

GRAVE DEEDS OF THE WAR.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EPISODES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

HEROISM ON BATTLEFIELDS.

Major McElrath Tells a Thrilling Story of Adventure—McCabe's Yarn About the Vicksburg Campaign—Captain Drake's Reminiscence of New Orleans—Capt. Brooke's Reminiscence.

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TOLD BY MAJ. McELRATH.

The captain of the battery of the Fifth United States 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 of New York, through a competitive examination of the war college school graduates, initiated 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 advanced to a daughter of Hon. Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and he carried in an inside breast

rate 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. Gen. 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 up, 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 Caesar?" 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. Gen. 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 15 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 mill."

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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 where spies or scouts might enter the city with dispatches 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 broad 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.

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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 line 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 coat believe that." "What?" he asked, in surprise, "do you think they'll try me for a spy?" "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, "that's d— 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 live oak, and, with his soft gray hair pulled over his browned face, appeared to be asleep. As officer of the guard, I passed the fire several times before 12 o'clock, when I was to be relieved, and the prisoner appeared to be still asleep. Down to the river I could hear the challenges coming near, 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 discharging 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 be-

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TOLD BY CAPT. DRAKE.

I was on duty at New Orleans as aide-de-camp at the headquarters of Gen. Butler in 1862 when the heroic death of the veteran Gen. Williams was the theme of universal 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 Brig. Gen. 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 5, 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. Gen. Williams, who was conspicuous in his general's uniform and his massive gray beard, persisted in remaining in the front, and, as the Michigan regiment of the Western men, he rode before the regiment as it faced the enemy, and, de-

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He rode by my side, and instead of talking about the road, or our present mission, he told me he had been a Methodist, and was now a Harbison 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 "seesh" 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 dispatches, 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 saler, and, whispering to us to follow him, he waved the flag and dashed down on the astounded Confederates, who turned out to be Richmond home guards. Before the officer in command could catch his breath, Hogan shouted: "I am Gen. Richmond, of Gen. Kilpatrick's staff, and I am here to demand your surrender!" This was a lame cheek. The officers whispered apart, then one of said: "We want an hour to consider." It is needless to say that we did not return, but we had 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.

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He rode by my side, and instead of talking about the road, or our present mission, he told me he had been a Methodist, and was now a Harbison 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 "seesh" 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 dispatches, 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 saler, and, whispering to us to follow him, he waved the flag and dashed down on the astounded Confederates, who turned out to be Richmond home guards. Before the officer in command could catch his breath, Hogan shouted: "I am Gen. Richmond, of Gen. Kilpatrick's staff, and I am here to demand your surrender!" This was a lame cheek. The officers whispered apart, then one of said: "We want an hour to consider." It is needless to say that we did not return, but we had 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.

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He wore the uniform of an enlisted man, but I knew that 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 his 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 Taylorsville, in a cold, dreary rain, when I was ordered to report with five men, detailed for the purpose, to Gen. 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 Maj. Cook's battalion of the Second New York cav-

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