AMERICA'S STORY FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

KNOWLTON-STONE-FICKETT

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AMERICA'S STORY

FOR AMERICA'S CHILDREN

BY

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VII. AMERICA GROWS UP

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Preface

In revising *America's Story for America's Children* the question naturally arose as to why this interesting historical series should stop short at the surrender of Cornwallis. Examination of some of the original correspondence in regard to the series indicated that the original plan was by no means limited to Colonial and Revolutionary American history. It has therefore seemed wise to add two volumes at this time, covering with interesting stories the history of our country down to 1852.

The need for these two volumes is quite evident, for there has been a decided lack of historical readings for this particular period. There has been so much history since the Civil War that school histories generally have been reducing the space formerly given to our early national history, in favor of more modern material. The great statesmen, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, John Quincy Adams; such explorers as Lewis and Clark, and the settlers who followed them into the new lands; the life of Andrew Jackson and the great part played by him and his state of Tennessee in our early national history; the founding of Texas by the Austins and its picturesque experience as an independent republic;

the exploits of the War of 1812 and the Mexican War — all these deserve to be better known by the school children of the present day.

Then, too, there are the changes brought about by the inventions. The cotton gin, the steamboat, the railroad, all began their usefulness in this period, and great were the developments caused by them. The part of the steamboats on the Mississippi River in the development of the new lands is especially important and interesting. The development of the printing-press and the daily paper, as exemplified by Horace Greeley and his career, is another topic worthy of especial study.

One of the historical stories has been taken from a little book by Misses Stone and Fickett, *Days and Deeds a Hundred Years Ago*, but the other narratives have been especially prepared for this new book. The text is intended to furnish interesting collateral reading for the classes in United States History. It is to be read and enjoyed as background material, rather than to be learned and recited.

The Authors

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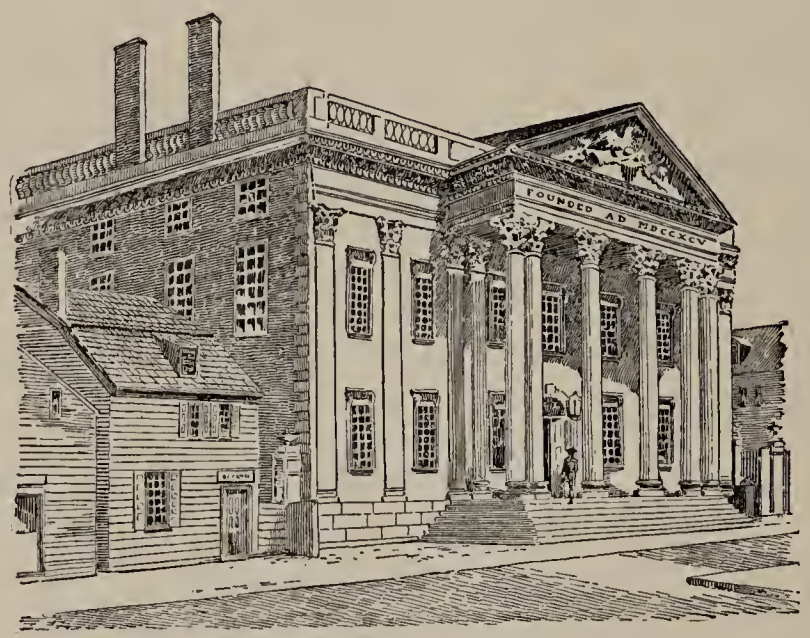
The Era of Good Feeling
1817–1825

The War of 1812 made many changes in this country of ours. Perhaps the most striking changes came about because of the stiff blockade which the English warships had kept up along the whole length of our Atlantic coast. Before the war this country had exported large quantities of agricultural products, and imported manufactured articles like cloth and hardware. During the three years of the blockade, when the foreign goods could not come in, manufacturing took a real start. Mills for making cotton and woolen cloth sprang up in southern New England. Shoes and hardware were also produced in much larger quantities than ever before.

To keep European goods from underselling those made in the new shops and mills of America, a tariff was placed on them by Congress. This was one step more away from the policies with

which Jefferson and the old Republican (now Democratic) party had started. The United States Bank was chartered again for twenty years, to help take care of the big war debt and to keep money in circulation. In fact, by the time the



The Bank of the United States, Philadelphia

election came in 1816 the Republicans had taken on most of the Federalist policies which they had once so bitterly opposed, and were ready to run the country with a strong hand, just as Hamilton might have done.

The new President was James Monroe, a veteran of the Revolution, who had served as minister to Spain, France, and England. He had also been Madison's Secretary of State and for a time acting Secretary of War. He was a Virginian, the fourth to become President. The Federalists, some of

whom had threatened to secede during the darkest days of the war, had lost credit with the people, and were not heard from as a party after this election.

Washington had taken special pains to make tours throughout the country when he was President, even visiting the new state of Vermont. He had been received everywhere with joy and enthusiasm. His successors had not been interested in travel. Monroe, however, to help strengthen the Union, started out soon after the inauguration and traveled north as far as Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He then went across New Hampshire and Vermont to Burlington, and crossed Lake Champlain and northern New York to Lake Ontario. Then by water he went to Buffalo, along Lake Erie and up the river to Detroit, and back to Washington. He inspected forts and navy yards and made many speeches. He was well received, and the newspapers began to speak of his administration as an "era of good feeling."

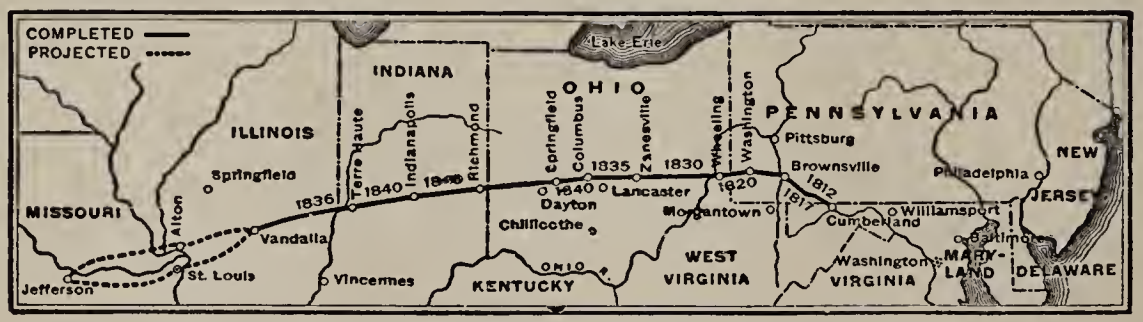
James Monroe

The westward migrations which had been interrupted by the war now began again, and the great new states of Indiana, Illinois, Missouri,

Alabama, and Mississippi began to fill up with settlers. Travel was so slow and difficult that there soon was a demand for better roads, and for canals to connect the navigable streams. The United States began the famous Cumberland Road, starting from Cumberland, Maryland. This was a free road, without tolls, extending from the Cumberland to the Ohio River, where Wheeling, West Virginia, now stands. Later it was extended through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois nearly to St. Louis.

Florida Affairs

During the last part of the War of 1812, General Jackson had defeated the Indians in southern Georgia and Alabama and driven them into Spanish Florida. The Indians were not satisfied with the outcome of the war and kept raiding their former lands, which had been settled by



Route of the Cumberland Road, 1812–1840

white people with their slaves. The Indians felt safe on Spanish soil, and may even have been encouraged to fight by Spaniards who did not want American settlers too near their border.

When trouble broke out anew, General Jackson, who was still in the service, was sent south with soldiers from the regular army. He drove the Indians back into Florida, crossed the line with his army, stormed the Spanish city of Pensacola, and raised the American flag over most of the important places in the colony. He even put two Englishmen to death on Spanish soil — a most irregular proceeding — because he suspected them of aiding the Indians.

This lively and defiant campaign of Jackson's gave the State Department in Washington a great deal of work to do. John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, had many heated sessions with the Spanish and British ministers. He took the ground that Spain was too far off and too feeble to maintain order in Florida, and asked that Florida be transferred to this country. It was finally decided that the sum of five million dollars should be paid to Spain for it, and then the treaty was signed.

Florida at that time was a poor and thinly peopled territory. When the census was taken in 1830 there were about 35,000 inhabitants, nearly half Negroes. At the beginning of the Civil War there were four times as many persons, but they were scattered over so vast an area that the state was able to give but little help to the Confederacy. It is only within recent years that the state has become popular as a winter resort.

When James Monroe came up for reëlection in 1820, there was but one electoral vote cast against him. This showed that good feeling still prevailed. Although there was but one party, the old Republican, there were several men who were eager to succeed Monroe as President. These were John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State; William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury; John C. Calhoun, Secretary of War; Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives; and General Andrew Jackson. Each of these men, except Adams, tried to organize personal factions inside the party, composed of his own friends and supporters. The good feeling, therefore, was on the surface only, for there was much friction among these factions.

When Missouri applied for admission to the Union as a slave state, there was at once intense excitement in Congress, for Missouri reached farther north than the other slave states. Many of the Northern leaders wished to keep slavery in the South and check its expansion. Through the efforts of Henry Clay and others a compromise was made in 1820, called the Missouri Compromise, and both sides were satisfied for some years.

Spanish America

To understand our own history at this time, it is necessary to leave our own country for a while and learn about the great Spanish colonies of

Central and South America. They had been held by Spain ever since the days of Cortez and Pizarro. They were organized in such a way that the people had very little freedom and taxes were heavy. If the tax money had been spent for the improvement of the colonies, it would not have been so bad, but every year the gold and silver was collected from the mines and from the taxpayers, and a large share was sent across the sea to Spain.

Francisco de Miranda

Napoleon had made his eldest brother, Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain in 1808. Although he was a much abler man than the true king, Ferdinand VII, the Spanish colonies refused to recognize Joseph as king, and carried on their provincial governments through committees. Meanwhile many of the educated people in Spanish America, who had read about the American and French revolutions, began to think about freedom for their own countries.

A native of Venezuela, Miranda, had even come to the United States and fought the British under

Lafayette, and later had fought in the armies of the French Republic. He started in Europe secret societies devoted to the independence of Central and South America. In 1806 and later in 1808 he led revolutions in Venezuela. The latter was partly successful, but the royalists finally won, and Miranda was carried away to die in a Spanish prison.

A younger man who had been in the war with him took up his work. This was Simon Bolivar, a native of Caracas, who had been finely educated in Europe, and who had visited and traveled in the United States. After the defeat in Venezuela and a time of exile in Jamaica he went to what is now Colombia to help that country become free. Not till 1819 did he win the battle which made their Declaration of Independence real. In 1821 Venezuela was finally set free, and in 1822 a great battle was fought in sight of Quito, almost on the equator itself, which added the

Simon Bolivar

present Ecuador to the union. This union was called Great Colombia, and Bolivar had dreams of freeing all South America and forming one big republic like the United States.

Meanwhile another very brave and able man was leading the country south of the La Plata River to independence. This was the great General San Martin, who had helped to win Spain back from Napoleon. After freeing what is now Argentina, he was ready to help against the central stronghold of the Spaniards in Peru. He decided, however, that Chile ought to be assisted first. There had been an unsuccessful attempt by the Chilean patriots already, and they had been forced to flee across the Andes to Argentina.

Perhaps the bravest of the Chileans was Bernardo O'Higgins, the son of an Irishman who had been Spanish governor of Chile. He collected his refugees in the Argentine city of Mendoza, and here San Martin drilled them till he had an excellent army of over four thousand men. "What spoils my sleep," said San Martin, "is not the strength of the enemy, but how to pass those immense mountains."

Mounted on mules they climbed wearily day after day for hundreds of miles, dragging their heavy cannon and ammunition, till they reached a pass through the mountains two miles and a half above the level of the sea. This crossing of the

THE CAMPAIGNS OF BOLIVAR AND SAN MARTIN IN SOUTH AMERICA

Andes was one of the greatest military feats known in history. They came down from the mountains and attacked the Spaniards in Chile and drove them from power in 1817 and 1818. The brave O'Higgins was placed in charge of the government. He became the great national hero of that country.

Although the British had opposed revolution in their own colonies, they gave much help to the Spanish colonists. Furnishing ships to San Martin, they carried his army to Peru, where he proclaimed independence, and organized the new government. Finding that Bolivar was ready to finish the conquest, San Martin modestly retired and left the field to him. Two great battles in 1824 finished the task. The following year the interior plateau was organized as a new country, named, in honor of the Great Liberator, Bolivia. The capital was named for his chief assistant, Sucre.

Bolivar's dream of a great united republic never came true. The countries of South America were too far apart, their peoples too varied in their interests, and many of their leaders too selfish to allow a permanent union. Bolivar lost his health and gave up the attempt at union. He had, however, with the help of San Martin, driven the Spanish authority from all their ancient provinces between the Caribbean Sea and Cape Horn, a wonderful accomplishment for which both men are justly honored.

Mexico also won independence about this time, first as an empire, and then, after another revolution, as a republic. The Central American states were fortunate in winning their freedom without bloodshed.

The Monroe Doctrine

Spain had sent 25,000 soldiers out to fight the revolutionists, without saving any of her possessions except Cuba and Porto Rico. She next thought about securing aid to help reconquer her lost colonies. Some of the countries in Europe, especially Austria, France, and Prussia, seemed interested in helping Spain.

Henry Clay, in the House of Representatives, was the best friend the revolting colonists had in this country. He kept urging that the new countries be recognized and even helped by the United States as fast as they won their independence. President Monroe and his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, were also sympathetic, and did not wish to have the new republics to the south reconquered by Spain or other European powers. They were also suspicious of the Russians, who had started a colony in Alaska, and were trying to extend their influence down the Pacific coast to California.

All these things led to the most important event of President Monroe's time, the announcement of

what has since been called the Monroe Doctrine. This came in the annual message from the President to Congress, December 2, 1823. Among its most important statements is this: "The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

Other statements assured Europe that any attempt at reconquering the new republics to the south would be considered by the United States an unfriendly act. The message also assured Europe that we had no desire to interfere in European matters, but, instead, the wish to keep friendly relations with them.

The last visit of Lafayette to America in 1824 and 1825 was one of the closing events in the era of good feeling. He came to say farewell to his few surviving comrades of Revolutionary days and to show his good will to the successful republic he had helped to found. He was everywhere greeted with reverence and enthusiasm. It was hard to realize that the Revolutionary War in which he had borne so fine a part had been finished so long before. It was hard, indeed, to realize that the United States had maintained its independence for fifty years.

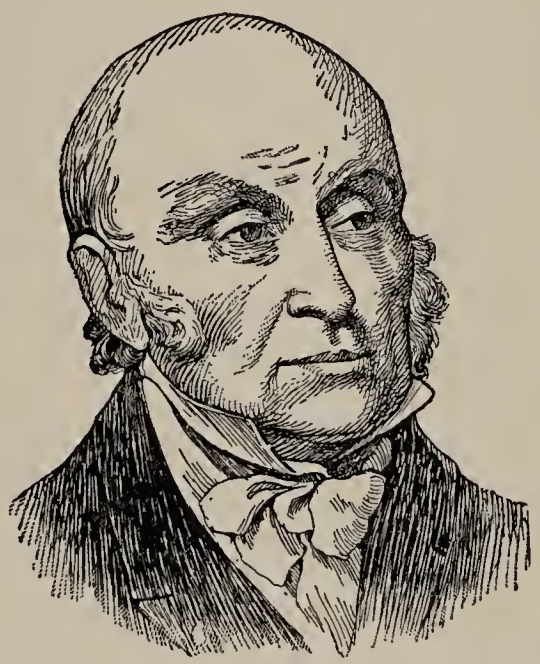
John Quincy Adams

Politics grew more and more strenuous as Monroe's second term drew to a close. The four leading candidates for President were General Jackson, John Quincy Adams, William H. Crawford of Georgia, and Henry Clay. No one received enough electoral votes to be elected, Jackson having but 99 out of 261. According to the Constitution, the House of Representatives had to choose from the three highest. This left out Henry Clay, who had the fewest votes. He was violently opposed to Jackson; so his friends naturally voted for Adams, and this gave Adams enough votes to be elected. At this same election John C. Calhoun was chosen Vice President.

Henry Clay was at once appointed Secretary of State. His opponents declared that he had made a political deal with Adams beforehand, but this was false. He received the place because he was the most prominent man in political life, from his long service in Congress.

John Quincy Adams was a man who would never make the slightest effort to advance his own political fortunes. He would not even take pains

to be pleasant to people who might have helped him. His father had some of the same quality, but the son is perhaps the most conspicuous example of a man winning his way into the highest position in the country, as well as into many of less importance, by sheer ability and character. He absolutely scorned all the arts which make a man popular with the voters.



John Quincy Adams

His life is so interesting that we must stop to consider it. He was the last of the patriots of the old school who shared in the foundation of the republic. Although he was not born till 1767, he was old enough to climb a hill near his home with his mother and the other children to see the fires of burning Charlestown and hear the noise of the battle at Bunker Hill. As his father served in the Continental Congress and was almost constantly in public life, the son was really brought up and educated to the service of his fellows.

While his father was representing the new country on the continent of Europe, the son was with him. He studied in schools at Paris, at Amsterdam, and at Leyden, and learned much by travel-

ing. When his father became the first minister to England, the son returned to America. He entered Harvard College as a junior, and graduated the following year, 1787, next to the head of his class. He then studied law and began to practice in 1790, establishing himself in Boston.

This was in Washington's first term, when there was a great deal of political writing in the newspapers. The young Adams plunged into politics with some very good essays, from the Federalist point of view, and soon aroused the wrath of Thomas Jefferson. He also aroused the interest and approval of Washington. Soon after this, before the young lawyer was much more than started on his practice, Washington appointed him minister to the Netherlands. While abroad he was married in London to a young lady from an old Maryland family.

As an example of how strongly he felt about political honesty, he was much disturbed when his father, President John Adams, appointed him minister to Prussia. He felt that it was not right for him to receive the place from his father's hand, and only the strong urging of Washington himself influenced him to accept this promotion. He arranged a successful treaty between Prussia and the United States, and remained in Europe till near the close of his father's term.

Back in Boston young Adams reopened his law

office, and in 1802 he was elected to the state Senate of Massachusetts. The following year he was sent to the national Senate in the new capital at Washington, as a Federalist. He was too independent to suit his associates there, for he studied each question on its merits, and did not vote with his party unless he thought the party was right. Toward the end of his term of six years he swung over to the Republican party of that day, voting for Jefferson's embargo and other party measures, for he wished the country to show a united strength against England. This displeased the Federalists of Massachusetts so much that they refused to reëlect him to the Senate.

The sessions of Congress were not very long in those days; so there was time for Adams to serve as Professor of Oratory at Harvard. He held this place as well as the senatorship till 1809. The new President, James Madison, then appointed him minister to Russia. It was a long and tedious journey to Russia, but Adams arrived there after many weeks, and served with honor till 1814.

In 1813 he was appointed by the President, with a few other delegates, to meet with some Englishmen in a conference about terms of peace to close the War of 1812. He went to Ghent in Belgium for this conference. After long months of wrangling, the treaty was signed the night before Christmas, in 1814. Mr. Adams said these

prophetic words to the English delegates present: "I hope this will be the *last* treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States." The delegates worked better than they knew, for never since that long-ago day has the peace between the two countries been broken.

The next unsought honor that came to Adams was the position of minister to England, which his father had held before him, and which his son was to hold many years later. This was not nearly so pleasant as the Russian position. Adams lived a very quiet life just outside London, and learned English character very thoroughly. He was called back to America to serve for eight years with President James Monroe as Secretary of State. You have already learned in the previous story of his very great service in that office.

John Quincy Adams was fifty-eight when he became President. He lived simply, loved to swim in the Potomac, and often rode horseback for exercise. The four years that he served were most uneventful. Our country was prosperous, new industries were springing up, and many canals and turnpikes were built to help transportation. If it had not been for the railroads which were constructed soon after this time, there would probably have been a system of canals here equal to the best in Europe.

The old Republican party of Jefferson had really

been split in two when John Quincy Adams was elected. His friends called themselves National Republicans, later Whigs, while their opponents, led by General Jackson, called themselves Democratic Republicans, then Democrats, as we know them to-day. Adams resolutely refused to build up any kind of political machine for his reëlection, and he would do nothing to hold back the ardent admirers of General Jackson. As a result General Jackson was elected in a hot campaign, in which the common people took a much larger part than they had done in any previous election.

Adams was much disappointed by the result, though he had foreseen it. He retired to his father's old home in Quincy, Massachusetts, and started to review his Latin and to write a life of his father. He felt that his own life was drawing to a close, and that there was little left for him to do in this world. Into his quiet melancholy came the suggestion that he represent the Plymouth district in the national House of Representatives. He was elected by a large majority, and went back to Washington for sixteen more years of service to his country.

Strangely enough, these years as representative were perhaps the most useful of his whole life. Independent of party, though now a member in name of the new National Republicans, or Whigs, he was a most powerful man in debate. Few there

were of his opponents who enjoyed a clash with him, for he was bitter and sarcastic, and exceedingly truthful. His mind held all that he had learned, and his power seemed to increase from year to year. Even his enemies respected his great honesty and vigor.

About 1835, petitions by the hundred began to pour into Congress, asking that slavery be restricted or abolished, especially in the District of Columbia. The slaveholders and their northern friends were much angered by this, and passed a rule against receiving any petitions of any kind whatsoever. Adams insisted on presenting them from time to time, often amidst the wildest tumult of opposition. Year after year the old man fought most vigorously for the right of petition, from 1835 down to 1844, when he finally won in his long fight, and the rule against receiving petitions was defeated.

He bore a most important part in securing the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, when the bequest from James Smithson, an Englishman, was received.

Continuously Adams served the people of Massachusetts as their representative till he had passed his eightieth year. Then, one winter day in 1848, as he was starting to rise from his seat in the House, he was overcome by sudden illness, and uttered his last words, "This is the end of earth; I am

content." Two days later he passed away. A bronze marker set in the floor of the old House (now the Hall of Statues) marks the place where he fell. He was buried in Quincy beside his father under the stone church of which they had both been staunch members.

Andrew Jackson

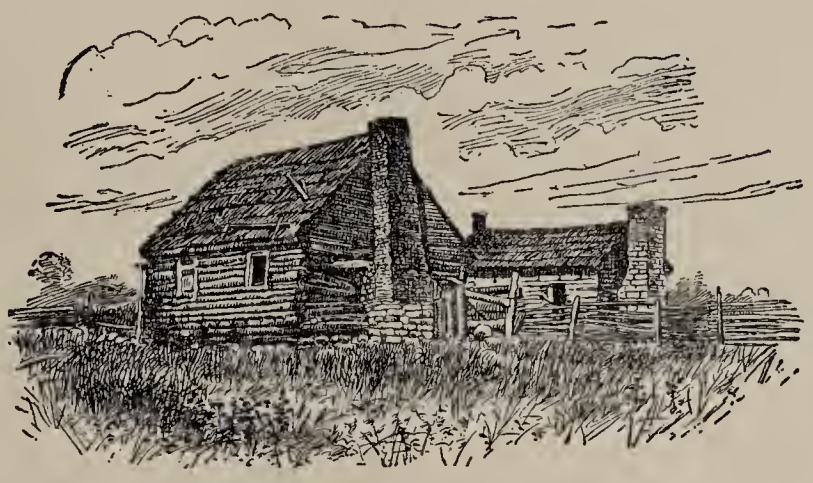
THE first six Presidents of the United States had family position, education, and life in a settled community. All except Washington had received college training. It was a great change for the country, then, to have a self-made man of little education, like Andrew Jackson, become President.

His was a pioneer background. His parents, poor Scotch-Irish immigrants from northern Ireland, settled near the Catawba River in northern South Carolina, a new section which was just being opened. In fact the country was so new that there were few boundary lines and there has always been some doubt as to which of the Carolinas furnished Jackson's birthplace. He always thought of himself as a South Carolinian.

Born in 1767, he was a fatherless lad of thirteen when the Revolution reached his part of our country. His oldest brother was killed in one of the early engagements, and he and another brother were in the battle of Hanging Rock. In the next encounter with the enemy they were both taken prisoners. The British commander ordered young Andrew to black his boots for him. The boy refused most vigorously and received a sabre cut

that left lifelong scars on his arm and head. When his brother refused likewise, he too was wounded even more severely, and both were cast into Camden jail.

No Revolutionary mother ever suffered more for her soldier sons than did Mrs. Jackson. She



Birthplace of Andrew Jackson

went to the British officer in command of the prisoners and by dint of much pleading had her two sons included in an exchange of prisoners which she herself arranged. It was too late to save poor Robert, who soon died, but Andrew was little harmed by the experience. The good mother and other patriot women went to Charleston, where they secured permission to nurse, on shipboard in the harbor, the prisoners, who were poorly fed and clothed, and suffering with prison fever. On her way home Mrs. Jackson was struck down by the disease, and died before she had gone far from Charleston.

After various experiments in life young Andrew went to Salisbury, North Carolina, soon after the war to study with a lawyer there. He did not like to study, for he was much more interested in horse-racing, cock-fighting, card-playing, and drinking than in books. By 1787, however, he was admitted to the bar. Not finding much business in North Carolina, he soon went to the new region known as Tennessee, a country very much to his liking. The early settlers had many quarrels about boundaries, and numerous personal difficulties to settle in the county courts. Jackson was not a well-read lawyer, but he loved justice, fought well for his clients, and soon became prosperous. At twenty-two he was appointed prosecutor, and was a terror to all evil-doers within his territory.

He married Rachel, the daughter of his landlady, and loved her dearly all his life. About this time he bought a fine plantation called Hunter's Hill, and settled there, outside Nashville. This town just suited Jackson in those days. There was no special constraint in the pioneer settlement, and a prominent man could do about as he pleased without offense to society. Jackson quieted down somewhat from the boisterous ways of his young manhood, but was noted for his strong language, his love of excitement, his quarrels, and his occasional duels. He was very tall and slender, with

a high narrow forehead and a mass of stiff hair which was between red and brown in color. He had a clear-cut, square chin, and looked like a man who would have his own way. He was a wonderfully fine-looking man on horseback, rode well, and kept his love of horses as long as he lived.

When Tennessee became a state, Jackson was one of its prominent men. He was its first representative in Congress in 1796, and heard Washington read his Farewell Address. The following year he became United States Senator, but he did not like membership in the Senate, and soon resigned to become one of the Supreme Court judges in Tennessee. This position he held till 1804.

Like many another, Jackson became "land poor," with too much real estate and too little cash. He straightened out his affairs by selling much of his land, including Hunter's Hill. He then bought a small plantation eight miles from Nashville, which in a few years became famous as the Hermitage. He also took up storekeeping, in addition to his law, and let his wife Rachel supervise the farm. He soon found that he was not polished enough to please customers in a general store; so he finally left the enterprise to his partners.

Tennessee had filled up with settlers, and frontier days had gone by. Jackson still kept some of the

quarrelsome ways of his youth, and they brought him into more than one duel. He had a long quarrel with Governor John Sevier, one of the founders of the state, and he was on ill terms with other men. As a result, although he had held several important positions, he lost his political influence for several years. The War of 1812 brought him into a field of action for which he was especially well fitted — the army — and he became again a public favorite.

Tennessee and Kentucky were brimful of patriotism, and had led in the demand for a war with England. The first call for help ended in disappointment and disgust. About two thousand men from western Tennessee were mustered in under Jackson's command, in response to a call from the general in charge at New Orleans. The infantry went in boats and barges by river, and the cavalry marched overland to Natchez on the Mississippi, arriving there in February, 1813. Orders came to go no farther, and a month later the command came from the government at Washington to give up all guns and equipment, to go home at once without pay, and to "accept for yourself and corps the thanks of the President of the United States." Some months later, through the efforts of Jackson and the Tennessee Congressmen, the disgruntled volunteers received their pay.

The next call came from what is now Alabama.

The Creek Indians who had always lived there thought that the war with England offered them a chance to drive back the white settlers. At a stockade which was called Fort Mims from its owner, 553 persons had collected for safety from the Indians, in July of 1813. They were very careless, however, and did not have sufficient guards. The gates were open, the children were playing about in the hot sunshine, while the Negroes under the direction of the white women were cooking dinner for the big crowd. When the dinner signal was given, in rushed a thousand Creeks in their war paint, with yells and battle cries. Two hundred fifty whites were slain — only twelve escaped the tomahawk. The Negroes were spared, to be the slaves of the Indians.

The people of Tennessee did not wait to hear from the far-away city of Washington. They called out the Natchez volunteers and others, and asked Jackson to resume command. He was sick abed with a painful bullet wound in his shoulder, which had been inflicted by one of his personal enemies. Pale and haggard, he took charge on October 7, and on October 10 broke camp and marched south across the state line into Alabama. He took the aggressive, attacked the hostile Indians wherever he could find them, and won a series of victories. All through the campaign he suffered from his wound and from sickness that

would have held an ordinary man in bed, but he was still active and alert. The only trouble was that he kept ahead of his food supplies most of the time, which made his army mutinous and eager to return home as soon as the fighting was over.

The next year he secured some new troops, pushed south to Mobile, defeated a small British naval squadron, captured Pensacola, Florida, from the Spaniards, and frightened all the Indians into submission. All this time he believed that Mobile was to be attacked by the British; now word came that they were headed for New Orleans. Jackson and his staff rode overland to the Mississippi and entered New Orleans, December 1, 1814, not a day too soon.

Militia kept coming in, and Jackson had them equipped as well as possible and stationed where they could defend the city. He inspected the fortifications and had them strengthened. Still all was uncertainty and suspense, for no one knew where the British would land, and even the General guessed wrong. The enemy very wisely entered one of the bayous of the Mississippi with barges full of soldiers, and worked their way up to a big lake below the city. There was a brisk fight on December 23 with the small American gunboats on the lake, but the British mastered them and kept steadily on. Near the big river was

Andrew Jackson

an old French plantation, and here at nightfall the British soldiers went into camp, building huge fires, for the winter night was cold and chilly.

Now General Jackson had heard at one-thirty

that afternoon that the enemy was only eight miles away and had said to his officers: "Gentlemen, the British are below; we must fight them to-night." Two gunboats dropped silently down the river, while Jackson's men marched down the main road. It was dark early on that short winter day, and those big campfires were good targets. The gunboat *Carolina* opened fire on them at seven o'clock, and so unexpected was the attack that it was ten minutes before the British put out their fires and gave battle. Meanwhile the American soldiers who had marched down beside the river began to shoot, and for more than two hours the conflict raged in the dark. At that time Jackson ordered his men to fall back. The British admiral had boasted that he would eat his Christmas dinner in New Orleans; this battle was what Jackson called "a Christmas fandango" for him.

The next thing to do was to dig and dig and dig, to get fortifications from which the next attack could be met. The British brought up many naval guns from their fleet in the Gulf of Mexico, and the Americans placed all the guns they could get in the best positions possible. On January 1, 1815, a heavy bombardment started. The enemy's biggest battery was made up of many hogsheads of sugar, as well as earthworks. The American cannonballs went right through them, and smashed up the battery. On the other side the

Louisiana people had furnished bales of cotton to help out the defenses, and these caught fire and made no end of trouble. Finally the British withdrew their cannon and began to prepare for their main attack, which came a week later.

By January 8 the defenses were completed, and the Americans stood guard with their rifles, ready for any attack. The British General Pakenham first sent some men across to the west side of the river, where the defenses were not so good. It was easy work for the trained soldiers to rout the militia there, but they were too late in getting started, and the victory did not do any good. On the east side, under Jackson's own immediate command, were the sturdy riflemen from the back country of Tennessee and Kentucky. No militia, however raw, ever failed to catch the inspiration of Jackson's presence.

In a big column sixty men wide the British veterans advanced toward the American lines. The cannonballs and the grapeshot tore great holes in the advancing mass, but as trained soldiers they closed up and moved on. The American infantry aimed and fired their rifles from the earthworks, then stepped back to reload while others took their places. Not more than two hundred British reached the earthworks, and none crossed, except as prisoners. When the smoke of this brief battle cleared away, the ground was covered with

redcoat soldiers, 1971 lying dead or wounded, including General Pakenham himself and a very large number of officers. These veterans who had fought in the wars against Napoleon were not used to backwoods marksmanship, and paid the penalty. Only six Americans were killed, and seven wounded.

General Lambert assumed command of the British, and after collecting his wounded and burying the dead, he decided it was wise to be extremely cautious. The weather soon changed, and the black soil of the Mississippi delta became almost impassable mire. Nothing was to be gained by lingering, and on January 19 the enemy entered their boats and went slowly back to the fleet in the Gulf. On January 23 there was a great procession of triumph in New Orleans, and a *Te Deum* in the French cathedral. News came in February that the war was over, and that the desperate bloody battle had been fought more than two weeks after peace had been arranged.

Jackson stayed on in charge at New Orleans, quarreling vigorously with citizens, public officials, and with the courts. He was even fined one thousand dollars by the Federal judge in the city, a sum which he immediately paid, but which more than twenty-five years later Congress voted to return to him. Unpleasant as it was, the winter was soon over, and the General and his good wife,

who had come to be with him after the fighting was done, followed the disbanded militia back to Nashville.

He was now the man of the hour. Tennessee was the one state in all the Union which had done its full military duty in the War of 1812, and this was largely due to its intrepid leader. In good

Gold Medal Presented by Congress to Andrew Jackson

health Jackson was all that one could imagine of a gallant and dashing military hero, but all through the Indian campaigns he was a very sick man, and he had by no means recovered his usual health during the Louisiana campaign. All the more honor is due to him for his persistence under difficulties.

Jackson was appointed Major General of the regular army, in charge of the South. Accordingly in 1817 when friction started between the Seminole Indians and the settlers who were crowding in near the Florida border, some militia were

called out to help the regulars, and Jackson took personal command. There was some fighting, and Jackson chased the fugitives across the line into Florida, which was then Spanish territory. Although it does not now seem to have been necessary, he took possession of several Spanish towns and executed two British citizens who were accused of helping the Indians.

All this activity on Jackson's part made many complications for the State Department and its aggressive Secretary, John Quincy Adams. The British were especially indignant, but Adams pacified them, and he finally persuaded Spain to sell Florida to this country for five million dollars.

General Jackson became the first governor of this new territory in 1821. His excitable nature made him naturally unfitted for a task needing so much tact and diplomacy. He had a most amusing quarrel with the Spanish ex-governor and numerous difficulties with other persons. Neither he nor his wife was well in Florida, and after a few months he was glad to resign and return to the Hermitage. Here he lived in some state, entertained with real dignity, and at fifty-four began to think of new conquests.

Jackson had a group of shrewd friends who were very far-sighted politically, and they began to make plans to have him elected President when Monroe retired. There were other prominent

candidates, however, who had long cherished hopes of becoming President — Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and William H. Crawford, all members in good standing of Jefferson's Republican party. They looked on Jackson as a new man, and Henry Clay frequently denounced him as a military adventurer. No one had votes enough to be elected at first; so the House of Representatives voted on the candidates. The Clay followers turned to Adams, who became President in 1825.

This gave Jackson's political friends a chance to accuse their opponents of all sorts of political tricks and deals. Gradually the party of Jefferson divided into the National Republicans, soon called the Whigs, and the Democratic Republicans, whom we now call Democrats. Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and Daniel Webster became Whigs, while Jackson, John C. Calhoun, and Martin Van Buren were leading Democrats.

Jackson's military victories, although they were but a small part of his life, had made him known to every one, and he was exceedingly popular with the common people because he was self-made and not a member of a prominent family. "Old Hickory" he was called, and he represented the average men of the country, especially of the new states, better than any one else had ever done. Jackson understood them and loved them and wanted to help them. This might not have made

him President, however, if he had not had the help of scheming politicians who organized the voters in his favor. The hero himself had become an elderly and dignified country gentleman. He still lost his temper now and then, but when occasion demanded it, he made a fine appearance in society.

After a strenuous campaign in 1828 so many of the common people went to the polls as Democrats that Jackson was elected President by a large majority. He was almost sixty-two when he took office, and he was in deep sadness because of the death of his good wife, Rachel. The old families trembled when Jackson became President, much as they had done in Jefferson's day. Ten thousand everyday citizens came to Washington to see the inauguration, which was as simple and democratic as Jefferson himself might have wished. This time there came a real change in the spirit of the government. Loyalty to the party rather than ability became the test for office-holders. Jackson was sure that the old government officials were corrupt, and appointed many of his Democratic friends to replace them, fixing the term of office at four years. The capital city swarmed with office-seekers, but most of them had to return home unsatisfied.

The new President did not hold any cabinet meetings for a long time. He relied for advice on a small group of political friends called the "kitchen

cabinet" by his enemies. They advised him how to hold the party together, as well as about national affairs. Early in the term, for various personal reasons, he fell out of accord with the Vice President, John C. Calhoun, who was not considered a good Democrat. The dislike was carried into action, so that Calhoun was left with very few political friends outside his own state of South Carolina.

WHAT JACKSON'S OPPONENTS THOUGHT OF HIM

From a contemporary cartoon.

The South was much dissatisfied with the high tariffs on imported goods, which kept prices high. Under Calhoun's leadership a new doctrine was developed, called nullification. By this it was claimed that any state had the right to nullify, or refuse to obey, any federal law which it considered unconstitutional. South Carolina wanted to nullify the tariff law.

The friends of the new doctrine planned a banquet in Washington for Jefferson's birthday, in 1830. The President and Van Buren were present as guests, and Jackson upset all the plans of the nullifiers when he gave the toast, "Our Union, it must be preserved!" Never did he

better show forth his great qualities than on this dramatic occasion.

South Carolina still drifted along, with increasing hatred for the tariff. Finally, in November, 1832, a state convention met there and passed an "ordinance of nullification," by which the state refused to allow the duties to be paid, and threatened to leave the Union if the federal government tried to act. The men of the state began to drill as if for war. Fortunately Jackson was ready to act, for he had many Union friends in South Carolina, who had kept him informed. He loved the Union, and disliked Calhoun and the nullifiers. Seven revenue cutters and a warship were sent to Charleston and kept ready for action. General Scott was placed in charge of the forts, with extra troops. A stirring proclamation was issued, closing with the words: "Be not deceived by names. Disunion by armed force is *treason*. Are you ready to incur its guilt?" The President was ready to lead in person the armed forces of the country against the nullifying state.

At this critical time Henry Clay and others arranged for a compromise bill in Congress reducing the hated tariff, and Calhoun and the South Carolinians agreed to accept this and stay in the Union. Thus ended for the time the danger of secession. The vigorous attitude of the President had showed that the Union was strong enough to

defend itself. This was perhaps his greatest achievement.

The people in those days had little real knowledge of banks and banking. Then, as now, all the coins were minted by the United States, and the states could issue neither coins nor paper money. The United States Bank could issue paper money, and most of the chartered state banks had the same privilege. However, some of the states placed little or no limit on the amount of paper money which might be issued by the banks. This led to calling such banks "wildcat" banks, because they were unable to pay in coin the full value of their notes.

Kentucky had an especially hard time with its banks. Altogether too much paper money was printed. Prices went up, and the bank bills lost value, because they could not be exchanged for coin. The United States Bank refused to accept these bills in exchange. Many of the local banks failed, and then the legislature tried to make the paper money good by passing laws, and making a new bank. Hard times lasted a long while because there was so much of this cheap paper money in circulation. The prejudice against the United States Bank became very strong.

Tennessee suffered to some extent from these same evils. Jackson and others began to look on the United States Bank as a "hydra of corruption."

This bank had some European stockholders and was certainly making money, while many of the country banks failed. Jackson used all his influence against it, and vetoed a bill to give it a new charter. In 1833 he gave orders to have all the government money taken from the United States Bank and its branches, and deposited in certain state banks, which came to be called "Jackson's Pet Banks."

Soon after this the last dollar of the national debt was paid off, and the balance left in the treasury was sent to the states themselves "for deposit." Some of the states gave it to the voters, so that each citizen had a share in the wealth of the country. Every citizen now felt that he was a stockholder in a great and prosperous business. Prices rose higher and higher, and every one wanted more and more paper money. Western land was bought from the government and sold and resold at higher and higher prices. The fever was checked when the President ordered that public land must be paid for in coin, instead of paper money. Soon after Van Buren in 1837 had succeeded him in the presidency the bubble burst, business stopped with a crash, and it was several months before prosperity began to return.

In all his acts as President, Jackson felt that he was representing the ordinary everyday citizens of the country. Even his mistakes were caused by

trying to carry out the will of the masses of the people. His dealings with foreign nations were vigorous, honest, and straightforward, and many troublesome questions were settled during his two terms. Best of all his accomplishments was the strengthening of the President's position. Although his enemies called him "King Andrew" and sneered at his "kitchen cabinet," he went ahead and did things, just as he had done in the army. He ruled the country and made his will prevail as no other President between Washington and Lincoln was able to do.

Martin Van Buren

At seventy he went back to the Hermitage for eight years of old age. Here he was well cared for by his adopted son and his family. He continued to have much influence on the Democratic party, and gave much good advice to his beloved friend and successor, Martin Van Buren. He came to think much about religion in his old age, and in memory of his beloved wife Rachel, he became a member of the Presbyterian church. Never strong and well after his military life, he kept alive the

last few years almost by will power alone. Finally, on June 8, 1845, he gave up the struggle and passed away. His old home is preserved as a national shrine, and "Jackson Day," the anniversary of the victory at New Orleans, is still a great day for the Democrats of the United States.

The Story of the Lone Star State

Off to the west of Louisiana lies the great state of Texas, the largest in the Union and one of the richest. Cotton and rice and tropical fruits in the south, cattle and horses and wheat in the north, great oil fields and other mineral resources — these add millions of dollars to our national wealth each year. A peaceful and contented population lives in comfort with no thought of hardship or danger.

No part of our country, however, has had a more picturesque and interesting history. No other state has been under six flags — Spanish, French, Mexican, Texan, American, Confederate, and then again American. For ten years it was an independent republic, with the lone star on its flag.

There were only a few Spanish settlements in Texas, although their faithful priests founded a series of missions. Some few Americans had come to Texas before 1820; most of them lived in a few small hamlets near the Louisiana boundary, and did not get on well with the Mexicans in the country. They did not know each other's language, and there were many serious misunderstandings.

About 1820 the Austin family became interested in Texas, and planned to bring in a better type of colonists. Moses Austin was a Connecticut Yankee who had migrated to upper Louisiana, now Missouri, and had been interested in many projects there. He had heard so much that was good about the Texan country that he went from Missouri to San Antonio to ask the governor for permission to found a colony. His petition was sent to the Viceroy in Mexico, and he started home with high hopes. The men who were traveling with him, however, robbed him and stripped him of all his luggage, so that he had to go on foot for twelve days, eating nothing but acorns and pecans. When he finally reached his home, he continued his plans for moving, but was taken sick and died, largely because of the suffering he had endured. He learned, however, that his petition had been granted.

His son, Stephen F. Austin, a well-educated man, went on with the plans, and took his colonists across country to the wild but fertile land between the Brazos and the Colorado rivers. Hardly had they made their settlement when they learned that a revolution had driven the Spaniards out of Mexico. Austin went to Mexico City on foot and in disguise, some twelve hundred miles, to renew his grant with the new emperor of Mexico. Hardly had this been done when another revolution, under General Santa Anna, dethroned the emperor, and

Austin had to wait till still another Mexican government was formed before he could get final permission to continue his colony. It was a full year before he got back to Texas.

The new colony had numerous hardships. There was a great scarcity of supplies at times, there were Indian attacks to be fought off, and there was abundance of hard labor to be done in taming the wilderness. Fortunately the new settlers were hardy, honest folk who liked adventure. Austin ruled wisely, and for several years the colony grew, and was left in peace by the Mexicans.

In 1830 the government of Mexico fell into tyrannical hands. The officials prohibited immigration from the United States, and made all the trouble they could for the settlers in Texas. General Santa Anna started a new revolution in Mexico, and Austin and the others joined with him, hoping for a chance to make Texas a self-governing state of the Mexican republic. They were greatly disappointed, for Santa Anna proved to be a tyrant himself as soon as he had power.

No other Mexican ever had so much to do with American history as Santa Anna. He was nine times President of Mexico, and whenever he had been turned out of power he usually plotted to get back again. He admired Napoleon and called himself the "Napoleon of the West." "Without marked talent either as general or statesman, never-

theless Santa Anna's energy, personal courage, and consuming ambition soon brought him to the front. His contemporaries likened him to a chameleon for shiftiness and to the tiger for cruelty." * Oddly enough, he lived through all the revolutions of his day and died peacefully on his Mexican estate in 1876, at the advanced age of eighty-one.

At this same time there was living in Tennessee a young American who was a maker of history. This was Sam Houston, a Virginian of Scotch descent, who had gone to Tennessee with his widowed mother and her family in the early days of the nineteenth century. Here he had received but little direct education, but had picked up much knowledge by reading and keen observation. His brothers had placed him as a clerk in a country store, but he did not like the life; so he ran away from home and went to live with the Cherokee Indians, a partly civilized tribe who dwelt across the Tennessee River. When his brothers found him he refused to go back, saying, "I prefer measuring deer tracks to measuring tape."

SAM HOUSTON

* Hutton Webster. *History of Latin America*, p. 151. Boston, D. C. Heath and Company, 1924.

Houston lived with the Cherokees till he was eighteen; then as he needed some money, he came back to his white friends and taught a private school, which could not have made him rich, for the tuition was only eight dollars a year. Nevertheless, he must have enjoyed it, for "dressed in a hunting-shirt of flowered calico, a long queue down my back, and the sense of authority over my pupils, I experienced a higher feeling of dignity and satisfaction than from any office or honor which I have since held," he said in after life.

As a young officer in the War of 1812 Houston especially distinguished himself in the Indian battle at Horseshoe Bend, and won the friendship of the gallant commander Andrew Jackson. With an arrow wound in his thigh and two bullets in his shoulder, the surgeons thought he would not recover, especially after lying on the damp ground all night, but he finally responded to the tardy treatment. Two months later he reached home so thin and worn that his mother could recognize him only by his eyes. Gradually recovering, he remained in the army till 1818, when he resigned because of a quarrel with John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War in Washington. He had gone with a delegation of Cherokees to appeal to Calhoun, and was rebuked because he wore full Indian regalia, like the Cherokees themselves.

Back in Tennessee he bought some law books and after six months' study started to be a lawyer. This brought him into politics, and as the friend of Andrew Jackson he soon became prominent. Houston was naturally popular with other men, he was at home in any group he might fall in with, and he was an interesting and ready talker. As an orator he was impressive and dignified, with a fine grasp of language. Only his fondness for outlandish costumes, probably copied from the Indians, and his occasional feeling of his own importance detracted from his statesmanship.

In 1823 he was sent to the national House of Representatives as a Jacksonian Democrat, and he served for two terms. During the second term he fought a duel, severely wounding his opponent. Never again could he be prevailed on to fight another duel. Although often challenged because of his bitter way of speaking, he would either laugh at the challenger or find some pretext for avoiding the encounter.

In 1827 Houston was elected governor of Tennessee, and served ably, running again for the office two years later. For some unknown reason he resigned before the election and went away secretly to live again with the Cherokees, who had moved to what is now Oklahoma. Here Houston was again adopted into the tribe, and lived with them for many months. Three times during this

period Sam Houston went to Washington as a friendly agent for the Cherokees.

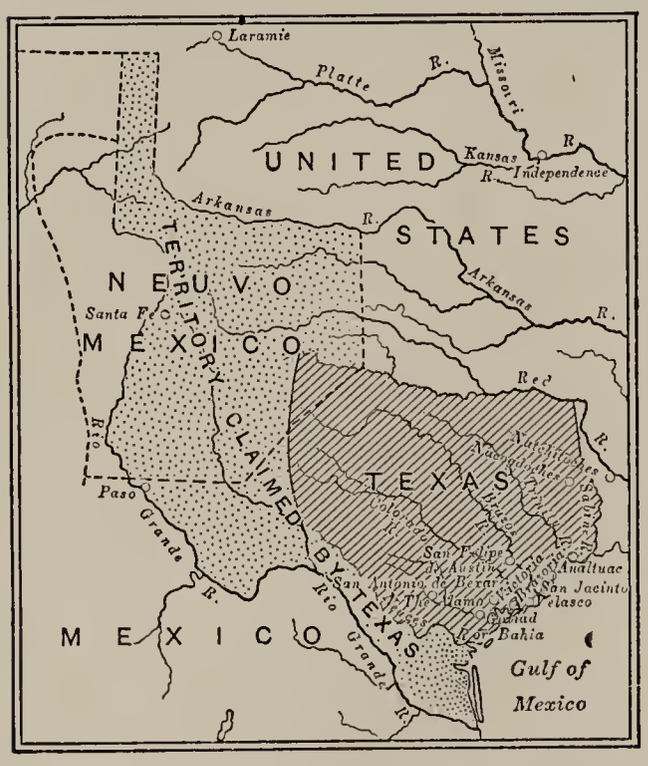
President Andrew Jackson, who had retained his affection for Houston, now urged him to go south from Indian Territory to Texas to make treaties with the Indians there and to report on conditions as he found them. Houston had ambitions of his own to be the first president of a new republic. He established himself in one of the eastern Texas villages, and soon got acquainted with many Texans. He became more prominent because Austin was away most of the time in Mexico, trying to get promises of fair treatment for the colonists.

Santa Anna, who was at that time president of Mexico, soon lost patience with Austin and threw him into a dirty Mexican prison. It was a long time before he was freed and still longer before he was able to get back to his beloved colonists.

The Mexican officials in Texas were so annoying to the colony that much disorder arose, for the new settlers were brave and rugged and were used to having their own way. Some of the Mexican garrisons were driven out of the towns, and a small army of perhaps eight hundred men, Texans and volunteers from the United States, set out to capture San Antonio.

It seemed best to surround the town and besiege it, but the restless soldiers soon tired of waiting for

the garrison to surrender, and were nearly ready to give up the siege when Colonel Benjamin Milam, who had just escaped from a Mexican prison, walked out before the discontented men and, waving his big hat, shouted, "Who will go with old Ben Milam into San Antonio?" Three hundred volunteered, and that night they broke through into the city. Here for five days they held their own till the Mexicans were ready to surrender, but "Old Ben" Milam was killed and buried where he fell.



MAP OF THE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS
Showing territory claimed by Texas.

Other operations drove the Mexican soldiers out of all their other posts; so the Texans started to form a new republic, and issued a Declaration of Independence March 2, 1836.

Early in 1836, however, General Santa Anna arrived from old Mexico with five thousand regular army troops, all ready to fight. The Texan soldiers hurriedly left San Antonio and established themselves in the mission of the Alamo, just outside

the city. Instead of retreating, this garrison of 182 held out against the Mexicans. David Crockett, the hunter, James Bowie, and other famous men of the old Southwest were among those in the Alamo, all under the command of Lieutenant Colonel William Barrett Travis. Here for eleven days they fought heroically against the attacking Mexicans, till the last Texan soldier was slain. Three women, two children, and a slave were spared by the enemy.

Santa Anna

A Texan government was organized farther north and Sam Houston was at once made commander in chief by the new government of the new republic. He sent hurry-up orders to the garrison at Goliad, away in the south, to leave the post at once and join the main body of the army for safety. The retreat was delayed too long, and the Texans were caught on the prairie and surrounded by the Mexicans on horseback. After a brisk fight they found

that they could not escape. It seemed best to surrender, and they were taken back to Goliad and put under guard.

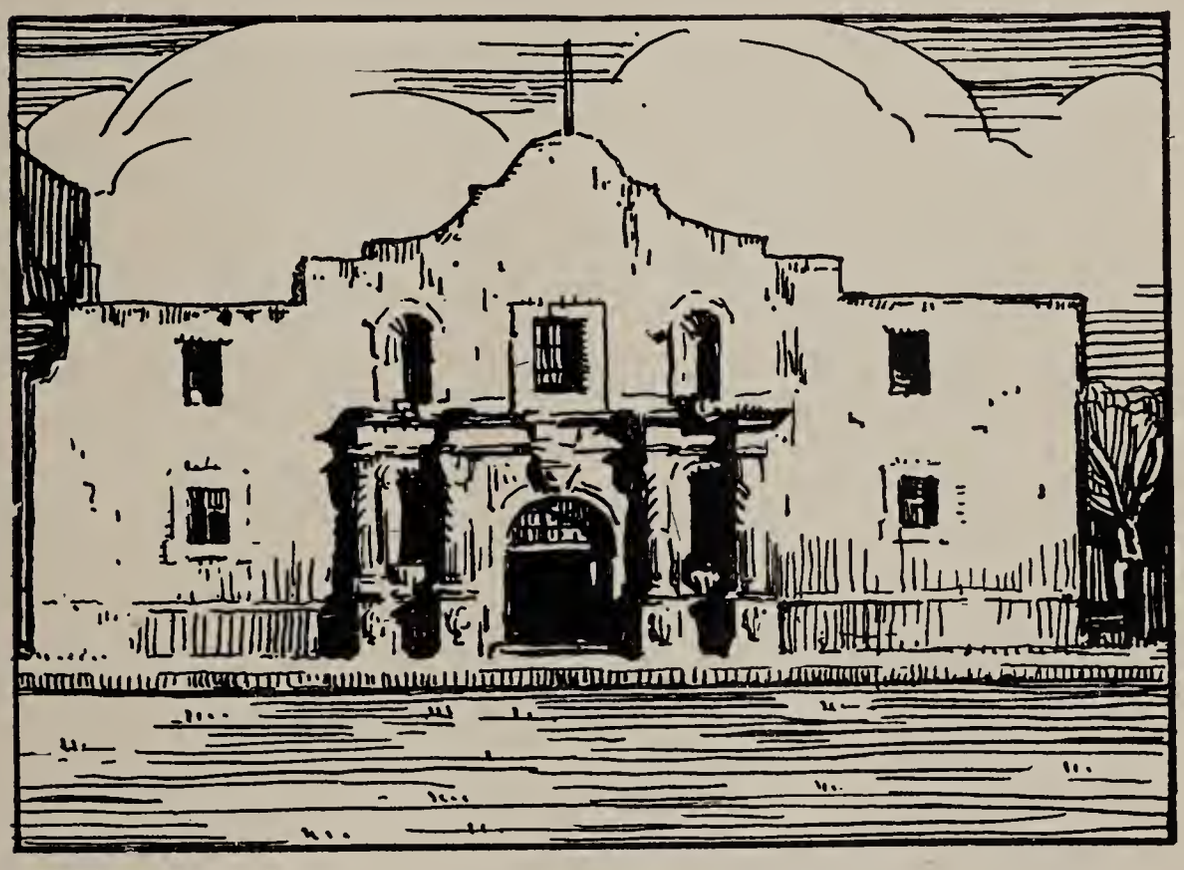
As soon as Santa Anna heard of this victory, he sent word to shoot all the captive soldiers. The Mexican officers hesitated about doing this, for it was contrary to all the laws of war, but they were afraid of Santa Anna and finally carried out his orders. The prisoners were divided into groups and shot down in cold blood, some 320 of them.

General Houston had been at the ford of the Colorado River with the army while the refugee settlers came rushing in to escape the Mexicans. When the bad news from the Alamo and Goliad reached him, he gave orders to retreat. Santa Anna followed, getting farther and farther away from Mexico, while Houston fell back into friendly country. From March 26 till April 20, 1836, Houston retreated, holding his undisciplined soldiers together with great difficulty. At the river San Jacinto he made a stand. Santa Anna and his soldiers no longer expected a battle, for they thought that the great victory had been won. The Mexican camp was protected only by a light barricade.

Not till three o'clock in the afternoon of April 21 did Houston give his orders and draw up his 743 men and two cannon in line of battle. At four o'clock he issued the command "Forward!" and

the men started. Houston himself rode up and down behind the advancing line. He was mounted on a white horse, and waving his old white hat, he yelled "Hold your fire! Hold your fire!"

When they were within sixty yards of the barricade, the scout, Deaf Smith, rode up on horseback



The Alamo

shouting that they must fight for their lives, for the bridge behind them had been cut down. The two guns were wheeled into line and fired into the barricade, making an opening. The Texans halted at close range, fired a volley into the Mexican camp, rushed in, yelling "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" Santa Anna and many of his

officers were asleep in their tents, and no one was expecting an attack. The Texans used their rifles as clubs, or drew their bowie knives, and smashed into the disorganized crowd of the enemy. A few shots were fired back, but the onset was so sudden that in fifteen minutes the battle was all over and the Mexicans were fleeing for their lives.

On each side of the camp were swamps, and many Mexicans were shot down as they floundered in the mud. Those who ran for the bridge found it had been destroyed. Some hundreds surrendered, but 630 were killed outright, a wicked revenge for Santa Anna's cruelties in southern Texas. Only eight Texans died, but several were wounded, among them Houston himself. There was ample plunder for the Texan army, and many military supplies were taken.

Santa Anna was brought in the following day. He had escaped by swimming the river, but was very weary and footsore from his wanderings. The soldiers wanted to put him to death in revenge, but Houston insisted on keeping him a prisoner, for he was not only the general, but also the President and government of Mexico. He was white with terror, and claimed that he had had nothing to do with the Alamo.

Because of their prisoner, the Texans were able to get two treaties signed giving them their freedom. Santa Anna returned to Mexico to put the

treaties into effect, but found that he was out of favor and no longer a part of the government. He retired to his home estates, from which he soon came out to defend Vera Cruz during a bombardment by the French. Here his leg was so badly injured that it had to be cut off. His courage at this time brought him back again into some favor at home.

San Antonio in 1848

Although the Santa Anna treaties were not fully accepted by the Mexicans, the Texans were able to organize and go on by themselves with little interference. An election was held for President, and Houston won over Austin and Smith, his opponents. He wisely gave them cabinet positions, but Austin, weakened by the hard life in the Mexican prisons, did not live long to enjoy the republic he had founded. Houston served ably for three years, the single term allowed by the new

constitution. Lamar was next elected to the office, and proved most extravagant, piling up a large debt with little to show for it. Houston then had three years more in office and by strict economy straightened out the finances and reduced the debt. In 1845 the Lone Star State was annexed to the United States. Then came the Mexican War, in which Texans fought bravely.

Sam Houston was one of the two Senators sent to Washington by the new state of Texas. Here he served two terms, and was a conspicuous figure, for in addition to the usual clothes of a statesman he wore a sombrero hat and an Indian blanket. Some years previously he had married a young southern girl of decided character. She had heard of his profane language and drunken habits, but was very sure she could reform them. She was, in fact, quite successful in her efforts, and on one occasion her husband even made a temperance speech in the Senate of the United States.

As a Senator, Houston was always the firm friend of the Indians, almost the only one they had in those days. He worked long and hard to see that they were treated justly, and was able to be of much help to them. He was also a strong Union man, though a slaveholder. He and Senator Benton of Missouri came to be the only prominent Union Southerners. A more radical candidate

defeated Houston; so he returned to Texas in 1859.

Although known to be a strong Union man, he was elected governor of Texas that fall in a most exciting campaign. In 1861 he tried hard to keep his state in the Union, but finding that impossible, he resigned the office of governor and retired to private life. His young son entered the Confederate army, and Houston watched the contest from afar, with many misgivings as to the outcome. He died in 1863, before the conflict was over.

Flag of Texas

In Sam Houston our country has a most striking hero, picturesque, brave, and surprisingly able. Member of Congress, governor of two states, twice President of the Texan republic, twice Senator of the United States, and victor of the decisive battle of San Jacinto — no wonder that his name is every year brought to mind by the people of the Southwest when they celebrate San Jacinto Day.

General Zachary Taylor

Zachary Taylor was a Virginian born, but most of his youth was spent in Kentucky. His bringing-up was healthful and vigorous — it is reported that he once swam across the Ohio River in the cold water of early spring. His brother became an army officer in 1802, and young Zachary became much interested in military life. After the early death of his brother, he himself received from President Jefferson a commission as first lieutenant.

Zachary Taylor

He was married in 1810, and soon after received his first promotion, becoming a captain. He was sent with his regiment to help General Harrison in the fight against Tecumseh and the Indians in what is now Indiana. During the War of 1812 he stayed in this region, and served with considerable credit, so that he became a major.

He then retired to private life, but was soon back in the service again on the frontier, as an officer in the regular army.

In 1837 he led a terrible campaign for six weeks against the Seminole Indians in the Everglades of Florida, ending with a decisive battle near Lake Okeechobee. Mrs. Taylor was a true soldier's wife, and followed him to nearly all his posts of duty. In this campaign she stayed at what is now Tampa, and helped greatly in caring for the constant stream of sick and wounded men who were brought back from the wilderness in central Florida. After this Seminole War, Taylor became Brigadier General, and was stationed in Louisiana. In 1840 he made his home in Baton Rouge, near which city he purchased a plantation and three hundred slaves.

Taylor was a first-class regular army officer, good at drill and discipline. He kept his soldiers fit for their work in peace or in war and saw to it that they had proper rations and shelter. He knew the business of soldiering in a new country. Although very particular about matters of discipline, he was decidedly careless about his own military appearance. He often rode about in his shirtsleeves, liked to wear broad-brimmed straw hats when in the South, and seldom, except on review, had on a complete uniform. He thus began to acquire the nickname of "Old Rough and Ready."

Mexico had never admitted the independence of Texas, and when that state entered the Union there was some uncertainty as to whether the Nueces River or the Rio Grande was the real boundary between Texas and Mexico. Corpus Christi at the mouth of the Nueces was the last Texan settlement, and the country between the two rivers was not occupied.

In the summer of 1845 Taylor and his little army of three thousand soldiers went in sailing vessels from New Orleans to Corpus Christi. Their orders were to hold the line of the Nueces River, but not to attack the Mexicans unless threatened by them. The army was drilled by Taylor till it was in the finest military condition. In February, 1846, orders came from the government to move on to the Rio Grande. The Mexicans sent troops to dispute the advance, and two battles, in which the Americans were successful, were fought in the rough country. The Mexican War had begun.

Zachary Taylor became a national hero by this well-planned advance. A visitor at his headquarters described him as being "a hearty-looking old gentleman sitting on a box (cushioned with an Arkansas blanket), dressed in Attakapas pantaloons and a linen roundabout, and remarkable for a bright flashing eye, a high forehead, a farmer look, and rough and ready appearance." General Grant, then a lieutenant in service, says that he

never saw Taylor in uniform but once. Undisturbed by hero-worship, Taylor went on to do the next thing, to secure the town of Matamoros, the headquarters of the Mexicans across the Rio Grande. With great skill he out-maneuvered the Mexicans and secured the place without fighting.

Volunteer soldiers came in to supplement the regular army, and after three months Taylor was ready to move on Monterey, a well-fortified Mexican city, more than a hundred miles from the border. With mules the baggage was carried across the barren country, while the army marched along. The Mexicans had many trained soldiers, and fought well from behind their fortifications. Much military science was employed on both sides, for the siege of Monterey was a complicated military operation. General Worth and Colonel Jefferson Davis, son-in-law of General Taylor, especially distinguished themselves in the fighting, and Lieutenant Grant also had exciting experiences.

Although he still held some very strong positions, the Mexican general in command could see that the city was doomed. He therefore entered into negotiations with Taylor, and satisfactory terms were arranged, including an armistice for some time. The garrison marched out after their brave and vigorous defense, and the Americans took possession. The terms were much criticized in the United States, but they accomplished the

desired results and avoided much useless bloodshed.

President Polk's Democratic administration in Washington was now in great perplexity. The

MAP OF THE MEXICAN WAR

hero of the war so far was Zachary Taylor, a Whig and a lifelong admirer of Henry Clay. He was becoming almost as popular as Andrew Jackson had been years before. Instead of letting Taylor

go on by land to Mexico City, which would have indeed been very difficult, General Winfield Scott, also a Whig, was assigned to the task of marching inland from Vera Cruz to the capital. It was hoped that the victories of the two Whigs would offset each other, although considerable effort was made to find some Democratic general who could outrank them both.

All but about five hundred of the regular army soldiers and many of the volunteers were taken away from General Taylor and given to General Scott. Monterey was still held by the Americans, who were very comfortable there. When President Polk ordered the armistice to close and sent word that hostilities would begin again on November 13, 1846, General Taylor decided that his position needed to be strengthened. He left a garrison in Monterey, and pushed on to capture Saltillo and some other small places to the south, which controlled the roads and mountain passes in that direction.

Our old friend, General Santa Anna, who was again in favor, and was commander in chief of the Mexican armies, learned that Taylor's army had been much reduced in size. He therefore watched for a chance to attack the Americans and wipe out the invading force entirely. Bringing the flower of the Mexican army, some twenty thousand men, across the desolate country from the south,

he found Taylor near the ranch of Buena Vista, in some very rough country, and demanded his immediate surrender.

There was a very narrow pass through the mountains here, and above it to the west was a plateau, which had been cut by a large number of gullies. On this plateau and near it General Taylor selected strategic places for his artillery and men. In the army were four thousand volunteers and only about five hundred regulars, so that nine men out of ten had never been in battle before. Santa Anna expected to cut them off entirely, but the garrison at Saltillo some miles behind the line stood firm. On the cold frosty morning of Washington's Birthday, in 1847, the American army awaited the attack. The first day's fighting was not very heavy, and the advantage, if any, was with the Mexicans.

The next day was an all-day battle. The advancing waves of Mexicans, especially the cavalry, drove the Americans from one ridge down into the gully beyond, only to find them taking a new stand on the next strip of plateau. General Taylor, mounted on his favorite horse, "Old Whitey," watched the course of the battle with a spy-glass, and calmly directed the movements of his men. Some of the volunteers ran away, but most of them fought bravely. Finally, toward the end of the day, the General brought together all the artillery

that was left, and by massing his fire on the advancing Mexican columns checked the attack near nightfall. The accuracy of General Taylor's artillery was a great source of strength throughout the campaign.

General Santa Anna drew off his soldiers in the night and retreated, leaving Taylor the master of the hard-fought field. This was one of the most marvellous victories in our history, and even if, as we hope, wars are to be unknown in our future history, no American can read the story of this great battle without a thrill.

More than a sixth of the force had been killed or wounded, while the Mexican loss was much larger. Many of the refugees in retreat died of hunger and thirst on their way back to central Mexico. Whittier's beautiful poem, "The Angels of Buena Vista," gives some idea of the battle, and the help which the Mexican women of the neighborhood brought to the wounded, Mexican and American alike.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and lacking food.
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world of ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send
their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our
air!

Two hundred and forty Americans were killed, and five hundred wounded. Among the slain was the promising young son of Henry Clay, while Colonel Jefferson Davis was among those severely wounded. General Taylor had no more serious fighting to do. He held his lines till near the end of the war, when he returned to the United States.

In 1848 the Whig party felt that General Taylor was just the man they wanted to run for the presidency. Taylor himself and his wife would have preferred to return to their quiet home life at Baton Rouge, but the call was too strong. Clay and Webster gave him their support, and Horace Greeley and his New York *Tribune* rather reluctantly accepted "Old Rough and Ready" as the party candidate.

Although Zachary Taylor lived but a year and four months after he became President, he proved to be the right man in the right place. His state papers were sound, his judgment was most excellent and, best of all, he was a strong Union man. His strong and vigorous opposition to any course

of action that would weaken the Union, joined to the skillful compromises of Clay and Webster in the so-called "Omnibus Bill" of 1850, postponed the dangers of secession for another ten years.

General Winfield Scott

No two military heroes were ever more unlike than Taylor and Scott. Men of about the same age, both born in Virginia, and both regular army officers throughout their lives, they became quite different as the years went on, though they were always friendly to each other. Where Taylor, from his informal dress and practical readiness for any emergency, became known as "Old Rough and Ready," Scott became more and more particular about wearing the correct uniform at all times, and about military regulations, so that he acquired the nickname "Old Fuss and Feathers." General Grant, who began the Mexican War as a lieutenant with Taylor, was transferred to Scott's army before the battle of Buena Vista, and served through Scott's

General Winfield Scott

entire campaign. He writes in high praise of both commanders, but says, "Both were pleasant to serve under — Taylor was pleasant to serve with."

In the War of 1812, not far from Niagara Falls was fought the battle of Queenstown Heights. As a colonel, six feet five inches tall, with a new uniform, Scott was very conspicuous in the fighting, and was finally captured by the Canadians and British, and held a prisoner for some time. After he was exchanged he took an active part as a Brigadier General in the campaign of 1814 against Canada, at Chippewa and at Lundy's Lane. In the latter battle he had two horses killed under him and was twice wounded, in the side and in the shoulder.

In the years that followed he had much to do with organizing the army, and took part in several Indian wars. His relations with the Indians were not always hostile, however, for in 1838 he had charge of moving the Cherokee Indians from their original homes in North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama to new lands in the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. This was a very delicate matter, for most of the Cherokees did not want to move. Scott and his officers approached them in such a friendly way, however, and took such good care of them on the march and on the steamboats that there was no outbreak, and the

transfer of thousands of men, women, and children was made without accident.

General Scott next served as a peacemaker in the so-called "Aroostook War" in Maine. There had always been uncertainty about the boundary region between eastern Maine and the British province of New Brunswick. British citizens had cut timber in some of this territory, and the governor of Maine had sent an agent with some men to drive them back to New Brunswick. The British seized the agent and imprisoned him. The Maine legislature was in session that winter of 1839, and the war spirit was strong. The Maine militia was called out, and the British regulars and militia were moved forward toward the line. Lieutenant Robert E. Lee of Virginia was in command of the little American garrison on the border.

Map Showing Disputed Boundary of Maine

Into this troubled situation General Scott was sent by the Federal government. It so happened that Sir John Harvey was governor of New Bruns-

wick at this time. During the War of 1812 Scott had once saved Harvey's life, and there had been other pleasant relations between them, so that they were occasional correspondents. As soon as Scott arrived in Maine and found out what the conditions were, he sat down and answered a long-kept letter of Harvey's in friendly fashion. A friendly letter soon came back from New Brunswick, and arrangements were gradually agreed on to withdraw the soldiers from the disputed territory and postpone the boundary discussion. Scott made friends among the Maine legislators and military men, urging peace and making a fine impression. The grandfather of the writer, then a major in the Maine militia, was so much pleased with General Scott and his ability that when he went home he named his new boy baby Winfield Scott. The boundary question was finally settled by Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton in 1842.

When the Mexican War broke out, General Scott requested again and again that he be sent to the front. As Taylor's campaign did not bring the Mexicans to terms, Scott was asked to plan an expedition for the capture of Mexico City. He asked for fifteen thousand soldiers, one-third regulars. Part of Taylor's army was transferred to him, as you have read, and others went in ships from various ports to a meeting place on the Mexican coast. The ships were mostly sailing

vessels, slow and very uncomfortable for their soldier passengers.

The American fleet of some eighty vessels sailed past the fortified port of Vera Cruz, to a point out of range of its guns, under escort of American naval vessels. On March 7, 1847, over ten thousand men were landed on the beach from small boats in a single day, without an accident of any kind, a most surprising record of efficiency. General Santa Anna and his army had not returned from their disastrous defeat at Buena Vista; so there was no opposition except an occasional shot from the walled city. The army and navy coöperated and soon captured the port of Vera Cruz.

As the season for yellow fever was rapidly approaching, most of the army was soon started inland along the road to Mexico City, for the high land was more healthful than the coast. At Cerro Gordo, Santa Anna and some eight thousand Mexicans were strongly fortified in a narrow pass. There were mountains all around, but Santa Anna said that they were so steep and rough that even a rabbit could not get through; so he did not fortify them, but merely blocked the pass.

The American army was most fortunate in having a very brilliant corps of engineers under Captain Robert E. Lee, who was chief of staff for General Scott. Other members of the corps were George B. McLellan, P. T. Beauregard, and

George G. Meade, later famous generals in the Civil War. Lee and Beauregard scouted the idea of a "rabbit-proof" country, and decided to build a road up the side of the mountains behind the Mexicans. The engineers worked hard, mostly in the night, and soon built a road, much of it too steep for horses and mules. Scott's soldiers dragged the cannon along with ropes, lowering them down the gorges and pulling them up the hills, and climbed up themselves with their guns and equipment till they were stationed above and behind the unsuspecting Mexicans in the pass. Then, on April 18, the Mexicans were attacked in front and behind at about the same time. Everything came out just as Scott had planned it in his general orders, and the battle was over by two o'clock in the afternoon. General Santa Anna escaped with difficulty, leaving his wooden leg behind on the field. He had not suspected that the United States army would succeed in getting above him.

The Americans marched on to the city of Puebla, which offered no resistance. As this was a comfortable location in a temperate climate, the army stayed here for several weeks. Many of the volunteers had enlisted for one year only, and were unwilling to reënlist. These men had to be sent home, and new troops brought back to take their places. Among the new arrivals was Brigadier General Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, with

twenty-five hundred men. It was not till August 6 that the march could be resumed with eleven thousand men, leaving some three thousand sick and convalescents behind with a small garrison. It was a dangerous thing to cut loose from a base so far from home, but the Mexican citizens had seen so much fighting since they revolted from Spain that they were neither excited nor especially hostile.

Without opposition the American invaders climbed over a mountain pass more than two miles above the sea, and went down into the valley of Mexico, with its lakes and causeways and uneven ground. Swinging far to the south, they came to a rough field of hardened lava. The engineers built a road across part of this, so that the infantry were able to dislodge a Mexican force near Contreras. The same day a much larger force attacked the fortified head of one of the causeways leading to the city, the bridgehead of Churubusco. Here was the very hardest fighting of the campaign. One hundred thirty-nine Americans were killed, and nearly a thousand wounded.

Although the capital city could have been captured that day, it seemed best to have an armistice, to see if the Mexican government would not agree to terms of peace. The United States did not care about conquering Mexico, but wanted Texas, New Mexico, and California. After about ten

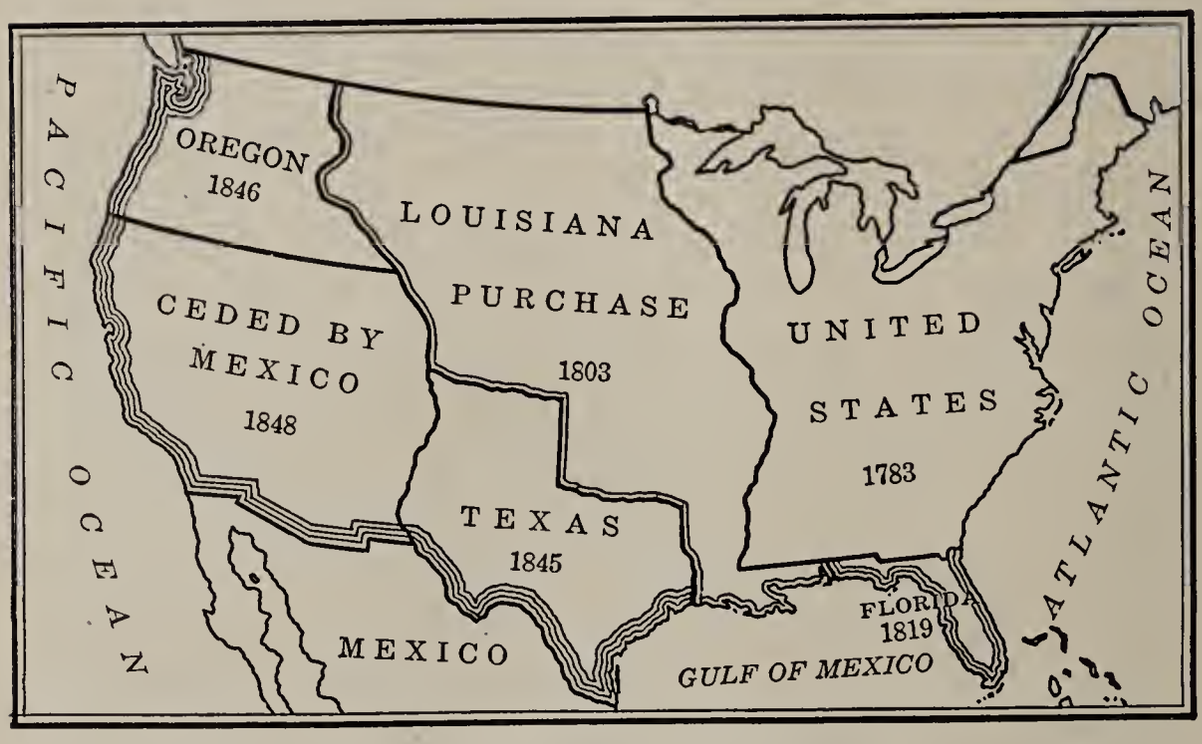
days it was seen that Santa Anna and the government did not dare to make peace because they feared a revolution which would turn them out of office. Therefore General Scott started fighting again.

There was considerable stiff fighting south of the city, on account of fortified positions which it

Chapultepec Castle

seemed unsafe to leave behind in the possession of the Mexicans. The two chief attacks were made at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, which the Americans captured, after considerable loss. Before the capital city of Mexico could be assaulted, some of the leading citizens came out with a flag of truce, reporting that Santa Anna and his troops had left, and that the city was ready to surrender. On September 14, 1847, General Scott and his

army, with much state, marched into the city and took possession. Street fighting and sniping from roofs and windows soon broke out, but vigorous measures were taken, so that in a day and a half the trouble was over. General Scott had but six



How the Boundary Advanced

thousand soldiers with which to hold a city of two hundred thousand people.

It was hard to get the wily Mexican officials to sign a treaty, and it took a long time to get directions from Washington; so it was not till the following June that the United States forces left for their homes. Santa Anna's reduced army and numerous bands of straggling Mexican soldiers and bandits caused some trouble to the army of occu-

pation, but there was no serious warfare after the capital fell.

Although the war had held much of military glory, a succession of victories with no real defeats, most of the glory came to the lot of the officers. It was no fun for the common soldiers to sail slowly for days and days crowded in sailing vessels never intended to carry passengers. It was not glorious to march day after day through the rough dry country, loaded down with equipment. Although only 1620 men died in battle or from wounds, more than 10,000 perished from disease, and perhaps 25,000 lost their health or were disabled. About 100,000 men were engaged in the war, so that 36 per cent — more than a third of the number — died or suffered permanent injury from the war. The cost to the United States may have been as high as $160,000,000, besides the long roll of Mexican War pensions which were paid later.

By the treaty of peace two-thirds of the territory which had been under Mexican rule was taken away. It was vacant land, however, except for a few thousands of Mexicans living in New Mexico and California, and the Texan settlers; so the population of Mexico was little reduced by the treaty. To sweeten the bitter pill which the Mexicans had to swallow, the United States paid $15,000,000 for the conquered territory and as-

sumed other claims. To carry out President Polk's dreams of expansion, it had been necessary to win this new territory by fighting with the Mexicans. Many of the people in the northern states looked on the whole war as a scheme of the slaveholders to acquire more land for making new slave states, so that the war had not been popular in the North. Considering the determination of President Polk and his associates, and taking into consideration also the ignorance, conceit, and warlike spirit of Santa Anna and the other Mexican leaders, it is hard to see how the big territory could have been acquired peacefully.

To see how good has come out of the evil of those days, it is only necessary to compare the American states made up in whole or in part from the conquered land, with such Mexican states as Chihuahua, Sonora, and Lower California. New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, Utah, Texas, and parts of Wyoming, Colorado, and Kansas were carved out of the Mexican conquest, an area practically equal to the Louisiana Purchase which Jefferson arranged in 1803. Slavery did not spread west of Texas, and a free white population came to occupy this new land. It has been fortunate for the United States that this rich Southwest of ours has been open to our own development, instead of suffering from the ups and downs of Mexican rule.

General Scott was much bothered by disloyal subordinate officers after the campaigns were over, but was exonerated of all charges. He left Mexico a sick man, but he soon recovered, and was nominated by the Whigs as their candidate for President in 1852, greatly to the disappointment of Daniel Webster. Scott's fussiness, however, had lessened his popularity, and the Whig party had no real program to offer the people. Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, late Brigadier General of Volunteers, was acceptable to both northern and southern Democrats, and was triumphantly elected over Scott.

Franklin Pierce

But, although he never became President, General Scott had two more opportunities to serve his country with consummate skill. In 1859 he was sent to Puget Sound to settle a quarrel between the United States and Canada about the ownership of San Juan Island, and he served as peacemaker with his usual success. Again, in 1861, he had command of the loyal United States troops at Lincoln's inauguration and held the regular army together during the trying early days of the Civil War. On account of his age he was soon retired,

and lived until 1866 in private life. Although his life work is little known to-day, he served our country loyally and efficiently both in war and in peace for half a century, and is deserving of our high regard.

The Conquest of New Mexico and California

You have read about Santa Fé and the colony of New Mexico in one of the earlier books of this series. After the fall of the Spanish power in Mexico this ancient colony was ruled by the Mexicans. The people, however, were somewhat dissatisfied because the Mexican government failed to protect them from the Indians. The Texans had fitted out an unsuccessful expedition to capture New Mexico in 1841, and President Polk now in 1846 turned his attention in that direction.

Late in June the "Army of the West" was ready to start from Fort Leavenworth, in what is now Kansas, to "occupy" New Mexico. Colonel Stephen W. Kearny was in command, with 300 mounted dragoons from his own cavalry regiment, the First Missouri Mounted Volunteers, and a few other troops, 1700 men in all. These men were followed by 1500 wagons, 3500 mules, and nearly 15,000 oxen. Late in June they swung across through some rough country to the so-called Santa Fé Trail, after which the traveling became easier, though the army suffered much from lack of water and lack of good forage for the animals.

Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas River, in what is now Colorado, was the first point in Mexican territory. The Americans expected much resistance as they moved over the Ratón Pass and down into New Mexico, but they did not know much about Governor Armijo. He was dishonest and lazy, and enormously fat. His favorite motto was: "It is better to be thought brave than to be brave." He sent such a fiery message to Colonel Kearny, that the army expected he would attack them on the trail, in a narrow gorge. They found no enemy there, however.

Finally word came in from some of the natives that Armijo, after calling out the militia, had advised them to go home and submit to the Americans, while he himself with his cavalry and artillery fled far away to old Mexico. As the way was now clear, on August 18 the invading army marched twenty-nine miles to Santa Fé. Some of the soldiers started at daybreak, and the city was in sight of the vanguard by three o'clock, but it was six before the tired, worn-out horses and mules dragged up the last of the artillery. The city was entered with due form, and Kearny, who had recently been made Brigadier General, made a speech in which he promised the people protection for their property and religion, under the flag of the United States.

Santa Fé was then a poor adobe town of not

over four thousand inhabitants. The American officers and men were treated hospitably. The other towns in New Mexico soon submitted to the invaders. The Pueblo Indians, also, came in to express their satisfaction at the arrival of the Americans, and their submission to the United States. By September 25 everything was in order, and General Kearny started on the long weary

Colton Hall, Monterey, the First Capitol of California

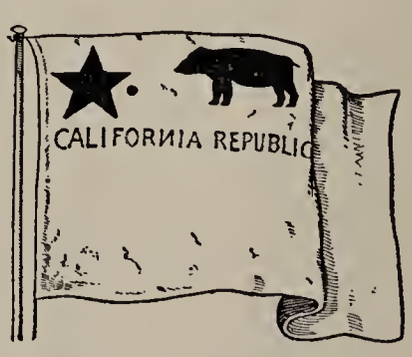
march to California, for the conquest of California was included in President Polk's plans.

President Polk in his far-reaching plans of expansion to the Pacific had included California as well as the Oregon country, but he had hoped to secure this rich country by purchase rather than by war. The American consul at the port of Monterey was instructed to make friends with the Californians, however, and some United States naval vessels were ordered to that coast, with orders to seize the ports if war should break out.

In northern California a famous American explorer, Captain John C. Frémont, the Pathfinder, was surveying the country with a party of fifty civilians in 1845, seeking a good route from the United States to the Pacific. The Mexican-Californians did not object to these men as long as they kept in the wild land, but when they came near Monterey they were ordered out of the country because they had no passports. Frémont defiantly built a log fort near by and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. The American consul forced him to leave and go to Oregon.

John C. Frémont

The following spring Frémont came back and stirred up some of the American settlers. They formed a small "army" of perhaps two hundred men, hoisted a flag with a grizzly bear on it, and proclaimed a Republic of California. Under the lead of Frémont they soon captured the little village of San Francisco. Before they had a real fight with the Californians the news of the Mexican War arrived, and the navy of the



Frémont's "Bear Flag"

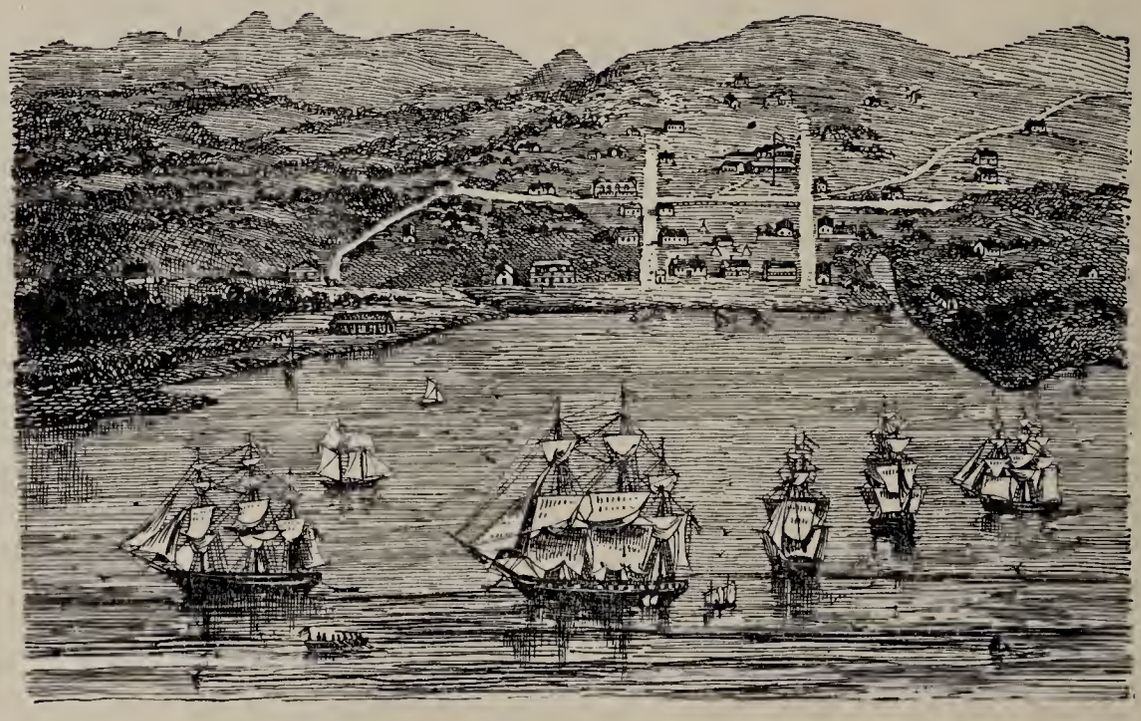
United States seized all the ports. Commodore Stockton took a prominent part in this, and appointed Frémont governor of the new territory.

Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and other inland villages surrendered, and the Mexican officials fled from the country. It seemed that all California had become American; so dispatches giving the good news to General Kearny were prepared and given to the famous scout Kit Carson to be carried overland. The General with his three hundred dragoons had left Albuquerque, and was following the Rio Grande toward the south when the scout arrived. The news was so good that it seemed needless to take so many soldiers through the rough country to California, and all but one hundred dragoons, the engineers, and some scouts and hunters were sent back to Santa Fé.

The country between the Rio Grande and the Gila rivers proved to be very difficult, with canyons and dry river beds and mountains. There was little water and not much grass for the horses and mules, many of which perished. After the Gila River was reached, the route was more open, the Indians were friendly, and progress was better. Grass was very scarce in many places, and the horses and mules had to eat the willow shoots along the river.

Near the Colorado River the army captured a messenger and found from letters which he was

carrying that southern California had revolted against the Americans. The people were enthusiastic at being freed from the new but hated Yankee yoke. This revolt left the little band of American



View of San Francisco in 1847
With American ships in the harbor.

soldiers in great doubt. Nevertheless, on November 25 they forded the Colorado where it was fifteen hundred feet wide, tied bunches of grass to their saddles for the horses and mules to eat in the desert, and started on the last stage of the march to California. It was ninety miles from water to water, with scanty and thorny plants which were not fit for forage. Many of the horses and mules gave up from hunger and thirst, and died by the wayside, or were seized and torn to pieces by the

wolves of the desert. It took four days to reach water and the gap in the mountains where the Deep Springs valley begins.

Horse meat had been the chief diet of the soldiers; so it was a great relief when the first California ranch was reached. So hungry were the men that seven of them ate a whole, fat, full-grown sheep at a single meal. A message was sent

Sacramento in 1848

ahead to Commodore Stockton at San Diego, and the little army followed the road toward that port. The weather was cold and rainy. As they were now in the enemy's country, they kept careful watch at all times. Coming toward them on the fifth of December they saw a small party of men in uniform, who they feared might be Californians. Great was their joy and relief to find that the little band consisted of three United States naval officers and thirty-five sailors, sent by Commodore Stock-

ton from San Diego, with a message for General Kearny.

Progress was slow, because so many of the animals had perished that only the officers and twelve troopers still had horses. Some of the other men rode mules, and others had to walk. When they came to San Pascual they could see the campfires of the hostile Californians, for the American troops had marched nine miles before daybreak that particular morning. Although General Kearny knew nothing of the numbers of the enemy, he and his officers, with the mounted guard of twelve troopers, charged into the midst of the camp. The Californians sprang to their horses, and let the General and his band follow them; then they turned around and lanced the scattered men before the men on foot came to their rescue. The slower part of the little army soon came up, and the Californians fell back. It would have been easy for them to win a complete victory, had they persisted.

Lieutenant Colonel W. H. Emory wrote in his report, to which we are much indebted, as follows: "When night closed in, the bodies of the dead were buried under a willow to the east of our camp, with no other accompaniment than the howling of myriads of wolves. Thus were put to rest together, and forever, a band of brave and heroic men. The long march of two thousand miles had

brought our little command, both officers and men, to know each other well. Community of hardships, dangers, and privations, had produced relations of mutual regard which caused their loss to sink deeply in our memories."

The next morning, "day dawned on the most tattered and ill-fed detachment of men that ever

A Mexican Home in the Old Town of San Diego, California

the United States mustered under her colors." General Kearny had sufficiently recovered from his wound to mount his horse and assume command again. The wounded were attended as well as possible, and the little band moved slowly along toward San Diego, thirty-nine miles away. It was necessary to charge on the mounted Californians again, but they scattered in flight. It was so hard to move the wounded that the Americans stayed in camp on one of the ranches for three days, on the last of which the camp was attacked. In the early morning of December 11,

before it was light, a man was heard speaking English. Soon there arrived a relief column of 100 sailors and 80 marines, for Kit Carson had got through to San Diego and reported the dangerous condition of the little army.

When the mounted Californians saw the reënforcements that morning, they rode away and made no more trouble. Kearny's men resumed the march, and before night sighted the Pacific Ocean. On the 12th they reached San Diego, which then consisted of only a few adobe houses, most of them with dirt floors. It was a great relief to be out of danger for a while, with a chance to rest.

By the end of the month a curious little army assembled, consisting of 57 of the dragoons who had marched from Fort Leavenworth, 444 sailors and marines, and 60 volunteers, besides some Indians and natives who were hired to assist. This army set out on December 29 under Commodore Stockton and General Kearny to meet the mounted Californians in battle and recapture the revolted city of Los Angeles. The march was very slow because of the oxen, and because the sailors, unused to marching, soon became footsore. By January 8, 1847, however, the army came to the San Gabriel River. Here there was a brisk skirmish with some 250 mounted Californians, who were finally driven away.

The Americans jogged slowly along for two days more, when they came out on the mesa near Los Angeles. The Californians rode up in battle array and formed a sort of horseshoe in front of the advancing Americans, beginning the battle with their cannon. The Americans halted for about fifteen minutes, and by aiming their fire at the cannon succeeded in silencing them. The march was then resumed. Lieutenant Colonel Emory, who was all through the campaign, wrote as follows:

"Now the enemy came down on our left flank in a scattering sort of charge, and notwithstanding the efforts of our officers to make their men hold their fire, they delivered it whilst the Californians were yet about a hundred yards distant. This fire knocked many out of their saddles, and checked them. A round of grape (from our cannon) was then fired upon them and they scattered. A charge was made simultaneously with this on our rear, with about the same success. We all considered this as the beginning of the fight, but it was the end of it."

Although it was but four miles into the city, it seemed best not to enter it till the next day. The following morning, January 10, some citizens came with a flag of truce, and surrendered the city. The troops advanced in battle order, because the place was so full of drunken men that there was

much danger. It was necessary to fire a volley into the midst of one gang to disperse them. Otherwise there was no serious trouble. Some of the Californians fled north, where they were captured by Captain Frémont, who had come down from Santa Barbara. Many of the others escaped into old Mexico, for those who had broken their oaths of allegiance to the United States had no desire to be captured.

Los Angeles was then a rather typical Mexican town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, with as many more living on ranches and in hamlets near by. It was the center of the cattle industry, and the favorite resort of all the cowboys in the section. Hardly anything about it suggested the great metropolis which it has become to-day.

There was a quarrel soon as to whether Commodore Stockton or Kearny should have charge of the newly conquered territory. Both Stockton and Kearny had orders to conquer California and organize a government for it. Frémont was in a hard place, but decided to continue under the direction of Commodore Stockton. Finally word came from Washington that Kearny should be chief in command and that Frémont should take orders from him. Matters were never very pleasant between the two men, however. Frémont, on account of his daring explorations, remained a great popular hero. General Kearny soon went

back to the Middle West, and died at St. Louis in 1848. He had carried a very bold campaign through to a successful ending, and had he lived, might well have won for himself an even greater place in American history.

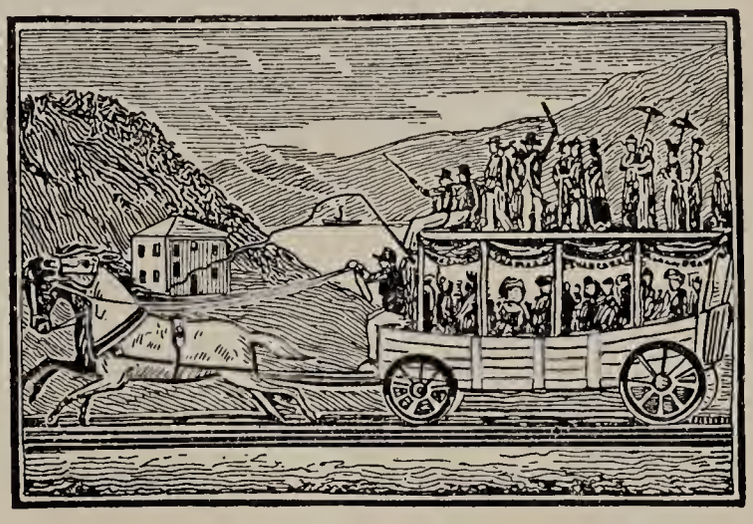
A Railroad Story

SOMETHING was going to happen at Ellicott's Mills. Such a strange thing, too! Little Francis Ellicott heard about it every day, for all the people were talking of nothing but the new railroad. Not one of them had ever seen a railroad, but it had been settled that they were to have one, coming from Baltimore straight out to Ellicott's Mills, a distance of thirteen miles. Then the road was to go on from the Patapsco Valley into the Potomac Valley at Point of Rocks; and then, most wonderful of all, it was to wind its way over the mountains to the Ohio River. The road was to be called the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, though it would be a long time before rails could be run all the way through to the Ohio River.

Francis heard many a dismal prediction, but not one of them dampened his enthusiasm. "The wheels of the coaches are to run on two iron rails made fast to the ground," his grandfather told him, "and the builders expect one horse to be able to do the work of ten on the ordinary turnpike road. They will never get across the mountains, never," concluded the old gentleman, solemnly shaking his head.

Now Francis knew a good deal about traveling

by boat, a little about traveling on horseback, and a very little about traveling by coach; but how could he know anything about a railroad! The first railroad built in America was not as yet two years old, and was away up north in Massachusetts. Two others had been built before the Baltimore and Ohio, but all three were used for hauling granite or coal. This, the fourth road built in the country, was intended for "general transportation." When Francis learned that this high-sounding phrase meant that the cars were to carry passengers as well as freight, he shouted to think what fun it would be to see a car filled with ladies and gentlemen rolling along on two narrow rails faster than a coach could travel on the broad turnpike. He did not dream that anything better than horses could be found to draw the cars (nor, in fact, did the men who planned the road); and the picture he made for himself was of a string of coaches fastened together, all drawn along that queer little track by a prancing horse.



Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 1830
From an old print.

It was not so very long before Francis realized something very like his vision. On the Fourth of July, 1828, the railroad was begun; and in the spring of 1830, the double track which had been laid as far as the Mills was ready for use. Then a notice was given that the line would be opened to the public on the 24th of May, and that the fare to Ellicott's Mills and return would be seventy-five cents.

On the appointed morning, Francis, with many others, eagerly waited for the first passenger train. When at length a staid horse came trotting along, drawing after him the small but well-filled cars, Francis was sorely disappointed. What did it matter, after all, whether the horse drew the coach on a track or along the turnpike! Everything about the train was disappointing except the amount of noise which the cars made on the rail of combined stone and iron which was laid in those days.

From that time Francis lost his interest in the railroad, until one morning in the summer something happened that was not a bit disappointing. At breakfast Mr. Ellicott said, "There is something coming on the railroad to-day, my son, that you will wish to see."

Francis was surprised that his father should show so much interest in the stupid railroad, for it seemed as if even the older people must know

that there had been nothing on the road for months that was worth seeing.

"I do not know when it will reach here, but we will be on the watch at the time it is expected, for I wish very much to see the wonderful device myself," added Mr. Ellicott.

THE MOHAWK AND HUDSON TRAIN IN 1831

The cars looked like stagecoaches and were connected by short chains.

"What is it, Father?" asked Francis.

"What they call a locomotive."

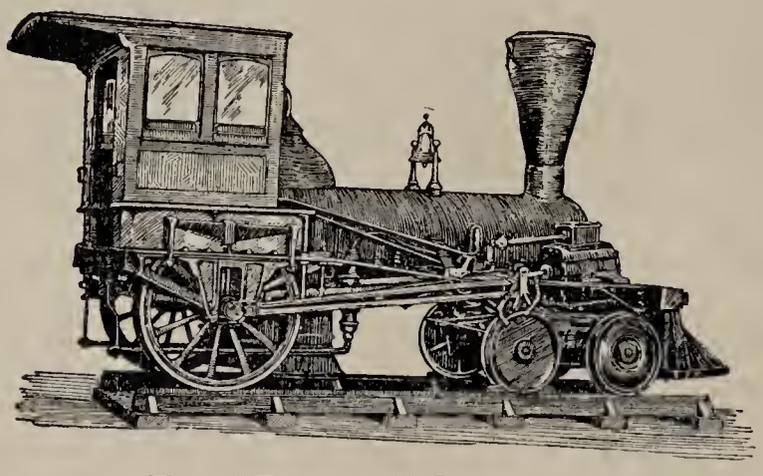
"A locomotive?" repeated Francis, wonderingly.

"Yes, a machine to take the place of horses in drawing the cars," answered his father. "Mr. Peter Cooper has one built, and he is to try it to-day. Stockton and Stokes, I hear, will send out their very best horse — the big gray that you admire so much — for a race with the locomotive. The machine is to draw one car, and the gray is to draw another, running on the second track."

This was news indeed! Long before the time set for the locomotive to leave Baltimore, Francis was watching the track. He fully expected to see only the powerful horse, with his car, flying down the second track. The stage proprietors' horse,

Francis was sure, was the finest in the world. Surely no new-fangled machine could hold its own with that marvel of strength and speed. The time dragged, until at last Francis saw approaching, not the gallant gray, but the first locomotive in America that had drawn a passenger coach.

Francis never could tell afterward just what his picture of a locomotive had been — something rather like a horse, perhaps, — but certainly nothing like that queer little black machine about as large as a good-sized chaise.



The "Pioneer" Locomotive

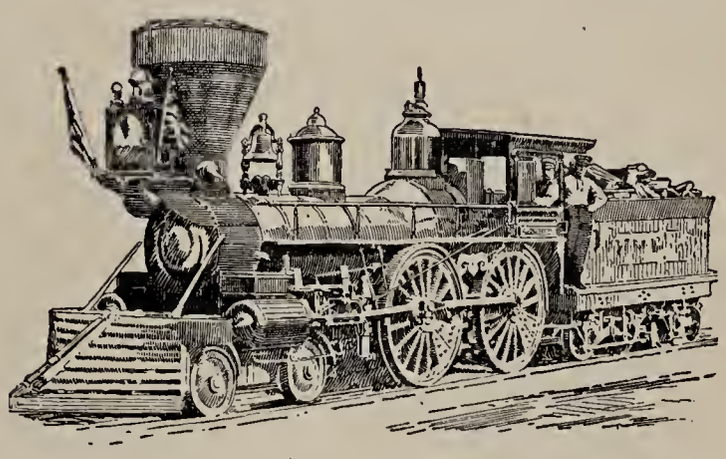
"What makes it go?" he asked his father in utter amazement.

"Steam," was his father's unsatisfactory answer. Why steam should be able to move a whole train, Francis could not understand. Steam never made the teakettle go running over the top of the stove. Why should it move this strange black object along the track! It was all a mystery, but the locomotive certainly moved at a rapid rate, drawing behind it a car filled with directors of the railroad and their friends.

Francis forgot about the gray horse in his curiosity to see the locomotive. He walked down to

the end of the line with his father, where a great number of people were crowding around the little engine as it came to a stop at the close of the first half of its trial trip.

The little train had come around the curves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and at its greatest speed had covered eighteen miles an hour. It had been predicted that people could not endure being whirled along at what was called such "terrific velocity." But here were the directors safe and sound and, to all appearances, unusually happy.



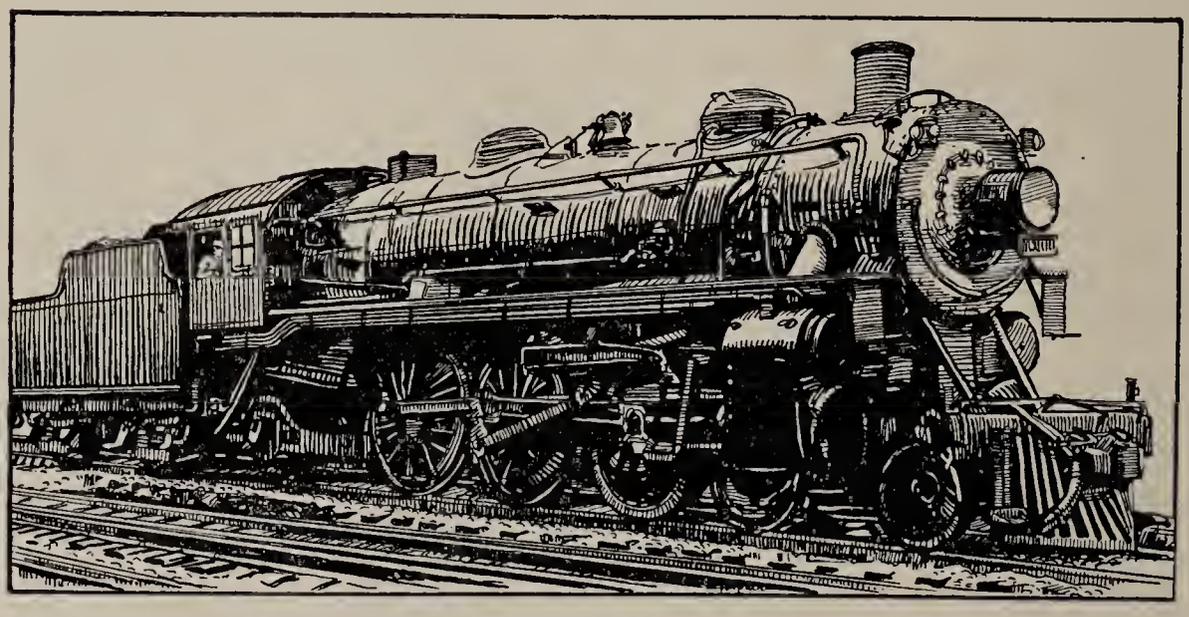
Locomotive of 1850–1860
Note the small size of this type of engine as compared with the modern locomotive.

Everybody in the gay party congratulated Mr. Cooper. One gentleman showed Mr. Ellicott a memorandum book in which he had written his address and several connected sentences when they were traveling at the highest speed. "A revolution has begun," this man declared; "horse power is doomed!"

"Old Erasmus Darwin was nearer right than people thought," said a director, "when he wrote fifty years ago:

> 'Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.'"

Francis looked at the locomotive first on one side and then on the other. This strange machine filled him with wonder. And, after all, a boy of to-day would be filled with wonder at seeing such a locomotive, though for very different reasons. He would be astonished to see that the whole



A Modern Locomotive

engine weighed only about one ton, that it had only four wheels, and most of all, that its boiler, which was about as large as a flour barrel, stood up straight in the air instead of lying on its side as in the engine of to-day.

Francis caught the enthusiasm of the party and decided then and there to be a railroad man. All his way home, after the little train had started back to the city, he was trying to decide whether he would rather drive the Tom Thumb, as Mr. Cooper called the little engine, or be a director and

ride in a passenger coach at the terrific speed of eighteen miles an hour.

Francis was sitting on the porch at home before he thought of the gray horse. "Didn't the horse come?" he asked his father.

"One of the gentlemen told me," answered his father, "that they expected to meet him somewhere on the return and to race from there to town."

The next day Francis heard about the race. It seemed that the horse did meet the returning engine at the Relay House, where the race began. While the engine was getting up steam the horse gained upon it, and he was perhaps a quarter of a mile ahead when the excitement began. This is the story of the race as told by Mr. Latrobe, one of the members of the party.

"The safety-valve began to scream and the engine began to gain. The pace increased, the passengers shouted, the engine gained on the horse, soon it lapped him — the silk was plied — the race was neck and neck, nose and nose, then the engine passed the horse and a great hurrah hailed the victory. But it was not repeated, for just at this time, when the gray's master was about giving up, the band which drove the pulley, which drove the blower, slipped from the drum, the safety-valve ceased to scream, and the engine began to wheeze and pant. In vain Mr. Cooper, who was his own engine-man and fireman, lacerated his hands in

attempting to replace the band upon the wheel; in vain he tried to urge the fire with light wood; the horse gained on the machine and


PIONEER
FAST LINE,
BY RAIL ROAD CARS AND CANAL PACKETS,
From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh,
THROUGH IN 3½ DAYS:
AND BY STEAM BOATS, CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAIL,
From PITTSBURGH to LOUISVILLE.
Starts every morning, from the corner of Broad & Race St.
Passengers for Cincinnati, Louisville, Natchez, Nashville, St. Louis, &c.
OFFICE, N E. CORNER OF FOURTH AND CHESNUT ST.
A B CUMMINGS, Agent.

Advertisement Showing Method of Travel from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in 1837

Reduced facsimile.

passed it; and although the band was presently replaced, the horse was too far ahead to be overtaken, and came in the winner of the race."

Although the horse reached town first, the victory really belonged to the locomotive. Every-

body realized this fact, and there were no more trials of speed between horse and steam power. It was only a little more than a year afterwards that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad gave up the use of horses altogether.

Soon after this trial trip on the Baltimore and Ohio, a train made up of a locomotive and three

Railroads in Operation in the Northern States in 1860

passenger coaches was seen on a New York railroad, the coaches still built like stagecoaches, each carrying nine persons inside and six outside. In a few years more, locomotives were in use in all parts of the country then settled. In 1840 there were about three thousand miles of track in the country.

When Francis Ellicott visited the Centennial in 1876, he saw displayed there by the Baltimore and

Ohio Railroad a locomotive weighing fifty tons. He thought of the Tom Thumb and laughed. "The steam locomotive has about reached its limit," he said to himself. His son, Francis Ellicott, Jr., saw in St. Louis, at the great exposition in 1904, a freight engine, displayed by the same Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which weighed two hundred and thirty-nine tons. While contrasting the monster with his father's picture of the Tom Thumb, his eye fell on one of the powerful new electric locomotives not far away. Smiling, he said to himself with more truth than his father's remark contained, "The steam locomotive has about reached its limit."

To think all discovered's an error profound;
'Tis to take the horizon for earth's mighty bound.
—*Anon.*

Sailing the "Father of Waters"

I

My interest in the Mississippi dates back to the time in my early teens when I tried to prove to my most intimate friend that my family equaled hers in distinction. I couldn't quite do it, because voyages were the one thing which impressed her. She was the daughter of a sea captain and the granddaughter of two others. They all had sailed on voyages around the world. None of my ancestors, as far as I knew, had ever traveled by boat any farther than from Boston to New York; so I always had a feeling of inferiority. Moreover she herself had the distinction of being born at sea on February 29th, and of being able to say that her birthplace was latitude 20° 10′ N and longitude 110° 10′ W. A leap-year birthday and a birthplace so fascinatingly named filled me with envy.

"Didn't any of our family ever go to sea?" I plaintively asked my grandmother once when she was paying us her annual visit.

"Not that I know of," she answered placidly, "but my youngest brother, your great-uncle Phineas, did own half of a Mississippi steamboat for two or three years sometime in the forties. I

think I still have a few of the old letters. I thought them very interesting at the time. Your uncle made several trips on the Mississippi; so the letters may be of some help to you. I'll send them to you when I go home."

Grandmother fulfilled her promise, but before the package of letters was received, my friend had moved out of town, and I have never seen her since. However, I read and reread the old yellowed letters which described a life utterly unknown to me before, and revealed the fact that one of the most important and fascinating chapters in the history of the United States tells the story of the exploration and use of the great inland waterways. If I ever meet my friend again I have plenty of material to prove that one does not have to cross an ocean to have real adventure.

When Francis I sent Jacques Cartier across the Atlantic in the summer of 1534 to find a northwest passage to India, the Mississippi was unknown to white men. The king supplied the daring explorer with two vessels of sixty tons each — such tiny boats that compared with the giant transatlantic liners of over fifty thousand tons they seem mere rowboats. However, Cartier reached the new world in safety and discovered — not a northwest passage, but the St. Lawrence River. Fully as heroic was the discovery and exploration of the upper Mississippi a little more than a century later.

One morning in June, 1673, a little party made up of Père Jacques Marquette, whose chief interest was missionary work among the Indians, Louis Joliet, whose chief interest was exploration, and five Canadian voyageurs, paddled two birch canoes out of the Wisconsin River — which had carried them a long distance on their toilsome crossing from Lake Michigan — into the broad expanse of the upper Mississippi, thus discovering the upper reaches of the "Great River" of Indian legend. De Soto had glimpsed it far, far to the south, but had not explored it. The little group with Père Marquette were the first white men to explore the mighty river. Down the vast waterway they traveled, finding, according to the journal which the priest so carefully kept, the river "turbulent" where it was joined by the muddy flood from the Missouri, and containing many hazardous places.

JACQUES MARQUETTE

From the statue in the Rotunda of the Capitol, Washington.

Convinced that the Mississippi was not a northwest passage, and more anxious for the conversion of the Indians than for fame, Marquette did not

go to the mouth of the river. He turned back where the Arkansas joins the "Father of Waters," having planted the Cross among the Illini, the Fox, and the Sacs tribes, and perhaps other branches of the Hurons. Nearly three thousand miles that little party traveled before they again reached the upper shores of Lake Michigan. Could the journey across the Atlantic in a boat of sixty tons have been any more hazardous than their journey for the same distance in a birch canoe!

Insufficient or unsuitable food, exposure, and severe physical exertion told on them all. Father Marquette himself was utterly spent by the hardships of the expedition, and in spite of the pathetic efforts of his men to carry him home to die, two years from the time he had left his beloved mission post of St. Ignace, he passed away only a short distance from it.

Another white man was soon to venture on the Mississippi. This time it was the brilliant and brave La Salle. In his determination to complete the explorations of Marquette and find the mouth of the Mississippi, he crossed from Lake Michigan by a route a little south of Marquette's, entered the Mississippi at the mouth of the Illinois River, and turned his course southward. Again the river bore a little band of explorers in fragile birch canoes. From a region of ice and snow they traveled into a region of perpetual summer. The country was a

marvel of beauty and fertility to them. When La Salle reached the mouth of the Mississippi, he planted the banner of France, and took possession, in the name of Louis XIV, of "all the lands watered by the river and its tributaries." Nobody, of course, had any idea in that day what the statement meant. La Salle returned to Quebec by the long, toilsome journey up the Mississippi, traveling across Illinois by river, lake, and portage. Thus the first journey by white men down and up the river was accomplished, and France had been made richer by La Salle's gift of more than half a continent.

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle

All this happened in the second half of the seventeenth century. For another century the white man had little interest in the river. It did not lead to China. Why use it? But in the second half of the eighteenth century the quiet and peace of the river were broken forever. New types of boats appeared on the Mississippi and the Ohio, the flatboats, barges, and keel boats taking the place of the canoes. The canoe will never wholly disappear as long as men love the water, but the

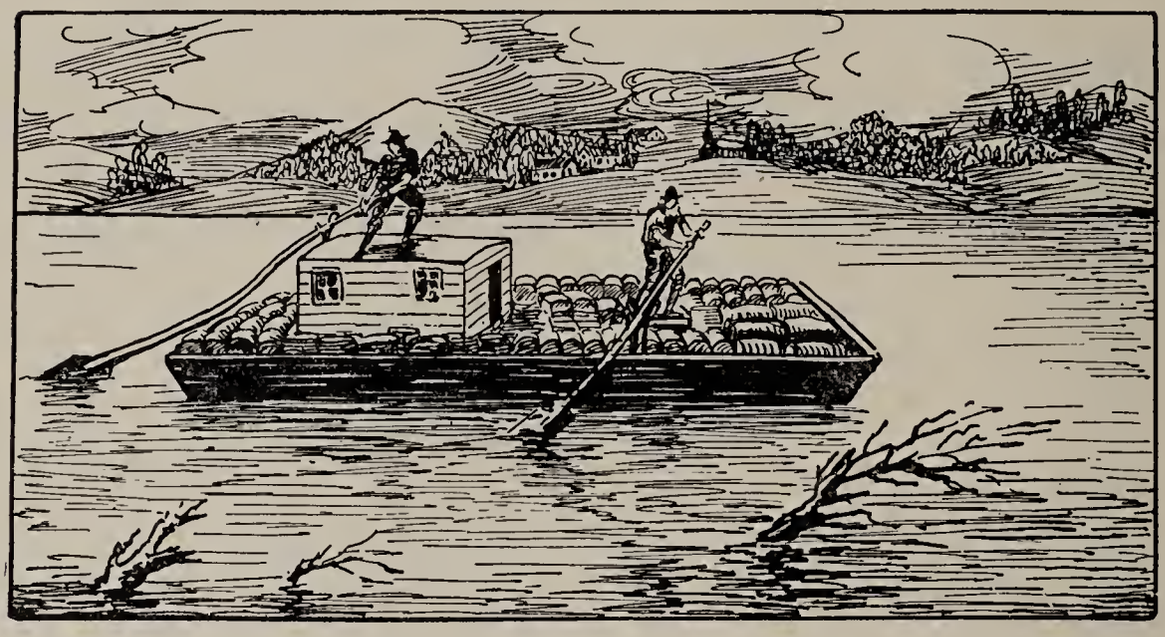
Map to Illustrate French Explorations

pioneer found the flatboat much easier for moving his family and furniture and live stock. When the tide of immigration set toward the West after the Revolution, the Ohio River, which flowed in the right direction, furnished a magnificent highway,

easily traveled, and the flatboat was the conveyance. The pioneer bought or built a flatboat in Pittsburgh, and loaded on it all his possessions. Sometimes two or three families jointly bought a boat and started on a journey which might be a thousand miles long if they traveled as far as the Mississippi. The boats were flat-bottomed, partly or wholly covered over, and sometimes even forty feet long. They were only a downstream craft, and were managed almost wholly by just keeping them in the current. Even a long boat could be handled by six oars. Two of these oars, so long as to be called "sweeps," were used on each side, a still longer one in the stern was used for steering, and a short one, also for steering, was used in the bow in rapid water. Often cows and chickens and children must have traveled on the same flatboat — cramped quarters, indeed! It was a slow method of traveling to the new home, and one not free from dangers, but it was vastly easier than a journey by oxcart for the same distance.

Twenty-five years later when these same immigrants had their fine, fertile land under cultivation and had merchandise to trade at New Orleans, a flatboat was still the common means of transportation. And this clumsy type of boat was used as a cargo boat even during the first half of the nineteenth century. Loads of wheat, corn, apples, potatoes, and salt were thus floated down the

river to be sold in New Orleans; and the boat itself would be sold for lumber. Then the boatmen would have to return home overland, which was exceedingly dangerous, since the route was infested by robbers, and a large part lay through



A Flatboat

fever-breeding lowlands. It was really necessary for the flatboat men to band together in order to reach home alive. They were a venturesome race, and the fact that they did not forsake the flatboat altogether, even after the steamboat had come, is probably explained both by their love of adventure and the large money return on a very small amount of capital invested.

Abraham Lincoln made several journeys by flatboat. When he was a boy only seven years old, his father moved from the Kentucky home where

the lad was born to settle in the new state of Indiana. It was an easy and inexpensive moving, as the little family, with the few household belongings of pioneers, floated down the Ohio River in a flatboat to the new home. Later, about the time Lincoln came of age, he had two more flatboat journeys. These were the two long, hazardous trips which he made, with only two companions, to take a cargo boat all the way to New Orleans. Possibly on his first journey by flatboat, Lincoln may have seen a steamboat, for they had been successfully tried on western waters the year before the Lincoln family moved. Certainly on his second trip to New Orleans, Lincoln saw many steamboats. Life on the river had completely changed in the years while the eager, brilliant boy was growing up; and the cargo boat had nearly given way to a safer, surer, and quicker method of transporting freight.

Of all the cargo boats which were ever used on the Mississippi, there were two only that could be propelled upstream. In these days of harnessed steam and electric power it is almost impossible to realize that man's muscles were the only force available as late as 1800 to push the heavy barges and keel boats up river. The fast freight boat on the Mississippi at the beginning of the nineteenth century was the keel boat. The first appearance of this type of boat was on the Mississippi and the

Ohio, and its whole existence was on the waterways of the Mississippi basin. Lighter, longer, sharper-pointed than the barge, it had one other distinguishing feature in the "running boards" which extended from bow to stern. The longest boats

Scene on the Mississippi

Note the ferry-boat propelled by poles, the stern-wheeled steamboat, and the wagons.

might have as many as twenty boatmen. These were divided into two equal groups, ten on each running board. Each boatman had a long pole eighteen or twenty feet long, having a heavy iron shoe, or socket, at one end, and a crutch, or knob, at the other. The captain, who was usually the steersman, directed the movements of the boatmen. At the command "Set," the end with the iron was placed on the river bottom, the crutch was brought to the shoulder, backs were bent,

and the men walked slowly from bow to stern on narrow walks which extended the length of the boat, thus pushing the boat upstream at the rate at which they walked. When a pair of boatmen — one from each side — reached the stern, they lifted their poles, ran back to the bow, and again took position in the ever-shifting line. It required men of Herculean strength to do this work, and even these sometimes became so exhausted in swift currents that the boat must be tied up to the bank while they rested.

Hundreds of these keel boats were thus being *walked* upstream for a hundred miles or for a thousand when Robert Fulton invented the steamboat. Though people along the Hudson might thrill to the sound of the splash of paddle wheels, the settlers on the banks of the great inland waterways would hear instead that familiar "Lift" and "Set" of the steersman, which told them of the slow and clumsy boat which was the fastest freighter known on those waters before the advent of the steamboat.

The chief upstream boat of burden, however, was the barge — sometimes called the batteau. The heaviest and the clumsiest of the boats then in use, it was not, nevertheless, much more difficult to manage on the trip downstream than was the large flatboat. It was the journey against the current that presented the real problem and made

such boats as Uncle Phineas' steamboat so very welcome. Some of the barges could carry forty or fifty tons of freight, and those required almost as many men to manage them. The different methods they used for getting ahead are interesting. Sometimes they used the oars, sometimes — if the wind was favorable — they had some help from sails. Often they had to pole the boat along sand bars, using much the same method that was used on the keel boat, but having no running boards. Again, if the banks would permit, they would "cordelle" — which meant that a long line would be taken ashore, and the boat would really be pulled, or towed, by the men walking along on the bank. Another method was "warping" — which meant that the line was fastened to some object ahead and then the boat was pulled up hand over hand by the men on the boat. And all this tremendous effort might mean progress of a mile an hour!

Audubon, the famous naturalist, gives one of the best existing accounts of a barge journey. After describing the difficulty of poling a barge along a sand bar where the current was rapid, and of the tying up of the boat until the boatmen had recovered their strength sufficiently to go on, he adds: "The boat that left New Orleans on the first of March often did not reach the Falls of the Ohio (Louisville, Kentucky) until the month of

July, sometimes not until October; and then after all this immense trouble, it brought only a few bags of coffee and at most one hundred hogsheads of sugar. Such was the state of things as late as 1808."

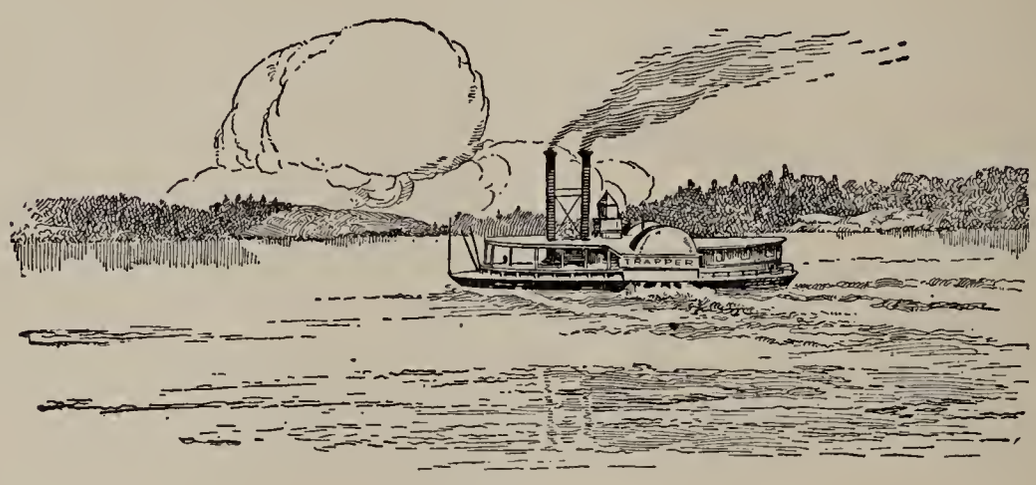
II

"Mississippi steamboating was born about 1812, at the end of thirty years it had grown to mighty proportions, and in less than thirty years more it was dead. A strangely short life for so majestic a creature. Of course it is not dead; neither is a crippled octogenarian who could once jump twenty-two feet on level ground; but as contrasted with what it was in its prime vigor, Mississippi steamboating may be called dead."

Mark Twain. 1874
Life on the Mississippi

Robert Fulton's first successful steamboat made its trial trip from New York to Albany in 1807. This, of course, marked a new era in travel by water. Soon men west of the Alleghanies heard that Fulton and Livingston had steamboats on the Hudson that could travel five miles an hour against wind and current, and that with five hundred passengers aboard! If on the Hudson, why not on western waters! By 1815 the success of steamboats on both the Mississippi and the Ohio had been proved. From that time until almost the middle of the century steamboats were constantly becoming more important in the marvelous

development and the prosperity of the Mississippi valley. There was then no competition with railroads, and the steamboat had the monopoly of the transportation both on the Mississippi and on the Ohio, which was at that time, as it always had been, the Mississippi's most important tributary



A Steamboat of 1850

commercially. It was in this period that the letters were written which my grandmother let me read as a child, and which I have had occasion to read more than once since.

Uncle Phineas does not say much about his own money matters, but I should infer from the letters that he was highly satisfied with his investment when he actually saw with his own eyes the amount of trade carried on all the way up and down the river. In one of the letters written on his first trip on the Mississippi, when he traveled from St. Louis to New Orleans and back, he writes, "Too many boats, I thought at first when

I saw the long line of fair white boats fastened to the wharf at St. Louis. Each steamboat has two tall chimneys [smokestacks] topped with some decoration of gilt. The chimneys on these boats are not one behind the other, but are side by side, and have some fanciful gilt device swung between them. It looked to me as if the whole river front for at least a mile was a white and gold forest. There couldn't be freight enough for all those boats! But when I saw the mountain to be put aboard ours alone, and had had the exciting experience of pushing — jamming, I might truthfully say — through the crowds of roustabouts rushing the freight into the boats, and had had an equally exciting time dodging the drays bringing still more freight, and avoiding collisions with passengers and their baggage, I felt there was business enough for all."

Rather early in the history of steamboating on the Mississippi a type of boat peculiar to the inland waterways was developed. It may be described as traveling more *on* the water than *in* it, and was propelled by a large paddle wheel in the stern, instead of by the side wheels of the Fulton steamboats and the other steam packets in use on the Atlantic seaboard.

"You could but think our craft a beauty," wrote my great-uncle. "She is freshly painted, and the gilding has been done over. She is long

and narrow, and with her big paddle box humping up in the stern, she makes me think of some great white bird sitting on the water. She looks speedy, and will, perchance, make the record trip for this year. It would be a good thing for our pockets if she did, for the fastest boat is, naturally enough, the best patronized."

This was in the days before coal was a commonly used fuel, and the furnaces of these river steamers were fed with wood — pine wood fairly dripping with resin. The high chimneys furnished a strong, quick draft, which meant almost immediate response in getting up steam. Possibly that was one reason why there was so much racing on the Mississippi River. But perhaps man's love of a good race would have led to just as many contests between boats of rival lines even if the craft had been slower to respond.

It was the custom for boats leaving New Orleans for the trip up the river to pull out of their berths about five o'clock in the afternoon. From many berths along the docks on the levee the boats would back out about the same time. It seems to have been a sight that was always interesting. The smoke rolled from the smokestacks in huge, black clouds, as the fat pine wood was piled into the furnace in order to get up steam. Fifteen or more boats bound for St. Louis, the upper Mississippi, or the ports on the Ohio, would back into

the stream and try for first place in leading this fleet up the river. I think this scramble for place was a bit harrowing to my cautious New England uncle, but the speed contests between rival boats were one of the great delights of the voyage to the younger and more excitable travelers.

Sometimes in the old days a race for championship would be announced weeks ahead. Then the two rival boats "stripped" and made ready. Each was loaded in the way she could make her best speed; the boat would touch only at a few of the largest towns, and for the briefest time possible; and she would take very few passengers, for the reason, so Mark Twain says, "that they not only add weight, but they always run to the side where there is anything to see, whereas a conscientious and experienced steamboat man would stick to the center of the boat and part his hair with a spirit level." These races aroused intense interest, not only on the part of the crowds who saw the start, but also of people all along the course. Probably the classic race in the history of Mississippi steamboating was that which was run in 1873 between the *Robert E. Lee* and the *Natchez*, in which the *Lee* covered the twelve-hundred-mile course in three days, eighteen hours, and fourteen minutes, beating her rival by four hours!

In the summer of 1928, and again in 1929, a

steamboat race as nearly as possible like those which thrilled the sport-loving members of my great-uncle's generation was run on the Ohio from Cincinnati to New Richmond, a distance of twenty-two miles. A hundred thousand people, so it was reported, watched the race in August, 1929. The winner was only ten feet ahead at the finish! In the old days the separation was greater, and the course was longer. And in those days gone by, the races actually were carried on without the whistling of sirens, the droning of airplanes, the shouts of camera men, the voices of radio announcers, the whiz of speed-boats. Only the cheers of passengers and onlookers stirred the rivals to greatest effort. How strangely quiet it must all have been!

Accidents there were, a great many. The navigation of the Mississippi has always been singularly difficult for many reasons. It winds so like a snake that in one part of its journey it travels thirteen hundred miles to cover a distance which in a straight line is only six hundred! Along its whole length there are points and bends and reefs and sand bars and islands which a pilot must know. To make it harder, sometimes the river has changed its course in a night, forcing its way through a cut-off which makes a new island of the point thus cut away. Sometimes it has more slowly changed its course sideways. There are

towns which once were river towns which now are several miles east or west of the river. In the spring flood there may be no islands to be seen where dangerous islands appear in low water. A river pilot must know everything about his river.

The Old Markets, New Orleans

In the old days before the United States government placed lighthouses and buoys to mark the channel the task of a Mississippi River pilot was enormous. He must know even the "planters and sawyers" (sunken trees) for a distance of a thousand miles. Mark Twain makes one of his pilots say, "There's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart. You have to know it just like A B C."

It was a very exacting life that those river pilots led, but they certainly enjoyed it. They took

orders from no one — not even the captain — while the boat was on her course. The pay was high on the crack steamers in the heyday of Mississippi River commerce, and the life was full of excitement, due to the variety of behavior which the great muddy mass of water itself continually displayed.

For thirty years after the appearance of steamboats on the Mississippi the traffic grew continually heavier and more profitable, and the boats became correspondingly finer. A trip on a first-class boat must have been a pleasure to a passenger who went first class. The boats had three decks. The lowest was steerage, but the other two were for the saloon passengers. They were elegantly furnished according to the style of the day, which was largely red plush and gilt and mirrors. The meals were lavish, and were equal in every way to those of the best hotels. Little wonder that my uncle enjoyed his business trips to New Orleans.

In one of the latest-written letters, my uncle describes a new way of refuelling. It seems that if steamboats leaving New Orleans for St. Louis had attempted to carry all the wood needed for the trip, the boat would have been filled with wood instead of freight and passengers, and so it was the custom to buy at the wood yards which stretched in great numbers along the banks. In the earliest days of steamboating, when wood was

needed, the boat tied up at a wood yard, a bargain was made, and the wood was hurried aboard. Later when life was not so leisurely, the wood boat came out into the stream, the steamer stopped,

Detroit Publishing Company

MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMERS ALONG A LEVEE

and the twenty or thirty cords of wood were quickly transferred by the two crews. But when rivalry became sharp between competing lines, twenty minutes or a half-hour was too long a time for a steamboat to be stopped, and so the plan of towing the wood boat while unloading was devised. The wood was bargained for beforehand, the wood boat was waiting in the stream, the steamer reduced her speed, fastened the wood boat alongside, and kept on her course at half speed while

the fuel was unloaded. "The danger is," so the old letter states, "that the small boat will be swamped by the wash from the steamboat. It is sure to happen if we should go too fast, but we have proved that the unloading can be done successfully. We shall save considerable time unless we have to pick up men washed from the wood boat."

The night landings in those days before electricity was used for lighting, and when there were no such things as searchlights, seem also to have greatly interested my uncle. After speaking of the marvelous skill of a certain pilot in finding a certain landing during a night of inky blackness, he goes on to tell how many hogsheads of sugar, molasses, and rum they left there on the plantation wharf at midnight, and how light was provided for unloading at night. As the boat was brought alongside the wharf, the torch boy performed his duty of lighting the torch. This was an iron basket about a foot in diameter and eighteen inches in depth filled with "fat-wood" — pine wood fairly dripping with resin. It was swung between prongs of a forked iron rod which was fitted into a socket in the forward deck and leaned well out over the water so that the live coals as they fell could do no harm. The torch boy fed this torch with splintered pine and threw on powdered resin if it was needed to keep the flames high and bright.

The best the torch could be made to flare, the wharf was poorly lighted, and the figures of the hurrying roustabouts were made so grotesque by the changing lights and shadows that the scene seemed to belong in a land of hobgoblins.

Up and down the river the steamboats plied. Flour, corn, wheat, apples were carried down; cotton, sugar, molasses, rum were brought up the river. Commerce on the great inland waterway reached its height about 1845. Hundreds of boats were in service. They were loaded to capacity with freight and passengers. Fair women and distinguished-looking men traveled on these boats. It was, in fact, the fashionable way to travel between the towns and cities which had by that time grown up in large numbers along the Mississippi. A new section of our country was being developed, and it was a rich section. The river became the scene of a gay life and a lavish spending of money.

It became the scene of a great deal of gambling. In the development of every new country which promises wealth there appears a large class of reckless and unscrupulous adventurers. It was so on the Mississippi; and on the steamboats there was gambling as unrestrained as that a decade or two later in the mining camps of California and Nevada. My uncle deplores the number of gamblers making use of the boats to practise their profession, but he takes the time to describe one

who was pointed out to him by one of the officers of the boat. "In his tall beaver hat, high collar and black stock, ruffled shirt bosom, lavender frock coat, and checkered trousers strapped under his boots, you would surely think him the owner of the finest plantation on the river." The five-day journey from New Orleans to St. Louis was just about long enough for the gambler to make a favorable impression, pick out his intended victims, empty their pockets, and vanish.

Life on the river is all changed now. The railroads pushed into the Mississippi valley about a century ago, and the river commerce dwindled and dwindled until Mark Twain in the seventies pronounced it "dead." The last time I crossed the Mississippi it was by means of a great steel railroad bridge. I looked down the river as far as I could, searching for signs of a river commerce. Although for me the river was crowded with the ghosts of white and gold steamers, there was just one real steamer in sight, a dingy little freight boat loaded to the rail with lumber.

The Story of the *New York Tribune*

Fame is a vapor; popularity an incident; . . . and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust; . . . and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes the still intelligible inscription, "Founder of the *New York Tribune*."

Horace Greeley.

I

The First Penny Daily

Late one afternoon in December, 1832, a caller came into the printing office of the *Spirit of the Times*, a weekly sporting paper published on Wall Street in New York City.

"Good evening, Dr. Shepard," spoke the foreman, a young man in his early twenties. "Greeley said he would be here just as soon as he had finished his day's work at Redfield's. I tried all last evening to make him see that New York needs a penny paper and that he and I could run no risk in publishing it. I couldn't convince him, but I think you can. For my part, I'm so sure your plan will work that I'm all ready to go ahead if he is."

"That's good. I'll try hard to persuade him that I can give you both permanent employment if you will open a printing office. But tell me more about him before he comes. I remember seeing him last winter when he was fresh from the country, a plain, ungainly lad. He burst in here without noticing that there was a stranger in the office, full of a conversation he had just heard. But he told the story so well that I said to myself, 'That's no common boy.'"

Horace Greeley

"You're just right, Dr. Shepard. Hod *is* no common boy. He will make his mark some day. Why, he had read the Bible through when he was five, and at fifteen he was an apprentice in a newspaper office. He came to New York a year and a half ago with all his possessions tied up on the end of a stick in a pocket handkerchief. The only job he could get was one that the other compositors had given up. It was setting up a New Testament in agate type with a good sprinkling of signs and Greek letters. He told me that the first night his proofs looked "as if they had caught chicken-pox,"

but he put in twelve or fourteen hours a day and did a fine piece of work. All last summer he worked for me in this room, and he was the most accurate type-setter in the office."

"How did he happen to leave you ?"

"Well, you know he was born in New Hampshire, (though his father's living now in Pennsylvania); and after a long, sultry summer in this cholera-stricken city, he thought he'd like a whiff of New England air. So in October he went to see some relatives in New Hampshire and Vermont. He walked a good part of the way, he told me. When he came back, he got a better place at Redfield's."

"He'll make his way in the world. And if he has a hand in the printing of my paper, I'm sure it will look well, whatever its style may be."

Just then there came into the room a tall, slender young man with a shock of very light hair, so long that it showed conspicuously beneath a shabby hat. He had on a pair of homespun trousers, with one leg tucked inside his high boot.

"How do you do, Greeley ?" spoke Dr. Shepard, cordially. "I remember seeing you here last year." And he added to himself, "Just as awkward as he was a year ago." But as the young man's honest blue eyes looked into his own, he thought, "Still I was right. He is no common boy."

"Greeley," began Dr. Shepard, plunging at

once into his errand, "I want you and Story to publish my paper for me. You heard me say last winter how much New York needs a penny paper. People in here laughed at the idea, but I believe in it now more than ever. Have you ever walked down town through Chatham Street and noticed the things you can buy for a penny? Apples, cakes, chestnuts, shoe laces, combs, ice cream — you can get a cent's worth of all these things and of many more if you want it. Think how many newspapers at a penny apiece boys would sell on Chatham Street alone! Hundreds of people would buy a paper every morning and never miss the money. And if you boys will print that paper for me, *we* shall get it. We should be Astors, we three, for you would soon be printing thousands of papers."

"I'm going to be a journalist myself some day, Dr. Shepard," replied Greeley. "But Story and I don't want to equip an office and print a paper that can't succeed."

"But this can't fail," objected Dr. Shepard.

"Don't you remember," countered Greeley, "what some one in here said last winter? 'A newspaper doesn't appeal to the men that buy cakes and apples. What does the ordinary man outside the counting house or wholesale office care for a serious editorial on the latest shipping news?' And, besides, many of the cake and apple cus-

tomers are women and children. Think of a woman's stopping on the street to buy a copy of a paper that her husband will bring home from the post office!"

"Of course I don't suppose that the women will buy newspapers at first, Greeley. But I do think the men will."

"They might out of curiosity the first day. But wouldn't they say, 'What a queer little sheet! What foolish fellow can be throwing away his money to print that? It's about as useful as a toy horse or a toy house.'"

"Hod," interrupted Story, "those men last spring were away behind the times. Don't you realize how fast the world is changing? Steamboats and railways are being built all the time. There'll always be real news now, and everybody will want it in cheap form every day."

"Besides," added Dr. Shepard, encouragingly, "it wouldn't be long before you'd be writing for the paper yourself. If you can furnish more articles like that you wrote for the *Spirit of the Times*, you'll be my assistant editor before long."

"But think how little capital we have," answered Greeley, beginning to waver. "I've sent a good part of this year's savings to Father in Pennsylvania. We should have to get our printing outfit on credit."

"I'd lend you the money myself," said Dr.

Shepard, "if my medical course hadn't been so expensive that I shall need all I have left for my part of the venture. But, Greeley, you're an honest-looking lad. People will trust you."

"Oh, say yes, Hod," urged Story. "It's a fine opening for us."

"So," wrote Mr. Greeley years afterward, "Story's enthusiastic confidence at length triumphed over my distrust. We formed a partnership, hired two rooms, spending our little all (less than two hundred dollars) and stretching our credit to the utmost for the requisite materials. The *Morning Post*, Dr. Shepard's two-cent daily (which he wished to sell for one cent), was issued on the first of January, 1833. Nobody in New York reads much (except visitors' cards) on New Year's Day; and that one happened to be very cold, with the streets much obstructed by a fall of snow throughout the preceding night. Projectors of newspapers in those days did not know that they must advertise; and Dr. Shepard was too poor to do so, had he understood the matter. He was neither a writer nor a man of affairs; he had no editors, no reporters worth naming, no correspondents, and no exchange even. He fancied that a paper would sell, if remarkable for cheapness, though remarkable also for the absence of every other desirable quality. He reduced its price to one cent, but the public would not buy

it even at that, and we printers were utterly unable to go on beyond the second or third week after the publisher had stopped paying. Thus the first cheap-for-cash daily in New York, perhaps in the world, died when scarcely a month old; and we printers were hard aground on a lee shore with little prospect of getting off.". . . For two or three months the outlook was pretty dark; but, "working early and late, and looking sharply on every side for jobs, we were beginning to make decided headway, when my partner was drowned . . . and I bitterly mourned the loss of my nearest and dearest friend."

II

The *New Yorker* and the *Log Cabin*

For the next half-dozen years Horace Greeley's ambition and hard work took him slowly up the ladder of success in journalism. In 1834 he began the issue of a weekly paper, the *New Yorker*, its editorials written and its selections made for the most part by himself. "It was a large, fair, cheap, weekly folio, afterward changed to a double quarto, devoted mainly to current literature, but giving regularly a digest of all important news." And there was, as Mr. Story had predicted there would be, plenty of news, and news concerned not so much with war and strife as with the finer arts of peace.

Our country previously, in the assertion and maintenance of her independence, had had little time for finding better ways of living, but now numerous literary and social ventures were constantly being made. Indeed, the eighteen-thirties were rich years in the history of American culture. The earliest of the great nineteenth century authors were already famous: William Cullen Bryant, who, in 1817, had published "Thanatopsis," was then the editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and Irving and Cooper for some years had been delighting the reading public in both hemispheres. Moreover, Longfellow, Whittier, Poe, and Hawthorne were all young and promising writers. So the *New Yorker* saw and discussed the beginnings of a literature that the twentieth century is not likely to surpass.

One subject on which the *New Yorker* had much to say was that of proper food. Our well-worked-out, balanced diets were unheard of a hundred years ago. In the eighteen-thirties people ate mostly the products of the local farms with a generous supply of meat. Their luxuries were not tropical fruits and vegetables, but whiskey, rum, and tobacco.

Horace Greeley, as a little fellow of five, had been made so sick from trying to finish a half-smoked cigar that for all the rest of his life "he never used or wished to use any form of tobacco."

When he was thirteen, he had seen "so many families die drunkards from the free use of whiskey and rum" that on his own initiative he made a resolution (which he kept to the end of his life) never to drink any form of distilled liquor. Naturally, a person with such convictions was strongly attracted to the doctrines of a certain Sylvester Graham, who felt that all narcotic and alcoholic stimulants were dangerous poisons; and when this Graham, both a scholar and an orator, further insisted in many public lectures that tea, coffee, cider, and beer, all spices except salt in small quantities, all common white or sifted flour, and all animal flesh were wholly unsuitable articles for human stomachs, Greeley and his paper were ready champions of such statements.

Indeed, Greeley even moved to a boarding house conducted under the Graham régime; and until his marriage in 1836 he lived there on bread made of unbolted flour (it has ever since been called Graham bread) and such other vegetarian foods as were provided. Mrs. Greeley was even a more ardent follower of Graham doctrines than her husband was; and while he in the *New Yorker* was advising his readers to give up all animal foods and every sort of stimulant, she was steadily practising what he preached.

Perhaps it was fortunate that the Greeley household was such a strictly vegetarian establishment,

since the proceeds of the *New Yorker* could not have supplied a family table with an ordinary meat diet. For this first paper of Greeley's own was a financial failure solely through the dishonesty of subscribers who, as the editor said, "took my journal and probably read it; they promised to pay for it and defaulted, leaving me to pay papermaker, typefounder, and journeyman as I could." "During those years of extreme poverty," to quote again from Mr. Greeley, "my wife kept her house in strict accordance with her convictions." Such management at least kept away company; for "usually a day, or at most two, of beans and potatoes, boiled rice, puddings, bread and butter, with no condiment but salt, and never a pickle, was all they could abide; so, bidding her a kind adieu, each in turn departed to seek elsewhere a more congenial hospitality."

A Whig Campaign Medal.

Of course the *New Yorker* had much to say concerning politics, and with almost its first number Greeley became a prominent political writer. From his New England father he had inherited a

strong belief in a protective tariff, a national bank, and national internal improvements; and now that the enemies of President Jackson's policies had united under the name of Whigs, he worked day and night for the success of the new party. Of course, the *New Yorker* grieved deeply over Van Buren's election in 1836, for that was a real triumph for the Jacksonites; but after the panic of 1837, Whig strength began to grow by leaps and bounds, and Greeley became the ardent Whig champion of the press. In 1838 he was invited to edit the *Jeffersonian*, a weekly paper planned to be published for a year that it might prepare the voters for the next presidential campaign; and in 1840, after the nomination by the Whigs of General Harrison, Greeley was asked to edit another campaign journal called the *Log Cabin*.

Medal Used in Election of 1840

Both papers were widely read, and both had much to do with the Whig victory; but the latter was the voice that helped "to sing General Harrison into the presidential chair and to laugh Van Buren out of it." For it happened that a Democratic journalist, thinking to show that the hero of Tippecanoe was neither refined enough nor rich

enough to be President, had remarked "Give him a log cabin and a barrel of hard cider, and he will stay content in Ohio." But the taunt served only to make Harrison the more heroic and respected in the people's eyes; and song after song, appearing weekly in the *Log Cabin*, completely shattered Van Buren's chances of reëlection.

"Our songs are doing more good than anything else," exulted Greeley. "I know the music is not worth much, but it attracts the attention even of those who do not know a note. Really, I think every song is good for five hundred new subscribers." And then the *Log Cabin* printed:

"What has caused this great commotion — motion — motion
Our country through?
It is the ball a-rolling on
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them we'll beat little Van;
Van, Van, Van is a used-up man,
And with them we'll beat little Van."

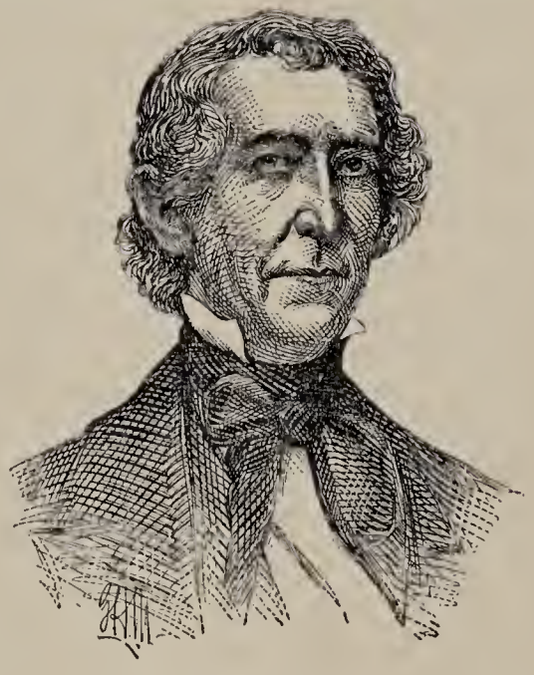
And then:

"From the White House, now Matty, turn out, turn out,
From the White House, now Matty, turn out!
Since there you have been
No peace we have seen,
So Matty, now please to turn out, turn out,
So Matty, now please to turn out!

Make way for Old Tip! turn out, turn out!
Make way for Old Tip, turn out!
'Tis the people's decree,
Their choice he shall be,
So Martin Van Buren, turn out, turn out!
So Martin Van Buren, turn out!"

With the election of Harrison in the fall of 1840, the *Log Cabin* had achieved its mission. "I can

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON



JOHN TYLER

make it a family political paper and continue it one year more, though," decided Greeley. "But the *New Yorker* is only a millstone round my neck."

What could the ambitious editor do next that would be a permanent financial success? You may be sure he had not forgotten the ill-fated *Morning Post* that Dr. Shepard had persuaded him to print. By this time, too, he was sure that people who bought cakes and apples bought newspapers also,

for had not the *Herald* at two cents and the *Sun* at one cent built up large circulations? Did he dare to launch a daily paper of his own?

"Greeley, New York needs another penny paper," his friends said.

"But there are eleven dailies now," objected Greeley.

"Yes, but your paper would be different from them all. Each of the four Whig papers costs ten dollars a year. So does Bryant's Democratic *Evening Post*. So does the *Journal of Commerce*, more Democratic than anything else. The *Signal*, the *Tatler*, and the *Star* are cheap, but they're not Whig papers. The *Herald* and the *Sun* are cheap and popular. But the *Herald* prints only news. It isn't really edited. And the *Sun* prints anything it can find in news and advertising. There's no real rival for a cheap, clean sheet that would support Whig principles, but would be honest enough to expose and condemn any unworthy conduct on the part of Whig leaders."

"You're describing the kind of paper I want to print," answered Greeley. "I certainly believe there is a happy medium between servile partisanship and gagging neutrality. But I have no capital."

"Nonsense, Greeley. You have a big capital of talent and experience. You are trusted and admired even by your enemies. You have always

paid your debts. Borrow the thousand dollars that you need. New York will buy your paper. Merge the *New Yorker* and the *Log Cabin* with it as soon as you can. Let the new paper stand for what you believe. Address it to the laboring classes. Call it the *Tribune* to remind its readers that it will guard the rights of the people as the Roman tribunes guarded those of the plebians in the olden days. Go ahead and win."

"Shall I, Mary ?" he asked at home.

"Try it, Horace," his wife replied. "You know that the right sort of cheap Whig journal must make a living. You have been ten years in New York. You are thirty years old and in splendid health. You have a good outfit of printing materials. This last campaign has made your reputation. Of course you'll have enemies. The *Sun* and the *Herald* won't like your *Tribune*. They will fight, but so can you."

The encouragement of family and friends, coupled with his own inclination, triumphed over Greeley's doubts and he sat down to write this advertisement for the *Log Cabin:*

"On Saturday, the tenth day of April instant, the subscriber will publish the first number of a new morning journal of politics, literature, and general intelligence.

The *Tribune*, as its name imports, will labor to advance the interests of the people, and to promote their

moral, social, and political well-being. The immoral and degrading police-reports, advertisements, and other matter which have been allowed to disgrace the columns of our leading penny papers, will be carefully excluded from this, and no exertion spared to render it worthy of the hearty approval of the virtuous and refined. . . .

The *Tribune* will be published every morning on a fair royal sheet, size of the *Log Cabin* and *Evening Signal*, and transmitted to its subscribers at the low price of one cent per copy. Mail subscribers, four dollars per annum. It will contain the news by the morning's Southern mail, which is contained in no other penny paper. Subscriptions are respectfully solicited by

Horace Greeley, 30 Ann Street.

III

Early Years of the *Tribune*

When, toward the evening of April 10, 1841, Mr. Greeley came home for a hurried meal, his wife's first question was, "How has the *Tribune* sold?"

"Well, I've had a pretty good day. You know I had five hundred advance subscriptions. So we printed five thousand papers, and I've nearly succeeded in giving away all those I couldn't sell. Seriously, though, the outlook is hopeful. I've beaten the *Sun*, just as I hoped to do. My paper printed yesterday's news from Washington. The news in the *Sun* was two days old. But the *Sun*

and the *Herald* are both going to show fight. I shall have to fight back."

"Don't let your temper run away with you," counseled his wife. "I should hate to have Bennett or Beach horsewhip you, as Bryant did the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*."

"Oh, they won't try to spank me. They know there'd be no glory in whipping such a poor physical specimen as I am. But they'll fight with words. And I can fight that way, too."

The hostile editors did not exactly lay hands on Mr. Greeley. But the editor of the *Sun* with its twenty thousand subscribers said to himself, "I must bring that Greeley upstart down," and straightway he encouraged his carriers to drive off the streets the boys who sold the *Tribune*.

But the upstart refused to be put down. "I'll hire bigger boys whose muscles are stronger and whose fists are harder," decided Greeley. It was not long before the *Tribune* boys sold their papers unmolested.

And every day the newsboys sold more and more. One night a few weeks later Greeley went home with good news. "Well, Mary, we printed eleven thousand papers this morning, and the *Tribune* is only seven weeks old." Then he added, "Still, in many ways, things have gone all wrong to-day. I've lost money, and I'm still as poor as a church mouse and not half so saucy. You see, I've that

wretched *New Yorker* on my hands and a load of debt upon my shoulders. But if the *Tribune* continues to sell, in a few months now I can merge both the *New Yorker* and the *Log Cabin* in a weekly edition, and maybe by the first of next April I can raise the price of the daily to two cents. For, you see, Mary, the *Tribune* is only the germ

A New York Street in 1840

of what I seek to make it. No journal sold for a cent can ever be much more than a dry summary of the most important or the most interesting occurrences of the day, and such is not a newspaper in the highest sense of the term. People need to know not only what is done, but what is purposed and said by presidents and kings. Only from a carefully edited paper can they learn those facts."

"That's true, Horace. And the *Tribune* will soon be that sort of paper, even if it isn't now. I heard to-day, but I couldn't find out who said it first, 'Bennett is a newsman, but Greeley is a man of opinions. He is the man to edit a paper.'"

And so it proved. In spite of rivals, in spite of a disastrous fire, the *Tribune* forged ahead, and its alert editor spared neither time nor effort to make his publication in every way the best newspaper in the city. Before long everybody read it — high and low, rich and poor.

Such popularity could not be maintained, however, without constant vigilance in gathering news, for in those days, as now, every newspaper delighted in a "scoop." To publish news of importance before it appeared in rival sheets was to score a thrilling victory, "which was, is, and ever will be the point of competition with daily papers."

Now getting other than local news in New York in the forties was a task always difficult, often daring, and sometimes dangerous. No telegraph communication was opened until 1846; no railroad from New England came into the city until 1848; the Atlantic Cable was not even attempted until 1857. To get news from a distance all sorts of "special expresses" were employed. Carrier pigeons, steamboats, locomotives, horses — any and all of these were often used to hasten a dispatch from Albany or Washington or Boston

or Halifax to those impatient newspaper offices in New York City.

Greeley's chief rival in such news-gathering was Bennett of the *Herald*. The competition of these two editors was so keen that all New York looked on with interest. One of the most exciting of their races took place in March, 1846, when another war with England, this time over the terms of the Oregon treaty, loomed threateningly. The official dispatches for his newspaper, Mr. Bennett announced, were to be brought from England to Boston by the Cunarder *Cambria*. From Boston, the *Herald* stories would be sent by rail to a point on the Connecticut shore, thence by steamer to the Long Island coast, thence by rail again to the western terminus of the Long Island railway, and finally by boat to Manhattan.

But Greeley, knowing that the *Cambria* was to call at Halifax on her way to Boston, devised a plan which he thought meant certain victory over his rival. This is the way he explained it to *Tribune* readers:

"The news by the next steamer is looked for with intense interest, and in order to place it before our readers at an early moment, we made arrangements some weeks since to start a Horse Express from Halifax across Nova Scotia to the Bay of Fundy, there to meet a powerful steamer which will convey our Agent and Messenger to

Portland. At the latter place we run a Locomotive Express to Boston, whence we express it [the news] by steam and horse power to New York. Should no unforeseen accident occur, we shall be enabled to publish the news in New York some ten, or perhaps fifteen or twenty hours before the arrival of the steamer in Boston. The extent of this enterprise may in part be judged by the fact that we pay no less than eighteen hundred dollars for the single trip of the steamer on the Bay of Fundy! It is but fair to add that, in this Express, we were joined from the commencement by the *Sun* of this city and the *North American* of Philadelphia; and the *Journal of Commerce* has since united with us in the enterprise."

"Splendid!" said the *Tribune* readers. "Greeley will win this time."

Such sensible and careful planning should certainly have succeeded. But it did not. Greeley lost. What chagrin and disappointment must have gone into the composition of this explanation:

"We were beaten with the news yesterday morning, owing to circumstances which no human energy could overcome. In spite of the great snowstorm which covered Nova Scotia with drifts several feet high, impeding and often overturning our express sleigh, in defiance of hard ice in the Bay of Fundy and this side, often eighteen inches thick, through which our steamboat had to plow

her way, we brought the news through to Boston in thirty-one hours from Halifax, several hours ahead of the *Cambria* herself. Thence it ought to have reached this city by six o'clock yesterday morning, in ample season to have gone south in the regular mail train. It was delayed, however, by unforeseen and unavoidable disasters, and only reached New Haven after it should have been in this city. From New Haven it was brought hither in *four hours and a half* by our ever-trusty rider, Enoch Ward, who never lets the grass grow to the heels of *his* horses. He came in a little after eleven o'clock, but the rival express had got in * over two hours earlier, having made the shortest run from Boston on record."

But these "battles of the giants" were not always, as in this instance, to the richer of the two editors. Once, when Greeley's heated and dusty messenger brought election returns from a Long Island town whose vote, though small, was important, the editor's yell of joy, it was said, could have been heard a quarter of a mile. And once, when important news was to be brought from Albany, one hundred fifty miles up the Hudson, Greeley's ingenuity gave him a bright idea. "I'll turn the boat into a type-setting office!" he

* Greeley afterward admitted that "over two hours" was "a little less than three," though Bennett always insisted that his own express had won by at least five.

announced. And so he did. With the boat from Albany under full steam, his reporters wrote their copy, his compositors set it up, and at the end of the eight-hour trip, eight columns of solid type were ready for the forms. This time, while the rival offices were feverishly setting type, the *Tribune's* newsboys were shouting their headlines on the street.

With increased railroad and telegraph facilities, and especially with the founding of the Associated Press in 1850, such wild scrambles became things unknown. Even by 1855 it was said, "They are the sufficient and striking record of a state of things long passed away." But in the social history of the United States they show the spirit of initiative and adventure that characterized every successful paper of the forties.

IV

Later Years of the *Tribune*

It would not be fair to Greeley to conclude this story with an account of the *Tribune's* earlier volumes, for he lived thirty years to edit his paper and to influence through its columns many millions of his countrymen.

True to his promise to praise only what seemed to be for the people's welfare, Greeley continually pointed out corruption and error wherever he

thought they existed. Dishonesty in the city government, immorality in the theaters, graft in Congress, wrong courses of study in the schools — all these practices and many more he censured, bearing calmly the storms of wrath and protest launched against him by indignant citizens and rival newspapers.

Henry Clay

The *Tribune*, especially in its weekly editions, published much real literature. Famous authors contributed stories and essays; famous critics wrote book reviews. For nearly two years Greeley had the assistance of the best-educated woman in America, Miss Margaret Fuller, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

But as one might expect, the most important part of the *Tribune* during Mr. Greeley's lifetime was its political news and editorials. When President Tyler, by his veto of every plan for a new United States bank and by his determination to bring Texas into the Union, had lost all claim to united Whig support, the *Tribune* did not hesitate to state boldly that the President had betrayed the party that elected him.

In the next campaign, when the Whigs nominated Henry Clay and the Democrats James K. Polk, Mr. Greeley, who "profoundly loved Henry Clay," supported him as the champion of internal improvements, protection, and a sound national currency by giving "from the day of his nomination in May to that of his defeat in November every hour, every effort, every thought to his election." Bitterly, indeed, did the *Tribune* lament the defeat of the man who "would rather be right than be President," and when we remember how Mr. Greeley gave heart and soul to this canvass, we must not judge him too harshly if he felt that the election was lost through the failure of the Whigs to put his *Tribune* into the hands of every voter. "I was," he explained sadly, "in the very prime of life — thirty-three years old — and I knew how to write for a newspaper; and I printed in that canvass one of the most effective political journals ever published."

James K. Polk

Four years later the *Tribune* naturally came out in favor of Clay for the presidential nomination; and when that honor was given to General Zachary

Taylor, who, Greeley thought, was not at heart a Whig at all, it is easy to understand his paper's indifference in the succeeding months. Said Greeley years later, "While I ultimately supported and voted for him [Taylor] I did not hurry myself to secure his election."

Upon the death of the Whig organization, Greeley rendered his support to the Republican as he had to the Whig party, but "he asked no favor of either." Not at first advocating the freeing of the Negroes, he was always so violently opposed to the extension of slavery that in the troublous days preceding Lincoln's election and the war-weary years that followed it, the *Tribune's* conviction, from first to last, was this: "There must, at all events, be no concession to slavery. Disunion may be calamity, but complicity in slavery extension is guilt." But by 1861, the *Tribune* had become an Abolitionist organ; so, to Greeley, Lincoln's delay in declaring war and freeing the slaves was unbearable. "If the South will not abandon slavery, then we must fight," he asserted. In his zeal for silencing at the outset any plans for secession, he would have called for one hundred thousand men to prevent a Confederate Congress from meeting at Richmond. Naturally, in 1864, the *Tribune* did not favor Lincoln's renomination, for the war was too slow and too indecisive to suit its vehement editor. Later, however, on sober second

thought, Greeley acknowledged that Lincoln's guidance had worked out for the nation "a larger and fuller deliverance than I had dared to hope for, leaving to such short-sighted mortals as I no part but to wonder and adore."

Ardent in his zeal for prompt and vigorous war, Greeley was afterward no less ardent for real and lasting peace. The *Tribune* deplored the evils of reconstruction and thought to cure them by the formation of a new party — the Liberal Republicans — which should remedy existing wrongs by refusing to renominate President Grant, by granting amnesty to all former Confederates, by establishing universal suffrage, and by reforming the civil service. Indeed the *Tribune* furnished not only the platform but the candidate of this third party, for in 1872 these Liberal Republicans nominated for President the world-famous editor, Horace Greeley. Out of this nomination arose a most curious complication. The Democrats, whom Greeley had all his life opposed, realizing that a truly Democratic victory was wholly out of the question, nominated Grant's only opponent that could have the slightest possibility of election — their life-long, outspoken enemy, Horace Greeley.

But Fate had not ordained that Greeley should be remembered as a President of our country. That was an ambition suddenly conceived and ruthlessly shattered. We know him instead as the

founder of the New York *Tribune* — the paper that "started with a moral character" and became the best and most influential newspaper of its time.

Journalism is very different to-day, with the widespread means of communication, which bring in the news from all over the world. It is most interesting, however, to read of the efforts of such vigorous pioneers as Greeley.

Daniel Webster

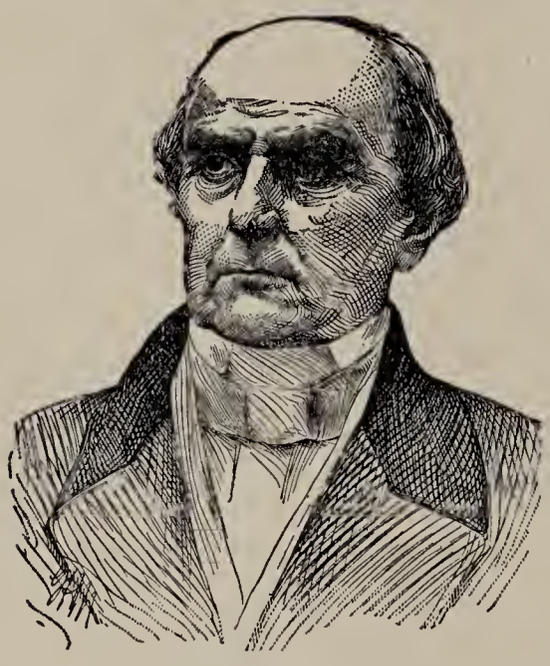
Orator and Statesman

When a man becomes famous, he is sure to have many namesakes. After you have read this story about the life and public services of Daniel Webster, you will not wonder that Daniel Webster Cushman (whom you may think of as one of thousands of American boys bearing the name of our greatest orator) always felt that fortune smiled upon his christening.

Daniel Webster Cushman was born in 1807 in one of the smaller towns of the "Old Colony" of Massachusetts. "We will call him Daniel for your father," said Mr. Cushman. "And his second name shall be for your mother's family," replied his wife. "Daniel Webster," she pronounced slowly, "a good strong name that stands for two worthy people."

It was a strong name, indeed; but before 1807 neither Mr. nor Mrs. Cushman had ever heard it. Nor did they in the least suspect that they had chosen a name that since 1782 had belonged to a New Hampshire boy destined to become one of the half-dozen famous orators of the world. In

1807, the great Daniel Webster was just opening a law office in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; and outside Dartmouth College, where, as a student, his gift of speaking had been early apparent, or the little town of Fryeburg, Maine, where, as principal of the academy, he had been called upon for a Fourth of July oration, only his intimate friends suspected the oratorical power he would one day show. It was not until Daniel Cushman was thirteen that the name he bore had for him more than a local significance.



Daniel Webster

On Thursday, December 21, 1820, Daniel went with his father and mother to spend Forefathers' Day with Mrs. Cushman's parents in Plymouth. In the evening around the fire, Mrs. Cushman said, "Tell me, Father, about the program for to-morrow. We've heard only that on this two-hundredth anniversary of the landing there will be the greatest celebration Plymouth ever saw."

"There's to be a procession through Main Street, an oration at the First Church, a dinner, and a ball in the evening. What I'm looking forward to most is the oration. And who do you suppose the

orator is to be? His name," continued Grandfather, answering his own question and looking at his grandson, "is Daniel Webster."

"Is he related to us? Do you know him, Grandfather?" inquired Daniel eagerly.

"No to both questions, my boy. But I saw him a year ago and I've heard a great deal about him since. He was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, just at the close of the Revolution, but he's a Boston lawyer now with a practice, they say, worth at least $20,000 a year. Just at present he's a member of the committee that's revising the State Constitution."

"Yes, I've heard of this Webster," spoke Daniel's father. "He's in favor of abolishing the religious test as a qualification for holding office here in Massachusetts. I agree with him about that, though in other matters he's too conservative to suit me. I was always a Jeffersonian Republican, you know, and he must have been a dyed-in-the-wool Federalist."

"Were you a Republican, too, Grandfather?" inquired Daniel.

"No, my boy, your father and I differ there. I was a Federalist like Webster, and like him I should be a Federalist now, if there were any real Federalists in existence. But at present there are no political parties in this country. We are living in what people have named the 'era of good feel-

ing,' and I hope it may last a long time." Then, turning to his son-in-law, he continued, "You're right about Webster. When he represented New Hampshire in Congress, he was a strong Federalist. He was opposed to the war, and spoke against Monroe's forced draft. He's a free-trader in theory, but really a very moderate protectionist, now that protection has become unavoidable. He's always thought that the cost of internal improvements like roads and canals should be defrayed by the national treasury. But he can't help his Federalist ideas. He inherited them. There's a story that his father was so strong a Federalist that once when he was taken sick away from home and thought himself dying he insisted on being carried back to Salisbury, "because," he said, "I was born a Federalist, I've always lived a Federalist, and I won't die in any but a Federalist town."

"But," Grandfather went on more seriously, "even though the old Federalist party is dead, the country will have to take sides in the next fifty years. We must make up our minds whether slavery shall be allowed to continue and whether the doctrine of state rights will prevail. There's no man in America that better expresses my ideas on both these questions than this Daniel Webster. He says slavery is morally wrong, and that this country is a nation, not merely a federation of states."

"I agree with him on the slavery question, but I believe in state sovereignty with all my heart," answered Mr. Cushman. "My father, you remember, was the staunchest supporter of Jefferson in the Old Colony, and I've inherited my Republicanism, just as Webster has his Federalism. As for Daniel," he went on, "he seems to have a strong legacy from both the old parties. I hope he'll keep the best from each."

"I hope so, too," agreed Grandfather, "for if in his lifetime these troublesome problems are not settled, I'm afraid our experiment in democracy will be a miserable failure. But cheer up, Daniel," he added, "you don't have to vote for eight years."

"Look, Daniel," whispered Grandfather, as they both sat in the old First Church the next [Friday] morning, "that is the President of Harvard College just going up the pulpit stairs, and that man already in the pulpit is Mr. Webster, whose name you bear."

Young Daniel's first impression was that Mr. Webster was the finest-looking man he had ever seen; and years afterward, when he read that "Webster's magnificent physique matched a marvelous mind, and from his black eyes there gleamed a mingling of the sunshine and the lightning of heaven," he said, "That's exactly what I

thought when I was thirteen, only I didn't know how to express it."

After a prayer by the Harvard President, the orator of the day was introduced. Mr. Webster chose not to speak from the high pulpit, but to stand beneath it, by the deacons' seats, closer to his audience. He spoke for nearly two hours; and the boy Daniel, though unable, of course, to be interested in all that scholarly speech, was so fascinated by the handsome man in silk stockings, blue coat, buff vest, and graceful robe, by the magical voice and dramatic gestures, that his attention hardly wavered. He heard Mr. Webster refer to several facts he already knew well — the landing of the Pilgrims, their faith in law, freedom, and righteousness, and the vast results that had grown from their humble beginnings. He saw his father and grandfather both nod their heads in approval when the speaker emphatically described the evil of slavery and the necessity, in a republic founded on justice and liberty, of abolishing it forever.

Nor did Daniel Cushman ever forget how, at the last, Mr. Webster stepped forward, and, stretching out both arms as if welcoming a vast multitude, said these eloquent words, which he (and hundreds of other school boys) later learned by heart:

"Advance then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession,

to fill the places which we now fill. . . . We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, of parents, of children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth!"

As the audience passed out of the church, Daniel listened to many comments on the oration. "The finest thing I ever heard!" exclaimed his father. "I am perfectly willing now for Webster to remake our State Constitution."

"The divine gift of speech used with surpassing talent!" responded Grandfather, feelingly.

The most glowing tribute, however, that came to Daniel's ears was spoken to Grandfather by one of Webster's Boston friends. "I never was so excited by public speaking before in all my life," said Mr. Ticknor. "Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood. It seemed to me as if Webster were like the mount that might not be touched and that

burned with fire. I never saw him at any time when he seemed to be more conscious of his own powers, or to have a more true and natural enjoyment from their possession."

That December twenty-second was a red-letter day in Daniel Cushman's childhood, but one very personal event stood out before all the others. It happened in the evening, when Grandfather had taken him to the ball in the new courthouse to watch for a while the stately dancing of the period. On their way out they passed Mr. Webster, for the moment alone and unoccupied. Grandfather stopped to congratulate the orator again on his peerless speech. Then, presenting Daniel, he said, "This boy's parents, Mr. Webster, had the gift of prophecy. His name is Daniel Webster Cushman."

The great orator's kindly smile and cordial greeting for his accidental namesake made Daniel feel almost as if he belonged to the Webster family. On the way home he announced, much to his grandfather's delight, "I'll call Mr. Webster my relative-by-politics, Grandfather."

"Well, children," said Grandfather next morning, as his daughter's family was starting homeward, "I haven't really exposed your boy to any Federalist doctrines, but I expect he'll have Federalist notions in spite of you, now that he's shaken hands with the great Webster."

The next years were happy and important ones for Daniel Cushman. In the spring he entered an academy, and lived in the family of the principal, a Dartmouth graduate and a great admirer of Daniel Webster. Naturally, the principal congratulated his new pupil upon his fortunate name; and when he found that young Daniel had seen and heard the great Webster, he took pains to tell him some of the Dartmouth traditions of the famous man.

One afternoon in early June, 1825, after Daniel had graduated from the academy, and was earning his college expenses by working for his grandfather in Plymouth, the stage brought a letter from Boston.

"Here," said Grandfather as he opened it, "is an invitation from the Bunker Hill Society to be present at Charlestown on the seventeenth for the laying of the corner stone of the new monument. Webster will give the oration and Lafayette has promised to be there. We must go, all three of us. We'll drive up the day before and stay at the *White Lamb*. Wife, you must take your best silk dress along, for there's to be a reception in the evening at Mr. Webster's house."

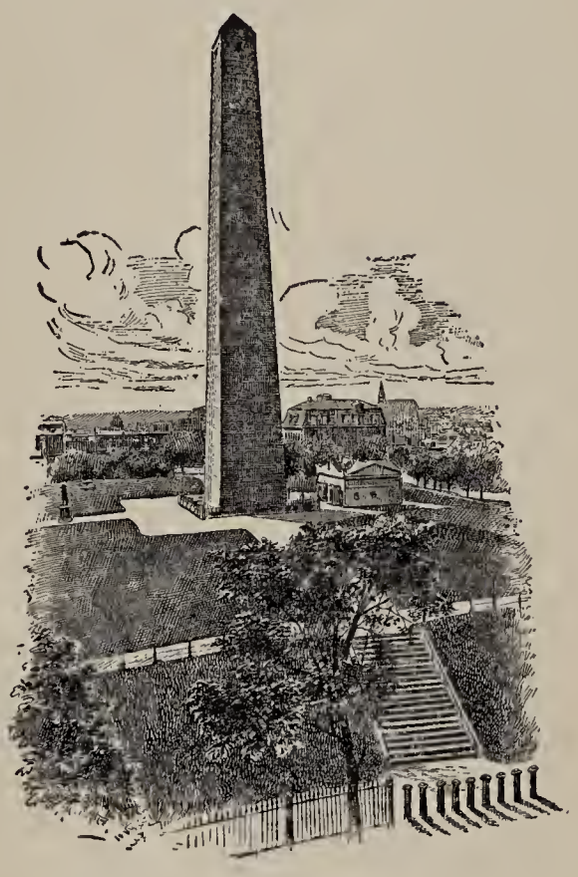
On the morning of June 16, among the many persons who started to drive to Boston from towns in the Old Colony, were Daniel and his grandparents. As they came into the city from Roxbury

Neck, Grandfather remarked, "I never saw these streets so full. Boston seems to be overrun with people and carriages." At the *White Lamb* on Washington Street they learned that visitors had come not only from all over Massachusetts, but from everywhere in New England, from New York and other Middle States, and even from Virginia and South Carolina. Of course there were no railroads in America in 1825, and journeys had to be made by stage, canal, or steamboat, sometimes by all three. To travel the thousand miles from Charleston, South Carolina, to Charlestown, Massachusetts, took not only time and money but much hardihood and endurance. The directors of the Bunker Hill Society, Grandfather learned, had given a special greeting to the South Carolina delegation. "They deserve it, I'm sure," remarked Grandmother, recalling the thunder shower that had spoiled a part of her own forty-mile journey.

The seventeenth, however, was a perfect June day. The rain of the afternoon before had laid the dust and washed clean the fields and trees. Right after breakfast, as had been arranged, a cousin of Grandmother's living near Bunker Hill took her home with him that she might attend the exercises with his family and stay with them till night. Grandfather and Daniel went at once to the Common in front of the State House where the procession was to form. Grandfather, in the re-

galia of a Mason, marched in the procession; Daniel Cushman, with thousands of others, followed it on the sidewalk.

To young Daniel Cushman, who had never seen a procession except that at Plymouth five years before, the sight was like a glimpse of Arabian Nights splendor; and even those who had witnessed many a magnificent parade declared that this was the finest pageant ever seen in this country. The column of marchers was so long that the head of the procession reached Charlestown Square, a mile or more away, before the rear on Boston Common had begun to move. All the church bells in Boston and Charlestown were ringing while the procession was in motion; and the pure atmosphere and the clear sky gave a peculiar luster, so the record says, to the bright uniforms of the soldiers and the rich banners and regalias.



Bunker Hill Monument

As soon as the procession reached the summit of Bunker Hill, it formed into a hollow square and

the ceremony of laying the corner stone began. It was then that young Daniel caught his first clear glimpse of Lafayette, at that time a man of sixty-five, bearing upon his face the heavy lines which years of prison torture had engraved and which subsequent calm and happiness were powerless to erase. After the corner stone had been put in place, Lafayette shared in the honor by receiving the trowel and spreading the cement over the stone.

That part of the ceremony over, Daniel and his grandfather went at once to the foot of the northern slope of the hill, where fortunately they found seats near the stage that had been erected for the occasion. Over the stage was a canopy "elegantly adorned and surmounted with a gilded eagle." On either side was a platform, built to furnish seats for the women who had had special invitations. There, after considerable difficulty, Daniel discerned his grandmother. Then he turned his attention to the stage, which was rapidly filling at the rear with the Revolutionary veterans.

"There are one hundred ninety in all," he said to Grandfather.

"And forty of them actually fought at Bunker Hill," supplemented some one sitting near.

Before long the officers of the Bunker Hill Monument Association with their guests, chief among whom was Lafayette, came upon the stage. Then young Daniel saw once more his "relative-

by-politics," the majestic Webster, who was both President of the Association and orator of the day. The five years since Forefathers' Day of 1820 had only added to the dignity of his commanding figure. Had Daniel Cushman been brought up to revere old-world institutions, he might have thought, as a British laborer exclaimed some years later, when he saw Webster on the streets of Liverpool, "There goes a king!"

But Webster did not open the exercises. Instead, an old man with white hair and frail physique stepped forward, in the midst of a profound stillness and before a sea of uncovered heads, to offer prayer. Fifty years before he had stood upon that hill and prayed for a blessing on the American cause; and now in broken but triumphant tones he made a prayer of gratitude and praise. Then, after the singing of an ode, Mr. Webster advanced to the front of the stage. His costume was similar to that he had worn at Plymouth, the blue coat, brass buttons, and buff waistcoat being specially appropriate, Daniel Cushman thought. Webster's mighty intellect seemed to look out of those dark flashing eyes; and in expectant eagerness young Daniel bent forward to catch the first syllables of that address which the world yet numbers among its masterpieces of eloquence.

"The uncounted multitude before me and around me," began the orator, "proves the feeling

which this occasion has excited." Then he told what the battle of Bunker Hill had meant not only to America but to the world. He spoke of the progress in the fifty years that had followed it — "the two or three millions of people augmented to twelve; the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry; the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England."

Never before had Daniel Cushman felt so deeply the greatness and majesty of his country; but he was roused from his reflection when the scarred and grizzled veterans stood up to receive the orator's tribute to their patriotism:

"Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave."

A little later Daniel saw Webster turn to Lafayette, who, as a young man, had hazarded his life and fortune in American affairs, and heard him speak these impassioned words:

"Fortunate, fortunate man! With what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with two hemispheres and with two generations. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. Those who survived that day and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! They now stretch forth their feeble hands to embrace you. Behold! They raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever."

Finally, after a description of the changes the world had witnessed in human society, Webster in a grand conclusion brought home to every one who heard him the duty of carrying on the government which the battle of Bunker Hill had been fought to establish. Daniel and the rest listened spellbound to the ringing words with which the oration closed: — "Let our object be *our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.* And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!"

Daniel's appreciation was almost reverence.

Five years before he had listened to the Plymouth oration with the boyish feeling that Webster could talk better than any other man he knew. Now, in his young manhood, as he looked upon those war-worn veterans with the tears streaming down their faces, he understood how impassioned oratory could stir the depths of the human heart. He felt his own soul responding to the challenge; and in an overwhelming surge of patriotism he resolved to do his utmost to preserve the free America which he and those of his generation had inherited.

Busy with such thoughts, he hardly noticed the concluding exercises and came to himself only as the vast audience began the stir of departure. Then he and his grandfather made their way to the "elder Bunker Hill" (the monument is really on Breed's Hill) and sat down to dinner in the tent erected for the four thousand guests of the Association.

A hundred years ago on such occasions there were no long after-dinner speeches, but only short toasts and songs. Most appropriately for this day there were thirteen toasts, beginning with "The seventeenth of June, 1775," and ending with "The memory of Warren." When these toasts had all been given, Webster rose impressively and offered one not printed on the program: "Health and a long life to General Lafayette!" And Lafayette, responding, said, "Bunker Hill and the holy resistance to oppression which has already enfran-

chised the American hemisphere. The next half century's jubilee toast shall be 'To Enfranchised Europe!'"

A most intelligent prophecy that was! We today know how events conspired to delay its fulfilment for another fifty years; but now, when European republics are rising from the ruins of crumbled monarchies, we look with confidence to the time when not Europe only, but the whole world, shall be made "safe for democracy."

The exercises in the tent were not finished until late afternoon, and it was almost dusk before Daniel and Grandfather met Grandmother again at the *White Lamb*. Then all three hastened to get ready for the grand reception which Mr. Webster was to give that evening in his spacious home on Summer Street.

That reception stood out in Daniel's life to the end. He was introduced to Lafayette and heard that famous friend of liberty tell a group of admirers some of the dramatic incidents of his sad years in the Austrian prison at Olmütz; he was again presented to the great Webster, who greeted him this time as a friend of five years' standing. Then, as he felt the magnetism of that wonderful personality, his hero worship was kindled anew; and never once, in the great statesman's later career, when he was reviled by his enemies or misunderstood by his friends, would Daniel Cushman

admit that any motive lower than the good of the whole nation actuated the man who had proclaimed among the sepulchres of his fathers: "Let our object be *our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country.*"

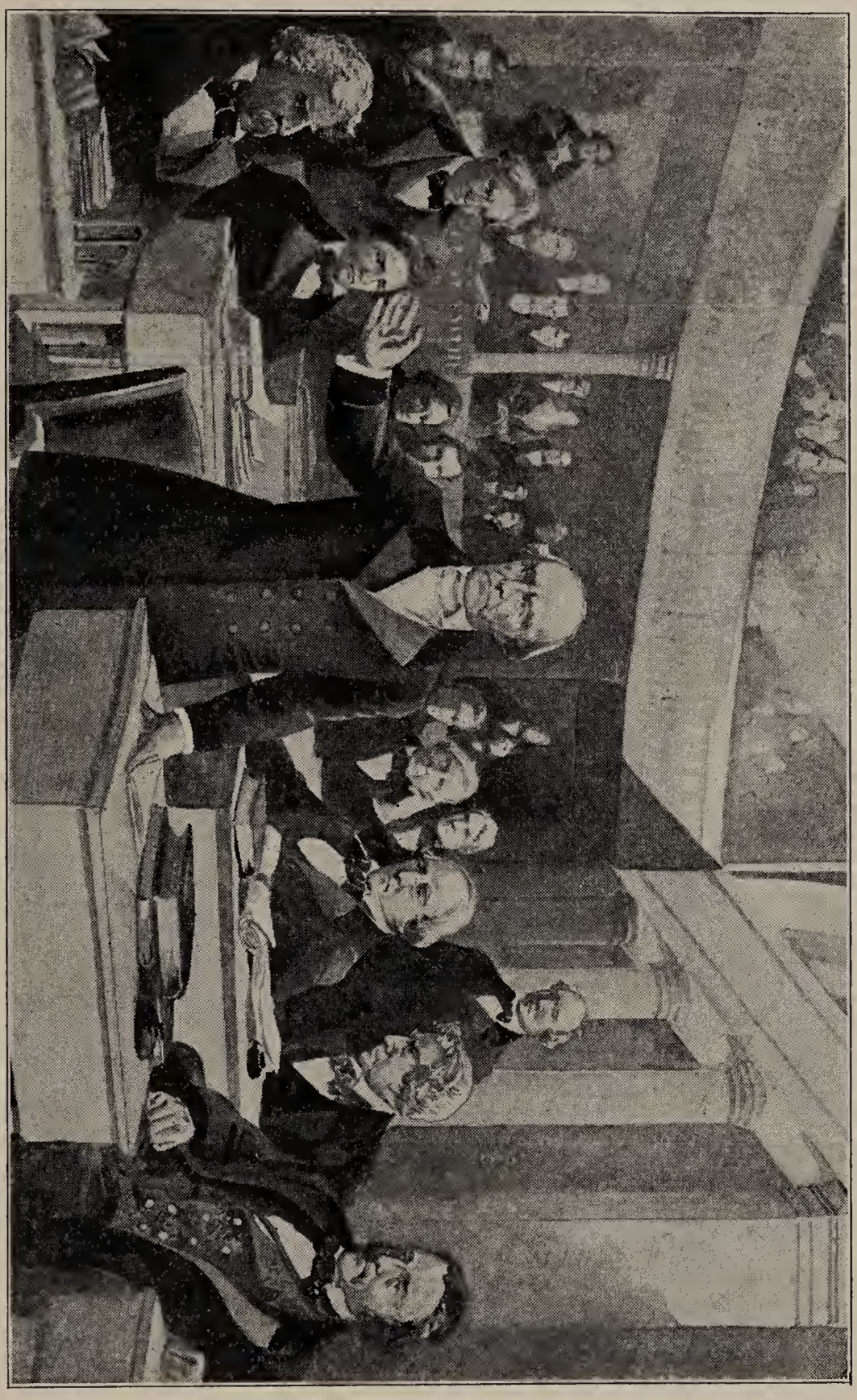
In the latter part of 1829, Daniel's grandfather, having business in New York, took the opportunity of visiting also his country's capital. The first Friday after his return, Daniel, now an academy principal himself, alighted in Plymouth from the afternoon stage, eager to hear details of his grandfather's visit to Congress.

"Did you hear the Webster-Hayne debate?" was Daniel's first question.

"Not the first part. I heard Webster's second reply on January twenty-sixth. Daniel, I believe that was the greatest speech ever delivered in any legislature. I know it was the greatest this country ever heard. Here's a copy of it I brought for you. These pamphlets were just off the press as I left Washington. Of course the Boston papers have had a summary of it?"

"Yes, I know in general what happened."

"Then you know how Hayne insisted that every state had the right to set aside any act of the federal government which it specially disapproved. Webster spoke with all his strength against this doctrine of nullification, declaring that it was wholly contrary to the Constitution.



Webster's Reply to Hayne

"Hayne opened the debate and talked for parts of two days. He showed how the North had believed in nullifying laws its people didn't like. He told of our leanings to disunion at the Hartford Convention and balanced those statements with instances of loyalty on the part of the South. And, Daniel, everything he said was perfectly true. He made me feel guilty enough when I remembered how in 1814 I favored the secession of New England. But of course the fact that New England was all wrong in Madison's time doesn't make South Carolina right almost twenty years afterward, now that the Constitution is no longer an experiment.

"And that was just what Mr. Webster tried to prove. To me, and I think most of the North, he has proved it beyond a doubt. The South, of course, was unconvinced. But, Daniel, the eloquence of that speech! Of course, I can't put Webster's fire into it, but let me read you the passage with which he answered Mr. Hayne's attack on New England: 'Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is. Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. . . . And, sir, where American Liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives in the strength of its man-

hood and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it, . . . it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory and on the very spot of its origin.' When he was saying that, Daniel, he looked at a group of Massachusetts men in the Senate chamber, and those men cried like girls.

"The most eloquent sentence, though, was the last. It was long, but this was the climax: 'Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.'

"When Webster finished, Daniel, no one moved in all that crowded hall. We were under a spell. Finally Vice President Calhoun brought his gavel down heavily, crying, 'Order! Order!' Still nobody moved. The silence could have heard itself.

"But when people had drawn their breaths again and had got up to leave, I don't believe any Southerner, though he might still claim that nullification and secession were constitutional, tried to deny Webster's victory in eloquence. 'It crushes nullification; it will hasten the abandonment of secession,' many of them admitted; and as for us New England men, we walked down Pennsylvania Avenue with a bolder step."

"Grandfather, that speech will make Webster our next President."

"I hope so, Daniel. It certainly ought to. I'm

too old to vote for many more Presidents, but I don't want to die without helping to elect Webster. The Defender of our Constitution should surely be the Leader of our Republic."

Part of Grandfather's prophecy was all too soon fulfilled. He did not live to cast another presidential vote. But his grandson's life continued half a century longer, through the direst and saddest struggle a civilized country ever knew. For the first twenty years of that time the great statesman and orator, Daniel Webster, taught the North its lesson of liberty *and* union so constantly and so eloquently that men in the sixties laid down their fortunes and their lives in defense of a united country.

But in spite of Webster's master mind and his manifest ability to direct national affairs, his country never made him President. He was, however, a "standing candidate" from the time of his reply to Hayne.

In 1832 Webster's friends thought that he should be nominated, but they were outnumbered by the people who said, "The voters admire and respect Webster, but they love Henry Clay. Besides, Clay is the older and more experienced leader." In 1836 the Whigs nominated William Henry Harrison, whom the Democratic Van Buren defeated, but with considerable difficulty.

In 1840, when the country was so dissatisfied with the twelve years of Jacksonian policies that a Whig victory seemed more than likely, Daniel Cushman and thousands of other Whigs declared again, "Now is the time to nominate Webster." But, to their chagrin, the party demanded a more spectacular leader, and once more the choice fell on William Henry Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe.

When Harrison had been elected, with much good sense he at once asked Webster to be his Secretary of State. Webster accepted the invitation, but by a strange turn in political affairs, he thought it best, after only two years of service, to resign the position. You will remember that President Harrison lived only a month after his inauguration and was succeeded by Vice President Tyler. Now Tyler was really more of a Democrat than a Whig; and he so disappointed the Cabinet members by his advocacy of Democratic policies that with the exception of Webster they at once resigned. Webster, putting patriotism above partisanship, stayed long enough to keep us out of another war * with England by concluding the Webster-Ashburton treaty, which fixed our northeastern boundary. Then he resigned, and Massachusetts, as soon as the opportunity offered and

* The account of this "Aroostook War" is fully given in the story about General Winfield Scott.

Webster would agree to reënter public life, sent him back to the Senate.

In 1844 Daniel Cushman and Webster's other supporters said, "If ever disinterested public service is to be rewarded, the Whigs should nominate Webster for President." But the Whig majority decreed otherwise. Had not Webster stayed in Tyler's Cabinet after all the others had resigned? (They forgot that he had resigned as soon as he had concluded the treaty with England.) Besides, that troublesome slavery question was coming to the front again now that Texas was asking admission to the Union. Had not Webster said in 1837: "I frankly avow my entire unwillingness to do anything that shall extend the slavery of the African race on this continent or add other slaveholding states to the Union"? No, the Whig candidate must not offend the South. Henry Clay, though opposed to slavery, is a slaveholder. Let us nominate him once more. So Webster stayed in the Senate.

In 1848 the friends of Webster again confidently pressed his claims. Had he not opposed the Mexican War that people now pretty generally deplored? Yet, when war was declared, had he not, like a true patriot, sent his youngest son to fight and die in the country's cause? Moreover, who was so well-suited to teach the South the lesson of nationalism she so sorely needed?

"All these things are true," replied the Whig majority. "But we need a candidate that every Whig will be enthusiastic about, and if he can be a Southerner, so much the better. Let us nominate 'Old Rough and Ready,' the military hero of Buena Vista." So the Whigs nominated and elected General Zachary Taylor, whose only claim to the presidency was, as Webster bitterly said, his "availability." And Webster once more stayed in the Senate.

Taylor had not been long in office before the ever-smouldering slavery question broke into flames. No decision had as yet been reached about permitting slavery in the territory gained from Mexico, and California was now clamoring for admission to the Union as a free state. Then the southern Democrats said, "If Congress admits California as a free state and interferes with slavery in the new Mexican territory, we will secede." Northerners who had withdrawn from the Whigs and called themselves "Free-Soilers" said, "Slavery shall not be planted in any new territory." The Abolitionists, northern extremists who counted both Whigs and Democrats in their number, and who were every day gaining recruits under the leadership of the fiery William Lloyd Garrison, declared, "We will leave the Union if we must, but we will abolish slavery."

To Webster and Clay there was but one thing

to do. The Union must be preserved at any cost till this excitement should give way to calmer reason. Then Clay, "the great compromiser," lived up to his reputation. He drew up another compromise bill and sent for Webster. "Will you vote for it, Webster?"

"Let me think it over, Clay. Must this clause enforcing the fugitive slave law go in? It is constitutional, of course, but it is morally wrong. Or if it must remain, can we not secure a trial by jury for the escaped and overtaken slave?"

A little more than five weeks afterward, when threats of secession from the Abolitionists in the North and the slave owners in the South could no longer pass unnoticed, Webster made up his mind. Standing in the Senate, on the seventh of March, 1850, he said, "I speak to-day not as a Northerner, not as a Southerner, but as an American. Hear me for my cause." Then he advocated Clay's compromise as the only measure that could avert civil war. It gave everybody something, even the Abolitionists. But it contained the provision for a fugitive slave law that permitted southern slave owners to reclaim their fugitive slaves without any trial.

What a commotion that speech raised in the North! Most of the men of letters indignantly denounced Webster. Emerson said, "Every drop of blood in that man's veins has eyes that look

downward." Longfellow asked, "Is this the Titan who hurled mountains at Hayne years ago?" Hawthorne painted Webster in *The Great Stone Face* as the eloquent but unprincipled "Old Stony Phiz." And Whittier, who had given the best twenty years of his life to the cause of abolition, wrote in his stern and sorrowful *Ichabod:*

"All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled;
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead."

On the other hand there were thousands of patriotic men and women not gifted as writers, who, though they felt that any concession to slavery was a compromise with evil, approved Webster's position as the only feasible way of avoiding or at least postponing the day when the states might become "dissevered, discordant, belligerent." Among these was Daniel Cushman, but among the opponents of Webster's attitude none was more vehement than Daniel's father, by that time a thorough-going Abolitionist.

"Why, Father," remonstrated the younger man, "without this compromise we should be at this moment in civil war, and we are not strong enough here in the North either in population or wealth to conquer the South. We should neither save the Union nor abolish slavery. You must see that."

"No, Dan, I don't. If we had prohibited slavery in all new territory, the South would be fighting now. And with all my heart I believe that slavery would somehow die as the result of war, even though the Union should be dissolved. No, Dan, I feel that Webster voted for that compromise not to save the Union, but only for the sake of being President of it. I'm one of those like Horace Mann, who think that's the shrewdest thing he ever did."

"I can never believe that, Father, though I know many people do. How could Webster possibly hope for a Whig nomination now? He must have known, before he made that speech, that it would cost him thousands of northern supporters, and of course he wouldn't take the Democratic nomination, even if he could get it. No, Father, I shall always think he did his duty at the cost of his popularity. He is both "Defender of the Constitution" and "Savior of the Union."

Webster lived too short a time to disprove the claim of his opponents that "since he was not quite all right, he must be all wrong." His health, after nearly half a century of strenuous public life, began to fail. "I am all worn out," he said toward the end of those dreary months. The bitter reproaches of former friends of course told heavily upon him; but the sting of those accusations was somewhat softened when President Fillmore in

July, 1850, asked him to be for the second time Secretary of State. The next presidential nomination, however, passed him by, and he died in the fall of 1852, disappointed in the ambition he most cherished, but holding firmly to the position he had taken on the seventh of March two years and a half before.

The feeling in the North that Webster had been a traitor to the cause of freedom was so strong that for the next ten years nothing that his friends said or did could change it much; but when, in 1861, no compromise could longer avail, when the question of state rights had to be decided by the dreaded war, then Webster's wisdom in delaying that bloody settlement of differences grew more and more apparent. Even Whittier, the great statesman's bitterest denouncer, wrote, "I sometimes think that he was right and that I was wrong, after all."

Daniel Cushman welcomed gratefully this change of feeling toward his hero, and in the midst of the war a letter of President Lincoln to Horace Greeley made him think that Webster's course might in the end be universally approved. Lincoln, explaining that the chief issue of the war was the saving of the Union, wrote:

"If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it. And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. And if I

could save it by freeing some and leaving others slaves, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union."

"For words like those," commented Daniel Cushman, "the country called Webster a renegade and a traitor. Some time every true American will see that Webster and Lincoln both worked for the same end, the preservation of the Union."

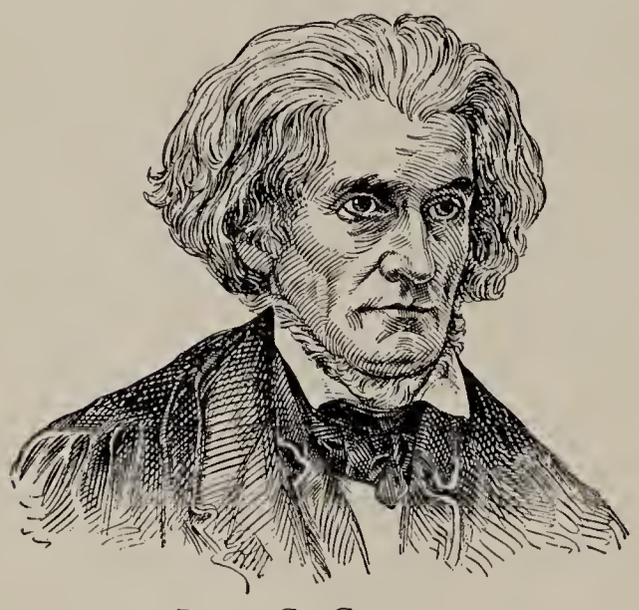
Were Daniel Cushman alive to-day, more than three-quarters of a century after the death of his loved Webster, he would rejoice to know that the fairer, maturer judgment of the years is constantly vindicating his own strong admiration for what always seemed to him the great orator's true patriotism and wise statesmanship.

John Caldwell Calhoun: One of America's Great Triumvirate

Long ago in ancient Rome political leadership lay for a period of years in the hands of three men, Caesar, Pompey, and Crassus, often called the Great Triumvirate. Nearly two thousand years later in America three men again ruled politically as truly as ever did the three Roman leaders. Little wonder that the term the Great Triumvirate was used once more! The men who made up America's triumvirate were Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun. Webster was from the North, Clay from the West, and Calhoun from the South. They were the "giants in Congress" for a whole generation. Born within a few years of one another, they entered public life at almost the same age, and the three died within a period of little more than two years. Their political opinions were often as far apart as the poles. This meant intense party feeling, for probably never since their day have there been in Congress at the same time three men with such power of leadership. This is the story of the great Southerner.

It has been said that Calhoun will be remembered the longest of the three. That may be true.

He was for many years the foremost champion of certain ideas which plunged this country shortly after his day into long and bitter civil war. Consequently, to understand United States history, it will always be necessary to know what the beliefs were which Calhoun defended with all the intensity of which he was capable.



John C. Calhoun

John Caldwell Calhoun was born in South Carolina in 1782, seven years before Washington was inaugurated as the first President of the new United States. He was not strong as a child and had really no schooling until he was nineteen. For six years he had been kept outdoors by his family, and at last the talented boy seemed strong enough for an education. He was sent to a private school kept by his brother-in-law, Dr. Moses Waddell, a Presbyterian minister. This boys' school in South Carolina was undoubtedly the most famous in the South and wholly unlike any other of the time. It was, in fact, very modern in the idea of keeping the boys much in the open air; but it was quite different from the modern school in the time of beginning the school day. The boys lived

in log huts in the woods and furnished their own supplies, or they lived at farmhouses in the vicinity. At sunrise every morning Dr. Waddell stepped out on his porch and blew a horn. This was answered by horns from the different houses in which the boys lived. At this signal the boys gathered at the log school building for prayers. Immediately after these devotional exercises each boy took a chair marked with his own name and went off to the woods, where the boys studied in groups. When it was cold, fires were built and the boys studied around them. Comfortable or uncomfortable, they certainly studied.

Dr. Waddell was a wonderful teacher. Many an illustrious Southerner has borne witness to that fact. Calhoun, though he had never studied Latin at all before he went to Dr. Waddell's school, was able at the end of two years to enter the junior class at Yale. He spent two years at Yale, and then took his law training also in the North, at Litchfield, Connecticut. When he had finished his law course, he went home to South Carolina, and was admitted to the bar in that state. Seven years to fit for college, graduate from college, and prepare for admission to the bar! Most men could not do it, but Calhoun had a very brilliant mind and an iron will.

For the practice of law he never seemed to care, though he was successful from the very first.

Farming and political life were the lines of activity in which he was always deeply interested. He loved the first plantation that he bought, which was his home for the first fourteen years of his married life; but he had an absorbing interest in his second purchase, the beautiful plantation of Fort Hill, which was his home for the remainder of his life. He writes that he feels like an exile in Washington, and that always as soon as Congress adjourns and his duties in Washington are completed he hastens home to Fort Hill.

It was a magnificent estate. Once a log fort for protection against the Indians had stood on the hill where the new owner built his roomy, comfortable mansion, with stately white pillars like those at Mount Vernon. Just as Monticello, the Hermitage, and Mount Vernon will always be connected with the names of three great statesmen, so Fort Hill will always mean Calhoun. No wonder that Calhoun loved the place and put so much of time and thought into its development. It was in a fertile section of a naturally rich state, and was beautifully located as to its surroundings. From the gently rising ground on which the "great house" stood, the master of Fort Hill could see on every hand a broad sweep of his own fruitful fields, and at his feet a river which made the view, to him, one of unrivaled beauty.

Calhoun owned many slaves and cultivated a

large acreage. He was an excellent manager of a plantation, systematic and thrifty. Nevertheless the old account books show that even Fort Hill, which was managed far better than most of the plantations, under the system of forced slave labor was making its owner poorer instead of richer. However, he lived in a comfort which was almost luxury, and was noted for that unfailing hospitality which the southern aristocracy so lavishly practised in those days when towns and hotels were so few and far between. Just once, according to story, did Calhoun turn a guest from his gates. On that occasion, a stranger who had been made welcome, refused to attend family prayers. To a servant Calhoun said, with his impressive dignity, "Saddle the man's horse, and let him go," thus closing the incident.

The same year that Calhoun was married he was elected Representative to Congress. This was in 1811. He was not thirty years old. From that time until his death almost forty years later he was constantly in public life. He served as Representative, as Secretary of War under Monroe, as Vice President during the administrations of John Quincy Adams and Jackson, then as Senator, next as Secretary of State under Tyler, and then again as Senator. Few other great statesman have served their country in so many different capacities.

When Calhoun entered Congress, the country

was divided on the question of a second war with Great Britain. The young representative from South Carolina entered public life as a "War Hawk." His first long speech was made a little more than a month after he became a member of the House of Representatives. It was an impressive call to arms. A portrait of the great orator at that time would show a young man, tall — six feet two inches, in fact — slender, almost gaunt, with thick hair rising from a high broad forehead and making a dark frame for his face. But most wonderful of all were those gray eyes, so brilliant and so magnetic that every biographer speaks of their compelling quality. His speech was clear, concise, convincing. In it he said:

"I am not here to represent my own state alone. I renounce the idea, and I will show by my vote that I contend for the interests of the whole people of this community."

And this was true. During the first years of his public life, he treated every question from the viewpoint of broad national interests. He was considered an ardent and enthusiastic nationalist. It was not until South Carolina began to lose her place as a leading state in the Union that Calhoun's interests became sectional rather than national.

The War Hawks had the majority of votes in Congress, and declared war with England. The War of 1812 was bitterly fought, and soon became

a matter of history. "When peace was declared opportunely and honorably," says Gaillard Hunt, "it was followed by a national feeling stronger and deeper than had ever before existed in the republic."

Calhoun had been one of the strongest champions of the war, and had favored every measure which hastened its successful conclusion. He had become famous, and he stood out as a great political leader. When President Monroe made up his cabinet in 1817, it was natural that he should invite Calhoun to become Secretary of War. Though many of his friends advised him not to change to administrative work, he did accept. Immediately he proved his immense capacity for hard work and showed his genius as an organizer.

In three months he had brought order out of the muddle in which the affairs of the department were involved. He organized the department on the bureau system, which has ever since been used in the Federal departments. He reduced the standing army, cut down army expenses in other ways, and brought about the enlargement and reorganization of the military academy at West Point. An interesting statement about his constructive genius is that of General Simon Bernard, head of the Engineer Corps, who had served under Napoleon in France. General Bernard declared

that Calhoun's ability as an administrator reminded him of that of Napoleon himself.

One great project Calhoun was not able to carry out. He planned a complete system of coast defenses from Mount Desert in Maine to New Orleans, but because of purely personal opposition (that of the friends of the Secretary of the Treasury) he was unable to carry out the plan. Strange as it seems to us to-day, during the second term of Monroe's administration, three of his five Cabinet members were actively working to succeed him as President of the United States. It was not a happy and harmonious Cabinet family. The three candidates for the presidency, John Quincy Adams, Crawford, and Calhoun, came to hate one another cordially, and Crawford's friends were those who defeated the proposals for coast defense.

The South Carolina legislature in 1822 nominated Calhoun for President. However, Andrew Jackson won in the contest for nomination, and Calhoun agreed to accept the vice presidency. For the next thirty years, Calhoun worked and hoped for the election as President; but he was doomed to disappointment in this his greatest ambition. Far more able intellectually than some of the men who were given the highest honor in the gift of the people, it seems a tragedy that this brilliant statesman should have been so in the grip

of a doomed cause that the nation could not honor him as his abilities deserved.

The period as Vice President seems to mark a turning point in Calhoun's career. Up to this time he had been strongly a nationalist; at this time he began to develop a theory of state rights. It does not seem strange that a man who thought as profoundly as Calhoun and who so deeply loved his native state should feel that some change of policy should be initiated. South Carolina was slipping from her high position as a leading state in the Union. Calhoun had originally favored a fairly high protective tariff, but by 1828 he felt that it was bearing unfairly upon South Carolina.

Economically the state was going down. Her statesmen were faced with the fact that population was not increasing as in the states of Massachusetts and New York. The census of 1829 showed that New York was the most populous state in the Union. The next census showed that the northern state had made a population gain six times that of South Carolina. Another disturbing fact was that more than half the population of the southern state were slaves. The state was growing poor, too. The planters were living comfortably, even luxuriously, but their account books did not show a balance on the right side. The people laid their poverty to the tariff, and just as blind to facts, laid what wealth they had to the system of slavery.

Calhoun accepted this fatal error, and fought for slavery as an economic necessity in the South. For the last twenty-five years of his life he was the champion of the whole South for what he had called in his early days "an odious traffic."

Undoubtedly the tariff of 1828 was too high and was unjust to the South. In a long struggle for a lower tariff the South was defeated in Congress by the manufacturing interests of the North. Discontent in South Carolina became acute. The state was divided into a Union party and a party declaring the right of the state to refuse obedience to the objectionable laws. In November, 1832, matters reached a climax, and in a special state convention the Ordinance of Nullification was passed, whereby the two tariff laws of 1828 and 1832 were declared null and void within the state, and it was further declared that the state would withdraw from the Union in case force should be resorted to in order to compel obedience to the objectionable laws.

In December, Calhoun resigned as Vice President that he might become Senator from South Carolina. In the new position he could act as leader of the nullifiers. In February he spoke for nullification, in what was probably his greatest speech. It was a marvelous effort, two hours in length, and it fully satisfied his followers. Calhoun had not spoken on the floor of Congress for fifteen

years; he was now fifty years old, cool and deliberate, sure of himself, and tremendously impressive. Both friends and foes admired the calm dignity with which he spoke, and even his foes paid tribute to the sincerity of the man, though they could not understand why such a wonderful leader should be so misguided in his beliefs.

Civil war threatened. President Jackson hurried troops to South Carolina that the tariff laws might be enforced. However, there were many people who were anxious to find some way to keep South Carolina in the Union as a loyal state instead of turning her by force of arms into "a hostile little conquered province." Then it was that a compromise tariff was proposed by Henry Clay. It was acceptable to the leaders of both parties and was passed by Congress. Civil war was averted. Nevertheless, sectional differences had begun to smoulder, and the interests of the North and the South were too much at variance to keep the fires long concealed. The doctrine of state rights had been sown in the hearts of the slave-holding South, and in a generation more the two sections would be locked in a deadly struggle.

The acceptance of the compromise tariff by Congress did not, of course, mean its acceptance by the defiant state of South Carolina. Calhoun felt that there might be necessity for personally urging its ratification, and he consequently began

a race against time to reach the state capital. Congress adjourned on the fourth of March. The state convention which would decide the fate of the compromise would meet in just one week. It is a little more than four hundred miles from Washington to Columbia. It had been an unusually cold winter, and the roads were their very worst. The usual travel by stage was so slow that Calhoun rode night and day for most of the journey in open mail wagons. He reached Columbia in time, but he paid dearly in health all the rest of his life for the exposure of that trip. The compromise was accepted, and thus what was probably the most important incident in Calhoun's life was closed. He was the one leader of the South both for state rights and for slavery.

After ten years more in the Senate, Calhoun retired to private life for a very brief period in 1843. This retirement was really to organize his forces for another campaign for the presidency. Again he lost, and again he went back to Washington, this time as Secretary of State. When the administration changed, Calhoun would have been glad to continue in this office, but as he was not invited to do so, he again accepted an election as Senator, holding that position until his death.

What power that one man wielded! He took the lead in the annexation of Texas. While others hesitated, he was ready for action. He made up

his mind that he would not only recognize the independence of Texas but would also urge her admission to the Union. Texas as an independent country was impossible. Texas under the control of England would be worse. Texas must come into the Union and thus greatly increase the possibility of the extension of slavery. Texas was annexed, and Calhoun was more than ever the idol of the South.

THE OREGON COMPROMISE

Hardly was the annexation of Texas settled, when the Oregon matter threw the country into turmoil. Should it be "Fifty-four forty or fight"? Calhoun did not want war with Great Britain, and by his masterly efforts rather than by any wisdom on the part of President Polk, the Senate was swung into line with him. It was a great scene when Calhoun made his magnificent speech on March 16, 1846. Many of his admirers had come as early as eight o'clock in the morning in order to get admission to the Senate galleries. Hundreds were turned away. The Senate was

completely under Calhoun's control. War was once more averted, and "all Oregon" was peacefully bounded by the forty-ninth parallel.

At almost the same time as the Oregon matter came the question of war with Mexico. This was the one issue on which Calhoun could not hold his party. The South generally did not see beyond the possibility of enormous addition of territory. Calhoun, with his keener insight, foresaw that out of it would be carved free states instead of slave states. He saw that the equilibrium that he sought for the continuance of the Union would be farther away than ever. It took a high degree of moral courage to take a stand against his party, but he did take a stand against war with Mexico and he never wavered. One of his warmest friends wrote that if Calhoun had only stood with his party then "all the politicians in the country could not have kept him from being President."

The last two years of Calhoun's life were full of tragedy. He could see plainly the irresistible onrush of forces which he could no longer control. Yet unconquerable to the last, he vainly tried to preserve the Union and also to preserve the already doomed cause of slavery. His last session of Congress was that which began in December, 1849. It was one of the most notable ever held, and was the last session for each of the great triumvirate. All three were trying to save the Union, but by

very different means. Henry Clay offered the Compromise of 1850, the Omnibus Bill, as it was often called. Calhoun was violently opposed to the compromise as unfavorable to slavery, and prepared to meet the proposals with what was called the greatest speech of any southern leader in the fifteen years which preceded the Civil War.

Still very weak from an attack of pneumonia, Calhoun dragged himself to the Senate to utter his denunciation of Clay's bill. However, some of his friends persuaded him to abandon the idea of delivering the speech himself, and he gave it to James M. Mason, a senator from Virginia, to read for him. It was finely read, both clearly and dramatically, while the author sat immovable as a statue through the whole ordeal, hearing another man pronounce his own words which foretold the destruction of all that he had labored his entire life to preserve.

He lived to come into the Senate again, and even to utter a few sentences of protest to Webster's Seventh of March speech, but the end was very near. He died on March 31, 1850, lamenting that he could not have one hour more to work on his great treatise on government.

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

Alamo, ä′ lä mō
Armijo, är mē′hō
Aroostook, å rōōs′tōōk
Attakapas, åt tă käp′ăs

Baton Rouge, băt′ŭn rōōzh
Beauregard, bō′rē gärd
Bolivar, bŏ lē′vär
Bonaparte, bōn′å pärt
Brazos, brä′zōs
Buena Vista, bwā′nä vēs′tä

Caracas, kä rä′käs
Caribbean, kăr′ĭ bē′ăn
Cerro Gordo, sĕr′ō gôr′dō
Chapultepec, chä pōōl′tå pĕk′
Churubusco, chōō′ rōō bōōs′-kō
Contreras, cŏn trā′räs
Corpus Christi, kôr′ pŭs krĭs′-tĭ
Cortez, kôr′tĕs

Ecuador, ĕk′wå dôr′

Frémont, frē mŏnt′

Gila, hē′lå
Goliad, gō′lĭ ăd

Jacques Cartier, zhåk kär′ty ā
Jacques Marquette, zhåk mär′-kĕt′

Mendoza, mĕn dō′sä
Molino del Rey, mô lē′nō dĕl rā′

Natchez, năch′ĕs
Nueces, nû ā′sās

Okeechobee, ō′kē chō′bē
Olmutz, ŏl′mŭts

Pensacola, pĕn′så cō′lå
Pizarro, pĭ zär′rō
Puebla, pwā′blä

Quito, kē′tō

Raton, rä tōn′

San Jacinto, săn jå sĭn′tō
Seminole, sĕm′ĭ nōl′
Sevier, sē vēr′
Sucre, sōō′krā

Tecumseh, tē kŭm′sĕ
Te Deum, tē dē′ŭ m

Venezuela, vĕn′ē zwē′lå
Vera Cruz, vār′ä krōōs′
voyageur, vwå′yå′zhûr′