers are mourned.

Suitable orders were issued lamenting the death of this hero of Cerro Gordo and Gaines Mills, but before the period of the real mourning was over, though the official kind had been over for months, the dead came to life again. Major Clitz had been shot through both legs and in one or two other places, but on his showing a few signs of life the Confederates made a prisoner of him and sent him to Libby.

Major Clitz was paroled. When he went back into the service again and when the war was over he put in twenty years campaigning on the plains. In 1885 he retired after nearly half a century of service, and went to live in Detroit, Mich. Two years later his old command, with which he had stood in the bullet storm at Gaines Mills, passed through Detroit on its way to take station at the posts of the great lakes. There were not many then in the Twelfth who were in it in the old days, but it was the same outfit with the same old tattered regimental banners.

Major (then General) Clitz met the command and old memories stirred him to tears. The Twelfth cheered its old officer and then Detroit was left behind.

Was it the stirring of old memories or what was it? His old comrades in arms had been gone but a little while when Major Clitz went to the railroad station from which the train bearing the soldiers pulled out, and there purchased a railroad ticket for a lake city which held a garrison of United States troops. From the hour of the purchase of that ticket no one has been found, soldier or civilian, to say that he has ever seen Major Henry B. Clitz. The army records give in detail the story of his gallantry in battle, and at the end of the shining record are these words, "Mysteriously disappeared in the year 1888."

There was no mystery of disappearance in the case of Brigadier General Jasper A. Maltby. He died as the result of wounds received in action. His widow who survived him many years and who died at St. Luke's hospital in Chicago held the American flag and her husband's memory as the most cherished things in life. Neither was ever long absent from her mind.

How many men are there today, bar a few old soldiers, to whom the name Jasper A. Maltby would mean anything unless it were coupled, as is the above, with some specific information? Yet this man Jasper A. Maltby was chosen by General Grant, on the advice of McPherson and Logan, to lead, with his single regiment, the most desperate enterprise at the siege of Vicksburg, and, as some historians have it, one of the three