

## WAN'S BRAVEST DEEDS.

Recollections of Episodes of Heroism  
by Land and Sea.

Striking Contributions From Colonel I. L. Wood,  
Major Alexander McDowell, and Captain  
W. S. Lucas and Congressman W. A. Stone.  
—Sixth Number of a Noble Series.

It is proposed in the series of papers, of which the following forms the sixth 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 year of 1862. The collection, when completed, will form a splendid monument to the process, patriotism and citizenship of the American soldier. These heroic deeds, by their individual deeds of valor, aided by the aid of the nation, to the cause, some in distinguished and others in humble roles—will find their true place in the living and abiding hearts of a united nation.

TOLD BY COLONEL I. L. WOOD.

It is an easy matter to remember acts of daring the part of regiments and brigades, of friends and foes, but in recalling battles I find it very difficult to separate the man from the mass about him, or to distinguish the officer, who fearlessly led, from the private, who as fearlessly followed.

Taking it all through, I think that in Grant's campaign, preceding the siege of Vicksburg, and during the siege itself, that I saw more acts of individual gallantry than I witnessed during the rest of my four years' campaign.



MAKE ROOM FOR WOOD.

ing. This was, no doubt, due to my opportunities rather than to the fact that cases of individual daring were more frequent in this than in other campaigns.

Amongst all these cases that of Sergeant Bruner stands out conspicuously, for his bravery was so frequently illustrated from the time we crossed the Mississippi till we reached the Big Black, as to make his name famous in all the army. Bruner was the only Pennsylvanian in this splendid regiment, a fact that gave him prominence from the first, and of which he felt very proud. As a matter of fact, I have always thought that the sergeant's gallantry was inspired more by a desire to defend the honor of the Keystone State than by a broader patriotism for the restoration of the Union.

In the assault on Port Gibson, the Twenty Third Wisconsin came under a terrific storm of fire, and they wavered; and when the color sergeant was shot down the line broke and looked as if it would be thrown back. The colors had not been a second on the ground, when sergeant Bruner stepped forward, and flung them aloft, he shouted, with an oath, that did not sound like profanity:

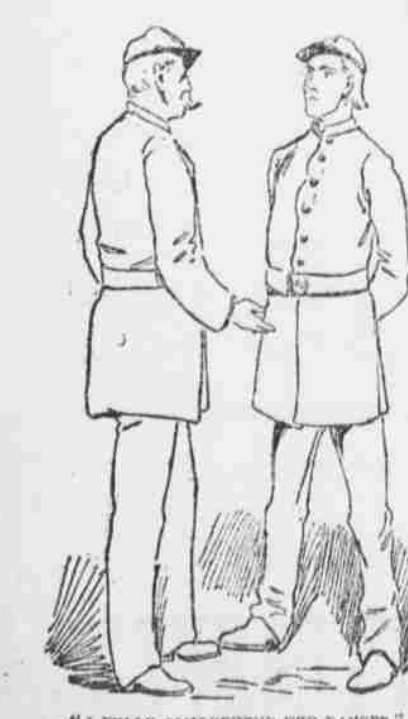
"Follow the flag, boys! Follow the flag!"

Some forty or fifty men cheered and rallied about Bruner, then all dashed forward on the attack; the rest of the command soon following, and the place was carried. Had this act stood alone, it would have made the sergeant a marked man for leadership and valor. But it was one of many such incidents.

At the battle of Champion Hill, immediately after Port Gibson the Twenty Third, again wavered under an awful fire, and the colors were dropping to the rear. Quick as a flash Bruner seized them, and shouting: "There's no danger in front boys! Come on!" he led his cheering comrades into the enemy's intrenchments, and they were carried with a rush.

Another incident will show that this man's courage was not spasmodic, but a constant quantity.

At the battle of Big Black, the last fight before the investment of Vicksburg, Company "B," Bruner's, of the Twenty Third Wisconsin, got orders from General Grant to silence, with the aid of two small pieces, one of the enemy's batteries that was very annoying. Soon the two guns were silenced, and the two commissioned officers of Company B were wounded, the command devolving on Bruner. Instead of falling back, as nearly any other man would have done, Bruner shouted for his men to follow him, which they promptly did. They charged the bat-



"I FULLY COMPREHEND THE DANGER."

tery, and a fierce hand to hand fight for its possession followed. "Up to the sergeant was a prisoner, and they rallied by the reinforcements hurried to his assistance. The result was that the battery was taken, Bruner bringing off the colors with his own hand. Soon after this, the gallant fellow was made a Captain, and as such distinguished himself during the siege. Not the least remarkable thing about this man was that though he never appeared to be so utterly happy as when he was mixed up in a hand to hand struggle, he went through all his battles without receiving a scratch.

I. L. Wood.

AS TOLD BY CONGRESSMAN W. A. STONE.

Our regiment, the 18th Pa., when we were in the Virginia swamps just previous to the battle of Petersburg, had charged into a piece of woods and recaptured a rifle pit which had been taken from our forces by the Confederates. It began to rain furiously just as we drove the enemy out and got possession. Right in front of our company the pit took a sharp turn. A few rails, logs and limbs of trees had been thrown down and dirt piled upon them from both sides. The ground was very swampy and the rain soon formed quite a depth of water on each side in the trench. The Confederates kept up a brisk fire and we had to settle down in the mud and water to obtain any protection. Night came on and the rain and the firing still kept up.

About midnight it was discovered that the water was washing the earth away in front and that it was necessary for some one to get over and shovel on a new covering at the angle in front of us, or otherwise our position would soon be gone. Captain Hart, then commanding the company which lay at that point, hesitated to order a detail, and called for some one to volunteer to engage in the dangerous work. The enterprise was not only dangerous, but it was a hundred chances to one that the person attempting it would be carried to the rear riddled with bullets. It was positively certain that as soon as the sound of the shovel was heard the enemy lying directly in front and but a short distance away, would direct their fire to that spot.

Every one saw the situation and the danger, and, naturally, no one was in haste to volunteer. Finally a private, named Lon Mook, a man of delicate frame, who had enlisted in Company A, from Wethersburg, Tioga County, Pa., stepped to the front and said without any flourish, and as though it was the most ordinary affair of his life, that he would undertake the job. The terrible campaign of 1862, and the dampness and malaria of the Virginia swamps, had told upon his health, and he hardly looked able to lift a shovel, much less to master up nerve enough to undertake the probably fatal work in hand. He had always done his duty, but in a very unostentatious way, in no manner distinguishing himself, and it was with much surprise that his comrades saw him step to the front when they had all hung back. He did not seem to be excited, but there was no air of timidity about him. He simply requested the aid of the men in the line, and if that was all that was made no difference to him whether the performance was dangerous or not. He saw also, that the lives of comrades were at stake, and that it was necessary for some one to throw up the defense that had been washed away, in the interest of saving life.

A shovel was obtained, and Mook climbed over the rifle pit, and began his work. Scarcely enough, as soon as the sound of the shovel was heard the bullets of the Confederates began to fall thick and fast about him. One struck his shovel on the flat surface and sent it spinning out of his hand, but he at once picked it up and shovelled away again as though nothing had happened. Every one felt his breath expecting every moment that Mook would be struck, and while we were crouching behind the pit in comparative safety, he showed as leisurely as though he were digging in his garden at home. Now he ever escaped was a mystery to us all. For fifteen or twenty minutes he worked there with his back to the enemy under a constant rattling fire until the breach was repaired, and then climbed back saying quietly: "I guess it is all right now boys," and every one felt like hugging him for his brave act. Lon Mook marched no more with us in that campaign. The result of his exertion was a severe cold, and he gradually went down to his grave and survived the war but a short time. His brave act in front of Petersburg has not been forgotten, however, and every spring when his comrades attend his grave with flowers the story of his heroism is retold by those who personally knew of the action. He never received promotion, and his heroism is only one of the many brave deeds done by our volunteer soldiers which never saw any other reward than the gratitude of their comrades.

W. A. Stone.

TOLD BY MAJOR McDOWELL.

It was the first day of the battle of Gettysburg. We were in line of battle on the north side of a knoll with our guns planted at the brow where they commanded perfectly any advancing body of the Confederates. After the battle had been raging for some time our officers could see the enemy preparing for a charge. The guns were double shot, and the order given to wait until the Confederates came within short range. On came the line, double quick, until it was within less than one hundred yards of the muzzles of our guns. There was a flash of flame, a roar that shook the hills and valleys, and when the smoke cleared away there seemed to be nothing but piles of dead and wounded. Our shot had moved a tremendous gap in the line filled only by prostrate bodies. Quick as the movement could be executed, however, the advancing line was reformed in front of the window of bodies, and, elbow to elbow, the charge was renewed. They were so near that we could see their faces, and I shall never forget the expression of courage and determination, which seemed to me I could see plainly as though we were face to face, and which showed that they were either going to conquer or to be shot to death. Again our guns belched forth, and again the whole line to a man seemed to go down. A new wave of the hundreds of dead and dying was made considerably in front of the former one. Like magic the line of the enemy formed again, and again, and so it went, in front of the piles of their fallen comrades those undaunted fellows came on. Even amid the smoke that was now clouding everything we could plainly see that terrible expression of desperate and fearless courage, which was almost appalling to us, was the declaration of their ranks must have been to them. A third time our batteries poured forth their murderous fire, and a third time

the charging troops of the enemy disappeared, but only to form again, and they finally made it so hot for us that we were forced to withdraw to Cemetery Hill. I could not conceive of a greater exhibition of courage in battle than was exhibited by those Confederates. Each time it was almost certain death, and yet not a man seemed to waver. The precision with which they reformed after the fearful declaration of their ranks that followed each discharge of our guns was, I think, the most marvelous thing that took place under my observation during the war.

An incident which occurred at the battle of Drainsville, had a mixture of the tragic and the humorous that makes it worth relating. The color sergeant of Col. McCalmont's regiment was Frank Alexander, a fellow not counted particularly clever, but one who was



"FOLLOW THE FLAG, BOYS."

infatuated with his office and with his flag. While the battle was raging and we were slowly advancing, Frank, in his enthusiasm got far in front of the regiment.

"Bring that flag back to the regiment!" shouted Col. McCalmont.

There was no response, though it was evident the color bearer had distinctly heard the order.

"Bring that flag back to the regiment," again shouted the Colonel.

"I—d—d—n you, bring the regiment up to the flag," shouted Frank furiously, and the Colonel obeyed the order.

When Frank was afterwards taken prisoner, he managed in some way to wrap the flag which was so precious to him around his body under his clothes, and so carried it with him until he was exchanged.

ALEXANDER McDOWELL.

TOLD BY CAPTAIN W. S. LUCAS.

The coolest bravery I witnessed during my term of service, was at Leesburg, Mo. General Tom Ewing, with a battalion of the 15th Iowa Veteran Inf., numbering 160 men and two or three hundred Missouri State militia, were forced to evacuate Pilot Knob by the advance of Marmaduke and Shelby's commands, said to number three or four thousand troops. Ewing attempted to reach Rolla when he evacuated Pilot Knob. After a running fight of twenty-four hours, his tired and hungry little command being pressed in flank and rear, took refuge in a deep cut of the railroad, at the village of Leesburg, at dark.

The lines of the enemy were drawn well about the beleaguered little command. The commands of the enemy were plainly heard while adjusting their lines for, as General Ewing believed, a night attack. In front of the beleaguered forces and inside of the advance lines of the enemy was a large barn with several hay stacks surrounding it. General Ewing called for a volunteer from the trenches to steal inside and through the enemy's lines and set fire to the barn and hay stacks. In order to light up the field in front of the beleaguered little band and about the lines of the enemy. Earl J. Lamson, a corporal of Company "B," 14th Iowa, offered himself as the desired incendiary. I warned him of the imminent danger of such an



"RING THE REGIMENT UP TO THE FLAG."

undertaking and the few chances of escape from capture or death. He replied: "I fully comprehend the danger, but General Ewing believes it necessary for the safety of this command that the barn shall be fired and I can't do my country a better service than to attempt to perform the service." He stripped himself, stole over the tanks of the railroad cut and was soon lost to sight. As we waited with bated breath for the result, moments seemed minutes and minutes hours. Soon, however, a commotion was discovered among the enemy's troops, and about the same time a twinkling light was discovered in the upper part of the barn through a globe window. About the same time shots innumerable were heard and the noise of tramping men was carried to us on the night air. In the midst of the noise and excitement Lamson came bounding toward the railroad cut with the speed of a race horse. As he leaped over the barricade that had been hastily erected on the brink of the cut, he drew a long breath and said, "She's well fired boys." By the time he reached his comrades, the fire was going in full force and the whole grounds surrounding the railroad cut was lighted up so that with our muskets and two Parrot guns we had with us, we were soon able to beat Marmaduke back out of range. The hay burned nearly all night and maintained a light, so the garrison was saved from capture. Daylight came and the enemy was kept at bay until Colonel Beveridge arrived from Rolla with reinforcements and Ewing conducted his brave little band safely to Rolla. Earl J. Lamson is alive and resides at West Superior, Wis.

W. S. Lucas.

Time Is Money.

Judge (to tramp prisoner): "Fifty dollars or thirty days."

"Time's money, Judge. Give me thirty days."

—Detroit Free Press.

Cupid's Engineering.

"But how can we hope to bridge the wide ocean gulf which lies between him and his adored?"

"With sighs, perhaps."—Detroit Tribune.

## CANADA AND UNCLE SAM.

How the Project of Annexation is  
Regarded by the Forner.

The Great Majority of the People of the Dominion are Sternly Opposed to It—Commercial and Not Political Union is What They Desire—Timely Interviews with Leading Men.

TORONTO, Ont., Feb. 22, 1894.—It is amusing to one who investigates the question on the ground, to find how all heads for the idea of the annexation of Canada fall away, as soon as one looks into it. One would think from the amount of foolishness produced on this subject, and peddled out to the people, under the label of "Rebelle," that it was to be the panacea for all our ills, so far as the Dominion is concerned. There are some people who can never look over their neighbor's fields, without the desire to annex them by purchase or piracy. You have seen a greedy cow or sow stand with head over the fence, and push at the top rail, in the vain effort to get hold of some of the crops on the other side, when there was even better picking on his own side. This is the case with the few annexationists, but exist, on the American side of the line, and they are so few in number, that it is a wonder in the opinion of "booming" how they have contrived to keep up such a hullabaloo, in the few weak minds that are agitated on this subject.

It is safe to say, that aside from a small coterie of blatherers, who do not believe what they are saying, and a smaller coterie of "believers," who are ignorant of the conditions of the two countries, there is not a person who heartily and sincerely believes in annexation. That it may eventually occur by sheer force of natural and national gravitation, some sensible people like Goldwin Smith believe, but should that time ever come, it will find full and frank acceptance, by both sides, and be in no sense what annexation would have to be, a question of coercion or of propaganda.

Nine-tenths of the whole American people, on both sides of the line, would vote point blank against it. In the United States, we have all the problems we want to attend to, without importing any. We are engaged in the process of grinding up and assimilating about 500,000 foreigners every year, and making national material out of the conglomerate mixture. That with the finance and tariff questions, the adjustment of power between different portions of the country, the public management of railroads, the question of monopolies, the greater problems of municipal government, and America has enough to do without dipping her spoon in the Dominion soup plate. Besides we might had the both very hot, and seasoned very high.

Canada has not the slightest thought of annexation, even with a small "a." Such a sentiment, if it ever existed before the Canadian union, is leader than the faded door mat.

Canada resembles a cumin of sausages, stretched across the continent divided into four sections. Ontario forms the oil and salt that hangs down between the lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron, and is the section in which most naturally, the annexation sentiment would be found, and I say that, for the reason that Canada is concerned it does not exist. By diligent search it cannot be found, and it has no existence as a political power. Those people who imagine that by some means, the Canadian change is to be transferred under the American hat, shyly, have a conception of political jugglery that would do credit to old Pansy Payne. A crazy head, he presented himself at a newspaper office, and wished five copies of a circular printed, announcing himself as a candidate for President of the United States. The editor, astonished at such a lavish display of printer's ink, asked him if it would not be better to have his candidacy announced in the newspapers, and so create a "boom." "No," said the old fellow "you don't understand this; we want to keep quiet about it and these five circulars will be put in the hands of (friend) friends, who at the proper time will show them to the public, and triumphantly sweep me in."

In the first place, there is nothing in Canada that we want. We have territory enough now, we have people enough coming, without attempting to steal any. We have trouble enough now, with our present complement of various nationalities. In the next place, we have nothing to offer them beyond a larger and better market than they now have. In many points they are ahead of us and it is no idle remark when we say that we have nothing to offer them. Perhaps we could introduce Tammany to them, we could give them lessons in coin combinations, municipal elections, Grange politics and New Jersey horse-racing. We could hold up our Indian policy, our Hawaiian projects, our trusts, our sensational journalism, and our societies organized to punch up with a sharp stick, those who are elected to do things, but do not do them. Our societies for the prevention of officers dodging the duty they were elected to perform, and paid for, would be quite an improvement in a country where the laws are better obeyed than at home.

Two projects looking toward a change of relations between the United States and Canada have been considered, but sooth to say only one of them has any considerable body of adherents. First the Federation or Commercial union which is nothing more than reciprocity carried out. Secondly, political union. Goldwin Smith has caused this idea to be well-known. There are but two Englishmen, who can be said to be known to Americans, that is to the people of America, as distinct from the few journalists, statesmen and students, and these two are Gladstone and Goldwin Smith. The latter gentleman, who was formerly a lecturer on historical and political science, at Cornell University, and a contributor to our leading periodicals, has advocated a closer intimacy between the two countries. He is now in Europe, and it is safe to say, that his theories in Ontario, at least, have almost no following, and are freely laughed at. Of the second policy Mr. Smith says:

"Annexation is an ugly word; it seems to convey the idea of force or pressure, applied to the smaller state, not of free, equal and honorable union, like that between England and Scotland. Yet there is no reason why the union of the two sections of English speaking people, on this continent should not be as free, as equal, and as honorable as the union of England and Scotland. Nothing but the historical accident of civil war, ending in secession, instead of amity has made them two." But the modern Canadian has been separated, not merely by one century, but from the beginning. To be sure Great Britain ruled both, but there never was any union except that produced by the movement of a political union. Goldwin Smith has caused this idea to be well-known. There are but two Englishmen, who can be said to be known to Americans, that is to the people of America, as distinct from the few journalists, statesmen and students, and these two are Gladstone and Goldwin Smith. The latter gentleman, who was formerly a lecturer on historical and political science, at Cornell University, and a contributor to our leading periodicals, has advocated a closer intimacy between the two countries. He is now in Europe, and it is safe to say, that his theories in Ontario, at least, have almost no following, and are freely laughed at. Of the second policy Mr. Smith says:

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the Anglo-Saxons of Canada, and the United States, have the memory since their separation of only one century.

In the pleasant path that surrounds the vast and stately pile of red stone that forms the Government buildings of the Province of Ontario, here in Toronto, stands also a monument, surrounded by white marble figures, niched in the purple stone, and surrounded by a fence supported by stands of muskets and piles of cannon balls. It makes the American grow thoughtful with sorrow. It is the Volunteer's monument, to the memory of the 36 brave fellows, who fell in the so-called "Fenian Invasion." That which nearly every American remembers as a good joke, shooting a few blank cartridges, by a few Irish Nationalists, and some of the returned soldiers, who wanted to scare England and so raise a hundred or two thousand dollars, out of the pockets of the servant girls, was something pretty serious, after all. It was one of those little obstacles, that Mr. Smith evidently forgets. Then there was the Revolutionary War, and the descendants of hundreds of N. E. royalists exist; the war of 1812, when Toronto, then known as York, was burned; and there was the so-called "Patriot War" of 1836-7. Surely there have been wars enough, without trying to battle the effect of them. But Mr. Smith enchanted by the sight goes on:

"It would give to the whole continent as complete security for peace, immunity from war taxation, as is likely to be attained by any community, or group of communities on this side of the Millennium. Canadians, almost with one voice, say that it would greatly raise the value of property in Canada." Whatever may have been the sentiment, when Goldwin Smith's book was written in 1892, such a sentiment does not exist now to any extent.

Of living Canadians, the able editor of the Toronto Globe, Mr. Williston, asserts that the question of annexation is not to be thought of. Canada would have nothing to gain. The adjustment of the tariff relations between the countries would leave everything satisfactory. In the park before mentioned, stands the bronze statue of Lord George Brown who for so many years built up and maintained the power of the Conservative party in Canada, to develop the sentiment of National independence. He nobly maintained the side of the North during the war. Those who have followed his lead, have no sympathy with the idea of annexation.

Mr. Croighton of the "Empire," though of the protectionist order of thinking, does not believe in annexation. He says, Mr. Croighton of the Star, a new but very successful paper. The old and powerful Mail, is totally opposed to annexation, its manager, Mr. Douglas and editors being equally so. Mr. Croighton, W. L. Smith editor of the growing News has no thought of annexation and thinks there is no such sentiment in Canada. The manager Mr. Douglas who is a member of the many young friends were annexationists finally admitted that none of them were in favor of the political union, or a change of government, but only of a commercial union, that would give them the advantages of our markets.

J. Ross Robertson of the old and respectable Telegram were informed was an annexationist ten years ago, but he now out Herold. Herold in denouncing Americanism and would go out to his way to show his dislike, or as a friend expresses it, "to kick an American." He avowed to us that he would willingly pay a dollar and a quarter to prevent a dollar going into an American's pocket. Mr. McLean of the vigorous and progressive Toronto Herald wants no annexation and even Mr. Canada's single humorous periodical, which by virtue of the ability of its editor and cartoonist J. W. Donaghy is recognized as a social and political force in its own number says in its issue of the 19th inst. "The truth that goes to sleep, perhaps too much in earnest for a mere jest, on the questions of Protection, Free Trade, Free Trade, and other great questions, but not a line ever written or drawn, in support of Annexation, if by that term is meant the political union of Canada and the United States."

An interesting note with Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario, by whom we were graciously received, confirmed our opinion that in neither the Province of Ontario, nor that of Quebec, is there any real annexation sentiment. In the latter province, however, anything like annexation. Sir Oliver said: "Our people are for free trade, but if a commercial agreement could be made, it would satisfy the demand, and give us the trade we need. Our government is Protectionist, protecting against English goods on the one hand, and American goods on the other." In an address given by the Mayor of Toronto, Mr. J. H. McLean, he said: "I am a Canadian, and I am proud of my status as British subjects, and did not want an unrestricted reciprocity, if it meant a change in our nationality. They did not want it at the expense of handing over to another nation, this grand Dominion, as we are in the habit of doing in the case of our provinces and with such grand national poets in the future." "We are as much attached to our nation as the people of the United States are to theirs. Unrestricted reciprocity at the expense of annexation, we are not prepared for."

An incident occurred in 1891, which illustrates: Discontent with the Conservative Government at Ottawa, and the political scandals, and the failure of the National policy, to realize the expectations of those who had supported it, caused a reaction, with some talk of a political union with the United States, as the best means of obtaining reciprocity. At North Essex a Conservative member of the Legislature, succeeded in getting a public meeting to pass a resolution in favor of annexation. At a subsequent meeting in Windsor, Nov. 12, 1891, in practically the same condition, a contrary resolution was passed, with denunciation of the previous resolution, and with no dissenting votes. The agitation set on foot by these two meetings, caused a great effort on the part of the annexationists, as well as their opponents. A meeting in favor of annexation was called to meet at Woodstock, but the attendance proved that the anti-annexationists were in a majority of twelve to one, and passed a strong resolution, closing as follows: "Canadians have the most friendly feelings towards the people of the United States, and desire the extension of their trade relations with them. That while differing among ourselves, as to the extent of the reciprocity to be desired or agreed to, we repudiate any suggestion that in order to accomplish this object, Canadians should change their allegiance, or consent to the surrender of the Dominion to any foreign power, by annexation, political union or otherwise."

Since then, there has been less and less of annexation sentiment. In Manitoba there has been a little talk in consequence of the tariff against their great staple wheat, but it caused nothing but a great deal of mere commercial union. I had a talk with an eminent mine owner, who at one time was a leading annexationist—so-called. To-day he admitted that they would be unwilling to accept union under our flag with all that it can bring them.

Hon. Wilfrid Laurier the Liberal leader of the Dominion in a speech at Quebec, Jan. 19, after discussing the question of commercial union, said: "I look forward to the day when Canada will have a population of 30,000,000 inhabitants, of 40,000,000 perhaps, and when its voice will weigh in the destinies of the world."

Lastly the able President of the Toronto Board of Trade, Mr. D. E. Wilkie, in his retiring address puts the matter very fairly: "Canada is ready for reciprocity, on a fair and not on a wide basis, but the movement has been delayed by the contentions of political parties in Canada, and by the writings of a few irresponsible outsiders. Canada will never consent to barter her national and political individuality for any commercial consideration."

Like the famous 18th chapter in the "History of Ireland," entitled "On Snakes and Toads in Ireland," and which chapter contained only of the words, "There are no snakes or toads in Ireland," the present history of Annexation in Canada would contain briefly of these words: "There is no Annexation sentiment in Canada."

WILL ARLAND.

Calling Graduate.

Mr. Goodrick: "My dear sir, I am in life insured to-day, and now at my death you will receive \$25,000."

Mrs. Goodrick (retrapped): "O, you darling, I am ready for reciprocity, on a fair and not on a wide basis, but the movement has been delayed by the contentions of political parties in Canada, and by the writings of a few irresponsible outsiders. Canada will never consent to barter her national and political individuality for any commercial consideration."

—Puck.

## RUSSIAN OF THE RUSSIANS.

General Gourko, "the Hero of the Balkans," Dying in old Warsaw.

Career of a Man who Cringed to Power, Oppressed the Weak, and Daily Prayed God to Approve His Conduct.—One of the Unique Figures of the Present Century.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 1, 1894. The Czar is sick here in his palace; and General Gourko is reported to be dying in Warsaw. The ballad, announcing the condition of the monarch's health, are not more eagerly read than those that tell from day to day, the progress of the disease that is carrying the subject to the grave. Wherever Gourko's name is mentioned, one hears loud expressions of admiration for the soldier and regret for his approaching end; but there is far more meaning in the whisperings of hate and the looks of delight, with which others regard the near demise of one, whom, with reason, they regard as a heartless tyrant.

Joseph Nassylyevitch Gourko was born in 1828, in the "Gukraina," or borderland between Russia and Old Poland. His family was Lithuanian, and for generations had intermarried with the Poles, a fact which at first, led the people whom he was to rule over to believe that, as Governor of Poland, he would be more lenient than his predecessors.

Like every other boy of good family, in this country and at that time, Gourko, from infancy was destined for the army. The influence of his family was sufficient to gain him admission to the Institute of the Imperial Corps of Pages at St. Petersburg. This Institute is the most aristocratic school in the Empire, the senior cadets being detailed in turn, to do duty as pages to the Czar. The social advantages of such a position are great, and the youth, who, as a page, succeeds in attracting the favorable notice of the monarch finds when he enters the army that service in the field is not the great essential to advancement.

In 1846, young Gourko secured two commissions of colonel in the Imperial Hussars of the Guard—the crack regiment in the Russian Service. Among the officers of this body are always to be found a number of Grand Dukes, members of the Imperial family, who are naturally very particular as to the new members admitted. At the time of Gourko's entering the army, the Imperial residence, for some months every year, was at Tsarskoe Selo, which was also the headquarters of the Hussars, a fact that enabled the young officers to continue the royal acquaintance, and to emphasize as a soldier, the favorable impression he had made as a page.



GENERAL GOURKO.

Gourko was not inclined to neglect his opportunities, and he improved them as well that he was made a captain in his twenty-ninth year. Fortune still favored him, for three years after this the Czar Alexander II, appointed him to his staff, with the rank of Colonel. In 1866, he was assigned to the command of the Fourth Hussars, and a year later was made a Major General in a suite, and placed at the head of the Imperial Grenadier Guards. In 1878, he was again promoted, this time to the command of the First Brigade, Second Division of the Horsa Guards.

This advancement was not due to demonstrated military ability, for his only war experience, as yet, was a short service in the Crimea, as an attendant upon the old Czar, Nicholas I.

The outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war in 1877, gave General Gourko his first great opportunity to exhibit those qualities of leadership that have made him famous. To the military student, however, Skobelev was his superior. His admiring countrymen believe that Gourko's exploits in this war entitles him to rank with the greatest generals of ancient or modern times, but it is safe to say that this opinion is confined entirely to Russia. That he showed energy and daring, from his first active participation in this sanguinary campaign, there is no denying. His capture and subsequent defence of the Shipka Pass, and the adjacent villages are matters of history. But the crowning act of that campaign, and of Gourko's military career, was his passage of the Balkan Mountains in midwinter, with the vanguard of the ragged and hungry, but still heroic Russian Army. Not the least remarkable feature of this achievement, is the fact that it was accomplished with but little loss, while his unexpected descent into the plains of Bulgaria and Roumelia, put a sudden end to one of the bloodiest and most stubborn contests of modern times.

As a reward for the glory he had brought to the Russian arms, Gourko was made a Count, a very unusual honor, at the hands of the Czar, though the title is common and insignificant outside the Empire. As an additional token of favor, "the hero of the Balkans," as he came to be called by his admiring countrymen, was promoted to the full rank of General, made aid de camp to the Emperor, and decorated with the order of St. George. Soon after this, he was appointed Governor of Warsaw, and his conduct in this position has been such as to make the outside world forget the military achievements that first brought him into prominence.

From a military and political standpoint, the governorship of Warsaw is one of the most important, if not the most important office in the gift of the Czar. Within the provinces of Russian Poland, there are garri-soned, in times of peace never less than 200,000 troops of all arms. In this territory are to be found some of the greatest fortresses in the world. The largest and most famous of these is Osoegovsk, with 30,000 soldiers within its walls. This fortress is at the point of the wedge, that looks on the map, as if it were driven aggressively into German Poland. It certainly would be the focus of terrible work, in the event of a war between the rival empires of the Slav and the Teuton.

The government of Russian Poland is not, however, different from the fact that the natives never have been, and probably never will be reconciled to their conquerors. Placed over such an army and with such a people to hold in restraint, General Gourko soon found that his position was not a sinecure, and, from his conduct, it is fair to infer that the difficulties of the place were to him its greatest attraction. Conciliation was never a Russian means to dispose of discontent, and Gourko was not the man to violate precedent in this matter. Reasoning that if the Poles belonged to the Greek Church and spoke only the Russian tongue, they would be more amenable

to rule, as determined, by an edict, to change the language and the creed of the conquered. With good reason, the outside world was horrified, and the helpless Poles terrified and astounded, when General Gourko, as Governor of Warsaw, issued an order that the Polish language should be no longer taught in any school, under his control. With an assumption of authority, such as the most tyrannical of the Czar has never exceeded, he prohibited the prevailing Roman Catholic form of worship, and ordered the people to attend the Greek service. At the first cry of complaint from the Poles, who loved their mother tongue and the Church of their fathers, all the more for their political enslavement, Gourko detailed bands of brutal Cossacks, to flag the "heretics" into accepting the orthodoxy