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THIRTY VOLUMES

VOLUME TWO

CONCRETE EXAMPLES OF SUCCESSFUL MEN, INCLUDING CAUSE AND
EFFECT OF SUCCESS. DEDUCTION OF RULES FOR SUCCEEDING
BY COMPARISON AND CONTRAST OF METHODS PURSUED
AND RESULTS ATTAINED IN NUMEROUS CAREERS



"Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other"

BURKE: Letters on a Regicide Peace

"Children have more need of models than of critics"

JOUBERT: Pensées

*"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."*

LONGFELLOW: Psalm of Life.

*"One thing is forever good;
That one thing is Success."*

EMERSON: Fate.

NEW YORK

THE SUCCESS COMPANY

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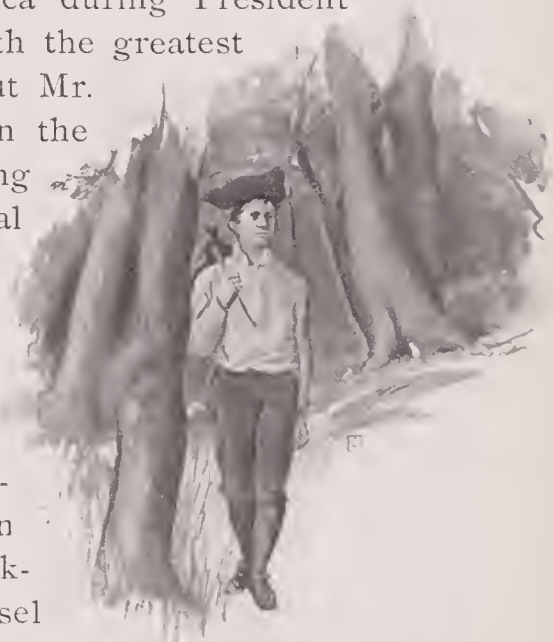
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desired, were rejected, and many of which he did not wholly approve, were presented to him for ratification. Thus he felt it to be his duty to the majority, and to his oath of office, to sign the fugitive slave act, at the cost of becoming unpopular with his own party.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, his administration was marked by progress and had much that was good to distinguish it. Perry's expedition, which resulted in a treaty, sailed for Japan in 1852. To Fillmore we are indebted for the abolition of flogging in the navy, and for many post-office reforms, including cheap postage. Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, visited America during President Fillmore's term, and was everywhere greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. He was received in Washington, but Mr. Fillmore frankly told him of the neutral position the United States was compelled to maintain. During Mr. Fillmore's term the extension of the National Capitol was begun.

The numerous filibustering expeditions to Cuba at this time gave serious concern to the authorities at Washington, and the President strove vigorously to suppress them. In his attempt to do so, he ordered a war ship to North Carolina, where at the governor of that state sent to Washington an angry note resenting the interference and asking by what right the President had sent a vessel of war to the coast of North Carolina. Fillmore replied by saying that he did so by his right as President and because he was, by the Constitution, commander of the army and navy of the United States.

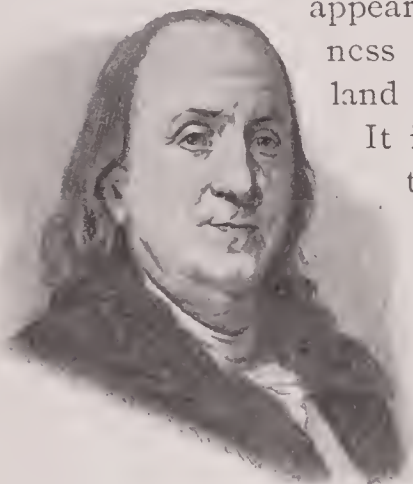
When his term of office expired, Mr. Fillmore returned to his home at Buffalo, New York, and resumed his law practice. In 1855 he was the candidate of the American party for President, but was not elected. He sailed for Europe and made a tour of the principal countries. On his return to America, he practically held aloof from politics. He busied himself with books and historical research and became president of the Buffalo Historical Society. On March 8, 1874, a few days after the death of his lifelong friend and partner, Judge Hall, he died, and the two were buried side by side, in Forest Lawn Cemetery.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Printer, philosopher, statesman, diplomat, patriot.

“THE genius which has freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of the Divinity,” were the words in which Mirabeau announced to the French National Assembly the death of Benjamin Franklin. Hardly less impressive were the words of Turgot, spoken in their subject’s lifetime: “He snatched the lightning from heaven and the scepter from tyrants.” It was the great Lord Chatham who said, after Franklin’s appearance at the bar of the House of Commons as a witness against the Stamp Act: “He is an honor, not to England only, but to human nature.”

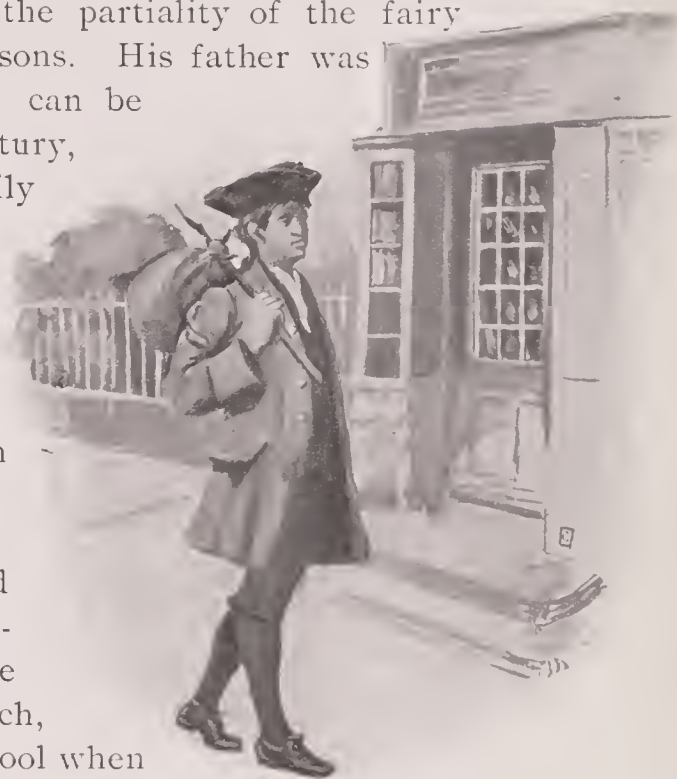


It is not exaggeration to say that Franklin is one of the most colossal figures which history has preserved to the knowledge of mankind. Conceding what is probably true, that Napoleon, of all men, individually most affected the world, it is not to be claimed that he left an influence so enduring, so penetrating and so active as that of Franklin. Except that the meteoric career of the wonderful Corsican enabled the liberating principles of the French Revolution to establish themselves on the ruins of absolutism and hereditary privilege, that he knocked to pieces in continental Europe, the work of Napoleon fell with himself; if we further except that code of civil and criminal jurisprudence created by his inspiration, and which, more honorably than aught else, preserves his name. As for the rest, much of his achievement was destructive of the elements of human happiness and progress, and much else mere transitory effect, passing from power with himself. Franklin did more than Napoleon for the well being and future of mankind, by the homely principles, maxims and examples of his “Poor Richard’s Almanack,” to carry no farther the citation of his service to humanity. But Americans will carry it farther, comparison or no comparison, for there is no surer fact in our national history than that to Franklin we owe our national independence — to him and to Washington, these two, in equal measure, and with no third member to the glorious association.

Franklin was born at Boston, January 17, 1706. It may interest those curious in folk-lore to know that he was a youngest son in a line of five unbroken generations of youngest sons. That this is not without some significance, is attested by the partiality of the fairy tales of all lands and ages, for youngest sons. His father was a Northamptonshire man, whose pedigree can be approximated back to the fifteenth century, when the family was already, as the family name denotes, one of "free men"—no small distinction in those days of feudalism and serfdom. From both father and mother the young Benjamin inherited a constitution of toughened steel, which, well kept, served him well to an old age, green beyond the ordinary suggestion of the term. This youngest and favored son of the Northampton dyer turned candlemaker, and thrived at the business. It had been intended to restore the family dignity in the new world by rearing Benjamin for the church, to which end he was carefully placed at school when eight years old, being already so well advanced in reading that he was unable to remember a time when he could not read. But his bent was so evidently not toward the ministry, that at ten he was taken into his father's factory to learn the mysteries of soap and candle making.

In these useful arts he learned the rudiments of industry, but they pursued him more than he pursued them, and, after a fair trial of two years, he was translated to the printing office of his elder brother. This proved to be his vocation, for if Franklin had no other claim to distinction, he would rank high simply as a printer. He remained with his brother five years, during the latter part of which term he had become the most valuable producer of the articles he put in type for the newspaper issued from the printing office. His style was a blend of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Spectator," his literary mentors, and not only pleased the taste of that day, but remains engaging by its quaintness, raciness and point. A propensity to ballad writing may have been the dawn of a poetic tendency, for Franklin did not lack the faculty of imagination, as his literary and scientific achievements prove; but a suggestion from the anxious father that verse makers are usually beggars, sharply pulled up the budding poet.

His inability to get along amicably with his brother, deprived Boston of its otherwise most famous citizen, who transferred himself



and his future to Philadelphia. There he found employment in a badly conducted printing office and became at once, by force of ability, its practical manager. There, too, in no long time after he had entered the provincial capital, with all his belongings bundled at the end of a stick and swung over his shoulder, he came to be regarded by people of standing as a person of consequence, and their interest and confidence in him led to the conclusion that he ought to be at the head of a printing office worthy of the city. Falling in with the public conceit, the provincial governor, a vain and superficial man, undertook the office of patron, and, in the late autumn of 1724, Franklin paid his own passage to London, in reliance upon the promise of a remittance to follow, to pay for the outfit he was to purchase there. No remittance came, and Franklin was obliged to go to work as a journeyman. After nearly two years, an opportunity came to return to Philadelphia as a clerk to a merchant who was going there to engage in business. The death of his employer, in a few months, put an end to Franklin's career and expectations, and he went back to his old place. The next year, 1727, he founded the Junto, a society or club for mutual improvement, and this tiny shoot became the parent stem of the subsequent Library Company, 1731, and of the American Philosophical Society, 1743. These were both organized by Franklin, and thus he laid the foundation for that literary and scientific eminence so long monopolized by Philadelphia.

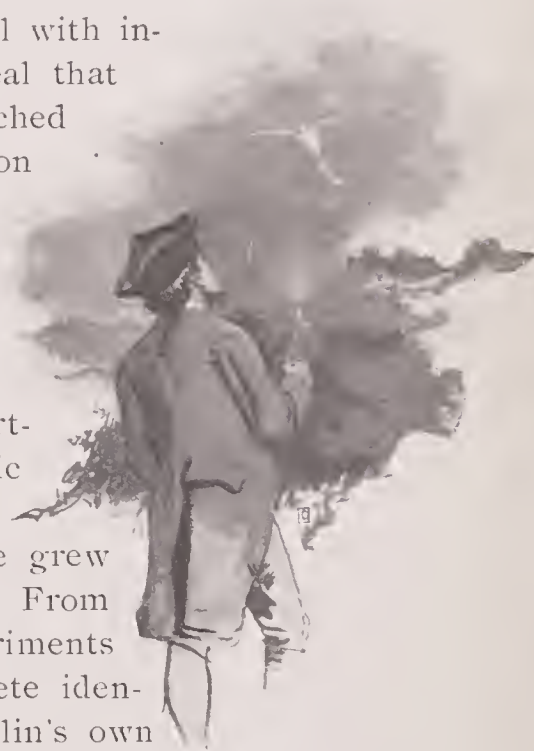
In 1729 Franklin was able to engage in business for himself, with a very small capital, and to take over the "Pennsylvania Gazette," which had been trying to live with less than a hundred subscribers. He soon wrote that weekly up into fame and profit, and carried it on for more than thirty-five years. In 1732 he began the publication of "Poor Richard's Almanack," and brought it out for twenty-five years. It reached a circulation of ten thousand copies, which yet stands unrivaled, on a comparison between conditions then and as they are now. Its mission was to teach men, by precept and example, how to be "healthy, wealthy and wise," and that was the sum of Franklin's philosophy, for he was the most direct and practical philosopher that ever attained rank among the world-wide sages. When, after the alliance, the French government fitted out a war ship for the American service, it was named "Bon Homme Richard," that is "Good Man Richard," in compliment to Franklin, and as the nearest approach that the difference in language would permit, to the name of the famous annual which translation had made as familiar in



France as in Britain and America. In 1736 Franklin became clerk to the General Assembly, and in 1738 a member of that body, in which he continued for ten years. In 1737 he was made deputy postmaster for the colonies, the beginning of a post-office experience of some forty years, marked by his usual practical sagacity and attended by the customary efficiency and profit of all his undertakings.

In addition to his business, literary, legislative and official occupations, Franklin was deep in philosophical and scientific studies and pursuits. Political economy, as related to daily welfare, engaged his interest. He discussed the theory of value, and deemed its true foundation to be labor cost. On the subject of population, he held the doctrine of its proper restriction to the means of subsistence. He was, in all things, a utilitarian to the backbone. For speculative philosophy he had no regard; he deemed essential an immediate and practically beneficial object for every inquiry and experiment. Industry and thrift were the motors, and the greatest earthly good of the greatest number was the end to be reached. The industry and the thrift enjoined were the homely industry and thrift of the individual, as "A penny saved is a penny earned," and the like, and he looked at the mass only to discover the results of individual vices and virtues, then to go back to the individual with incitement or admonition. It was his personal appeal that made his philosophy so effective, for by it he reached the dullest conscience, the most sluggish ambition and the plainest understanding. His own thought was never uncertain, his utterance never obscure. His familiarity with French, Spanish, Italian and Latin vastly enlarged his sources of inspiration and his powers of expression.

To Franklin were due the police and fire departments, the militia, the street paving and the public hospital, in all of which Philadelphia was the pioneer city of colonial America, and from his impulse grew the now flourishing University of Pennsylvania. From 1751 to 1754 he conducted those electrical experiments which, among other things, demonstrated the complete identity of lightning with electricity, and led to Franklin's own introduction of the lightning rod. The Royal Society, autocrat in the world of science, scornfully rejected his account of his electrical experiments, which, published then in popular form, ran through five editions. When convinced of its error, the great society made the most ample amends. The present being the era of electricity, it is



well to quote the words of an expert, Professor Chrystal, of the University of Edinburgh, who says:—

“A high place in the history of electricity must be allotted to the name of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia. His researches did much to extend our theoretical and practical knowledge of electricity, and the clearness and vigor of his style made his writings popular and spread the study of the subject.”

In 1754 Franklin, as Indian agent for Pennsylvania, went to the congress at Albany, intended chiefly to arrange terms with the Six Nations in view of an impending war with France. He there brought forward his project of a president-general and a grand council for the colonies, declaring his conviction that the colonies united could take care of the war in America without a redcoat or a shilling from England. This was persuasive, but the crown office shrank from colonial union, and the proposal, with real reluctance, was rejected. Its adoption at the congress would have insured its adoption at London, and in this twentieth century the British ensign would probably have been the flag of all English-speaking America. Its rejection caused the sending over of General Braddock, an excellent but arrogant commander, and two admirable regiments, trained to warfare in the Flemish lowlands, as a nucleus for the undisciplined colonial volunteers. Franklin, as postmaster for the colonies, was charged with the duty of providing the great wagon train needed for the expedition through the wilderness against Pittsburg, then known as Fort Duquesne.

What Franklin termed the “incredible meanness” of the sons of William Penn, in seeking to have their great holdings exempted from the tax laid for the war expenses of the colony, caused the General Assembly to send Franklin to London in 1757, to litigate the matter before the Privy Council. His fame as a scientist, philosopher and political economist met full recognition, and he became a social lion. During a call upon Lord Grenville, the prime minister, who received him cordially, they fell to discussing the relations of the mother country and the colonies. Grenville said that the royal instructions to the governors were the true laws for the colonies, being first drawn up by the learned judges, examined and debated by the council and then adopted by the king, and he denied the right exercised by the colonial legislatures of passing enactments contrary to the king’s laws. Franklin contended that the colonial legislatures were the rightful law-making powers, without which the king could not legislate for the colonies. He confessed himself disturbed by what he had heard from so eminent a source,

though the good feeling between Britain and the colonies made any serious trouble improbable.

Franklin was detained in London some five years, but he defeated the Penns before the Privy Council, and they had to pay the tax on all but wild and unsurveyed lands, which were intended to be exempt. In 1760, upon the accession of George the Third, there was a great pressure in England for peace with France, which Franklin opposed on the ground that a premature ending of the existing war would necessitate another in a few years for the protection of the colonies, which could now be made secure once for all. He particularly opposed a peace that would leave Canada a French possession, saying that the future grandeur and strength of the British empire lay in America; that British people would throng the country from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi within a century, making the mother country vastly more populous by the increase of commerce, and that she would dominate the world. He took to pamphleteering, then a great means of affecting public sentiment on current questions. The war went on till 1763; and when peace came, France was expelled from Canada and ceded her vast Mississippi territory to Spain, which gave up Florida to England. Franklin had been home a year, and could personally witness the joyous loyalty of the colonists, who had feared that the royal government might accept a tempting offer of West Indian islands instead of retaining Canada. Though the laxly enforced navigation acts, which restricted the trade of the colonies with some of their best and most natural markets, had become stringent again during the war, under the impulse of financial and commercial distress in England, little attention was paid to that practical hardship, in the gush of sentiment at the opening of a continent to colonial expansion. Already the Western fever was in the blood, and the hunger for Western lands was ravaging.

At the end of 1764, Franklin was back in London to cite the Penns again before the Privy Council for oppressive exercise of their chartered rights as proprietors. His stay was destined to last for ten years, and in the course of it he became also agent for Massachusetts and others of the large colonies. The financial distress of the royal government, due to the expenses of the late war, compelled the ministry to look for assistance to the colonies, in whose behalf the war had been extended and prolonged, if not undertaken. The justice of the claim was generally admitted, but the colonial politicians in the legislatures were timid about taxing their constituents, who had already been at much expense for the war. Partly to relieve them from embarrassment and partly to get the needed money, the Stamp Act

was passed, against the remonstrance of Franklin, who contended that parliament had no constitutional right to tax the colonies, unrepresented in it. But he took a cheerful view of the act when passed, saying it involved only a hundred thousand pounds, easily to be made good by a few wholesome personal economies, and advised submission to it. This made him very unpopular at home, and a mob at Philadelphia threatened violence to his dwelling and family.

Colonial resistance to the act, a change of ministry, and commercial outcry at the disturbance of trade with America, brought the act under reconsideration by the House of Commons, and Franklin was cited to the bar of the House to testify on the question of repeal. His examination was the triumph of his life, and, accepted by popular feeling as a type of the trans-Atlantic Englishman, he

lifted the colonies to a height that made fervid statesmen like Burke enthusiastic over them. It was then that the great Chatham uttered his already-quoted eulogy. The

Stamp Act was repealed amid the joy of the

British nation, and Franklin wrote to his wife that she could have a new gown; but the

next year, through the folly of a rattle-brained minister, it was replaced by an import duty on tea, paper, glass and paint. This the colonists

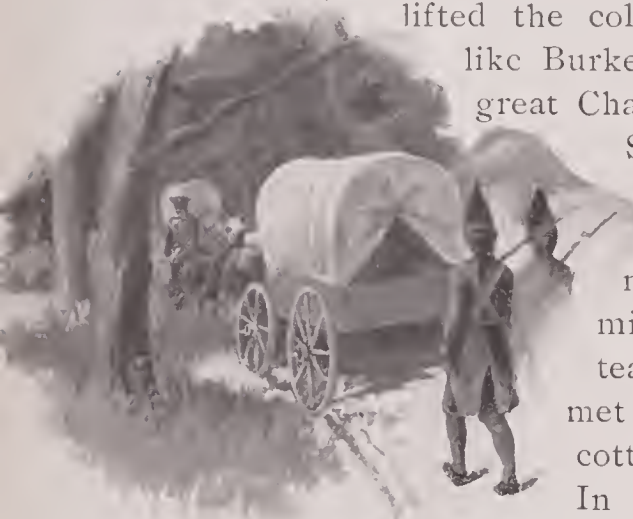
met by resolutions of non-importation, and a boycotting of any persons who violated the resolutions.

In 1773 all but the tea duty was repealed, and

that was given up in the guise of a drawback, merely

to save the principle of the parliamentary right to "bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever." When, in a former reign, the great minister, Walpole, had been advised to lay duties upon imports of the colonies, he answered that, though it might be legally right, it was politically inexpedient. Now, under a severely technical king, technicality had become the test of statesmanship. The colonies were humming with discontent, but it was a loyal discontent, nourished by men who loved their allegiance, and who, by reason of their allegiance, contended the more stubbornly for their rights. In England, too, was the man, all powerful and all esteemed, who in this supreme moment was the sure bond of union and reconciliation; but at this supreme moment came the catastrophe of his life.

Some letters from crown officers in Massachusetts to the home authorities, which reported on affairs in that colony and advised firm measures, were stolen from the official files and handed over to Franklin. He possessed himself of their contents, with a view of counteracting their suggestions, and then sent them confidentially to Boston,



where they were immediately published. This brought the matter before the Privy Council, where Franklin came to explain his surreptitious possession of public archives. For the government appeared Wedderburn, the solicitor-general, innately coarse and unscrupulous, but abounding in fire, eloquence and invective. Franklin could say but little in his unfortunate position, and Wedderburn, in his superior station, could say much, and he spared not. Master of the art of advocacy, he stripped the figure of the great philosopher, sage, scientist and patriot of its shining attributes, and exhibited it as a quivering and hideous skeleton. The genius that had snatched the lightning from heaven might wish, in that moment, that the lightning had snatched him from earth. The high society of that time, wherein Franklin moved, was drunken and dissolute, but its conventional rules of honor were as strictly regarded as were its debts of honor, and from that society he was thenceforth an outcast, except as his official station, and his position in the world of science and letters, compelled a formal recognition. He was dismissed from his office as deputy postmaster for the colonies.

This was the end of that imperialistic fervor which, thirteen years before, had prefigured a British nation crowding the North American continent, and a British power encircling the globe. Franklin's vast influence with the mother country was gone, and possibly, also, the desire to have and to use it. He resented the severity and brutality of Wedderburn's assault and the general acceptance of it, deeming that some consideration had been due to his past reputation and services, his innocent possession of the letters, and the entirely worthy purpose for which he had sent them to Boston, for confidential use only by those needing to be warned of the source of mischief. He remained in England nearly two years longer, in discharge of his duties as colonial agent, advancing from his former position that the Parliament could not tax America, to the new position that Parliament could not legislate for the colonies on any subject whatsoever. Then, seeing that he could be of no further use, affairs having reached the stage where one side or the other must give way or fight, he sailed for home, and landed to hear the news of Concord and Lexington, which irrevocably committed both sides to war.

Franklin was hardly ashore, before he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress of 1775, where he was assigned to service on a multitude of committees, appointed colonial postmaster general, and sent as one of three commissioners to Quebec, to detach the French Canadians from their British allegiance. It was to Franklin that they chiefly owed their position as British subjects, and their character and religion not so many years back had been deeply aspersed by the

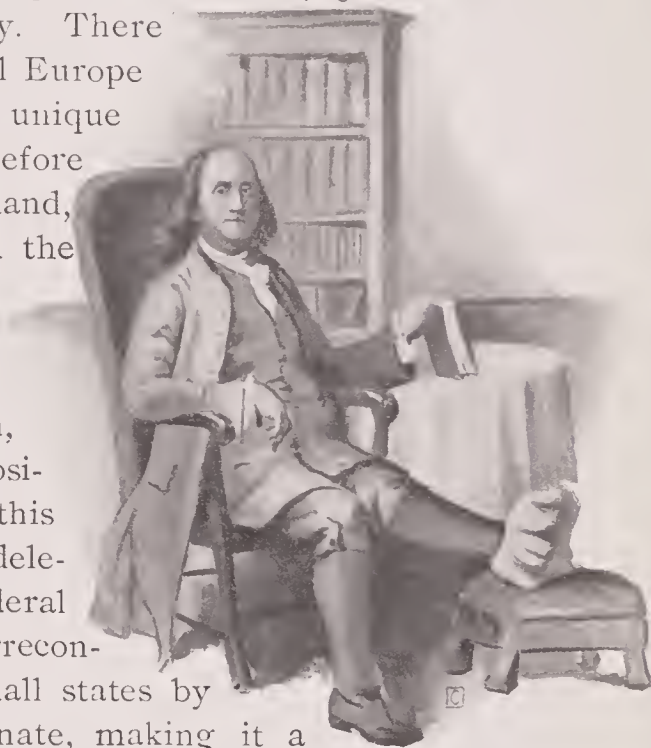
New England colonists; wherefore they made scant ceremony of showing Franklin and his fellow-commissioners the door. In 1776 he was again a delegate to the Congress and was a member of the committee on the Declaration of Independence, which document gave full expression to his later views that the British Parliament had no jurisdiction in America. The same year he was president of the convention to frame a state constitution for Pennsylvania, and in the last month of that year he was in France, to seek aid for the young republic. He was already better known to the French people than any other foreigner; his scientific and economic works had passed through repeated translations; he was already a member of the French Academy, as well as of every learned society in Europe; and immediately upon his arrival he became the fashion at court and in the salons, and the talk and spectacle of the populace. Portraits, busts and medallions of him were turned out by hundreds, cheap prints of him were hawked on the street, and high-class jewelers kept in stock little pastels, to meet the new fad of having his portrait on snuff boxes and in finger rings. Franklin streets and Franklin societies sprouted like mushrooms in the cities and towns, and John Adams, who did not over-estimate him, wrote that "if a collection could be made of all the gazettes of Europe for the latter half of the eighteenth century, a greater number of panegyric paragraphs upon 'le grand Franklin' would appear, it is believed, than upon any other man that ever lived." His Quaker dress and Quaker manners, his humility, his epigrams, witticisms and conceits, rendered in French, applied to French life and habits, and expressed in the manner of "Poor Richard," created a universal enthusiasm over him; nor was it forgotten that he was the sworn enemy of "Perfidious Albion," and bent on dismembering that British empire so largely built up from the failure of France.

The French government was already bankrupt, and going headlong toward that crisis which brought on the Revolution and the Reign of Terror, a few years later; but, despite the prudent opposition of Necker, who was trying to restore the finances, Franklin engaged the government liberally in secret aid of money and supplies. He also won the powerfully connected young Marquis de Lafayette over to a crusade for freedom, by the irresistible prize of the rank of a general of division, which Congress ratified against the murmurs of the habitually ill-treated continental officers; and, after the surrender of Burgoyne, he persuaded the French government to come into the open and have it out with England by securing the independence of America. The independence of America was secured, but it was England that had it out with France, which paid smartly for the little excursion in the cause of liberty.

In 1781 Franklin reminded Congress that he was seventy-five years old and a martyr to the gout, and asked that a successor to him at Paris be appointed. But he was made a commissioner, with Adams and Jay, to conclude a preliminary treaty of peace, and in 1783 he was on the commission for the final treaty. There was still so much with France and continental Europe that only Franklin could do, by reason of his unique position, that it was the autumn of 1785 before he got home, having made a sojourn in England, where everything was again friendly and on the old footing.

A month after he landed, Franklin was chairman of the municipal council, and that winter he was president of the commonwealth, serving three years, and then escaped by a positive refusal to serve longer. While holding this highest office in his state, he was elected a delegate to the convention that framed the Federal Constitution, and got around the apparently irreconcilable breach between the large and the small states by the device of equal representation in the Senate, making it a permanent body, and giving it an important share in the executive power. Thus opening the way, he remained active and influential to the very end of the labors of the convention, and, with Washington, has the main credit of carrying the great work through to a finish. But for his advanced age and infirmity, it is probable that Franklin would have been the first President under the Constitution, his fame being of a kind which, more than that of Washington, would have commended him for that office. He lived thirty-two months after the adjournment of the convention, and died April 17, 1790, past his eighty-fifth year, leaving a handsome fortune, obtained entirely by his private industry and enterprise, as he always declined profit from his public employments. The three qualities of sagacity, industry and integrity, carried to a high development, account for his extraordinary, and, in some respects, unequalled, career.

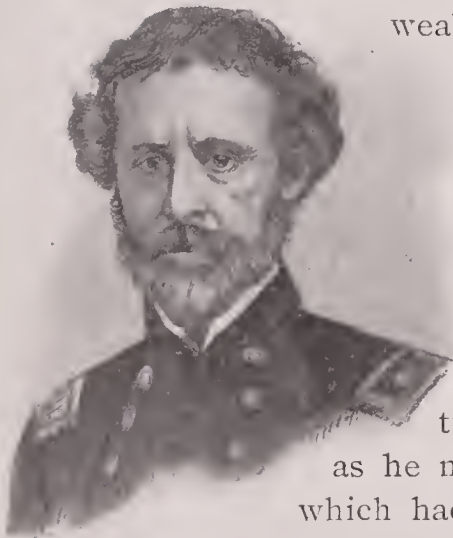
No account of Franklin could be complete without mention of his famous jest, when the delegates in Congress were signing the Declaration of Independence, that they must all "hang together" or they would all "hang separately"; and of Jefferson's beautiful verbal correction of Count Vergennes, when he said that he had come to Paris "to succeed Dr. Franklin, for nobody could replace him."



JOHN CHARLES FREMONT

The "Pathfinder" through the region beyond the "Rockies."

"THE PATHFINDER" is the fanciful and romantic sobriquet which has been appropriately given to John C. Fremont, whose career was one of the most interesting and picturesque in the long line of those who are identified with the exploration of our country and the development and growth of its civilization. No other man did as much as Fremont to secure to the United States the great domain west of the Rocky Mountains, whose fertility and mineral resources have contributed so bountifully to the prosperity and wealth of the nation. Five times during the decade between 1840 and 1850, Fremont plunged into the trackless wilderness, with only the sun, the stars and his compass to direct his course, and gave to the world the geography of plain and mountain and lake and river, which before had been a sealed book. Study of Fremont's life and of his services for his country, his persevering effort, patient endurance and intrepid zeal, kindles the warmest admiration. We think of him, not in his later years, but as he made his toilsome way through those wild solitudes, which had been trodden only by feet of savages.



Fremont was born at Savannah, Georgia, in 1813. His father was a French immigrant, of a Huguenot family. John was left an orphan at the age of four, but he was well reared by friends and was given a good education. At the early age of fifteen he was able to enter the junior class at Charleston College, and for a time he was successful in his studies to a marked degree, particularly in mathematics. But he appears to have been peculiarly susceptible to the tender passion, and one of his biographers naïvely says that he made excellent progress at college until there came across his pathway "a beautiful West Indian girl, whose raven hair and soft black eyes interfered sadly with his studies." Although this statement may excite sympathetic emotions, it is painful to learn that young Fremont was so completely made captive that he was expelled from college on account of his absence and inattention. But he had acquired such

a reputation as a mathematician that he had no difficulty in securing a position as instructor on the U. S. sloop of war "Natchez." After a two years' cruise on the South American coast, he returned to Charleston. He had carried himself so well that the college authorities repented his expulsion, and he was duly graduated, with the degree of Master of Arts.

On the recommendation of the officers of the "Natchez," Fremont was sent with a government expedition to survey portions of the Mississippi Valley. He had turned his attention to engineering and had especial qualifications for this work. He proved to be singularly efficient, and his services elicited the highest commendation. He was ordered to Washington, where for two or three years he was engaged in making maps of the region which had been visited by the expedition. In the meantime, Fremont had been made a lieutenant of engineers in the United States army. The flame of ambition was kindled within him, and in 1858, when but twenty-five years old, he proposed to the War Department to penetrate the unknown wilderness west of the Rocky Mountains and explore that mysterious region.

While this enterprise was under consideration by the authorities, Lieutenant Fremont, during his stay in Washington, had become again ensnared in the bonds of a lover's knot. The "West Indian maiden" seems to have disappeared from his life, but he lost his heart to Jessie Benton, a daughter of Thomas H. Benton, for thirty years a United States Senator from Missouri, and in the forefront among the statesmen of his day. At this time Jessie was but fifteen years of age, although her mind and character were developed beyond her years. Her parents looked with favor upon the young lieutenant, who gave bright promise of a useful career, and they sought only to restrain the ardor of the lovers and delay the marriage, on account of their daughter's youth. Senator Benton was a man of commanding influence, and so it was that there came, without a moment's warning, an order for Fremont to take command of an expedition to survey the Des Moines River, in Iowa. It is not likely that there was any pressing need for a survey of this stream, but it was important to the Benton household that the lovers should be separated for a time, and the Senator induced the government to become a co-conspirator in the scheme. Fremont promptly obeyed his orders, did the work with which he had been charged in a wonderfully short time, and within a few months was back in Washington. The lieutenant and his fiancée were not dull of comprehension. They perfectly understood why the order had been issued which had torn them asunder for a time, and they showed their

spirit by an elopement and a clandestine marriage. When they found that they had been outwitted, Colonel and Mrs. Benton gracefully surrendered and gave to their son-in-law a cordial welcome into the family circle. The circumstances of this courtship and marriage were known all over the country, and the pretty romance of Fremont and Jessie was read and told from Maine to the Mississippi. Mrs. Fremont developed into a woman of extraordinary force of character, yet tender and womanly, and few women have attracted to themselves so large and devoted a circle of friends. She was a fitting companion and helpmeet for her husband, during his years of privation and trial, sustaining him at all times and under all circumstances, with the purest and highest wifely loyalty. The name of Jessie Benton Fremont, clothed with its drapery of romance, has been enshrined in song and story.

Official approval was given to Fremont's proposition to explore the Western country, and in 1842 he set forth upon his first expedition. This was followed by four others in succeeding years. The story of these need not be told in detail. He penetrated the mountain passes and the great region that lay beyond. He first gave to the world the chart of Great Salt Lake, in the state of Utah. He extended his explorations to the far-off territory which now comprises the state of Oregon. He opened the door to California and, indeed, to the empire that lies between the mountains and the sea, and extends from south to north a distance of twelve hundred miles. He fixed the geography of the far West. During these campaigns in the wilderness he experienced the most severe hardships and privations. More than once he and his men were compelled to live for days upon horse meat, and at one time no food of any kind was taken for forty-eight hours.

It was Fremont's expedition in 1845 that gave California to the United States. At that time the territory belonged to Mexico, and the government of that country was negotiating for its sale to Great Britain. It was rumored that General de Castro, commanding the Mexican army, had planned the destruction of the American settlements on the Sacramento River. Indeed, when Fremont arrived in Cali-

fornia he found that De Castro was already on the march with a strong force, evidently bent on mischief. The settlers in the Sacramento Valley flew to arms and joined themselves to Fremont. The latter acted with great energy, and in June, 1846, captured the Mexican post at Sonoma Pass, with nine cannon and two hundred and fifty small arms. A month later he engaged De Castro and completely routed him. The settlers declared themselves independent



of Mexico and elected Fremont governor of the province. Meanwhile the government at Washington had acted promptly. War with Mexico had just been declared, and a naval force under Commodore Stockton had arrived at Monterey, with authority to "conquer California." This had already been virtually accomplished by Fremont, who at once attached his forces to those of Stockton. The latter, by virtue of his rank, assumed command. About the same time General Philip Kearny arrived with a force of soldiers, which it was intended should cooperate with Stockton. In rank, Fremont was several grades inferior to either Stockton or Kearny. He felt, however, that he had been a large factor in the conquest of California—for which he may well be pardoned—and was disposed to assume more authority than could be justified by the regulations of the army and the navy. The result was a serious clash between him and the officers named. Fremont was high spirited, and was no doubt indiscreet in some of his words and actions. Charges of insubordination were preferred against him and he was placed in arrest and ordered to Washington. He was tried by a court-martial, found guilty and sentenced to be dismissed from service. President Polk approved the finding of the court, but disapproved the penalty. He appreciated the great services Fremont had rendered the country, and offered to remit the punishment and to restore Fremont to his rank. The latter, however, insisted that he had been guilty of nothing to deserve the punishment and declined to accept the proffered clemency of the executive, because his acceptance would be a virtual confession of guilt.

Stung by the disgrace of his dismissal from the army, Fremont at once entered upon another exploring expedition. The government, anxious to repair in some measure the virtual wrong that had been done him, gave him its full support and assistance. He was equipped with men and supplies and fully carried out the enterprise which he proposed—to survey a road from the Mississippi River to San Francisco. He pierced the hitherto unknown country of the Apaches, defeated the savages in battle, and in one hundred days after leaving Santa Fé he reached the Sacramento River. This achievement added much to his fame, and in no small degree counteracted the odium that had been cast upon him by the court-martial proceedings. In the opinion of the people at large, however, Fremont had been greatly wronged. Their admiration for the "Pathfinder" was boundless, and they had little patience with the army "red tape" which had entangled him in its coils. When on his way from California to Washington, while under arrest, he had made a brief stop at St. Louis and had been received with great popular



acclaim. A public dinner was tendered him, but he declined the honor, because of the cloud that then rested upon him.

Fremont had determined to make his home in California, and thither he now went with his family. He had entered a claim for a large tract of land in what is now Mariposa County, southeast of San Francisco. He had much difficulty in establishing his title, but it was finally confirmed by the United States Supreme Court. When California was admitted as a state, he was unanimously elected by the Legislature as one of the first United States Senators, and took his seat in 1850. His service in that body was brief, as in the drawing of lots the short term had fallen to him. Although he had never been active in politics, he had clearly defined his position on the slavery question, which was already overshadowing all others. He had declared himself unalterably opposed to the extension of slavery beyond its then existing boundaries. At the first national convention of the Republican party, in 1856, the recognized leaders of the movement were chary of the presidential nomination. They did not believe the party would be successful in its first campaign and they wished to avoid the humiliation of defeat. Fremont was a popular idol and the choice fell upon him. He accepted the nomination and entered the contest with the same energy that had marked his Western enterprises. He was not elected, but he received over thirteen hundred thousand votes of the people, and one hundred and fourteen votes in the electoral college. James Buchanan was elected President.

Fremont lived quietly at his home in California until 1861, when the Civil War brought him again into the service of his country. His previous military standing and his long experience in commanding men gave him immediate prominence. Very soon after the outbreak of hostilities, he was commissioned a major-general and was assigned to the command of the Department of Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis. His administration of affairs, military and civil, was not satisfactory to the authorities at Washington, and quickly incurred their displeasure. Imperious and strong-willed, he "took the bit in his teeth," to use a homely phrase, and was a law unto himself. He gave his own interpretation to his orders, and this, in some cases, amounted to absolute nullification. He often exceeded his authority in matters which were not properly within his control—notably in a proclamation which he issued as early as August 31, 1861, declaring his purpose to set free the slaves of all those within the limits of his department who were in arms against the United States or who gave "aid and comfort" to the rebellion. This utterance evoked a tempest of applause from the Abolitionists of the North, but it proved his undoing,

for the President lost no time in annulling the proclamation, and soon thereafter he relieved General Fremont of his command. It cannot be doubted that at this time Mr. Lincoln foresaw that if the war continued, the emancipation of the slaves would be decided upon as a military necessity, but in his judgment the time had not yet come. Furthermore, such a question was not within the jurisdiction of a subordinate, but must be decided by the President, himself. But to the day of his death, Fremont was proud of the fact that, although in advance of his time, he had been the first to proclaim freedom to the slave.

The administration never regained its confidence in Fremont. In the spring of 1862, he had a subordinate command in the Shenandoah Valley, and in conjunction with General Banks conducted a series of operations against "Stonewall" Jackson, with but indifferent success. He did no more important field service and resigned his commission in 1864. That year he permitted himself to be nominated for President by a radical faction, in opposition to Mr. Lincoln, but he withdrew his candidacy before the election.

Fremont repaired to his home in California, where he passed the remainder of his life in retirement. In 1890, when he was seventy-seven years of age, Congress placed him on the retired list of the army, with the rank of major-general, in recognition of his great services to the country half a century before. A few months later, July 13, 1890, he died while visiting friends in New York City. His wife, devoted and faithful to the last, survived him.

ROBERT FULTON

It was he who developed the steamboat.

IN THE latter part of the second century before Christ, a Greek engineer, Heron of Alexandria, described in one of his professional treatises a turbine wheel or cylinder to be operated by steam. No practical application was made of the device, and though occasional reference to it during the succeeding seventeen hundred years proves that the mechanical powers and uses of steam were in the minds of scientists and engineers, we meet nothing definite till we come to a treatise by the Italian, Della Porta, in 1601, wherein is described a pumping engine to be worked by steam power. This engine did not come into operation, but nearly a century later its principles were applied by Savery, an English mining engineer, to a pump for freeing mines of water, which came into extensive use, and is a historical relic of vast interest, as the earliest application of steam power to the uses of industry



Twenty years before the invention of the Savery steam pump, a French scientist had proposed the cylinder and piston arrangement, familiar in hand pumps, as a desirable principle for the application of steam as an industrial power. Twelve years later, another Frenchman, Papin, an ingenious mechanic, carried the proposition forward to a practicable stage, but combined it with other features that proved impracticable, so that the piston engine got no further along at that time. If Savery knew of the proposed cylinder and piston engine, which is unlikely, he ignored it, for the Della Porta engine, which he developed, is not of that piston class. But by 1705, the Savery engine was so well known to Europe that Papin took up the subject again, devised various improvements which eventually made their way into the general development of the steam engine, and among them that of the internal fire box, which, in the guise of fire tubes penetrating the mass of water in the boiler, gave to the world the fast-running railway engine.

Coincident with these later efforts of Papin, an English engineer, Newcomen, successfully applied the cylinder and piston construction

to pumping engines, to which the industrial use of steam had thus far been confined, and there the matter virtually rested for some sixty years. Only a brisk and expanding industry like that of coal mining could stand the expense and inefficiency of steam power, which, for the one purpose of freeing the mines of water, was yet the cheapest and most efficient agent known.

It was in 1769 that Watt, the genius of steam, set free the fettered giant. By adding the condenser he made steam cheap, and by variously improving and compacting the whole construction, he brought the mechanism of steam power within the limits necessary to an application of it to rail and river transportation. Thus the epoch of the Watt engine became the initial point of the era of the steam locomotive and the steamboat.

As early as 1782, John Fitch, a native of Connecticut, employed as a surveyor in Kentucky, conceived the idea of steam navigation while exploring western rivers. It took so strong a hold upon him that he applied, though without success, to the legislatures of Virginia and several western states for aid in testing and developing his proposed steamboat. In 1786 a company was formed to exploit his invention, and an experimental boat was built and tested on the Delaware. Grants were obtained from the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, for the exclusive right of the navigation of the waters of those states for a term of years, and the company procured further capital and prepared to work its valuable franchises. In the summer of 1790 it had a steam packet in regular operation on the Delaware River, but the enterprise proved a financial failure and the company went to pieces. Fitch then struggled on for eight years longer, sinking deeper into penury and despair, and finally killed himself in a fit of despondency, on learning that he had lost his title to valuable Western lands, while pursuing the phantom of steam navigation.

In 1774 James Rumsey, a millwright in Maryland, made a limited and experimental application of steam to boats ascending a river against a strong current, which is interesting as the earliest example of steam navigation. It was also the foundation of the claim he afterward made against the priority of Fitch, and the damaging agitation which he set afoot against the franchises obtained by Fitch's company. In 1787, after the trial of Fitch's boat on the Delaware, Rumsey gave an exhibition of his own device on the Potomac. Unable to make headway at home, he obtained the means to go to England, then a more promising field. In 1792 he exhibited a steamboat on the Thames, and died at London near the close of that year, leaving his invention still in the experimental stage. His "Short

Treatise on the Application of Steam," authoritatively fixes his true place among the pioneers of the steamboat.

William Symington, a Scotch engineer and machinist, made at Edinburgh, in 1788, a marine engine for a twin-hulled pleasure boat on Dalwinston Lake, using a paddle wheel between the decked-over hulls. This was a little later than the experimental boats of Fitch and Rumsey, but was the practical beginning of steam navigation. In 1801 he exhibited a successful stern-wheel steamboat on the Forth and Clyde Canal, but for fear that the wash would destroy the banks of the canal, the proposed use of steam on canals was promptly abandoned.

The use of steam at high pressure had been contemplated nearly half a century before Watt's great improvements, and these included high-pressure engines; but he deemed high pressures theoretically unsound, and his great authority carried general sentiment and practice with him, in looking to further improvement of the low-pressure condensing engine to develop steam power to its highest limit. Nevertheless, Oliver Evans, in America, and Richard Trevithick, the gifted Cornishman, were successfully developing the high-pressure, non-condensing engine, and in 1804 Trevithick was running the first steam locomotive on a colliery railway in Wales.

We are now prepared to discern and estimate Fulton's place in the history of steam navigation, beginning with Heron's theoretical disclosure of steam as a motive power twenty centuries before, and coming down past Savery's pumping engine a century before Fulton, and past Papin's internal fire boxes, Newcomen's piston engine, Watt's condensing and low-pressure engine, the steam-operated boats of Fitch, Rumsey and Symington, which died practically in their infancy, to the high-pressure engine as developed by Evans and Trevithick for the service of the ingenious on land or water. As Emmett, a great advocate, so eloquently said of the steamboat in his defense of Fulton's New York franchise before the Supreme Court of the United States:—

"Genius had contended with its inherent difficulties for generations before, and if some had nearly reached, or some even touched, the goal, they sank exhausted, and the result of their efforts perished in reality and almost in name."

Fulton was an Irish-American, born in Pennsylvania, in 1765, and, as one of five children in a poor family, he obtained but the elements of even a common-school education in a still primitive time and locality. From his earliest years he had two natural aptitudes which, unrestrained and undiverted by either classical or professional training,

shaped and dominated his life — art and mechanics. To draw pictures and to have the run of shops where tools and implements were used in the humble products of the Lancaster County of those days, were his childish delights. Drawing led him to painting, and painting took him to Philadelphia, which Franklin's impulse had long since established as the center of science, art and literature in the Western world. There, at seventeen, the War of the Revolution just over, and the continental metropolis throbbing with present prosperity and unbounded expectations — there, where the wealth and fashion, the culture and taste of the new nation had concentrated themselves, the young genius obtained orders for portraits, and sale for the landscapes that represented the varied charms of the inexhaustible region of the Wissahickon. There he remained four years, his vogue still unexhausted, and there he might have remained till compelled by nature to exchange the delights of the Quaker City for the inferior pleasures of some other world, except for that chance which plays so great a part in the lives of men.

He had settled his now widowed mother on a little farm in Washington County, and on his way back to business at Philadelphia had paused for a short stay at the Warm Springs, to see and be seen of his wealthy and distinguished patrons. They told him that his native genius needed Old-World cultivation, and advised him to begin with England, which, though broken with politically, remained the cynosure in all else. They provided him with letters to Benjamin West, the Pennsylvania Quaker boy, who had reached the highest professional and social position at the British metropolis, and West liked his artistic promise and his amiable personality so well, besides being touched by the resemblance of Fulton's early days to his own, that he took him into his household. Though West had no love for the United States, born, as it had been, of rebellion against the Crown that he revered, his attachment to his native land, which was Pennsylvania and her only, and to all who claimed nativity there, was strong throughout his life.

As a resident pupil of West, the young painter had the best possible introduction to the artistic and the social world of the great capital. After several fruitful years in London, he took up his residence in Devonshire, fertile in landscape studies and dotted with homes of the country nobility and gentry, with family portraits to be painted for ancestral halls. Here he became acquainted with the accomplished Francis Egerton, third and last Duke of Bridgewater, renowned for his celebrated canals, and with the eccentric, intractable and wayward Earl Stanhope, devoted to science and mechanics. The intimate friendship to which these great noblemen and famous

men of science admitted him, attracted by his genius and amiability, fanned into flame his natural love of the mechanic arts, and thenceforth the painting of landscapes and portraits makes but little figure in his occupations or preoccupations. From the example of the Duke, he could learn to sacrifice both fortune and personal comfort to the realization of great ideals, and from that of the Earl, that rank, high political station and the claims of family, are but as dust in the eye that fixes itself upon the clear light of science. The Bridgewater canals inspired him, in 1793, with the idea of the application of steam to the propulsion of boats, which never left him and which he never abandoned, and in which his faith was as strong at the very beginning as in years afterward, when his own realization of the conception had revolutionized inland transportation. This original faith and enduring constancy are to be regarded in a just estimate of his fame.

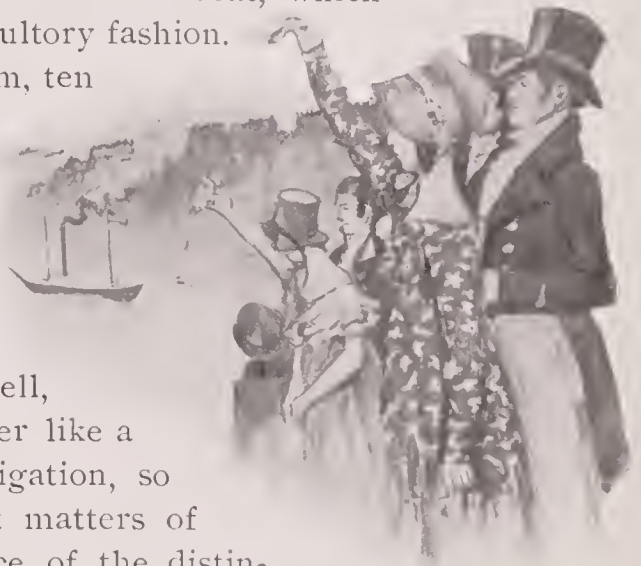
In 1797 Fulton went to Paris and took up his residence with Joel Barlow, a Connecticut Yankee, who divided his time between eccentric inventions, patriotic and humorous poetry and confidential diplomacy for the American government. Barlow had a notion of under-water explosives by which the French nation might overcome the superiority of the British navy. Into this new field, Fulton entered with an ardor that might have delighted his friend Stanhope, except possibly for the unfriendly purpose of it. From the river bank, he and Barlow propelled and directed the quickly devised Fulton torpedo, troubling the surface of the Seine by its explosion from beneath, and occasionally frightening the washerwomen and boatmen; but the British fleet remained safe. Fulton soon perceived that the operators, as well as the torpedo, must go under water, and this conclusion led him on to the devising of submarine boats. It led him also to the study of mathematics and chemistry as necessary adjuncts to submarine warfare, and to an acquirement of the French and German languages, as auxiliary to the principal arrangements for blowing up the power of the British empire. While Napoleon was meditating his project for the great "Army of England," afterward encamped for months at Boulogne, in sight of the dazzling cliffs of Albion, but destined never to cross the silver streak between, Fulton had progressed so far with his under-water torpedo boat as to propose to the Emperor the construction of a submarine fleet, by which to clear the intended path across the channel from British war-ships. The project was examined by a committee of naval experts, rejected, and consigned to the limbo of the Ministry of Marine.

Fulton thereupon left France and returned to his own country, then busy with Jefferson's projects of coast defense without the

expense of building and maintaining a fleet. Congress voted him five thousand dollars for an experimental submarine boat, but refused further aid, on the advice of the Navy Department.

Fulton now returned actively to his plan for a steamboat, which for some thirteen years he had pursued in a desultory fashion. From what he had seen and heard at Birmingham, ten years before, he decided to have an engine made there, at the works of Boulton and Watt, of the condensing and low-pressure type; with some modifying suggestions of his own, adapted to the necessary style of vessel and the tidal characteristics of the Hudson in the vicinity of New York. Boat and engine fitted each other well, and in 1807 the little "Clermont" rode the water like a thing of life, solving the problem of steam navigation, so that all the things which lay beyond were but matters of industrial and commercial detail. The influence of the distinguished Chancellor Livingston had procured for himself and Fulton a franchise for the exclusive navigation of the waters of the state by steam power, which brought the steamboat into prompt and extensive use, and the example was followed by quite a number of the other states, whose franchises, however, were granted to their own citizens.

In 1811 Fulton was appointed a member of the Canal Commission at New York, an office for which he was eminently qualified, and in 1814 he built an experimental steam vessel for the navy; but the early termination of the war with England put off any conversion of the navy into a steam fleet. He died in February, 1815, long before the expiration of the monopoly granted to Livingston and himself.



JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD

From the towpath of a canal to the White House.

IN THE line of Presidents, from Washington to McKinley, twenty-four in number, there are two whose lives especially point to the doors that stand open before every American boy. Lincoln's heritage was squalid poverty, and until his early manhood he was engaged in the most menial occupations to provide for his father's family the bare necessities of life. Garfield, too, knew what it was to be pinched by poverty. When he was driving mules along the towpath of a canal, to assist in the support of his widowed mother, none would have dared to predict that he would one day reach the most exalted position in the government of the United States. His resolute determination, born of an ambition to burst the fetters that bound him in his youth, overcame every obstacle, and carried him rapidly upward to successive higher planes of attainment and usefulness.



Garfield first saw the light in a log cabin in northern Ohio, in 1831, and the penury to which he was born found a lower depth at a very early age, through the death of his father. Toil and privation were the familiars of his boyish days, but poverty and remoteness from the seats of civilization still leave to the most unfortunate in this country the little rushlight of learning in the winter-time district school. In the case of Garfield, as in those of so many poor youths who have risen to public distinction, the absence of other diversions threw him upon reading, and much reading awoke an unquenchable desire for a higher education. After years of hard work on a poor little farm, Garfield, in his seventeenth year, attained the coveted place of a towpath boy on one of the Ohio canals. This brought him into contact with a larger world, and expanded both his experience and his ambition. He always carried books with him, and whenever his boat stopped, he devoted every leisure moment to reading and study, under the shade of a tree by day, or at night, in the rude cabin, by the flickering light of a fire or a tallow candle. A year on the towpath ended with his becoming a seminary student, the means of his support and tuition being provided by the labor of his hands as a carpenter, a trade that he had picked up, and which his own resourceful-

ness and the rude state of that industry at the time enabled him to follow with enough success for his modest needs. Two well-spent years at the seminary gave him such a lead over the average attainments in education of that locality and time, that, by private tutoring, he was enabled for three years to maintain himself at the modest Campbellite College at Hiram, in his native state. His tutoring did more, for it brought into view his capacity as a pedagogue, and in 1854, in his twenty-third year, he entered Williams College, in Massachusetts, for a two years' course, with a view of joining the teaching staff at Hiram upon his graduation.

The little orphan, who had been successively a farm laborer, mule driver for a canal boat and rough carpenter, had made headway in the world, for he was now destined to be a real professor. At term time of 1856 he was back at Hiram, with his diploma from Williams College, and as the simple teaching at the plain little college that was more pious than profound, made but small drafts upon the amplitude that he had gained at Williams, he took simultaneously to activity in politics in the newly formed Republican party, and to the study of law. His entry into politics was in some degree an act of piety, for in 1856 the Republican party was a propaganda of humanity, with much religious fervor back of it.

In 1857 a vacancy in the presidency of Hiram College led to Garfield's promotion to that office, for he stood head and shoulders above anybody else who desired or was willing to fill so comparatively small a place. In 1859 his local prominence sent him to the senate of Ohio, and there the Civil War found him. On the outbreak of that war, he was quick to decide that his duty was to use his influence and talents on the Union side, and he raised a regiment of volunteers, of which the nucleus was supplied by the college students. He took the field as Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Infantry, and his capacity to command found prompt recognition. Early in January, 1862, he was sent with a force, consisting of several regiments, to operate against General Humphrey Marshall, who was at the head of a body of Confederate troops in eastern Kentucky. Garfield had never before been under fire, but he conducted his campaign with such vigor and courage that he routed Marshall, at Middle Creek. There was plenty of raw pluck, but little military skill, on either side, nor was the fight of great military importance; but the fortune of the day went with Garfield, and this, coupled with his religious and political importance in his state, obtained for him immediate promotion to the rank of brigadier-general. In command of a brigade of Buell's army, he



participated in the Shiloh and Corinth campaigns, when his health gave way and he went home on sick leave. In September, 1862, he was on court-martial duty at Washington. By this time he was a favorite with Chase, of his own state, who had hopes of supplanting President Lincoln, and this caused Rosecrans, who had succeeded Buell in the chief command in the middle west, to make Garfield his chief-of-staff, in place of Colonel Julius P. Garesché, who had been killed at Stone River.

The long period of inaction by Rosecrans, after his victory at Murfreesboro, alarmed Garfield for his own future, and induced him to write a letter to Chase for his protection with the administration. The letter did not see the light till many years afterward, but when it was published, the comment of Rosecrans upon it was that if he had known of it at the time he would have given Garfield half an hour for prayer and then had him shot. Garfield continued in the position of chief-of-staff about nine months, which included the Tullahoma and Chickamauga campaigns. On the second day at Chickamauga, when Longstreet pierced the Union line, cut off five brigades from the Union right and drove them in rout from the field, Rosecrans and his staff were caught in the tide of demoralized men that streamed to the rear. Mistakenly believing that the day was hopelessly lost, Rosecrans and the most of his attendants galloped to Chattanooga, twelve miles distant, to make such arrangements as might be possible to hold the town. Garfield, by a long detour, succeeded in reaching General Thomas, who was fighting valiantly and sturdily along the center and left of the Union line. He sent a swift courier to Rosecrans at Chattanooga, with the tidings that the army was not defeated. Garfield remained with Thomas during the rest of the day and rendered most valuable assistance to the "Rock of Chickamauga" in repelling the furious assaults of the enemy, and, after nightfall, in the safe withdrawal of the army. Garfield's good conduct at Chickamauga gave him a new prominence. In the public estimation he was placed by the side of General Thomas, whom the people delighted to honor. Garfield was made a major-general, but he soon resigned his commission to take a seat in Congress, to which he had been elected.

As a member of the House of Representatives, Garfield was placed on the military committee, from which he was promoted in time to the chairmanship of the committee on banking and currency. Afterward he was again promoted to the great post of chairman of the committee on appropriations, which made him the most besought man in the United States, as having, in larger measure than anybody else, the control of the public treasury. He always stood better with the public than with those in public life, who saw the weaker side of his

character as the general public did not. His contact with the people was a contact from his best side. In his speeches and addresses, his high principles and thoughts, his love of religion, morality, benevolence, and the domestic virtues, and his broad and strong patriotism, found expression in winning and impressive utterances that to his auditors associated the speaker as always the personal exemplar of the things that possessed his own mind, as he transmitted them to his hearers. In Congress and in the political circle, his ability as a legislator and debater obtained recognition, and, being personally genial, generous and companionable, it was all the easier to admit the bottom goodness and the fair intention of the big, capable and large-hearted man who, if he did give way at unexpected moments, was soon up and looking again in the right direction. His scholarship, too, was much above the congressional average, and the practical politician who is also learned is sure of respect among his fellow-politicians, for that reason in itself. Thus, the choice of Garfield in 1877, as one of the two Republican members of the House to sit on the electoral commission, created to settle the disputed presidential election, was an unquestionable tribute to his high rank and reputation in Congress. His standing with the people and party men of his own state was proved, less than three years afterward, by his election to the United States Senate for the term beginning March 4, 1881, on which day he was inaugurated President.

At the national convention of the Republicans in 1880, held in Chicago, the chief rival candidates were Blaine and Sherman, but under the immediate management of Don Cameron of Pennsylvania, with Senator Conkling of New York as intellectual director, three hundred and six of the delegates had pledged themselves to vote solidly, first, last and all the time, for a third term for General Grant. This so-called "Old Guard" was fifty-two votes short of a nominating majority, but so long as it could be held together, the nomination of either Blaine or Sherman was an impossibility, and if it did hold together long enough the fifty-two votes would be sure to go to it; while if once the break showed itself, there would be a stampede to Grant, and upon this his managers were relying. Garfield was present as the manager for Sherman, and the necessity of guarding and combining against the solid and impervious vote for Grant brought him into unusual prominence with the delegates who were determined to have anybody but Grant for the nominee. The latter's vote of three hundred and six was not shaken in twenty-seven ballotings, nor did Blaine or Sherman gain. The convention began to realize that it must be Grant or a "dark horse," and it was apparent that neither Edmunds of Vermont, nor Washburne, of Illinois, for whom a few admirers had been

steadily voting, had dark-horse qualities. On the twenty-eighth ballot two votes were cast for Garfield, and these had risen to fifty on the thirty-fifth ballot. The dark horse was now indicated, and it remained for the supporters of Blaine or Sherman, or both, to give way, or let the nomination go to Grant, whose phalanx was as fresh and hopeful as the rest of the convention was tired and dispirited. Blaine and Sherman both personally consented to a break to Garfield, who received three hundred and ninety-nine votes, or twenty-one more than enough, on the thirty-sixth ballot.

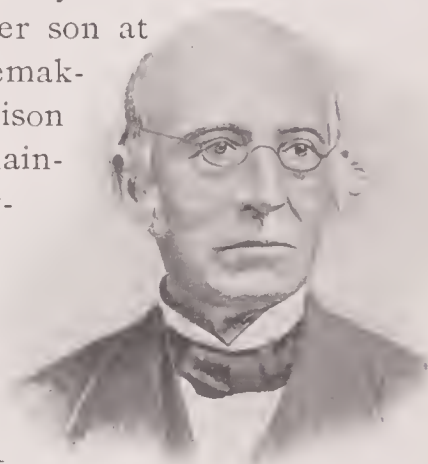
Garfield proved to be a strong candidate with the party at large, and all the clamor against him did him little harm. The Democrats had for their candidate General Winfield Scott Hancock, who had won bright laurels as a soldier in the Civil War, and there seemed to be a fair chance that he might be successful, but in the East the Republicans forced the fighting on the tariff issue and Garfield was elected. He was inaugurated on March 4, following, and entered upon his brief administration of four months. He appointed a strong Cabinet, which included James G. Blaine as Secretary of State. Perhaps the most notable incident during the presidency of Garfield was his bitter political quarrel with Senator Conkling, of New York. Conkling had strongly opposed the nomination of Garfield, and the long-standing feud between Conkling and Blaine was kindled into a fiercer flame by the selection of the latter for the first place in the Cabinet. A direct issue was made on the control of the Federal appointments in New York. When Conkling found that he could not manage these, he resigned his seat in the Senate and retired to private life.

By transferring the historic Blaine-Conkling feud to his own political household, Garfield lost his life. As he was taking a train at Washington, on a bright July morning in 1881, to go to Williams College and address the graduates, he was shot and mortally wounded by Charles Jules Guiteau, a needy candidate for a small consulship, whose hopes had been destroyed by the feud. The patient lingered for more than two months, his case hopeless from the very beginning, but with its hopelessness concealed from the public. He was finally removed from the sultry atmosphere of Washington to the bracing air of the New Jersey seacoast, where, in a cottage at Elberon, he passed away September 19, 1881, after having had enjoyment enough from the change to justify his removal. His body was taken to Cleveland, Ohio, where it was interred in the beautiful Lake View Cemetery. It lies beneath a magnificent mausoleum which was erected by the willing contributions of his friends and neighbors who had known and loved him in life.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

A life devoted to fighting a wrong.

THE son of Abijah Garrison, the sailor, and Frances Maria Lloyd, William Lloyd Garrison, born in 1805, inherited the striking characteristics of both. The mother was a noble woman, lofty in aspiration, intellectual, tall, majestic and graceful, and her influence over her son was very great. A life of adversity followed the loss of her husband, but she combatted it nobly. Her son at nine years of age was sent to Lynn, to learn shoemaking, but he lacked strength for this work. Mrs. Garrison had removed to Baltimore, where she spent her remaining days, but William Lloyd wanted to live in Newburyport, his birthplace, and she consented. He obtained a place on the Newburyport "Herald" for a term of seven years, where he became an expert typesetter and was made foreman. Sixty years afterward, he entered that office and again handled a "composing stick," in memory of the days long past.



Garrison had inherited a taste for literature, and was fond of poetry and oratory. His love of books led him into attempts at authorship. He wrote an article in a disguised hand, and sent it through the post-office to the "Herald," over the signature, "An Old Bachelor." It caught the fancy of the proprietor, who, after reading it aloud, handed it to its author to put in type. This was followed by others, all of which were published. The proprietor wrote through the post-office asking an interview, but Garrison did not disclose his identity, though later he was discovered and was encouraged to continue writing. During the summer of 1823, he went to Baltimore, to be with his aged mother. At that time he was remarkably handsome, strong, cheerful, ambitious and manly.

Garrison returned to Newburyport and soon afterward started the "Free Press," with a tendency to reform. Whittier became an anonymous contributor to it, and when his personality was discovered, Garrison went to see him, and they were afterward closely associated in their opposition to slavery. The "Free Press" was not financially

successful, and Garrison became the editor of the "National Philanthropist," in Boston. Later he conducted the "Journal of the Times," at Bennington, Vermont. In 1829, with Benjamin Lundy, the Quaker, he started an Abolitionist paper in Baltimore. His denunciations of the domestic slave trade caused him to be arrested and thrown into jail, but his fine was paid by Arthur Tappan, to whom he was an entire stranger. Tappan's attention was called to Garrison by Henry Clay, to whom Whittier had written to ask his influence in the interest of his friend. After forty-nine days of imprisonment, he was set free. While in jail he prepared several lectures. In Boston, with no money, friends or influence, in a little upstairs room, he started the "Liberator." In its first issue he declared:—

"I will be as harsh as truth, as uncompromising as justice: I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard!"

Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, wrote to Mayor Otis, of Boston, to ask the name of the editor of the "Liberator." Otis replied that he had found a poor young man printing "this insignificant sheet in an obscure hole, his only helper being a negro boy, and his supporters only a few persons of all colors and little influence." The Virginia Association of South Carolina offered a reward of fifteen hundred dollars for the arrest and conviction of any one detected in circulating the "Liberator," and the legislature of Georgia offered a reward of five thousand dollars on similar terms.

Meanwhile this poor young man in his garret had set the people thinking and acting. The "fanatics" of Boston met one dark night and formed the New England Antislavery Society. Garrison and his coadjutors were everywhere denounced. Elijah Lovejoy, a clergyman; was killed at Alton, Illinois, by a mob, for espousing the cause; and even in Boston, the people of wealth, position and culture were arrayed against the "Abolitionists." On one of these occasions, in Faneuil Hall, Wendell Phillips made his first celebrated speech, that placed him by the side of Garrison. In 1835 a mob dragged Garrison through the streets of Boston, with a rope around his body, and his life was only saved by the city authorities, who put him in jail for safe keeping. There he had, he said, those delightful companions, a good conscience and a cheerful mind. Wendell Phillips said of him:—

"Erratic as many suppose Garrison, intemperate in utterance, mad in judgment, an enthusiast gone crazy, the moment you sit down at his side he is patient in explanation, clear in statement, sound in judgment, studying carefully every step, calculating every assault, measuring the force to

meet it, never in haste, always patiently waiting until the time ripens—fit for a great leader.”

He did become the fearless leader of the Abolitionists. He struck at the root of the whole matter, when he recognized the fact that the fabric of slavery was founded on the Constitution of the United States. His vehement exclamations that the Constitution was “a covenant with death and an agreement with hell,” increased and intensified the anger of the people, both North and South. His fierce, sharp words forced forward the convictions which entered largely into the election of Abraham Lincoln. The long-looked-for hour, in his judgment, had come, and his work was nearly done; yet during the war he continued to labor and to agitate until President Lincoln’s Proclamation of Emancipation struck the shackles from the slave—a consummation for which Garrison, all his life, had prayed and labored. In recognition of his great work, Mr. Lincoln invited him to be present when, in 1865, the Union flag was again raised over Fort Sumter, whence it had been hauled down four years before. After the war, a gift of thirty thousand dollars was made up for him by his admirers, and the remainder of his life was spent in comfort.

Of the many orations upon his death, which occurred in 1879, none was more masterful, eloquent and appreciative than that of Wendell Phillips, from which the following is quoted:—

“Here lie the brain and heart, here lies the godly-gifted, statesmanlike intellect, logical as Jonathan Edwards, brave as Luther, which confronted the logic of South Carolina with an assertion broad and direct enough to make an issue and necessitate a conflict of two civilizations. It is true that that man brought upon America everything that can be called disaster for the last twenty years, and it is equally true that if you seek, through the hidden causes and unheeded events, the hand that wrote “Emancipation” on the statute book and on the flag, it lies still there to-day. Serene, brave, all-accomplished, marvelous man! I sit down to contemplate the make-up of his qualities. I remember that he was mortal, and where shall we find his equal among those who are waging earnest, unceasing effort to quell sin, to reform error, to enlighten darkness, to bind broken hearts? Farewell, for a little while, noblest Christian man—leader, brave, tireless, unselfish! The ear that heard thee, it blessed thee; the eye that saw thee, gave witness to thee. More truly than it could have been uttered since the great patriot wrote it, ‘The blessings of him that was ready to perish are thine own eternal great reward.’”

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH

A mighty struggle to conquer an evil habit.

THE life of John B. Gough is a startling illustration of the power of habit, and also of human ability to break off a fixed habit—even though one be apparently a hopeless slave—and to walk again a free man. Gough was born in England, in 1817, and came to America when twelve years old. Possessed of unusual powers of song, of mimicry, and of acting, he was exceedingly social in his tastes, and a thousand temptations

“Widened and strewed with flowers the way
Down to eternal ruin.”

“I would give this right hand to redeem those terrible seven years of dissipation and death,” he often said in after years, when, with his soul scarred and battered from his conflict with blighting passion, he tearfully urged young men to free themselves from the chains of bestial habits. At a temperance meeting, with almost palsied hand, John B. Gough signed the pledge—and he kept it. For six days and nights, in a wretched garret, without a mouthful of food, and with scarcely a moment’s sleep, he fought the fearful battle with appetite. Weak, famished, almost dying, he crawled into the sunlight; but he had conquered the demon which had well-nigh killed him.

The morning after he had signed the pledge, Jesse Goodrich, a leading business man, said to Gough: “My office is in the Exchange; come in and see me. I shall be happy to make your acquaintance. I thought I would just call in and tell you to keep up a brave heart. Good-by; God bless you; don’t forget to call.” “It would be impossible,” said Gough afterward, “to describe how this little act of kindness cheered me. Yes, I said, now I can fight, and I did fight, those six days and nights, encouraged and helped by a few words of sympathy; and so encouraged, I fought on, with not one hour of healthy sleep, not one particle of food passing my lips.”

Mr. Gough determined to consecrate his wonderful powers to the cause of temperance. He entered upon his life work, and at once was recognized as one of the most effective speakers that the cause



had ever known. Having conquered himself, he labored faithfully to redeem others. There have been few men so gifted with the power, not only to play upon the heartstrings of his listeners, but to appeal to their sense and reason. His impassioned eloquence moved the hearts, the consciences and the emotions of millions. It has been said of him, and the truth of the statement cannot be doubted, that he did more than any other man—not excepting Father Mathew and Francis Murphy—to reclaim those who had become addicted to the use of intoxicants. From his first address, his popularity as a speaker and his usefulness increased by leaps and bounds. He continued his work for forty years, at all times and seasons, speaking to audiences that tested the capacity of the largest places of public assemblage. Three times he visited England, where his success was no less marked than in America.

After the death of his mother, in 1835, young Gough abandoned himself to dissipation, which was but the natural result of his wandering life, for he was a strolling actor, playing and singing comic songs in variety theaters. He married in 1839, in the hope of thereby redeeming himself, but instead he gradually went down to the tortures of delirium tremens. Losing both wife and child, he became an outcast in the streets of Boston, Worcester, and other towns, and thus he struggled until 1842, when he was induced to sign the pledge, as already noted. Determined to devote the remainder of his life to fallen humanity, with his brilliant oratorical powers he found no difficulty in obtaining opportunities to lecture in all the large towns, including Boston, where he had so long tramped the streets in abject misery and despair. He married again in 1843, after he had changed his course of life.

Mr. Gough's effectiveness as a speaker lay in his graphic portrayal of scenes, real or imaginary, and his power to stir the emotions, evoking laughter or tears at will. He was unique in his mode of delivery, with a musical voice and a memory which served him well in treasuring incidents for apt illustration. Although a born orator, he often said that he was always "afraid of an audience" when he arose before it. It is a singular fact that he could not overcome this natural diffidence, though his public addresses were numbered among the thousands. He resided during the latter part of his life at West Boylston, Massachusetts. While delivering a lecture in the First Presbyterian Church, at Frankford, Pennsylvania, he was stricken down by an attack of apoplexy and died a few days afterward, February 18, 1886. His last words were: "Young men, keep your records clean."

HELEN MILLER GOULD

A womanly woman, unspoiled by great wealth.

LONG after this generation shall have passed away, the name of Helen Miller Gould will be remembered. She is one of the very few who, having been endowed with great wealth, has made good use of it in promoting the happiness of others less fortunate than herself. Miss Gould is the eldest daughter of the late Jay Gould, and inherited his keen executive ability to such a degree that he found in her an able adviser and confidante, although she was at the age when few girls have a thought beyond the pleasures of the hour. Miss Gould inherited from her mother the domestic virtues which make her home exceptionally attractive to those who love an elegantly appointed, but quiet and well-ordered household. After her mother's death, she tried to take her place in the attentions so greatly prized by her father, and never failed to meet him on the grounds or in the doorway of their palatial home on the Hudson, upon his return from business each evening. That he appreciated her worth, and had the most implicit confidence in her judgment, was proved when, after his death, it was found that he had delegated to her an unusual authority regarding the fortune to be divided among the members of his family.

Miss Gould is eminently practical, and, with a talent for business possessed by few women, she has a clear, keen insight into all matters pertaining to the income and expenditures of the vast estate left by her father. She is modest and retiring, never seeking publicity in the many good works in which she is engaged; but, although many of her quiet, unostentatious acts of kindness are never known beyond the walls of her own home, it is not possible to prevent the public from obtaining some knowledge of the many large charities she has bestowed upon the poor and the suffering.

When the war with Spain broke out, she gave the government one hundred thousand dollars, and became a member of the Woman's National War Relief Association, to which she contributed freely. She purchased great quantities of material needed for the work, and converted one of the largest rooms of her city residence into a veritable workshop, where bandages and garments for the wounded and sick



soldiers were made. She gave twenty-five thousand dollars to purchase needed supplies for the sick and convalescent soldiers at Camp Wykoff, Long Island, and to many of these she gave her personal care and attention, ministering to their needs with her own hands.

When the Windsor Hotel, New York, was burned, in 1899, Miss Gould was the first to open the doors of her Fifth Avenue home, for the relief of the injured and dying, who were victims of that awful disaster. She personally performed the duties of nurse, doing all in her power to relieve their sufferings. She has taken an interest in so many of the charities in New York, that it is difficult to find one which has not had substantial proof of her generosity. She has been a liberal friend to the University of New York City. "Woody Crest," a home for crippled children, is one of Miss Gould's favorite endowments. At Christmas tide the helpless little ones hang up their stockings, and find them well filled with toys, fruit and candies. Most of these children are taken from city hospitals or from the poorest homes, and they look forward eagerly to the visits which their kind patroness never fails to make.

Prominent among Miss Gould's benefactions is the endowment of the New York University, Western, Southwestern and Roxbury scholarships. These are memorials to Jay Gould and his wife, Helen Day Miller Gould, the father and mother of Miss Gould, and are bestowed upon worthy employees of the railroad companies largely controlled by the Gould family. The recipients of these gifts are young men who are ambitious to secure the advantages of education, and to rise to higher planes in life. The bestowals are made each year, and a large number of young persons have thus been fitted for careers of useful activity.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

The man who never let go, and so won success.

“GRANT, the Hammerer,” is not a bad term, rightly understood. Persistency was one of Grant’s marked qualities—as when, at Fort Donelson, he declined to parley with Buckner and demanded his unconditional surrender, adding, “I propose to move immediately upon your works”; as when he wrote to the Secretary of War from the front of Spottsylvania, “I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer”; or later as, when President, he came back to a discussion of his San Domingo annexation project, after friend and foe alike had thought it buried forty fathoms deep. When Grant took hold, he never let go until his purpose had been fulfilled, and therein lay the secret of his success. He had the faculty of attaining decisive results—of driving home his blows, as at Donelson, where he captured the garrison that should have escaped; at Vicksburg, where he hemmed in the enemy that should have kept the open field; at Missionary Ridge, where he not only defeated but routed and demoralized his antagonist; and in the Appomattox campaign, where, making his superior numbers tell on Lee after more than a ten months’ struggle, he struck so constantly and heavily that Lee’s army was battered into fragments. In all this we have the “Hammerer,” but a hammerer that knows when and where and how to deliver his blows.



Except as the most conspicuous figure in the Civil War, it would be impossible to view Grant as a subject of enduring popular interest. There was nothing picturesque or animating about him, no salient points upon which to lay hold; no variegated background upon which to paint an impressive picture. His best passport to fame is the fact that he rose by sheer merit to the head of the Union armies, over men of larger opportunities or pretensions; and that when he reached the place, without seeking it, he was equal to its every demand, and so conducted himself in it as to win general esteem, and the envy and resentment of none.

As Grant was a plain, simple man, so his history is plain and simple. He was born and brought up a country boy in Ohio, with

only a country school education. He had a good deal of freedom and grew up in a healthy way, with no marked predilection except a love of horses, which lasted throughout his life. His father, an energetic and forehanded man, was enabled to procure for the boy a nomination to the Military Academy, which Hiram Ulysses, as his name then was, entered in 1839, when just past seventeen years of age. He was a frank, shrewd, cheerful fellow; not forward, yet companionable; not bookish, but the most fearless horseman in the corps of cadets. He had been erroneously entered on the roster of the Academy as "U. S. Grant," and was known as "Uncle Sam" during his cadet days. When graduated and commissioned in the infantry, this sobriquet was changed to "Sam Grant" and this was his colloquial name in the "old" army till he left it. He adopted the change to "Ulysses S.," dropping the "Hiram" and choosing "Simpson," the family name of his mother, to be represented by the middle initial.



Grant did garrison duty till the breaking out of the Mexican War, in which he served as a lieutenant in the infantry battalion of Major Belknap, a fatherly old disciplinarian. He was a good officer; not brilliant, but trustworthy, and intelligent in the range of duties that fell to a subaltern. After the war, he was stationed on the Pacific coast and, reaching the grade of captain by regular promotion, came into command of a company at the important post of Fort Vancouver, in Washington Territory. Here his habits became so unsteady that he left the service by compulsory resignation, in 1854. During his stay at the post, he had given one evidence of the possession of military ability, by his intelligent exposition to brother officers, in their social discussions, of the merits and defects of the strategy of the Mexican War. More than one of these auditors remarked that they had not suspected that "Sam" Grant had so much in him.

The years that followed his retirement from the army were the gloomiest in Grant's career. For a time he tried farming in a small way near St. Louis. The breaking out of the Civil War found him in the leather business with his father, at Galena, Illinois; but he was a West Pointer, had seen war service, and knew the military drill and routine that had suddenly become so valuable. Casting about for an opening, he went to Cincinnati, to seek a place on the staff of McClellan, who had just been appointed major-general of the Ohio militia. In this he failed, but he got employment in the office of the adjutant-general of Illinois, where knowledge of army regulations and military usage was badly needed. Here he remained a few weeks, when the Governor offered him the colonelcy of the Twenty-first

Illinois Volunteers, a regiment that nobody had been able to manage, and which was to be disbanded if Grant declined the offer or failed to bring the regiment to a condition fit for service. Grant accepted the commission, and being a trained soldier, soon had his officers and men in an acceptable state of discipline and efficiency. This impressed the governor, and he and the Representative in Congress from the Galena district bespoke for Grant one of the many brigadierships just created by act of Congress. It was the government's good fortune that in this instance it got an old instead of a new soldier in the dispensation of patronage.

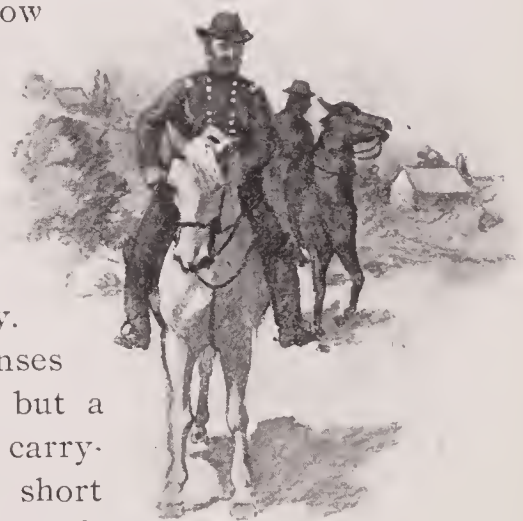
Grant's first field service was under Fremont, who then commanded the Missouri department. He was stationed at Cairo, on the Mississippi, and while there he arranged his expedition across the river to Belmont. It was not a brilliant success, though he got his troops back to their own side of the river when a man of less inherent ability might have failed. Halleck, who succeeded Fremont, did not in the least disparage Grant's military capacity in comparison with that of his other general officers, but he did distrust his personal habits.

The capture of Fort Donelson in February, 1862, made Grant famous and won him the rank of major-general. The delighted public seized upon his phrases, "No terms but unconditional surrender," and "I propose to move immediately upon your works," and, until its attention was drawn elsewhere, acclaimed Grant the man of the hour. Except for his phrases and his popularity, Fort Donelson might have been his last as well as his first success; but the dissatisfaction of his superiors was a little tempered, at least, by the show he had made of being a good fighter and able to match himself against the enemy in strategy and battle tactics.

In the beginning of April, 1862, Grant had his army encamped near Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River, awaiting a junction with Buell, who was moving down from middle Tennessee. When united, the two armies were to be conducted by Halleck against Corinth, some twenty miles distant, where Albert Sidney Johnston and Beauregard were strongly fortified. Grant and Sherman—the latter one of his division commanders—were both of the opinion that the enemy would sit still at Corinth and use the days of grace in strengthening the position, and that Grant was in no danger of attack, though on the enemy's side of the river; and for this reason no precautionary or defensive measures were taken. But Johnston moved out and attacked Grant, for the very reason that the latter was not on his guard. Grant's camp was captured and his forces were driven to the river bank, where nightfall and the arrival of Buell's troops saved them. The next morning, heavily reinforced,

Grant was able to assume the offensive and Beauregard, who had succeeded to the command of the Confederate army by the death of Johnston, drew off and returned to Corinth. Grant was held to have been at fault for the rout of the first day and the imminent peril of the army. He was relieved of the command and the siege of Corinth was conducted by Halleck. As the hero of Fort Donelson, Grant was retained on nominal duty, with nothing to do in fact. His chance, however, came again. Halleck was called to Washington to become general-in-chief, and Grant was restored to active command.

In December, 1862, Grant began his so-called Yazoo River expedition against Vicksburg. It failed, but not until Grant had shown such high qualities in the management of a protracted campaign as to retain the confidence of the authorities at Washington. Thus assured, he began again by crossing the river below Vicksburg and moving up against it. Sharp engagements at Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson and Champion's Hill, in the first half of May, 1863, forced the Confederate army toward the defenses of Vicksburg, and on May 17, a battle at Big Black River drove it to the shelter of the strong line of earthworks that encircled the city. Two days later an assault by Grant on the defenses gave him position for a siege and investment; but a careful reconnoissance having given him hope of carrying the place by assault, he resolved to try that short method before resorting to the longer operations of a siege. On May 22, the attack was made in Grant's full strength, and kept up till its hopelessness became conclusively apparent.



Vicksburg was now doomed, but the Confederate troops there were still important to their own side. General "Joe" Johnston sought to relieve them by concentrating a menacing force in rear of Grant. The latter faced part of his army about and kept Johnston at bay, without relaxing his hold upon Vicksburg and its garrison. The defense was gallant and protracted but hopeless. On Independence Day of 1863, Grant came into possession of Vicksburg, with upward of thirty thousand prisoners, about one hundred and twenty-five guns and seventy-five siege pieces. On the same day, Lee began his retreat from the disastrous campaign in Pennsylvania.

Grant had now the greatest military reputation on the Union side, and when, after the battle of Chickamauga, near the end of September, the Army of the Cumberland was penned up in Chattanooga and threatened with the fate of the Vicksburg garrison, all the military operations in the West were combined and put in charge of

Grant. The numerous forces now under his command were concentrated there and made ready for action, and two months after the disaster of Chickamauga, the decisive battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain electrified the country. Grant instantly sent a force a hundred miles to the northeast, to relieve Burnside, who was closely besieged in Knoxville by Longstreet, whose corps of seasoned troops had been sent to Tennessee from Lee's army in Virginia.

Disconnected operations over the wide field of war had been the bane of both armies. On the Union side, Grant had shown what could be done by combination on a limited scale, and popular opinion at the North was that a man had been found who could be trusted to do in the field what had been long attempted from Washington and had failed. Responsive to popular feeling, Congress made provision for a commander of the armies of the United States, and the appointment, of course, fell to Grant. At that time the Confederacy had two principal field armies, that of the east under Lee, and that of the west under Johnston. West of the Mississippi, and cut off from the rest of the Confederacy, Kirby Smith had a little military empire embracing Arkansas and Louisiana. Grant decided to take personal command against Lee and to have Sherman confront Johnston. Each was to keep his immediate antagonist fully employed and thus prevent him from giving assistance to the other. This was a happy change from old conditions, under which the Confederates had used their interior position, with its shorter lines, to compensate for their inferior strength.

In the beginning of May, 1864, simultaneous campaigns were opened against Lee, Johnston and Smith by Grant, Sherman and Banks; the last soon coming to an inglorious end. For three years every campaign against Richmond and its defending army had been dominated by civilian anxiety for the safety of Washington, and civilian decision as to how its security should be assured. When, therefore, a few days after the opening of the campaign, Grant ordered a part of the garrison of Washington to the front, in consequence of his heavy losses, there was a spasm in the War Department, but no resistance. Again, when Lee, to relieve the pressure of Grant upon himself, resorted to his old and successful tactics of a raid by way of the Shenandoah Valley to menace Washington, Grant sent only a detachment to reinforce the capital and continued his grapple with Lee.

The seat of government was now Grant's saddle, but he used his dictatorship tactfully, and his simple, frank character gave no occasion of clash or quarrel, though it took him nearly a year to end the war. What gained him all the time he needed was his persistency in keeping closed with the enemy and steadily pressing forward. Though often checked, he was never defeated; he made no retreats, he never

drew off and went into camp for reorganization. The difference between the campaign of 1864 and those of previous years is thus expressed by William Swinton, historian of the Army of the Potomac:—

“Other commanders would have fought the battle of the Wilderness and gone backward; Grant fought the battle of the Wilderness and went—forward!”

As Grant had accepted all the power, he was laden with all the responsibility, and, not gaining instant success, a serious defeat, an unmistakable retreat, or a marked pause, would have brought him down. As days lengthened to weeks, and weeks to months, people remembered Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Lookout Mountain; they were awed, too, by Lee's great reputation, and as matters were merely going slowly and not badly, they concluded that Grant must be doing well. There was much anxiety about him; but he was not anxious, nor impatient, nor troubled in any way. The eleven months from the Rapidan to Appomattox were his golden prime. There were points of electrical disturbance—intrigues at Washington, intrigues in the army—but he discharged them harmlessly by the truthful, open, direct and simple ways that had distinguished him from boyhood. He would suffer no injustice to himself without exposing it, nor any injustice to anybody under his observation and protection, and though a man of strong partiality, he would cast off any favorite that sought to make his friendship a cloak for covert self-seeking. It needed but his manly and generous treatment of Lee and his beaten veterans at the surrender to win him the crown of universal esteem.

The Grant of Appomattox had marched very far from the Grant of Belmont and Shiloh. His many good qualities had grown and ripened; the few doubtful ones that had clouded his earlier days in the war had vanished. He was not drawn toward the vortex of politics. Johnson, succeeding the murdered Lincoln in the presidency, was full of vengeance against the leaders of the late Confederacy. He singled out the illustrious Lee as a fit subject to be brought to civil trial for treason. Lee was still Grant's prisoner of war on parole, and the latter spoke so loudly against the intended outrage, declaring that his own honor was assailed and that he would defend with his life the integrity of Lee's parole, that the obstinate and contentious President was obliged to make an ignoble retreat. Johnson, subsequently quarreling with Congress over the mode in which the lately insurgent states should be restored to full relations with the Union,



made a complete about-face and went with the extreme state-rights men in holding that they were already restored by virtue of the Constitution, and that Congress had nothing to do with the matter. He affected to treat Congress without Southern representation as an illegal and usurping body, and designed, after the manner of Cromwell with his rump parliament, to disperse it from the Capitol. For this he needed Grant and the army, but Grant declined to be used. Then he tried to separate Grant from the command of the army till he could effect his purpose, but Grant thwarted all his efforts in this direction. He scrupulously obeyed every lawful order of the President, but would not go a step further. At last Congress, finding itself supported by the people of the North, freed Grant from annoyance by the President, and by a law of doubtful validity made the general of the army independent of the President and placed its reconstruction policy under his protection.

Though Grant did not particularly desire the presidency, his friends and retainers desired it for him, and the people were more than willing, thinking that an honest soldier would be a good change from wrangling politicians. He received the Republican nomination, though Grant himself was the real party platform. No power on earth could have prevented his election.

Grant naturally began to manage the presidency according to his military standards and methods, but it could not be worked that way. Finding the party leaders in revolt, and being alike modest and loyal, he surrendered, and chose some of them for his advisers. By reason of his simplicity and inexperience, they not only advised but led him for their own selfish and ambitious purposes. Yet, as he felt himself settling into his new and strange place, he could have his way at times, and sometimes his way was the best way. He strengthened and preserved the public credit; he saved the country from a new deluge of paper currency; he balked an attempt to drift into a war with England and settled all outstanding difficulties with her by an honorable treaty; he kept the United States from intervention in the ten years' war in Cuba, and by firmness averted war with Spain at a time of popular excitement. Though he was personally upright and conscientious, his eight years of presidency were clouded by much public corruption and scandal. Some of these evil manifestations were doubtless the inevitable results of the long war, others were the outgrowth of political greed. Had Grant grappled with them as he grappled with the armies of the Confederacy, he would have added another bright star to the crown of his glory.

After Grant retired from the presidency, in 1877, he made a tour of the world and was everywhere accorded the honors bestowed upon

royalty. Thinking he could now make such a President as the country would rejoice over, he stood for a third term, but was defeated for the nomination in the Republican national convention, though he forced his rivals to combine on a dark horse to beat him. In the campaign that followed he did some political speaking and then retired to private life. To help establish his boys, he removed to New York and lent his name to a banking and brokerage business, in which one of them was admitted as a partner. It turned out to be a "sharpping" concern, in which he lost all of his own modest fortune and was reduced to actual poverty. He suffered added mental distress, caused by the knowledge that many others had lost money which they had placed there, confiding in his name and supposed presence in the firm. A liberal offer for articles from his pen about his battles and campaigns, put him in funds for present needs, and, becoming afflicted with an incurable cancer, he conceived the idea of writing his memoirs, in the hope of providing for his family, after his death, by their sale. This labor of love became a race with death, and the pathetic spectacle of the dying man, in a cottage on Mount McGregor, "fighting it out," as in the old days, touched the popular heart. Whatever there was to forget, was forgotten. There was much more to remember and all was remembered, not less in the South than at the North.

By special act of Congress, he was restored to the army list with his old rank of general, and this tribute deeply affected the broken man. He died July 23, 1885, and there was some public contention as to the place of his burial. His widow chose a site in a beautiful park in the city of New York, beside the Hudson, and to that his remains were conveyed, the government providing the stateliest public funeral ever seen in America. Afterward, by public subscription, a fine mausoleum was erected over the tomb.

General Grant is thus described for this article by one who was intimately associated with him in 1864, when his military career was at its flood:—

"At the time of the Wilderness campaign, General Grant had just passed his forty-second birthday. He was an under-sized man, but full bodied and full chested. He was stoop-shouldered and walked with one shoulder advanced, so that he seemed to move sidewise. His bluish-gray eyes were rather deep set; his hair and short, full beard were brown, and he had a ruddy complexion. Usually his face was bright and animated, but he had a habit of occasionally sitting or riding for hours in complete silence, without even thinking, as he used to confess, and then he would have a rather hard, forbidding look. His dress was negligent, yet not to be called slovenly. A stranger would not suspect that he had been through the routine of

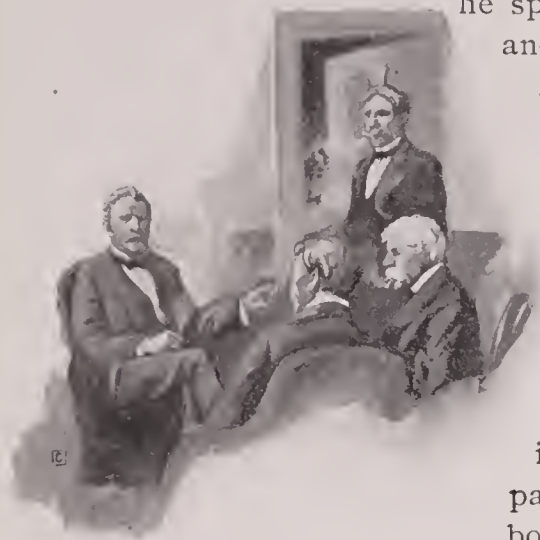
West Point and the regular army, but he had two West Point and regular army traits: anxiety for his family—army officers usually dying poor—and a particular solicitude for the care of government property in his charge, were it only a tent pole. He had a low and pleasant voice, and his speech was 'a well of English undefiled,' mostly Saxon words and free from profanity, obscenity, vulgarity and slang. When speaking seriously he spoke deliberately, in short sentences, aptly expressed, and as though each word had been chosen and fitted.

Among friends he was very sociable, turning everything into jest or raillery, telling and hearing stories with boyish zest, but growing frigid at a coarse word or suggestion. His own social conversation ran mostly on the old West Point, Mexican War and regular army days, and he seemed never to have forgotten a person, a name, a place or an incident, however trivial. His range of topics was extensive, but such as a man would readily acquire in ordinary intercourse, and from the daily newspaper and other current publications; if he had any book knowledge or culture, he kept it to himself.

"The general was a good horseman and looked well on horseback. On a horse, he could have borne the weight of chapeau and plumes, epaulettes, sash and all the other toggery of full dress uniform, and would not have looked bad. But he was completely indifferent to the trappery of war and martial show of every kind, and as to all such matters, he might have passed for a farmer, who had never seen a guard-mounting, dress parade or review. This apparent indifference often laid him open to a suspicion of affectation, in the minds of those who knew him but slightly.

"In those days, General Grant was approachable to everybody and free and simple in intercourse. When he had become President, he changed in these respects, holding himself stiffly to strangers until he knew who they were and their business, and sometimes becoming unexpectedly formal and even rasping to intimates who addressed him with the freedom of army days. There was certainly a great difference between the lieutenant-general of 1864 and the President of ten years later, in his second term, and even his once cheerful and inviting face showed the difference, for it had become stern in habitual expression. Still, the President could be as free as the general had been, and there was many a laugh, joke and story at the army houses where he would drop in of an evening for a smoke and a chat.

"Grant, the general, was a sanguine man, always expecting things to go well and not a bit alarmed or discouraged when they went the other way. Outwardly, he seldom seemed to have much to do, or to be doing much, or looking for anything to occupy him. In this respect he was like his chum, Ingalls, the chief quartermaster, who carried on the biggest business of the army, and was never known to be short or behind with

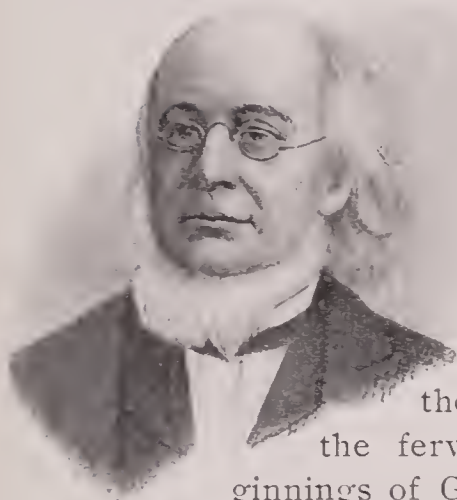


anything. Ingalls would saunter about from breakfast-time to dinner-time, while Grant would sit in a camp chair and smoke away the same interval, the two engaging in a short chat every now and then. Of course, in action or on the march, the general would sometimes be in the saddle and moving about for many hours, and at this kind of work he could probably have worn down the youngest man on his staff, had it come to a test of endurance. But normally he seemed to have nothing to do but to kill time, and no trouble in doing it. He was a wonderfully quiet man, both in speech and manner, whether sitting still or in motion. Nobody ever saw him in a hurry or excited about anything. The ammunition boat explosion at City Point showered him and his headquarters, and set everybody else to running about. He got up deliberately from his chair when the noise, shock and flying shells came, looked about, and then sat down again, to wait till news of the affair should reach him. When he heard that the board wharf was afire, and that the flames were making their way toward a great store of ammunition under tarpaulins at the end of the wharf, he walked with Ingalls down to the wharf, and stood beside the nervous men that were working hose and bucket till the danger was over. There was a ticklish five or ten minutes when it seemed as though the roaring flames would make their way to the big ammunition pile in spite of everything. But new men and more buckets were constantly coming into service, and the general moved nearer the pile to have a better view of the advancing fire, and to give a quiet suggestion to the bucket men now and then, as he saw a tongue of flame projecting forward. Ingalls was on the string piece, encouraging the bucket dippers and passers to energy, and when the fire was drowned out, the two walked quietly back to headquarters, and Grant had apparently dismissed the whole subject from his mind."

HORACE GREELEY

A poor boy who became a maker of public opinion.

HORACE GREELEY was the extreme type of the "poor boy" rising to greatness in public life. Compared with his earliest years, those of Abraham Lincoln were luxurious, in the rude plenty of the West. Seven children and their parents had to extort a living from fifty acres of land in New Hampshire, which might have been more profitably worked as a quarry than as a farm, had the plentiful "rocks" been large enough to put to any use. On this "poor farm"—to use the words of an elder Horace in describing the scene of his nativity—the later Horace was born, February 3, 1811.



On both his father's and his mother's sides, he was of Scotch-Irish descent, and so was doubly distilled from that stock which predominates America by its intellectual strength and energy, and, gathering to itself the good things of life, leaves to more emotional species the supplying of sweetness and light to the national character. "You lie, villain, you lie!" is a fair example of Greeley's heart-to-heart talks with other public men on the editorial page of the "Tribune," in the days of his ascendancy. The "villain" did not resent the fervor of the argument. He was near enough to the beginnings of Greeley to know that the crust, as hard as the granite hills of his own New Hampshire, had been formed in the many and bitter days of struggle, and familiar enough with the true Greeley to be sure that the helping hand which refused nobody was his for the asking.

Horace was a feeble-bodied child, born in privation and stunted by it from the time he opened his blinking eyes upon an inhospitable world. But the hereditary intellect was there from the very first, and though the nerveless hands could toil but little, the mind was early at work. As soon as he became old enough to have a thought for the future, he fixed his desire upon becoming a printer, a vocation that seemed a royal road to learning to one chained so close to the ground as himself. He was fourteen years old before the first step could be taken toward the realization of his towering ambition, at which time he had been for four years a casual farm laborer in Vermont—a social condition lower, if possible, than that of the meanest "poor

white" in the South. He began as 'prentice boy in a rural newspaper and job office, and when the intellectual flood-gates had been opened by his admission to the realms of light, he rose rapidly to the dizzy height of chief village politician, political economist, debater and essayist. His income grew with his importance, till he could look down upon penury from his broad tableland of board, lodging, washing and forty dollars a year. For the money he had no use, and he sent it to the family whom prosperity still shunned, though the father had moved to the wild lands of western Pennsylvania in search of it. Thither Horace followed in his twentieth year, the Vermont newspaper having tumbled into insolvency on its business side, despite the forceful editing of the young Solon. In western Pennsylvania he tramped about as a casual printer, sheltering and helping at home when, as happened most of the time, he could find no employment.

Greeley was now on the verge of manhood and determined to strike out, and his stroke took the direction of New York, which he reached, by tramping, at the end of August, 1831. He was so young looking, ragged and rustic that he was shown the door at every printing office where he sought work, and was nearly starved when he alighted upon a starvation job to which all printers were welcome without inquiry, but which few accepted and few adhered to for the finish. Greeley was one of the finishers, and met his reward in better work, at better pay, from the hands of the grateful employer. In less than eighteen months he was running a small job office for himself, with a variety of partners and quite the usual amount of ups and downs. James Gordon Bennett, with a meager present but an aspiring future, was greatly taken with Greeley, and invited him to an equal participation in the projected daily, to be known as the "Herald," but Greeley thought that a daily newspaper would be too bold an undertaking for him to engage in and declined. On his own account he started the "New Yorker," a weekly that attained a large circulation and gave him an immense reputation, but was always a loss on the pecuniary side. In his twenty-seventh year he married, and married happily, though his wife and he, between them, shared nearly all the "isms" extant or which, from time to time, arose to strut briefly upon the stage.

In 1838 Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward made Greeley editor of the "Jeffersonian," a Whig organ, or "broadside," published at Albany. For a campaign sheet, it was notably solid and intellectual, and so appealed to the very class to which the Whig leaders



looked. Weed, a past-master in the art of political management, and Seward, a self-seeking statesman with at least a touch of genius, thought that the "Jeffersonian" did much for the Whig interest in New York state, out of which Weed grew rich and Seward famous.



They paid Greeley in flattery, to which he was not insensible; but they paid him little else, and years afterward Greeley, finding himself a power in the land, issued a public notice that the political firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley was dissolved. He had his full revenge in 1860, when his opposition defeated the otherwise certain nomination and probable election of Seward to the presidency. For the "log cabin and hard cider" campaign of 1840, Greeley started a weekly called the "Log Cabin," which reached a great circulation and influence, but was pecuniarily unprofitable.

Saturday, April 10, 1841, marked the appearance of a new journalistic star, the New York "Daily Tribune," launched on borrowed money, but soon attaining a commanding position. It was bright and intellectual, and aggressive enough to hold its own in the war of abusive epithets that it was then the practice of newspapers to shower upon each other. The virulence of the attacks upon the "Tribune" remain a tribute to its importance and success. Ten years afterward came the "Weekly Tribune," by which, and by Greeley, the rural population of the free states, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, learned to swear. In 1842 Greeley valued the good-will and plant of the "Tribune" at four thousand dollars, and sold a half interest in them at half that amount; but thirty years later, actual sales showed that the value had multiplied two hundred and forty times, and the difference was mainly due to Greeley. He was the sole owner at the beginning, but owned less than a one-seventeenth interest when he died. That tells the story of his financial incapacity. In fact, he had parted with the controlling interest in less than a year, and within seven years was a minority owner. But for nearly twenty years he was the most valuable asset of the "Tribune." He always had his own say to the last, but he did not always have the entire say. The first evidence that the absolute control had passed from him was the series of "On to Richmond" articles that he did not approve, and which was the prime cause of the premature and disastrous first Bull Run campaign. It was Greeley that gave importance to the "Tribune" editorials, and the public and the national authorities did not know, till the information was too late

to be useful, that the "Tribune" was not always, and in all things, Horace Greeley.

First as a Whig and afterward as a Republican, Greeley, with the "Tribune," played a large part in the political history of New York and the Union. He would have been pleased to fill more public offices than the few and unimportant ones that make up the sum of his political services. For public office, however, he was quite unfit, his disposition and much of his conduct being erratic and freakish, while his quarrelsomeness and eccentricity would have prevented him from having a political following. His importance lay in his principles and his power of expounding them, and there is no good reason to believe that he could have successfully illustrated them in action. Besides, he was always too much scattered to be in a situation to do more than talk about things; for his interests and sympathies took in the whole range of the human life of his day, not only as it was, but as he, or somebody who had his ear for the moment, thought it ought to be, or might be made. Thus, while he was in his heyday a man of great influence, he was never a man of direct authority. He could trouble things that were being done or those that were doing them, and he could prevent the doing of things or the advancement of individuals; but he could not carry his own measures or his own men. His power consisted in what the large numbers of plain people who read him and heard him thought and felt about him, for intellectually he but little affected either public or literary men. To the rural classes throughout the North, he was a latter-day "Poor Richard," and after his death Whittier aptly eulogized him as "our second Franklin."

As a Whig, Greeley was for a high tariff and internal improvements, and his influence did much for protectionism and the opening and building up of the great West. His theoretical tariff was a scheme under which, by the coöperative action of the whole community, wages would be high, employment abundant, farmers', merchants', and manufacturers' profits always good, and workingmen's wives able to perform their kitchen duties in expensive silk dresses of home manufacture, without distressing the means of their highly protected and highly paid husbands. The Greeley tariff has never yet been in operation anywhere on earth, but his effective exposition and advocacy of it created and expanded a protectionist sentiment, under which many tariffs that were high, but not altogether of the Greeley pattern, have been carried. He was an early advocate of a railway across the continent, and of free homesteads to actual settlers, to fill up the space between the Mississippi and the Pacific. The West never had another such a friend and helper.

As a Free-Soil Whig, Greeley, of course, was against the Texas annexation, the Mexican War, the foisting of Zachary Taylor upon the party as its presidential candidate, the compromise of 1850, the fugitive slave law, the proslavery claim in Kansas and the Dred Scott decision. The nomination of General Scott, in 1852, was the last act of the party, which went to pieces after a vain effort to shift the issue from slavery to something or anything else by the so-called Know-nothing movement, which Greeley fought. On the formation of the Republican party, the "Tribune" became its chief organ, and, as Greeley was an uncompromising Abolitionist, the slaveholders were right in looking for bad weather ahead. The new party, however, was unfortunate in its first nomination, being obliged to take over Fremont from one of the two factions into which the Know-nothings had split. Greeley was not particularly enthusiastic about Fremont, and the campaign managers bought space in the "New York Herald" in a vain effort to carry the state.



Greeley was shut out from the New York delegation to the Republican national convention of 1860, because of his implacable hostility to Seward, the favorite son of the Empire State, and far and away the leading candidate. But he got into the convention as a delegate from Oregon and advocated the nomination of Edward Bates, of Missouri, whose vote on the first ballot fell below those of Seward, Lincoln, Cameron and Chase, and represented hardly more than a tenth of the convention. Greeley's support, however, helped to carry his main object of defeating Seward, and during the campaign the "Tribune" did its very best for Lincoln, who was powerfully aided by the weekly edition, with its great and influential circulation.

When the Cotton States, after Lincoln's election, seceded and showed that they seriously meant to try the experiment of separation, Greeley was for letting them "depart in peace," preferring a division of the country to a government pinned together by bayonets. This support of secession from so radical a source, with other influential tendencies moving in the same direction at the North, would probably have secured the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, with larger bounds than it ever had, if it had not been for the impatience and arrogance of the secession leaders, which brought on a collision and so aroused the North to a desperate struggle for the Union. To this struggle Greeley was, of course, committed, and from the very beginning he was for striking instantly at slavery, the bottom, though not the only cause, of the trouble; for Greeley's favorite policy of a high tariff had nearly broken up the Union, at a time when the slavery

question was still dormant under the Missouri Compromise of 1820. President Lincoln appreciated the force of Greeley's demand for a blow at slavery in the seceding states, but could not meet his wishes; while the border states, the army and navy, and much the greater part of popular sentiment at the North, were insistent that the war should be exclusively conducted for the restoration of the Union. Personally attacked by Greeley in the "Tribune," Mr. Lincoln defended himself publicly and patiently, meantime leading the popular mind steadily toward the contemplation of emancipation as a necessary consequence of the war, till in the latter part of September, 1862, he felt strong enough to issue his Emancipation Proclamation. That ended the slavery dispute with Greeley, whose heat and haste unquestionably had their part in assuring freedom and advancing the dawn of it.

Later in the progress of the war, Greeley attacked the President smartly for not smoothing the path to a conference with some distinguished men of the Southern Confederacy, who had assembled in Canada for the professed purpose of opening the way to a restoration of the Union. Lincoln met this attack by a public invitation to anybody commissioned from the South, however informally, to negotiate for or discuss a restoration of the Union, to come freely to Washington for courteous treatment and a fair hearing. He followed this up by appointing Greeley a special commissioner to go to Canada for a conference with the alleged envoys, putting upon him no other limitations than a recognition of the Constitutional supremacy of the Federal government and the maintenance of the irrevocable Emancipation Proclamation, with or without compensation, as the Congress of the restored Union might decide. As Greeley had the virtue of always believing everything he said, he accepted the appointment and went to Canada. Though he had often been burned and hanged in effigy at the South, he was well received by his hosts, none of whom had a shadow of authority to speak for the Confederate government or any insurgent state, and all of whom were personally quite sure that the first and inflexible condition of peace would have to be a recognition of Southern independence, though, with that accorded, the Southern people were ready to deal with the Northern people as true and beloved brethren.

Thus the mission was not wholly fruitless, for it proved that the original bitterness had passed away in the mutual respect born of a prolonged and heroic conflict. Even before Greeley's visit to Canada, the soldiers of the two armies had anticipated the final reconciliation by their friendly comradeship in the intervals of actual collision. The mission proved, too, that the war must be fought out, which, in the interest of posterity, was the best thing that could happen. Greeley's

intervention in the matter had this further consequence, that it made the government alert to every indication that the war might be stopped; hence, the fruitless voluntary mission of the venerable Francis P. Blair to Richmond, and the subsequent Hampton Roads conference, personally attended by Lincoln, of whom the Confederate commissioners had golden words to say on their return to Richmond.

Though many of Greeley's friends took part in the movement of 1864 to prevent the renomination of Lincoln, he did not directly participate in it. He foresaw that it could not defeat the renomination, made sure in any event by the immense power and patronage of the administration, and he was not prepared to exchange Lincoln, with the war unfinished, for a Democratic President. Happily for all concerned, the party breach was healed before the election, and Greeley's name at the head of the Republican electoral ticket was an assurance that Lincoln was to receive the full vote of his party in the most important state.

Radical as he had been against slavery and rebellion, Greeley was firmly against persecution or confiscation as soon as the South was prostrate. He did not approve of the singling out of Jefferson Davis, as the one of many leaders of secession and rebellion for exemplary punishment. Erratic as he usually was, he had been free from the hysteria that conceived the Confederate President to have been the head of the conspiracy to assassinate Lincoln, and his sense of humanity and justice revolted from the indignity of putting fetters upon the aged and feeble prisoner, and confining him in the casemate of a fortress. When, therefore, the indictment for treason was kept over the head of the prisoner without trial, till the Federal court at Richmond decided to release the accused on bail, Greeley went to Richmond and qualified as one of the sureties that Davis would appear when the case should be called for trial, which everybody knew would be never. It was Greeley's impulsive way of condemning what he believed to be the unjust treatment of Davis, for whom he had no personal regard. But the act caused an outburst against him from members of his own party, which alarmed the shareholders of the "Tribune" and demoralized the publishers of his "American Conflict," the subscribers to which popular work canceled their subscriptions by thousands. He was summoned to show cause why he should not be expelled from the Union League Club, and replied publicly in a defiant letter, promising to be present at the expulsion meeting and give his opponents a "square, stand-up fight"; challenging them, at the same time, to be all in attendance, to hand down their names to infamy. The letter took all the fight out of the offended members of the club, and the expulsion proceedings were abandoned. Popular

feeling came over to Greeley's side, the quicker and stronger because of the untruthful and spiteful abuse aimed at his whole career, his motives and his character. The Southern people, in the midst of their poverty and political harassments, found time to be grateful for the disclosure to them of the true Greeley, who, after all, was something more and other than the blustering, scolding, crack-brained fanatic they had always supposed him to be.

President Grant's persistence in the San Domingo annexation scheme, from which the party had tried to free itself without unduly hurting his feelings, completed Greeley's alienation from his administration. Carl Schurz, then a Senator from Missouri, as the most prominent leader of the Republican malcontents in Congress, became also the leader outside. From his state went out the call for a national convention of liberal Republicans at Cincinnati, on May 1, 1872. Greeley was willing, and more than willing, to become the candidate of that convention against Grant's reelection. So were Charles Francis Adams of Massachusetts; Chief-Justice Chase of Ohio; Senator Trumbull, Judge Davis, and General Palmer, all of Illinois; General J. D. Cox of Ohio; and B. Gratz Brown of Missouri. Adams had the best lead, and Greeley the most anxiety, for the nomination. In the end they were the only candidates seriously considered, and Adams lost because he showed some distrust of the movement, and was opposed by influential Democrats who desired a candidate that their party could indorse. In the Democratic convention which followed, Greeley received six hundred and eighty-six out of seven hundred and thirty-two votes, but the forty-six votes against him were all votes of discontent. The discontent found open expression in a straight-out convention, which nominated Charles O'Connor, of New York, as a candidate upon whom rebellious Democrats could throw away their votes.

Mr. Greeley personally took the stump, contrary to established usage, and popular interest in the long-famous man brought him large audiences; but he proved the weakest possible of candidates. There was a large disaffection of Democrats, and thousands of Republicans who revered him personally were afraid to have so erratic and eccentric a character in the White House. The vilification heaped upon him by his former party associates hurt him more than the loss of the presidency; yet that was a very heavy blow. In a total vote of close upon six and a half millions, the majority against him exceeded three million, six hundred thousand. After the election he resumed the editorship of the "Tribune," but, being attacked by softening of the brain, he was removed to a sanitarium, where he died on November 29, 1872. His wife had died near the close of the contest and that bereavement had greatly shaken him.

Greeley's slovenly dress, rustic look and awkward manner had been so much caricatured, that the popular idea of his personal appearance and behavior was much exaggerated. His actual presence and bearing gave no inspiration to mirth or disrespect, and his shrill voice was quickly forgotten in attention to what it uttered. His "old white hat" had been the sport of critics and adversaries, and the boast of friends and admirers. But none doubted that with his death a white soul had returned to its source, spotless as when it came into the world. Nor in his contentious life could it have been denied that always "he was a true gentleman at heart." These are the words of a Roman Catholic eulogist, who could have had no sectarian leaning toward the subject of them.

Mr. Alexander K. McClure, the veteran journalist, in an article which contains some personal recollections of Mr. Greeley, relates this incident:—

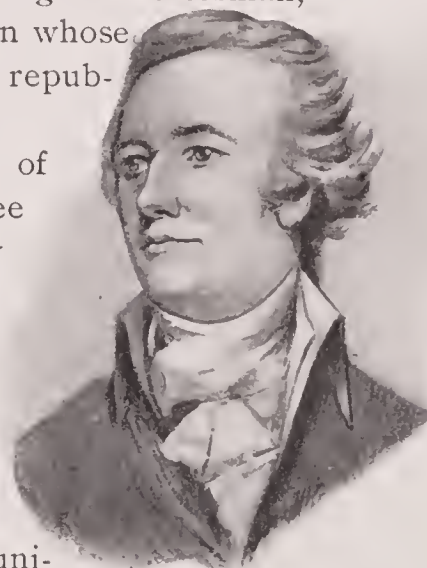
"The best opportunity I had to study Horace Greeley, and see him as he really was, occurred in 1855. I was then living in Chambersburg, and publishing a weekly paper that was widely circulated and generally regarded as of some political importance. Being officially connected with the agricultural society of our county, I invited Greeley to come to Chambersburg and deliver an address at the fair, and proposed to pay him fifty dollars, a sum then regarded as very liberal compensation for traveling five hundred miles, and giving three days' time to deliver a speech. He was my guest while attending the fair, and I had an excellent opportunity to learn from him all that could be gathered about himself. His address was plain, practical, and impressive, and was very well received by our farmers, who welcomed him in a most hospitable manner. The occasion was made quite a brilliant one, by Governor Pollock and Secretary Curtin (afterward governor) appearing at the fair when Greeley was speaking. So much interest was felt in his address that I wrote him soon afterward, asking him whether he could not give me a copy of it. He responded by sending me some twenty-five or thirty pages of the most unintelligible manuscript I have ever struggled with, in more than half a century of journalistic experience. It took all hands about the office and several outside experts to decipher it, but it was accomplished with reasonable accuracy and I published it in my paper with pardonable pride. In his letter sent with the manuscript, he said: 'Dear Mac, you remorseless cormorant, I have written myself nearly blind to furnish you the speech, and think you should send me thirty dollars for it.' Of course, the suggestion was a command, and the treasury of the 'Franklin Repository' was depleted to that extent for Greeley's address. The great editor always had an eye for business."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

A great statesman who met a duelist's death.

HAMILTON has a fixed place in the first rank of American statesmen; indeed, in the judgment of many, he stands at the head, without a rival for preëminence. Some of his compeers had a larger stage than was his, on which to display their powers, and in others some aptitude or faculty has been more emphasized. But in the aggregate of qualities which go to the making of a great statesman, Hamilton is the peer of any in the long line of men whose influence has been felt in the establishment of our republican form of government.

Hamilton's living monument is the Government of the United States, devised from the necessities of three millions of people and serving the wants of seventy five millions, after subjection to almost every conceivable strain. That the form of government varies from his detailed proposals is nothing; the spirit remains his, and by the spirit it lives and works. Under the Constitution, peace has been kept among the states, despite conflicting feelings or interests; the national power has compelled states and communities to obedience, and the government itself has endured and promises to endure. That the Constitution has been able to insure domestic tranquillity, establish justice, protect the common interest, promote the general welfare and make national independence and personal liberty secure, we owe to Hamilton in such a degree that there is no other to place beside him. As Guizot, the French statesman and political philosopher, has said: "It was Hamilton who introduced and made predominant those elements that have made the national government orderly, forceful and lasting."



We take our first view of Hamilton in the little island of St. Croix, in the West Indies, where, though not yet fourteen years old, he is managing an important export business to England and the mainland of America, for its absent proprietor. Born in 1757, of a Scotch father and a Huguenot mother, he could claim good descent on both sides, though reared in poverty and prepared for life by a few years' schooling of the most elementary and meager kind. But his mother

had been an independent, self-reliant, energetic woman, with a keen and speculative intellect, and the boy, who was Scottish enough in look to have come fresh from the ancestral hills of Ayr, took after the mother. During his three years as clerk and manager, besides carrying on the extensive business successfully, he read the leading works on political economy in English and French—one language being as native to him as the other—testing their statements by his own experience of trade and finance. The current of his life was changed by his intimacy with a scholarly Scotch clergyman who had come to St. Croix, and under whose affectionate guidance he became acquainted with philosophy, history and literature. The honors his revered preceptor had won from his university at home seemed more to Hamilton than all the prizes of commerce, and he longed to become a scholar. As soon as the various difficulties could be smoothed, he went to New York, and after a short preparatory course entered King's College in the spring of 1774, just after passing his seventeenth year.

Hamilton had hardly more than entered college, when the acts of Parliament closing the port of Boston, altering the charter of Massachusetts, and annexing all territory north of the Ohio and east of the

Mississippi to the province of Quebec, set everybody fermenting, from Massachusetts down to Georgia.

Hamilton went over the whole controversy about colonial rights and took the colonial side. Deeming his own rights as a British subject imperiled, he threw himself heartily into the discussion, and by the time he had reached his eighteenth birthday, his renown as an orator and writer had become very wide. Step by step the young West Indian was drawn into a complete identification with the colonial cause, so that when New York troops appeared in the Continental army, he was among them as a captain of artillery. For this post he had somehow found time to prepare by much military drill, study and private instruction.

It was at the battle of New Brunswick, during the masterly retreat through New Jersey, that the personal attention of Washington became, for the second time in action, fixed upon Hamilton. The young artillerist was using his guns to check the British advance, in a manner to command Washington's outspoken admiration. Admiration grew by acquaintance, and as soon as winter quarters were established at Morristown, Hamilton became secretary to the commander-in-chief, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Thus, at twenty years of age, Hamilton began his career as a statesman, for to that class his duties



assigned him, by reason of the nature of Washington's relations to Congress and the new state governments, and the extent to which his chief relied upon his abilities. The connection lasted four years, and was then broken by a display of hot temper on both sides that each regretted, but neither could repair. Meantime, Hamilton had married the daughter of the wealthy and distinguished General Schuyler, and retired to private life. He resumed the briefly interrupted friendship with Washington, and began, by writing pamphlets, to expose the feebleness and mischief of the Articles of Confederation. But pressure for his return to the army was irresistible, and he reappeared as a field officer of the New York line. As the leader of a brilliant assault and as an active participant in the siege of Cornwallis at Yorktown, his military life ended well.

Hamilton had already adopted the profession of law, and at the age of twenty-seven, the war over and himself well and happily married, with influential connections, a shining reputation and even more shining abilities, Hamilton fixed his residence at New York, to become the head of its bar and its most prominent citizen. Family ties and professional interests made him eager for a national government—"a hoop to the barrel," as the army toast had run—and his personal and political ascendancy, combined with his disposition toward public affairs, put him in the forefront of the movement for a reconstruction of the worthless confederation. At the commercial convention at Annapolis, in 1786, he fell into intimate relations with Madison, and their joint efforts paved the way for the constitutional convention at Philadelphia the next year. The object was to revise and strengthen the Articles of Confederation, but when the convention had met, it soon got around to the idea of framing the articles anew. What resulted, and could only result, was a bundle of compromises, and even that more than once nearly wrecked the convention.

What made the bundle of compromises vital, was Hamilton's principle of energetic government. The President's powers were beyond those of the British king, the Senate became an improved and strengthened House of Lords, the domains of national legislation and taxation went much beyond the original intention of the majority, and the Federal judiciary proved in the end to be not only the preserver but the great expansionist of the Constitution. If the work of the convention had not been done in secret, it could not have been done at all, and when its results were made public, the popular indignation was barely less than during the sittings, when many absurd and disquieting rumors had been set afloat. Washington's name alone gave the new instrument of government a chance for a hearing; but Washington did not expect the convention to carry with nine states,

so as to set it in operation among themselves. As he told the convention, all they could do was to set up a standard to which honest men could rally, but he privately doubted that they would rally to it in such numbers as to make it a standard of victory.

With the coöperation of Madison and Jay, Hamilton brought out a series of papers known as "The Federalist," to explain and commend the new Constitution to the people of the several states. Nine months were spent in obtaining the ratification of nine states, and then only on the tacit condition of extensive amendments in behalf of personal liberty and the security of state government. Hamilton faced the New York convention with scarcely more than a corporal's guard for the ratification, but he neither halted nor rested, and by adroit management, eloquence and tact within the convention, and a constant stirring of public feeling without, he daily and hourly added to the number of his followers. Nevertheless, appearances were against him to almost the last moment. The leader of the opposition came over to Hamilton's side, but that only increased the bitterness of those whom he had deserted. When eight states had ratified, Hamilton appealed to his colleagues to give New York the honor of putting the Constitution into effect, but the honor went to New Hampshire. Massachusetts, one of the leading opponents, had already given way, and close after New Hampshire came Virginia, the second of the three great original opposers. A month later, in a speech that surpassed all that had gone before, Hamilton, believing that he had reached his highest strength, made a fervid but conciliatory appeal to the convention, and ratification was carried by a majority of two votes.

Washington was a little afraid of Hamilton's daring genius, and on the organization of the government, offered the management of the finances to Robert Morris, who had been the magician of the Revolutionary war-chest. Morris declined, saying that Hamilton was "the one man" fit to take the office. The offer was passed on to Hamilton, and he, frankly ambitious as well as confident and public-spirited, accepted. To mollify the opponents of the Constitution, Washington induced Jefferson, though sorely against his will, to take the other great post in the Cabinet. The two leaders of opposing ideas of government were now, to use Jefferson's own simile, "matched like game cocks in a pit." Like game cocks they behaved, to the grief of Washington, who did not see in their eager controversies the germs of those two political parties by which the government has been carried on and by which alone it has been preserved. His last words to his countrymen were words of warning against party spirit, yet party itself had become the very safeguard of political liberty. It pervades a town election in America; and in Great Britain, a pure democracy,

veiled by aristocratic names and forms, "Her Majesty's Opposition," has become as essential to the public interest as "Her Majesty's Government."

It was not that either Hamilton or Jefferson foresaw the full result of their contentions that so often drove the great chief to impatience and despair. Each believed that he knew the other to be an inspiring and dangerous man, and in the presence of the only man that the whole nation trusted, they tried to clip each other's wings. Both succeeded, for Jefferson brought in his democracy that needed no government but its own exalted and virtuous impulses, and Hamilton imposed upon it a government that absolved it from being too exalted or too virtuous. Jefferson's political principles were drawn from a contemplation of ideal conditions, Hamilton's from actual experience, and between them they produced a very practicable system of government, sometimes inefficient and corrupt at the time of action, but usually looking respectable when passed on to the historian.

As minister of the national finances, Hamilton's first task was to provide a revenue, which he did by a duty on imports, so adjusted as to bring in the most money, while incidentally affording an equalizing protection to such manufactures as seemed particularly adapted or important to the country. The preamble of the tariff act stated one of its objects to be "the encouragement and protection of manufactures." Hamilton, who knew more about business than the great majority of men in public life, was very desirous that manufacturing should be added to agriculture, commerce and navigation, as important industries of the people. To this day his so-called report on manufactures, which embraces almost the whole field of civilized industry, remains a monument of learning and ingenuity. But he was not a high protectionist. A tariff act imposing prohibitory duties would have been to him a monstrosity, and such duties an acknowledgment that the public was to be taxed to pay men for keeping out of productive employment in order to engage in unsuitable ones. This extreme he avoided. Every duty with him was to induce importation and produce revenue, and whatever home-made commodity could not flourish upon the removal of the duty paid by the foreign-made article, he deemed an unprofitable product, or at least a premature one. Like Colbert, the great finance minister of Louis the Fourteenth, he believed that a strong government, wisely administered, was capable of enriching both government and people by attention to the national industries. Colbert's system fell to pieces as soon as he lost absolute control of the government, and nobody has yet attained autocratic power in the United States, so as to give the Colbertian system a fair trial. There is no reason to believe that Hamilton thought anybody but himself fit for

an industrial autocracy. His revenue tariff, with incidental protection, was highly successful at both ends, which proves his capability.

A political motive that weighed heavily with Hamilton has long ceased to have any significance. He thought that by encouraging manufactures dependent upon equalizing duties in the tariff, a class of influential nationalists would be created, to resist the Jeffersonian tendency to put the neck of the general government under the heel of the states. The same motive influenced his recommendation for an assumption of the state war debts by the general government, a project which he carried at last by giving votes for a national capital on the banks of the Potomac in exchange for votes for his debt-assumption bill. He knew that government bondholders would be strong nationalists, and to enlarge the class of government bondholders, he made a vote-trading bargain. Up to that time he was regarded by most of the Federalists as the natural successor of Washington to the presidency. But he was so pilloried by opponents of debt assumption and a Southern capital, that his friends never afterward ventured to put him up for any elective office.

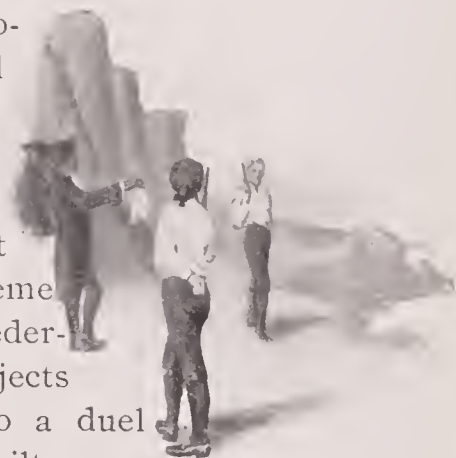
Hamilton also carried his project for funding the continental scrip and "shinplasters" at full face value. The most worthless stuff had been bought up as a speculation and held for redemption on the best terms attainable. It was largely held by his political and personal friends, upon many of whom his financial measures bestowed fortunes, though Hamilton did not profit a penny by any of his public acts. His defense of full redemption of the "shinplasters" was the necessity of establishing the faith and credit of the United States on the first occasion that arose for showing the policy of the government. His motive succeeded, for then and ever thereafter the government obligations were fully paid, and it had excellent credit, on reasonable terms, in the money markets of the world.

Lastly, Hamilton carried a bill for a national bank. In the eyes of the Jeffersonians, this was not merely strengthening the Constitution, as in the state debt assumption, but an actual violation of its express limitations. Washington, though friendly, was doubtful, and not until he had carefully weighed the exhaustive arguments of Hamilton and Jefferson for and against the bill did he approve it.

Whether constitutionally or not, Hamilton made the Constitution march, and to such effect that when his protective tariff, his refunding of the continental and state debts, and his national bank all got to work, the lately distressed country became the scene of abounding prosperity. Abroad and at home, people came to believe in the United States of America, a name which recently had been only a despised epithet. The barrel had been hooped, and hooped with gold.

The first two Congresses had many able men, all Federalists, who looked to Hamilton as their leader, and he and they organized the branches and departments of government on the energetic plan. When others came into the direction of affairs, years later, they felt that they could trust themselves with the dangerous powers against which they fought, and so the original plan of government has remained unaltered.

Hamilton left public life in the middle of Washington's second term. He had a large family and had become poor in public service. He had also been ensnared by an adventuress, whose compliant husband demanded a lucrative quartering on the Treasury as the price of silence. This demand the victim met by publishing the whole story, without extenuation or malice. Its reception, even by his political enemies, proved that he had taken the right course. From his home in New York, and in the midst of a busy law practice, Hamilton continued to lead the Federalist party. As a politician he "played the game," but openly and fairly. His last service to his adopted country was to balk the scheme to elect Burr to the presidency over Jefferson, by Federalist votes. Burr, feeling his still large political projects unsafe while Hamilton lived, provoked the latter to a duel and shot him at the word, as he had intended. Hamilton, opposed to dueling, meant not to fire, and his hair-trigger pistol was discharged into the ground by accident, as he fell, mortally wounded. Thus died, July 12, 1804, in his forty-eighth year, one of the greatest and best of American public men, by the hand of one of the worst; and of Burr's many infamies, this thinly disguised assassination weighs heaviest upon his execrated memory.



HUGH H. HANNA

How the gold money standard was established.

THE act of Congress, in the year 1900, establishing the existing gold dollar as the standard of value, is the most important piece of legislation since the Civil War. To realize what it means to have it declared by law that the word "dollar" shall have a fixed interpretation; that a dollar shall be indeed a dollar, one must recall the struggle of more than a generation, to have it mean something else. The echoes of the war had hardly died away, when that struggle began. It began not in dishonesty, but in the honest fear of multitudes of honest people, that a return from the debased and fluctuating paper currency of war times to the sound money that preceded the war, would injure them in the transition, and become a second unearned profit to speculative classes, already enriched by the descent of the currency from a gold to a paper standard.



It was not a dishonest Congress that, soon after the war, prohibited the withdrawal from circulation of the treasury notes, put out by the government in the stress of war, because it had no real money with which to meet its expenses. Nor was the prohibition meant at the time to fix a debased and changeable standard of value forever on the country. In the whole history of civilization, the process of getting back from a deluge "fiat" money to a visible stock of actual money has always been a painful one, causing contraction of the money supply while the change is going on, and with it contraction of credit, of enterprise, of industry and prosperity, and so distressing all classes except those to whom the more uncertainty, the more profit. All that Congress designed in the beginning was to give time to prepare for the change; to let the country, and especially the South, recover a little more from the losses of the great war; to let the general wealth that accumulates so fast in prosperous days of peace accumulate a little longer, so that the burden of the change might be easier when it came. Yet that well-meant first act of Congress was the fast and wide breeder of mischief. If it were good, some argued, to put off the pain and inconvenience of the change for

a season, surely it were better to put off the pain and inconvenience altogether. It was the old story of a nervous patient recoiling from the surgical operation necessary to restore him to health and assure him his proper term of life

When next Congress was heard from, there was proof enough that its first false step had carried it very far. This time it was not a matter of waiting for a more convenient season, but of staying fast by the temporary standard to which the country had descended under the pressure of the war. The Treasury was not merely to keep the old issue of fiat notes in circulation, but to debase them further by fresh issues, in order to make money abundant. A political party had sprung up, and for a time made a great stir, whose platform was the permanent substitution of treasury notes for metallic money of real value. These treasury notes, worth nothing unless they were to be ultimately redeemed in gold, were to be used to pay off the war debt and private debts, contracted in the faith that, when payable, they would be worth something. President Grant pricked the bubble by a veto.

From the fiat money, or "greenback," frenzy there was a reaction, and that led to a compromise, which took the form of coining a debased silver dollar and making that a standard of value. Twenty years had now elapsed since Congress, meaning well, had begun its tampering with the monetary standard. Afraid to break altogether with the true standard—the gold dollar, worth in itself one hundred cents the world over—it limited the debased coinage in amount, thinking thereby to lift it to the level of the true coin. But if debased coin were good to have in the currency, surely the more of it the better, and so Congress yielded and increased the proportion of silver in the currency at fiat rates, till the existence therein of the one true dollar was in deadly peril.

In 1896 an ounce of gold was worth thirty-two ounces of silver in the markets of the world, a depreciation of one-half in the value of silver in a half century, due to its over-plentiful and ever-cheapening production. Yet, in 1896 the national convention of one of the two great parties pronounced in favor of the immediate unlimited coinage of the standard silver dollar, at the old ratio of sixteen to one. At that ratio, it would then have required two standard dollars to equal one standard gold dollar; but existing debts and wages could be paid at the rate of a dollar of debt or wages in fifty cents worth of silver. In this there was no intentional dishonesty, but an honest belief that the government could make anything worth a real dollar to which it should give the name of a dollar. If that were true, it would be folly to buy fifty cents' worth of silver when two or three cents'

worth of engraved paper would answer as well. The presidential campaign was fought on the question of "sixteen to one," and in a vote of more than fourteen millions, a majority exceeding half a million decided to stand by the true dollar. Such a majority postponed the danger of repudiation, but could not be held to have removed it. The losers did not regard their cause as lost, nor did the winners; yet the political leaders of the winning party proposed to let the matter rest—the original policy over again of temporizing with a troublesome question.

Somebody had to take up the work that statesmen shunned. Somebody had to arouse the popular conscience into a recognition of the inherent dishonesty of compelling a man to accept fifty cents as a dollar, even though the government were made a party to the transaction. Somebody had to start a crusade for combined sense and firmness, and so give alarmed commerce and industry a prospect of relief from the cloud that hung over them. Of the many that might have felt the patriotic impulse to do something toward restoring the financial integrity and security of the country, one did feel it, and acted upon it. Possibly he was merely the first to speak—if he had not spoken when he did, some other voice would have raised the question and opened the great discussion. The one that spoke first, because he spoke quickly, was Hugh H. Hanna, a business man of Indianapolis.

Mr. Hanna had never been in public life, had never held public office, had never been a local leader in politics. He was one of the silent, yet not small class of conscience voters. He had read and reasoned himself into the conviction that an intrinsic half-dollar could never be converted into a real dollar; that what he could not honestly do for himself, the government could not honestly do for all, and that industry could not thrive among a sensible people upon the nonsensical fiction that Congress by enactment could change the unchangeable law of nature, and make one equal to two. Mr. Hanna had no interest in the matter beyond the mass of his fellow-citizens; his loss by the fastening of a debased standard upon the country would not be exceptional; his personal inconvenience and distress would be as tolerable as in the case of the majority. But in the conduct of a large and successful business, he had always found it dangerous to compromise with danger, whether the danger be one affecting integrity of conduct or sound rules of business. And when the storm and stress of the sound-money campaign of 1896 was over, and gratified politicians at Washington had shown their purpose to put the whole question off to the chances of another campaign, he determined to say something in a quiet way, and see if the business men of the country

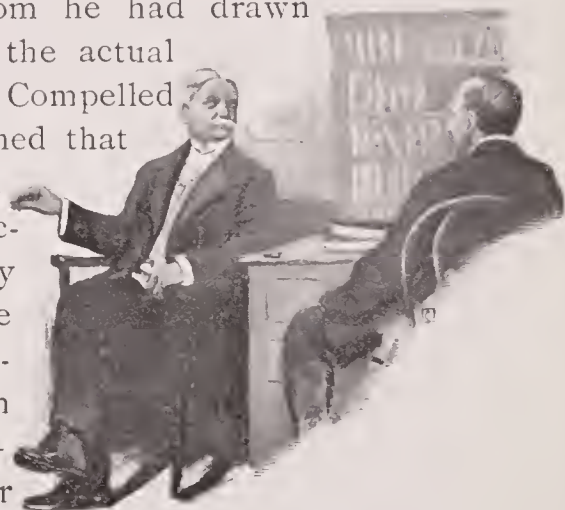
would unite for the common welfare and the common defense. That modest resolution put him involuntarily at the head of the greatest popular movement since the days of the antislavery crusade.

On November 18, 1896, Mr. Hanna submitted an explanatory memorial to the Indianapolis board of trade, proposing a conference of delegates from boards of trade in the middle West, to consider the propriety of a national convention of commercial bodies, which should form a representative commission on the monetary question to present concrete recommendations to Congress. The conference was called, and was attended by delegates from thirteen cities. The plan of a national convention was approved, and the proposer of it was made the chairman of an executive committee to arrange for the convention.

The convention met at Indianapolis, on January 12, 1897. It was attended by three hundred delegates, who represented a hundred cities and towns. It sat two days, and passed resolutions in favor of the gold standard and an elastic currency. It provided an executive committee to take charge of the two matters just named, and then adjourned till such time as the executive committee should call it together again. The high character of the convention, its emphatic agreement for action, and its prompt and decisive transaction of business, made a great public impression and lodged the money question firmly in the public mind. One sense of the convention was that in order to bring currency facilities close to business people everywhere, banks in large places should have power to open branches, and small banks should be authorized for small places.

Mr. Hanna was chosen chairman of the executive committee. He had not expected nor desired this, but as he had started the movement, and had won the confidence of those whom he had drawn into it, for them to place him at the head of the actual working body was the most natural thing to do. Compelled by the situation to take up the work, he determined that it should have the first place in his affairs till it should be finished. A visit to President-elect McKinley at Canton, to lay the matter intelligently before him, gained an assurance that it should be properly treated in the inaugural address. Returning to Indianapolis, Mr. Hanna proceeded to form his staff and lay out his course of business as carefully as if he had been organizing a great bank or a large industrial plant. This methodical way of carrying out the duties of his chairmanship, he invariably followed.

The first choice of the convention had been for a governmental commission on the money question. This President McKinley



recommended in his inaugural address, and again in a special message. A bill for the creation of such a commission passed the House of Representatives, but was put aside in the Senate. Then Mr. Hanna proceeded with the formation of an unofficial commission. The membership was well distributed geographically and personally distinguished.

The commission assembled at Washington and sat for nearly two months. It drew up a report, and arrangements were made to give it wide publicity and intelligent discussion. It declared for the gold standard, the value and the parity and exchangeability of all forms of government money, and pointed out means for maintaining that standard, parity and facility of exchange. It also provided for a flexible currency to be furnished by the national banks, and which would automatically increase or decrease, according to the varying demands of trade. A bill was drafted, giving effect to the provisions of the report. Popular acceptance of the gold standard and monetary equality provisions of the report was prompt and decided. This was all that was desired at the moment, since the currency features were matters with which the public would have to become better acquainted before passing judgment upon them.

The dominant party having now a special as well as a general mandate to establish the gold standard, its leaders took up the question and, naturally enough, began to differ over it. A gold-standard act was a measure to which many in Congress had an excusable ambition to link their names, but that many could do so was beyond the nature of the case. Some, too, had already taken up the question seriously and had mature ideas upon it. Others, who had not particularly considered the matter, had general or special views, and wished to be seen and heard, now that it had become important. In order that the bill should get into committee and then out of committee, and so, in due season, come before the House of Representatives, Mr. Hanna had to become a politician among politicians. He was not unsuited to the new task. In person, intellect and manner he was one to impress and attract people; he was tactful and passive, as though his life had been spent in diplomacy, and while his demeanor won friends, his transparent honesty won confidence.

The bill was introduced early in January, 1898, and went to the committee on banking and currency. The political majority of the committee was not united, more than one of its members having bills on the subject which were not progressing. The minority refused to do anything to advance the gold standard. The commission bill at last got a majority of the Republican members, but they were not a majority of the committee. So a sub-committee was appointed to draw up a new bill.

As soon as the monetary commission bill had been introduced, the Indianapolis monetary convention was reassembled to pass judgment on what had been done. This second meeting was spirited and well attended, and by heartily, yet deliberately, approving the commission report, gave it renewed strength before Congress and the country. President McKinley, in a public speech at New York, also spoke strongly for "sound-money" legislation.

After this, however, there was a cooling toward present legislation by the political leaders, and a disposition to put it off until after the next congressional election. Mr. Hanna then appealed to business men all over the country to let their representatives know how they felt upon the subject. The response to this appeal brought out an influential manifestation among congressmen, in favor of immediate action.

Early in April, 1898, the sub-committee bill was ready and went before the full committee. Here it was changed, and in May it was reported to the House. After assuring himself that there were votes enough to pass it, Mr. Hanna tried to have it taken up for consideration. But the leaders had resolved that it should not be touched before the congressional election, and when the administration took the same ground, Mr. Hanna had to give way. His next step was to seek assurance that the bill should not go over to the next Congress, or till after the next presidential election, and such assurance he obtained.

As the political leaders had mentioned the fear that they would lose the congressional election as the reason of not bringing the gold-standard bill into the campaign, Mr. Hanna sent nearly a million personally addressed letters to select voters in one hundred and eighty congressional districts, asking their services in returning a sound money House for the next Congress. This laborious and costly device proved very successful, and gave its author a new claim upon the congressional leaders for a redemption of their promise to pass the gold-standard bill after the election.

Mr. Hanna spent the whole of the short session of the winter of 1898 in vain efforts to have the bill taken up. The new objection offered by members of the House was that it could not pass the Senate as then constituted, but probably would in the next Congress. He then tried to have a caucus held to appoint a committee to consider the monetary question between March and December, of 1899, and report to a caucus of the next House. He got the caucus, after obtaining a promise from leading Senators that their committee on finance would also consider the monetary question during the same interval. A caucus committee of eleven reelected representatives was appointed.

The executive committee of the Indianapolis convention met at New York, and after consideration of the whole situation, joined four of its members with Mr. Hanna, to prepare a revised scheme of monetary legislation to be laid before the caucus committee and the members of the Senate committee. The plan submitted was an adherence to the bill of the monetary commission, with a view to carry as much of it as possible at one enactment, and afterward to contend for the remainder. This was approved, and Mr. Hanna appeared before the caucus committee, which sat for two weeks at Atlantic City. Afterward, he conferred with the Senate committee at Narragansett.

The new Congress met in December, 1899. The informal work of the summer, by dominant members of the Senate and House of Representatives, had brought the monetary question into a practicable and expeditious state, and by March of 1900 the gold-standard act had become law. The House bill took only a part of the monetary commission bill, and took it less definitely. Silver-coinage influences in the Senate further weakened the House bill. The injury was only partially removed in the compromise bill that finally passed. Under the law as it stands, a friendly President can maintain the gold standard and an unfriendly one can destroy it. But at the presidential election of 1900, the Republican party was given an imperative mandate to place the gold standard where only Congress could destroy it, if the public will should so elect at some future time. To that perfection of the gold-standard act, its chief promoter directed his efforts, thus to clear the way for agitating the remaining proposals of the monetary commission.

The new currency plan is tersely expressed by the phrase "banking on business assets." The present national-bank currency is based on government bonds, owned by the banks and deposited at the Treasury as security for the redemption of the currency. The national debt is not large enough to afford a sufficient supply of national bank notes, and the policy of government and people has always been to reduce and extinguish a national debt as fast as possible. The people, reasonably enough, will not use metallic money, nor is there need of starving the currency by keeping it down to the actual stock of monetary metals in the country. The Treasury is thus drawn into the business of supplying the circulating notes that the banks should supply, but are not able to do so. To turn the Treasury into a bank is to divert banking from business to politics—a bad thing for both business and politics, as disastrously shown in the history of the United States, at intervals ever since the Civil War.

What the monetary commission proposed was that national banks, under government supervision, should issue circulating notes upon

the security of their assets, not exceeding their paid-up and unimpaired capital. Issues in excess of 60 per cent of that security were to be taxed 2 per cent per annum, and those above 80 per cent, 6 per cent per annum. The 40 per cent of taxable notes would give that elasticity to the currency so necessary at specially busy times or seasons, but normally the issues would be kept within the perfectly safe limit of 60 per cent or below.

At first, notes issued on assets would be supplementary to the issues on security of government bonds, so that the whole system of withdrawing the Treasury from the banking business and of substituting asset for bond circulation would be gradually performed. This necessity for a gradual change is in Mr. Hanna's favor, for it will enable him to begin his project on a smaller scale by limiting "asset currency" rates to 10 or 20 per cent of the bank's capital, and expanding them by stages, as popular knowledge and appreciation may grow.



Whatever the fortune of the pending scheme of currency reform, there will remain the story of the rise, in the breast of this unobtrusive man of business, of an impulse to do one man's part in taking the money question out of the dice-box of politics; and how from him and by him the impulse spread till it took possession of the intelligence of the country, and, overcoming popular ignorance and sloth, and the habitual timidity and distrust of the political class, became visible in the gold-standard-law, which, probably, for all time has fixed the monetary policy of the United States. It was the marvel of this story that floated in the minds of speakers at the Indianapolis banquet, given in honor of Mr. Hanna, after the passage of the gold-standard bill. It was the like feeling about the man and his work that brought to him the commemorative gold medal struck for the New York chamber of commerce, the representative commercial body of the country, and presented to him in the presence of the specially convened chamber, in words that fully recognized the unique service that he had performed for the nation. Once again, in his case, has the lofty axiom found illustration, that the path of duty is the path of glory, for while the gold standard lasts his name cannot be forgotten.

BENJAMIN HARRISON

An honor to his family name and fame.

WHEN the second Harrison was a candidate for the presidency on the Republican ticket, in 1888, the political squibs and cartoons of the opposition were given to depreciatory comparison of the grandson with the grandfather, that hero of the "Tippecanoe," log cabin, hard cider and whirlwind campaign of nearly fifty years before.

This was not so very uncomplimentary to the younger and later man, for the first President Harrison, if not a great man, had been a good, honest and sensible one, who had won true military laurels against savage redskins and disciplined redcoats, and had wisely and well governed the western territory in troublous times. The nomination of "Old Tippecanoe," in 1840, was indeed the best the Whig party ever made, and when his grandson came under the fierce light that beats upon a presidential candidate, and the worst that could be found to say against him was that he was not his grandfather, that was a tribute to the character of Benjamin Harrison. He was standing upon his own merit, and his merit seems to have been so high that nothing detrimental was even invented against him.

Benjamin Harrison was a proud man, though he made no outward or offensive manifestation of it; for the general coldness of his demeanor was entirely natural, being due to his unemotional temperament, and an unrelenting sincerity that forbade him to affect anything that he did not feel. His great-grandfather, after whom he was named, was a public man of high distinction in Revolutionary days; a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the committee that framed it, and the reporter of it to Congress; five times a member of the Continental Congress, and governor of his native state of Virginia. His youngest son became the famous "Tippecanoe," and though there was then a lapse in the family celebrity for a season, the latest of the Harrisons never forgot the broad national background on which much of the family history had been painted; nor, despite his own western birth and rearing, was he unmindful of his Virginia origin. Moreover, in that sturdy love of liberty that distinguished all his life, and found expression in a declaration of sympathy with the Boers of South



Africa, when the very shadow of death was upon him, he saw no occasion for regret that the refugee founder of the family in America was that "Regicide Harrison" who had voted in the English parliament for the death of Charles the First.

Harrison was born in Ohio, in 1833, and his early education, despite the moderate circumstances of his father, was very carefully looked after, as was due to a scion of a house that had always stood well for intellectual ability and training, over and above its important contributions of military and political service to the country. At fourteen he was placed in a private academy, whence, two years later, he passed to the Miami University, a small but good college, where he spent three industrious and helpful years, and graduated with honorable distinction. He was then a young man of nineteen, well educated for his age, well behaved, of good morals and manners, sound and sensible, and with enough of the right kind of ancestry at his back to cause people to regard him with kindly interest. He obtained admission to the bar after two years' study of the law at Cincinnati, and having made a marriage of affection while still a law student, he went to Indianapolis as soon as his admission to practice was obtained, to try there for such fame and fortune as the world might be induced to vouchsafe to him. The choice proved not a bad one, and as a life-long resident of the pleasant and prosperous inland city, the young migrant from Ohio had no reason ever to lament the turn his footsteps had taken.

For six years Harrison gained a moderate livelihood from a general practice of the law. Then the local prominence that he had won politically, the good opinion held of him, and the influence of his name and antecedents, caused him to be nominated by the Republicans for reporter to the supreme court of Indiana. He was elected, and the office increased his professional standing. On the breaking out of the Civil War, Harrison, then in his twenty-eighth year, promptly volunteered, and was soon promoted to the command of a regiment. His first active service was in assisting to repel Bragg's invasion of Kentucky, in the fall of 1862. After this he served in the defense of Nashville, and early in 1864 his regiment was made part of General Hooker's corps, in the vicinity of Chattanooga, and Harrison for a time commanded a brigade. His careful discipline and instruction had made an excellent regiment of the Seventieth Indiana, and as a brigade commander his enterprise and efficiency greatly pleased Hooker, who recommended him strongly for promotion; but in the press of colonels everywhere to be made brigadiers, Harrison was passed over. In Sherman's Atlanta campaign, he was, within the compass of a few weeks, particularly distinguished successively at Resaca, New Hope

Church, Kennesaw Mountain and Peachtree Creek, and after the last-named fight, Hooker, unwilling that his own want of influence with Sherman and Grant should prejudice Harrison, wrote directly to the War Department about him in the following terms:—

“My attention was first attracted to this young officer by the superior excellence of his brigade in discipline and instruction, the result of his labor, skill and devotion. With more foresight than I have witnessed in any other officer of his experience, he seemed to act upon the principle that success depended upon the thorough preparation, in discipline and esprit, of his command for conflict, more than on any influence that could be exerted on the field itself, and when collision came, his command vindicated his wisdom as much as his valor. In all of the achievements of the Twentieth Corps in that campaign, Colonel Harrison bore a conspicuous part.”

This obtained him the honorary rank of brigadier-general by brevet. Atlanta captured, Harrison was sent home to beat up recruits, a service for which he was well fitted at a time when negro substitutes for white conscripts were worth a thousand dollars apiece. In December, 1864, he commanded a brigade of reserves in the battle at Nashville and took part in the pursuit of Hood. To rejoin his own regiment at Savannah, he went to New York for passage on a transport, and there had a severe attack of scarlet fever. He finally caught up with his regiment in North Carolina, became a brigade commander, took part in the grand review at Washington, and he and his regiment were then mustered out.

General Harrison resumed his duties as reporter to the supreme court of Indiana, but declined a third nomination in 1867, and went earnestly into the practice of law. Indiana was a doubtful state, and Harrison was called into service in the two Grant campaigns of 1868 and 1872. In 1876 he was the favorite candidate of his party for the governorship, but refused to stand. Unfortunately for the party, its nominee had to be withdrawn under fire in the midst of the campaign, and through fear of injury to the presidential ticket throughout the country, Harrison agreed to lead the forlorn hope, which he did with gallantry, though not with success. His foredoomed defeat did him no damage, and he went back to professional life with the esteem of his political opponents. He willingly accepted an appointment on the Mississippi River Commission, for his state had a large interest in the improvement of the great waterway. In 1880 he led the Indiana delegation over to the support of Garfield, and so helped to break the desperate attempt to carry the Republican national convention for Grant. After the nomination he stood by Garfield when Grant's sullen friends

showed a disposition to let the election go by default, but he declined to enter Garfield's Cabinet. Having been elected to the United States Senate, he took his seat at the time of Garfield's inauguration.

In 1887 Harrison was again in private life, as the result of a reversion to Democracy by his changeable state, but his service of six years in the Senate had greatly advanced his position in his party, and there was much serious talk of him as a presidential candidate. Blaine, who had been defeated by Cleveland in a very close vote in New York in 1884, still had a strong grasp upon his party, but first in January and then in May, 1888, he wrote from Europe, where he was making a long sojourn, that he could not and would not accept a nomination. When the national convention met, in June, at Chicago, Senator Sherman was the most prominent but a hopeless candidate, and Gresham of Indiana was the equally hapless favorite of a band of reformers numbering about a seventh part of the delegates. Depew, Alger, Allison and Harrison led among the dozen of minor candidates, but when the supporters of Sherman and Gresham had spent their strength, the availability of Harrison, carefully nursed from the beginning by a tireless body of able managers, secured him the nomination, and he defeated President Cleveland, though the latter had a slightly larger popular vote.

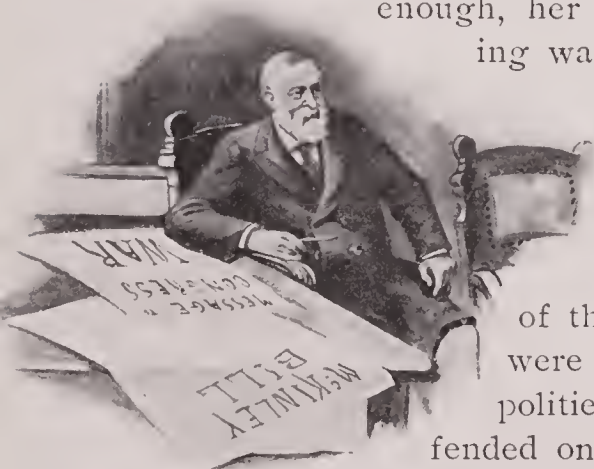
The great achievement of Harrison's term was the McKinley tariff, so badly received on its passage that the Republicans were swept almost clean out of the House of Representatives at the election which occurred soon afterward. Harrison was such an extreme protectionist that with him no high tariff bill could be bad, though one might be better than another. He also approved the dependent pension bill, which for the first time conferred pensions for death and disability not resulting from military or naval service, and gave such an extension to the pension list that the cost of pensions speedily rose to more than two dollars a year per head of the population. Harrison realized the plunge he was taking and thought about it seriously, and his final conclusion was that the country could stand the expense and ought to stand it.

Though the McKinley tariff had greatly reduced the revenue of the government, Congress was very lavish in appropriations, and the Treasury began to get distressed before the presidential election of 1892. As a bond issue in time of peace would have been fatal to the party in power, the resources and devices of the Treasury were stretched to avert it, and all the ill effects of low revenue and high



expenditure were thrown over to the next administration, which thus caught the odium of a situation it had not created.

Foreign affairs were troublesome in Harrison's time, and gave him much personal worry and labor. There was not that cordiality of confidence between Blaine and himself that there ought to have been, and Blaine, whose health was rapidly declining, was sometimes lethargic when he ought to have been prompt, sometimes impulsive when he ought to have been deliberate. Much to Harrison's surprise, the country had nearly drifted into a naval war with England in the Bering Sea sealing waters, before he knew how far the matter had been carried by sheer procrastination and mismanagement, and though he set matters right at once when he discovered how wrong they were, he was subjected to both humiliation and anxiety in the adjustment. In Chile, too, diplomatic mismanagement had involved the United States in questionable relations with Balmaceda, who had sought by violence to establish a dictatorship in himself. When he was overthrown by the constitutional authorities and had absolved himself from further responsibility by suicide, the position of the United States was mortifying, if not humiliating. Relief came in an unpleasant way, by a mob attack upon a party of seamen from an American cruiser in Valparaiso, who were but languidly aided, if at all, by the local police. Chile, following the example of the United States in such matters, was slow to acknowledge national responsibility for the killing and wounding that occurred, but Harrison, who was a first-term President aspiring to a second term, naturally took a very firm position, and brushed aside the arguments that the United States, as a big country, could afford to stand upon. Chile at last submitted unconditionally rather than go to war, and, awkwardly enough, her submission arrived just as Harrison had a ringing war message nearly ready for Congress.



As the message was too good a thing to be lost, it was finished and sent to Congress, and while that body and the country were huzzaing over it, the submission of Chile was disclosed, and being popularly ascribed to the telegraphing of the message to Chile, the huzzas over the message were redoubled. Harrison was greatly censured by political purists for this bit of stage play, but was defended on the ground that nobody was really hurt by it, whereas his great predecessor, Madison, as the agreed price of a renomination, had actually engaged the country in a war to which he was conscientiously opposed. These two examples, by men much above the public average, prove the demoralizing consequences of a

short-term presidency, with eligibility to reëlection. "One man, one term" would doubtless have saved both Madison and Harrison from a temptation to which almost if not every first-term President has yielded in one form or another.

In New Orleans some Italian subjects, members of the "Mafia," were lynched by a mob of infuriated citizens. The Italian government took an attitude similar to our own in the Chilean case, and we took the Chilean attitude. Italy recalled her minister and we recalled ours, and when the excited journals of both countries had respectively planned and fought a bloody and successful war, and the affair had lost political value for both sides, we paid an acceptable indemnity to Italy and there was a diplomatic love feast between the two governments. As humbug constitutes an important part of current politics, it may perhaps be said that there was no great excess of it in either the Chilean or Italian affair.

So far as Harrison was concerned, he conducted his administration with as much fidelity, dignity, high purpose and laborious devotion of days and nights to public duty as any President since the time of Lincoln, and his renomination was a fit tribute from the politicians who had shared the responsibilities, the honors and emoluments of party affiliation with him. But by the reverse swing of the political pendulum he was beaten at the election by Mr. Cleveland, whom he, himself, had defeated four years before. He went back to an industrious private life, with generous attention to the calls of public duty. His eight years of survivorship of his great office were his best. His heart had always been in the right place, and his head was the better for the experience and discipline he had undergone. He belonged henceforth to his country and his country belonged to him. People remembered that he was the third of a distinguished line, and to their reminder of it he answered that the only family inheritance was a good name, which he hoped to keep and hand on untarnished. He talked love of country and the individual duties of citizenship to old and young, in formal phrase and in familiar conversation. Much of his time after leaving the presidency was given to an exposition of the Constitution, and its practical application in the organization and operation of government, and to a glorification of the national flag and the freedom which it represents.

Mr. Harrison's death, which occurred in March, 1901, after a brief illness, was sincerely and universally regretted. He was rightly esteemed for his lofty patriotism, his mental gifts and attainments, the graces of heart that adorned his character, and the purity of his life.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

Admiring people called him "Old Tippecanoe."

THE ninth President of the United States occupied the presidential office precisely one month. This period was too short to accomplish definite results, and yet he aroused a large measure of popular acclaim. A half century later, when his illustrious grandson was a candidate for the same office, the old campaign battle cry of the Whigs was again taken up, and the slumbering enthusiasm was awakened. Even though the zeal born of hero worship be in his case out of all reasonable proportion, still this great popularity is a fact that must be recognized, and it is entitled to a rational explanation. This explanation is not found in a single brilliant deed, or in any one marked talent of intellect, but in the general course of a spotless, well-rounded and useful life.



William Henry Harrison was the third and youngest son of Benjamin Harrison, and was born at Berkeley, Charles City County, Virginia, February 9, 1773. His father was a man of prominence in those stirring times, having been speaker of the Virginia house of burgesses, and a member of the Continental Congress. It was he who, as chairman of the committee of the whole, reported to Congress the resolution which declared the independence of the American colonies. Though the child was too young to understand much of the war of the Revolution, his early associations were such that they definitely molded his character.

During his boyhood, young Harrison was studiously inclined, and ardently read such books as came within his reach. He went to Hampden-Sidney College, which was hardly above the grade of the ordinary high school of to-day, and was duly graduated. He then engaged in the study of medicine. When he was about eighteen years of age, the Indian wars stirred the martial spirit which he had inherited from his father, and he determined to enter military life. His guardian opposed this and appealed to Washington. But Washington, who had been a friend of Harrison's father, encouraged the plan. This settled it, and in April, 1791, the youth received his commission as an ensign in the First Regiment, United States Artillery, stationed on the frontier where the city of Cincinnati now stands.

Ensign Harrison took with zeal to military life. Of him a comrade wrote:—

“I would as soon have thought of putting my wife into the army as this boy, but I have been out with him, and I find that those smooth cheeks are on a wise head, and that slight form is almost as tough as any one’s weather-beaten carcass.”

After about six months’ service, he was promoted to lieutenant, by General “Mad” Anthony Wayne. In 1793 he fought in the battle of Fort Recovery—the battle that redeemed General St. Clair’s previous defeat. On August 20, 1794, he was in the battle of the Miami, and General Wayne warmly commended him as his “faithful and gallant aid-de-camp.” The following year, at the close of the campaign, he was promoted to a captaincy of artillery and placed in command of Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. He was at this time twenty-two years old.

Like many another gallant young soldier, Captain Harrison, who had been inspired to deeds of valor as a devotee of Mars, was himself vanquished by the tender influences of Venus. He surrendered his heart to Anna, daughter of Judge Symmes of the Miami settlement. Her father opposed the match, but the daughter so arranged matters that the couple were quietly married in her home. It is gratifying to know that the disappointed father became reconciled to the military governor, and forgave his daughter for wedding a future President of the United States. This marriage was the means of identifying the groom permanently with the pioneer element of our population. He shortly resigned his commission in the army, and was appointed Secretary of that vast region then called the Northwest Territory.

In 1799 Harrison was elected to Congress from this territory. Though only twenty-six years old, he displayed a statesman’s ability and rendered efficient service. His experience as territorial secretary had taught him the conditions and needs of that country, which was being rapidly settled. He secured a revision of the land laws, so that all the territory west of Pennsylvania was divided into small tracts. This secured the settlement of a large number of small landholders, rather than a small number of large landholders. The effect on the future character of western civilization is obvious.

When the Northwest Territory was divided, that portion which now includes Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, was called Indiana Territory. Of this Harrison was, in 1801, appointed governor by President Adams, and was afterward reappointed by Jefferson and by Madison. The population was scant, but the extent of the domain was immense, and his autocratic powers were enough to excite

the envy of Czar or Sultan. He was land commissioner, Indian commissioner and commander of militia. As sole legislator, he had the power to adopt any law of any state. He appointed magistrates and all civil officers. He appointed all military officers below the rank of general. He had power to divide territory into counties and townships. He had power to judge of the validity of land grants—of which many were spurious—and from his decision there was no appeal. And he had pardoning power. All this authority to a youth of twenty eight, and he never abused it! He was a good judge of Indian character, and was successful in concluding over a dozen important treaties. He resisted every temptation to enrich himself. So sensitive was he to the honor of the public service, that he put aside opportunities for legitimate investment.

In 1811 the growing discontent of the Indians culminated in open rupture with the tribes led by the chief Tecumseh and his brother, the "Prophet." Governor Harrison wisely and patiently tried to pacify them. He succeeded twice in securing a friendly conference, but though he offered everything in reason to satisfy them, their clamors increased and it became apparent that sterner methods must be used. With a force of nearly a thousand men, he marched to the Indian village of Tippecanoe, near which he went into camp on the night of November 6, 1811. The next morning, the Indians made a sudden and fierce attack before daybreak, hoping to surprise and destroy their enemy. But Harrison was ready for them, and the Indians were so signally defeated that it ended the war. This was the battle of Tippecanoe. The legislatures of Indiana and Kentucky gave him votes of thanks, and President Madison, in his message to Congress, expressed his warm appreciation of Harrison's conduct.

The Indians along the border continued restless, and when, in 1812, war with England was declared, there was a general uprising of the various tribes, not so much to aid the British as to revenge themselves on the Americans. The people of the West looked to Harrison as their natural leader, and they enlisted under his command in large numbers. Such was their confidence in him that they refused to fight under any other commander. The adjustment of questions of rank and control caused some friction which need not here be recounted. The outcome was that Harrison was appointed to the supreme command of that army, with unlimited power, such as had never before been given to any general except Washington and Greene. The order, in part, read:—

"You will command such means as may be practicable, exercise your own discretion, and act in all cases according to your own judgment."

It was at Harrison's suggestion that Commodore Perry's fleet was built; it was partly from his command that the fleet was manned; and to him, therefore, is due much of the credit of the battle of Lake Erie, which resulted in the capture of the entire British fleet. After that battle Harrison pushed the enemy into Canada. The British and their Indian allies made their last stand at the Thames, a small river that flows into Lake St. Clair. At the battle there fought, the Americans were completely victorious, the great Indian chief Tecumseh was slain, and the combined power of the British and their allies was completely broken in the Northwest. The chief practical significance of this victory was that it put an end forever to the fear that the Indians would ultimately drive back the white settlers. It need hardly be added, that the complete success of this campaign left Harrison with popularity almost unbounded, especially in the West, where he was known in common phrase as "Old Tippecanoe."

In 1816 Harrison laid down public duties and went to North Bend, Ohio, to settle down to quiet life. But his light could not long be hid. There came a vacancy in Congress from his district and he was elected by a thousand majority, over the combined votes for five competing candidates. In 1814 President Madison had appointed Harrison, Governor Shelby and General Cass, as Indian commissioners. The House of Representatives voted a gold medal to each of the three. But a dissatisfied contractor charged Harrison with a misuse of the public money in the Northwest Territory. Accordingly the Senate struck Harrison's name from the list of commissioners. This injustice was corrected in 1818, when Congress, after an investigation, ordered the medal, with a report which declared that "General Harrison stands above suspicion." The vote on the resolution was unanimous in the Senate, and there was but one adverse vote in the House.

Political honors continued to fall thick on Harrison. He was re-elected to Congress; in 1819 he was elected to the senate of the state of Ohio; and in 1824 he was advanced to the United States Senate. In 1828 President John Quincy Adams appointed him minister plenipotentiary to the new republic of Colombia, South America. Jackson became President the next year and he lost no time in recalling Harrison on a trumped-up charge. This was his revenge for Harrison's support of Clay. In his removal from office, no provision was made for his return to the United States, and as there was little or no commerce between the two countries, it cost Harrison three months of time and a considerable outlay of money, besides infinite annoyance, to get home. He went at once to North Bend where he again settled down to private life.

Jackson dominated the country and it was not worth while for Harrison to try to find political employment. He had a good farm, but it was hardly possible for him to make a living by working it. He had no profession or trade, and he did not understand mercantile life. At that time whisky was an article of almost universal consumption, and in some places it was not only a standard of value, but even passed as a substitute for money. He therefore built a distillery upon his premises. Though it was not an era of temperance, he was personally an abstainer, and the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks so disturbed his conscience that he destroyed the plant. A year later he took occasion, in a public address, to enter an earnest plea against intemperance, and the manufacture of whisky. He said that he could so speak of the evil of turning the staff of life into an article so destructive of health and happiness, "because," said he, "in that way I have sinned, but in that way I shall sin no more." The period of Harrison's retirement lasted nearly ten years. His only public service during that time was as clerk of court. In 1836 the Whigs had no regular candidate for President against Van Buren, but the party conventions in certain states nominated Harrison, and he actually received seventy-three electoral votes, as against one hundred and seventy for Van Buren.

When the Whig convention met in Harrisburg, December 4, 1839, it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that the nominee of that party would be elected President. The spoils system, introduced by Jackson, and further applied by Van Buren, had produced so much corruption as to cause a popular reaction, while the financial panic of 1837 increased the general discontent. Clay was the logical Whig candidate,

because he had done more than any other person to make that party what it was. But he had been

prominent long enough to have many enemies within his own party, and they wanted anybody to beat Clay. Harrison, having

many friends and few enemies, met the requirements, and, by adroit manipulation, he was nominated. Then followed the most exciting political campaign that the country had

ever known. According to the popular fancy, it was the aristocracy of Van Buren, symbolized by gold spoons, against the homely thrift of Harrison, symbolized by the log cabin; and plain hard cider was contrasted with expensive wines. Thus the emblem of the Whigs was the log cabin, and their war cry was hard cider. That famous song, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," was a type of the music of the campaign. The Whig party had a brilliant array of speakers, including



Clay, Webster, Corwin, Choate, Reverdy Johnson and Richard W. Thompson. But it was not a campaign of education. The mass meetings were not for deliberation or instruction, but for shouting, drinking hard cider, and singing alliterative doggerel. The country was excited beyond all precedent, and the result was a landslide. Harrison received two hundred and forty electoral votes, and Van Buren but sixty.

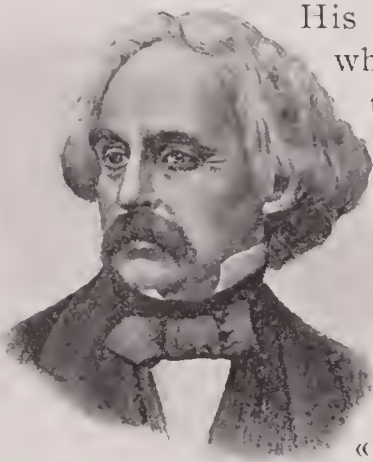
The pressure of office seekers upon President Harrison was great, but he made an attempt at civil-service reform. Through Webster, his Secretary of State, he issued a circular peremptorily forbidding political patronage or partisan assessment. He died April 4, 1841, exactly one month after his inauguration. The immediate cause of his death was said to have been pneumonia, brought on by a chill, but it is now believed that the remote and real cause was that he was worn out by the importunities of hungry politicians. So brief was his illness, that his wife was unable to reach his side before his death. He was buried in Washington, but his body was later removed to North Bend, where it now rests.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Harrison belonged to all three classes. He was born great: his father was leader in that remarkable body of great men that composed the Continental Congress. He achieved greatness: his duties were many and diverse, but in every station he acquitted himself like a man. He had greatness thrust upon him: he was nominated for the presidency, not from any desire of his own, not even because of his undoubted virtues, but solely because he was an available man to beat Henry Clay. He was the club used by the jealous politicians of his party to put Clay out of the arena; not that they loved Harrison, but that they hated Clay. Harrison did not share this spirit of envy and rancor. He accepted all his responsibilities, and did his work so faithfully as to leave an untarnished name and fame.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

A bright star in America's literary galaxy.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was descended from William Hawthorne, who came from Wiltshire, England, with John Winthrop, in 1630. He settled in a little village, the most puritanical of all Puritan settlements. He was as stern and almost as conspicuous as John Endicott, holding both the good and the bad traits of the Puritans.



His descendant, the author, found food in the rank soil from which to bring forth blossoming tales of romance. John, the son of William, was a hater of Quakers, and was the chief judge in the witch trials at Salem. His treatment of his victims was harsh. Following him was Joseph, a farmer, whose son Daniel commanded a privateer. A son of the latter, also Daniel, captain of a trading vessel, was father of the author.

In a plain wooden house, near the wharf, was born, in 1804, the boy who later gave brilliant pictures of Salem's "long and lazy street, lounging wearisomely along the whole extent of the peninsula, with Gallows Hill and New Guinea at one end and a view of the almshouse at the other." Hawthorne's childhood was clouded by the melancholy disposition of his father, and later the secluded widowhood of his mother. He was "quite handsome, with golden curls"; around him were the haunting memories of witches, which still cling to the decaying old seaport. At seven years of age, he was placed at school in the care of the great lexicographer, Dr. Worcester. While playing at ball, he was severely injured and was confined to the house for two years.

This confinement gave him the habit of reading and his thoughts turned to the English classics. Following his mother to Sebago Lake, in Maine, Nathaniel spent a year in a wild country, nine-tenths of which was a primeval forest. Here, "like a bird in the air," he lived in perfect freedom. Returning in 1819 to Salem, to prepare for college, feeling that his happiest days were at an end, he began to think of the future. He had determined he would not be a minister, nor a doctor, nor a lawyer, so there was nothing left but to be an author. Entering Bowdoin, a plain country college, he there met

Henry W. Longfellow, Horatio Bridge and Franklin Pierce. The last two became his intimate friends and helpers.

In his dedication of Whittier's "Snow Bound," Hawthorne refers pleasantly to Bridge and holds him responsible for his literary career. In college, Hawthorne was not bright. His poetry was indifferent, but his themes were good. Upon entering college, he recorded his name, as his first ancestor had written it, although three preceding generations had spelled it "Hathorne." He received his degree of A.M. in 1828.

After leaving college, he devoted twelve years, of days and nights, to reading and writing. In a lonely chamber, an absolute recluse, "fame was won." Along the lonely walks of the seashore after twilight, resting from the day's labor of reading, his thoughts wandered through the dusky streets of the town. He was, though writing constantly for twelve years, "the obscurest man of letters in America."

His first novel, "Fanshawe," was published in 1826, at his own expense. Its sale was limited to a few hundred copies. His "Seven Tales of My Native Land," some relating to witchcraft, some to piracy and some to the sea, were so long in the hands of the publishers, that he withdrew the manuscript and burned it. To a friend he said, "I pass the day in writing stories, and the nights in burning them." He went to the Connecticut Valley with his uncle in 1830, and during 1831 traveled through New Hampshire, Vermont and New York, writing short sketches. He was made editor of the "American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge," at a salary of five hundred dollars per annum. He also compiled a "Universal History," for which he received one hundred dollars. This gave rise to Mr. Goodrich's "Peter Parley" history.

Hawthorne sent Mr. Goodrich, then editor of the Boston "Token," several manuscripts. Mr. Goodrich offered him thirty-five dollars for the first publication of "The Gentle Boy." The offer was accepted and Goodrich published four of his short stories. Three intelligent ladies of Salem, hearing that the writer was the son of their neighbor, encouraged him. One of them, Sophia Peabody, afterward became Mrs. Hawthorne. Horatio Bridge, of Maine, offered to his classmate the necessary funds for publishing "Twice-Told Tales." Longfellow, another classmate, favorably reviewed the work in the "North American Review." This created a demand, and there was an immediate sale of several hundred copies. These tales reveal a wonderful power of imagination and an insight into the obscure recesses of nature. There is an irresistible fascination in their weird gloom. "Grandfather's Chair" is a series of sketches admirably adapted to teaching New England history to children.

George Bancroft, collector of the port of Boston in 1830, appointed Hawthorne weigher and gauger at a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum. This office he held until removed by the Whigs in 1841. In the experiment of Brook Farm, an estate of two hundred acres was purchased in common and every member was required to do his share of manual labor to secure mental leisure. Hawthorne invested one thousand dollars of his savings, and there was no better worker among them. He said, "I went to live in Arcadia and found myself up to the chin in a barnyard." He had hoped to find a home there when married, but afterward concluded that a life of solitude fitted him better than the social life of Arcadia. After his marriage, in 1842, to Sophia Peabody, he went immediately to the Old Manse in Concord, Massachusetts, close by the monument upon which are engraved the lines of Emerson:—

"Here once embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The "Old Manse" is a historic house, erected in 1765. It is of wood, with a gambrel roof. Rev. William Emerson, from the window of his little study, had seen the battle alluded to. His grandson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, later, in that same room, wrote "Nature." Then Hawthorne came to devote himself wholly to literature. A straight avenue of black ash trees separated the Manse from the road. After dark, Hawthorne would unmoor his boat at the foot of the garden and paddle alone about the winding stream, the ideal fairyland of the author. Contributions from the Manse found ready sale in the "Democratic Review." They were published as "Mosses from an Old Manse." Some of them were "Celestial Railroad," "The Procession of Life," "Fire Worship," "Buds and Bird Voices" and "Roger Marvin's Funeral." The "Legends of the Province House" give romantic interest to Revolutionary days. As late as 1844, Hawthorne had to "work hard for small gains."

His venture at Brook Farm was a failure, and now the "Democratic Review," which was considerably in his debt, had also failed. This necessitated his giving up the Manse, wherein he had spent four years. Returning to Salem, in 1846, he was appointed surveyor in the Custom House by President Polk. Here he remained four years. The townspeople of Salem had not forgotten his criticism of the place and resented it. It was during this period that he wrote the "Scarlet Letter." It was published by James T. Fields, in 1850. Within a fortnight the entire edition of five thousand copies was exhausted. It was reset, stereotyped and republished in



England. Its popularity was at once established and the world cheerfully accorded its author a high place among literary men. This work is drawn from the earliest civilized life of the country. Its gloom is marvelously picturesque. It proved that the annals of our own country can furnish fruitful resources for literature. It is a living picture of New England life during the development of American civilization.

In 1850 Hawthorne removed to Lenox, Massachusetts. He occupied "the ugliest little old red farmhouse you ever saw," as he himself described it, on the bank of "Stockbridge Bowl." There he wrote the "House of Seven Gables," into which he put both sunshine and humor. Its success was even greater than that of the "Scarlet Letter." His "Wonder Book" is full of classical myths for children. Roaming again to West Newton, he wrote "The Blithedale Romance." This is a touching picture based on Brook Farm life. In 1852 Hawthorne removed to Concord, and bought "Wayside." This house was said to be the residence of a man who thought he would never die. The fancy led to the motive of "Septimius Felton."

Franklin Pierce was, in 1852, the Democratic candidate for the presidency, and pressed Hawthorne to write his life for a campaign book. The latter had no sympathy with politics, but Mr. Pierce had been his cherished friend at college and Hawthorne yielded to his request. President Pierce, in 1853, appointed Hawthorne consul at Liverpool, England. His observations in that country suggested "English Note Books" and "Our Old Home." Visiting France and Italy, he gleaned materials for his "French and Italian Note Books." While in Italy, "The Marble Faun" was begun. Returning home, in 1860, he dedicated "Our Old Home" to his friend Franklin Pierce. His publishers and friends protested because Mr. Pierce's course, they thought, would injure the sale of the book. In reply Hawthorne said:—

"I approve the Mexican War as much as any man, but I don't quite see what we were fighting for. I think the war should have been avoided. The best settlement would be a separation, giving us the west bank of the Mississippi and a boundary line affording as much southern soil as we can hope to digest into freedom in another century."

This was the dedication to his friend Pierce, and it failed to ostracize the author, as some of his friends feared. "Our Old Home" expresses the strong filial feeling of the genuine son of New England for the Old England of his ancestors.

While publishing "The Dolliver Romance," in the spring of 1864, Hawthorne's health showed symptoms of failure. Upon a visit to the White Mountains, in company with ex-President Pierce, Hawthorne

died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 18 of that year, while asleep. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Massachusetts, near the resting place of his friend Emerson.

Hawthorne was singularly handsome, and his appearance was suggestive of the romantic. The outlines of his face were full and round, his features were strong, his brow broad and massive, his head refined, his smile engaging, his laugh not excessive. He lived within himself and seemed to find no better society. His dress was dark and plain. He walked with a rapid step. His "Note Books" and "Notes in England and Italy" were published by his widow, who died in London, in 1871. Their only son, Julian Hawthorne, became a noted author and journalist, and has published "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife." Hawthorne's diary is interesting reading. He wrote:—

"God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth."

His diary mentions a day when he resolved to speak to no one. He went to the village, got his mail at the post office, returned, and triumphantly records the fact that he spoke to no man.

His note books reveal the secrets of his success in literary venture. He did not trust to inspiration, but day by day, through every month and every year, noted passing thoughts of chance, all fancies or facts that would be useful material in some future work. None of his works came from his mind without labor. His tales, so weird and powerful, were the fruits of months of condensation from wayside hints, moonlight musings, and flashes from congenial conversation.

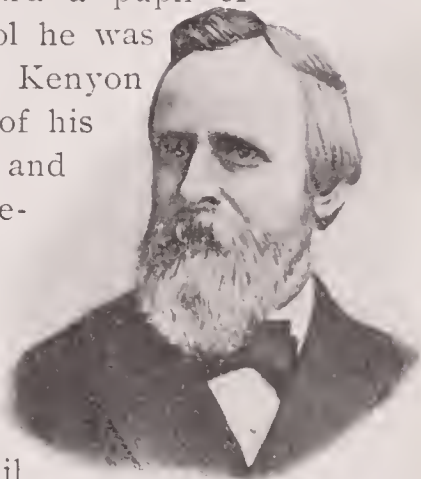
RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES

Made President by a vote of eight to seven.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, nineteenth President, was born in Delaware, Ohio, October 4, 1822. He was a posthumous child, his father, Rutherford Hayes, having died four months before his birth. Both parents were of New England origin. The boy received his first education in the common schools, and studied Latin and Greek with Judge Sherman Finch, of Delaware. In 1836 he was sent to an academy at Norwalk, Ohio, and became soon afterward a pupil of Isaac Cobb, of Middletown, Connecticut, at whose school he was prepared for college. In 1842 he was graduated from Kenyon College, at Gambier, Ohio, and was the valedictorian of his class. He had distinguished himself in logic, in moral and mental philosophy, and in mathematics, and also as a debater in the literary societies.

Like most others who have attained the presidency, Hayes entered his political career by way of the law. Soon after his graduation, he began a course of legal study at Columbus, Ohio. In 1843 he went to the law school of Harvard University, where he remained until January, 1845. In May of that year, he was admitted to practice in the courts of Ohio. He opened an office at Sandusky, in 1846, but at the end of two years was forced by ill health to go to Texas. Having completely recovered, in the milder climate of the South, he was able, in 1849, to establish another office, this time at Cincinnati. While there he formed a circle of close friends, which included Moncure D. Conway, Salmon P. Chase, Stanley Matthews and others of note. In 1852 he married Lucy W. Webb, who developed into a woman of extraordinary strength of mind and character. In 1856 Hayes was nominated for the office of common pleas judge, but declined. Two years later he was elected city solicitor of Cincinnati by a majority of above twenty-five hundred votes, but three years later he was defeated for reëlection.

The Civil War gave to Mr. Hayes the opportunity to show his mettle. He gave quick response to the first call of President Lincoln for volunteers, and enrolled himself for the three months' service, at the middle of April, 1861. A few weeks later he was commissioned



major of the Twenty-third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, and at once took the field. His service was chiefly in western Virginia and Maryland. He was a most gallant and capable officer and soon rose to the colonelcy of his regiment. At the battle of South Mountain, in September, 1862, one of his arms was badly shattered, but he remained on the field, at the head of his regiment, until the battle was over. At the battle of Cedar Creek, in October, 1864, the gallantry of Colonel Hayes attracted so much attention that his commander, General Crook, took him by the hand and said: "Colonel, from this day you will be a brigadier-general." On the thirteenth of March, 1865, he received the rank of brevet major-general "for gallant and distinguished services during the campaign of 1864 in West Virginia, and particularly at the battles of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek."

Mrs. Hayes visited her husband several times when the regiment was lying in camp, and once or twice her stay was prolonged into weeks. There grew up a very strong mutual attachment between her and the members of the Twenty-third. She was unsparing in her efforts to promote their health and comfort, and her hands were always ready to minister to their needs. One day a recruit, who had just joined the regiment, complained to one of his veteran comrades that there were not pockets enough in his blouse.

"D'ye see that thar woman?" said the old soldier, pointing to Mrs. Hayes, who was sitting on a camp stool in front of the colonel's tent. The recruit said he did. "Wall," continued the veteran, who never missed an opportunity to play a joke on a raw soldier, "she's paid a big salary by the gov'ment jest to do the sewin' for this rijiment.

All ye have to do is jest to take yer blouse up to her 'n' tell her ye want her to put in a couple o' pockets, right off!" The innocent youth acted at once

upon the suggestion, while the veteran took his station

behind a tree to note the progress of events, for

Colonel Hayes was sitting near his wife. The young

soldier accosted Mrs. Hayes and made known his errand,

with an imperious manner that nettled the colonel, who

sprang to his feet and was on the point of ordering

the soldier to his quarters—or, perhaps, to the guard-

house. Mrs. Hayes, with a roguish smile upon her

face, shook her finger at the colonel, and he resumed his

seat without a word, willing to leave the adjustment of

the matter in her hands.

"Certainly, my young friend," she said to the now trembling soldier, "I will be glad to do it for you. You may come up in an hour or two and get your blouse."



On his return to the company he asked one of the boys who "that lady" was, and when told that she was the colonel's wife, he was well-nigh paralyzed with surprise and fear. So great was his fright that he did not dare to go after his blouse. The boys had fine sport over his dilemma, and at length the matter reached the ears of the captain, who volunteered to go to headquarters and get the garment. He told the story to Colonel and Mrs. Hayes, and the boy was immediately sent for. In a few minutes he stood before them, pale and trembling.

"There," said Mrs. Hayes, as she handed him the blouse, "I've put in two nice pockets for you, as well, I hope, as your mother could have done it. If you ever want me to do anything more for you when I am in camp, do not be afraid to ask me."

The boy was so proud of that blouse that he would not wear it. He sent it home to his mother and drew another for use.

Immediately after the war, General Hayes entered Congress, where he served until 1867. In the fall of that year he was elected governor of Ohio, and was reelected in 1869. His administration was clean and was marked by a conspicuous devotion to the public welfare. He opposed the "spoils" system in politics, and advocated merit as the test for appointments to public positions and for the tenure of the same.

In 1876 the Republican national convention met at Cincinnati. James G. Blaine was the leading candidate for the presidential nomination, and in the early balloting he lacked less than thirty votes of the required number. There were several other candidates, whose friends stood faithfully by them, and the needed votes for Blaine could not be drawn away. The deadlock continued through six ballots. Then the name of Rutherford B. Hayes was presented, and on the seventh ballot he was nominated. The campaign was conducted by the Republicans along the lines of civil service reform, sound currency and the pacification of the South, for the wounds made by the war were yet unhealed. In regard to the financial question, General Hayes declared that "all the laws of the United States relating to the payment of public indebtedness, the legal tender notes included, constitute a pledge and a moral obligation upon the government." He insisted that at the earliest possible day the government should resume specie payment, which had been suspended early in the war as a military necessity.

The opposition candidate for President was Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. The campaign was an exciting one and all indications pointed to a close result in the voting. The first figures after the election clearly pointed to the success of Mr. Tilden. "On the face of the returns" he had a clear majority of the electoral vote. But

the Republicans set up the claim that in certain states of the South there had been suppression of the negro vote and fraud in the counting of the ballots. The result of the election depended upon the electoral votes of three states in the South which, according to the returns, had given a majority for Tilden, but which, the Republicans contended, would have gone for Hayes if the votes had been honestly cast and counted. An exceedingly heated and acrimonious struggle ensued, which threatened serious trouble to the country. The controversy continued for many weeks. Neither party would recede from its contention, and existing laws provided no way to settle the dispute. Finally, Congress passed a special act creating an electoral commission, consisting of five members of the Senate, five representatives and five justices of the Supreme Court. This body was empowered to decide upon the returns from all the states. The commission was in session for a month, and declared, by a vote of eight to seven, that Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, had been elected President, and William A. Wheeler, of New York, Vice-president.

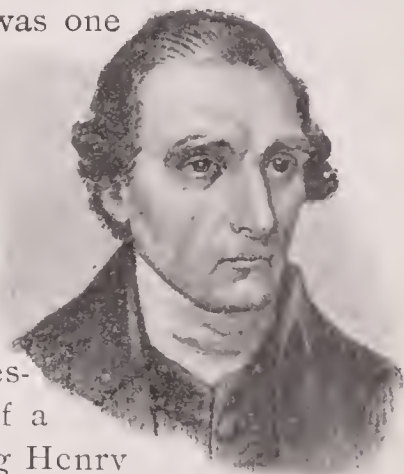
General Hayes discharged the duties of his high office with a thoroughly honest, and conscientious purpose. The most important event of his administration was the resumption of specie payment, which was accomplished, January 1, 1879, under the directing hand of John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury. So skillful was his management of financial affairs, that the country was brought back to a sound money basis, without the slightest jar or confusion to business.

Mrs. Hayes, as mistress of the White House, had the strength of principle to banish entirely the use of wine at the official dinners. For this she was strongly commended by the friends of temperance throughout the country. General and Mrs. Hayes retired from the White House, March 4, 1881, and went at once to their home in Fremont, Ohio. He died there in 1893. His death was soon followed by that of his wife.

PATRICK HENRY

Whose career illustrates the power of eloquence.

THE life of this distinguished lawyer, statesman and orator of the Revolutionary period, affords a striking example of the sudden and wholly unexpected development of a masterful talent, after a beginning which gave little promise that even mediocrity would be attained. In 1736 Patrick Henry was born, in Studley, Hanover County, Virginia. He was a son of John Henry, a sturdy Scotchman, of strong intellect and liberal education. His mother was one of a family marked by "a gift for music and for eloquent speech." Patrick's youth was most disappointing to his parents, who were filled with an ambition that he might become a man of mark among his fellows. He was idle and lazy, and spent most of his time in hunting, fishing and playing the violin. He had little taste for books and could not be induced to apply himself to study. While but a mere boy, his father established him in mercantile business, but at the end of a year the experiment was abandoned. At eighteen, young Henry married the daughter of an innkeeper. For two years he tried farming, but this, too, resulted in failure, mainly because he would not apply himself to business. At twenty, he again engaged in merchandise, with capital supplied by his father. Three years later he was bankrupt, and his father was in despair.



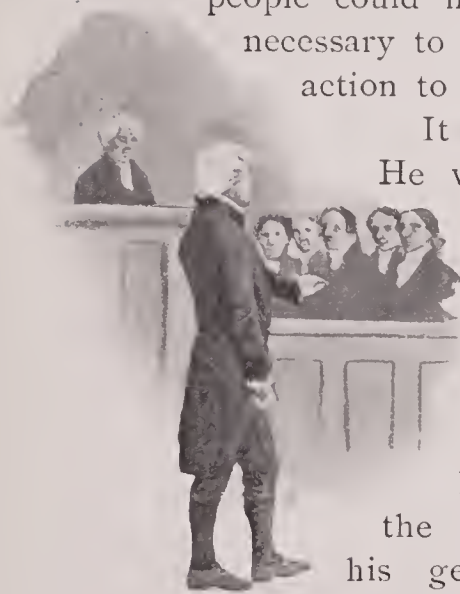
Now came the turning point of his life. While in business he had learned something of human nature, and there had gradually been developed in him a fondness for talking on political and other topics. His aptness in argument began to be noticed, and more and more impressed those with whom he was brought in contact. He even tried public speaking on occasion. He was quick to appreciate the advantage which he might gain in this way, and sought to acquire that clear and simple style of speech which is pleasing to the popular ear.

After consulting with a few friends, he determined to study law. He had studied but six weeks, when he offered himself a candidate for admission to the bar. Two of the four examiners at Richmond

signed his license with reluctance, one refused his consent, and the fourth signed only upon a promise of future reading. He opened an office, displayed his sign and waited for clients. People thought he would fail, and were not slow to say so. In fact, it was three or four years before he achieved any measure of success and showed these prophets that they might have been mistaken. During that time his clients were few and his practice was by no means lucrative.

In 1764, when he was twenty-eight years of age, Patrick Henry leaped into fame by an argument which he delivered against "the parsons," in one of several cases which had been long pending in the courts of Virginia. These suits grew out of a controversy between the clergy and the people in regard to the payment to the former of the stipend which, under an act passed as early as 1696, they claimed as compensation for their priestly services. At this time the Church of England was the established form of religion in Virginia. The act cited provided that each minister in charge of a parish should receive annually sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco. It was his privilege, at his option, to demand either the tobacco or its value in money commuted at the market price. A failure of the tobacco crop in 1755 had caused great distress in the payment of "tobacco debts." That staple, which was the recognized standard of value, advanced in price fourfold. The clergy demanded their stipend in money, but the people could not pay. Legislation by the house of burgesses was necessary to enable the payment of obligations. The clergy brought action to collect their claims, under the old law.

It was in one of these cases that Henry won his first laurels. He was on the side of the people, against the clergy. When the time came for him to address the jury, he rose awkwardly and began his argument in feeble and faltering words. The people hung their heads, the clergy exchanged glances of encouragement and Henry's father showed much distress. But soon there came a change. As his thought developed and his mind began to grasp the subject, the attitude of the speaker became erect and impressive. The spirit of his genius shone in all his features. His countenance was bright with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was something like the lightning in his eye, which seemed to fascinate his hearers. His action became bold, graceful and commanding; and in the tones of his voice there was a peculiar charm of which no words can give an adequate description. In the language of one who heard him on this occasion, "He made their blood run cold and their hair rise on end."



The effect upon the listeners was magical. The speaker commanded their attention with intense fixedness. They might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their places, all with senses alert, and intent upon the speaker. The mockery of the clergy was soon turned into alarm; their fancied triumph into confusion and despair. At one of his outbursts of rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the room in precipitation and terror. As for his father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting the place and the occasion, forgetting even himself, he was overcome by his emotions. Tears of joy streamed down his cheeks, and he had neither power nor inclination to stop them. The jury found for the clergymen, under the law, but fixed the amount of the verdict as their damages at one penny. The erratic young barrister, who had so astonished, not only his friends and acquaintances, but himself as well, rose at a single bound to the height of local fame. His law practice increased beyond all precedent. His fee book shows that within three years he served as attorney in one thousand one hundred and eighty-five suits at law.

Patrick Henry in his youth was indifferent to dress. His appearance, however, was at all times wonderfully impressive. He was nearly six feet in height, spare and rawboned, with a slight stoop of the shoulders. His complexion was dark and sallow; his natural expression grave, thoughtful and penetrating. He was gifted with a strong and musical voice, often rendered doubly fascinating by the gaze of his attractive blue eyes. When animated, he spoke with a variety of manner and tone that added greatly to the effect of his delivery.

In May, 1765, Henry was chosen a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, from Louisa County. A new political leader had come. The British parliament had passed the odious Stamp Act, and Patrick Henry signalized his entry into public life by his memorable resolutions in opposition thereto. During the debate on these resolutions, Henry acquired a powerful influence over those who listened to his eloquence. He secured the adoption of the resolutions, and became the acknowledged leader of the friends of colonial liberty and independence in Virginia. Wirt, the biographer, says of Henry in the debate on the Stamp Act:—

“It was in the midst of this magnificent debate, while Henry was descending on the tyranny of the obnoxious act, that he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, and with the look of a god: ‘Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First, his Cromwell, and George the Third’—‘Treason!’ cried the Speaker; ‘Treason!’ ‘Treason!’ echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are so decisive of character. Henry faltered not an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the Speaker

an eye of fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis—‘and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it!’”

Manuscript copies of Henry's great effort on the Stamp Act were sent to other colonies and assisted greatly in provoking resistance to that tyrannical measure. General Gates wrote to the English government that “Virginia resolves had given the signal for a general outcry over the continent,” and an able loyalist singled them out as the cause of all the trouble. Henceforth Henry's position was assured, and he was in the front of all the great political discussions of those stirring days.

The greatest effort of his life was yet to come. It was his immortal speech at Richmond, in 1775, before the Virginia convention, on his resolution to put the colonies in a state of defense. It began: “Mr. President, It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope,” and closed with the well-known words: “I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!” For patriotic eloquence this speech of Mr. Henry has never been exceeded in American history. Indeed, it may be doubted if a more effective utterance ever fixed the attention and kindled the emotions of a public assemblage in any country. Henry's appeal was irresistible, and its effect upon his direct listeners, and upon the people, not only of Virginia but throughout the colonies, was electrical. Nor was it a mere momentary excitement, as is sometimes the case when men are swept along by a flood of eloquence. The influence of that speech was far-reaching and abiding. Beyond question, it had much to do with shaping popular opinion and directing the course of events toward the birth of the American Republic.

It is little known to the world that the first overt act of war in Virginia was made almost as early as at Lexington and Concord—*viz.*, May 4, 1775. An independent company of militia, commanded by Patrick Henry, compelled the receiver-general of George III. to pay three hundred and thirty pounds as a compensation for gunpowder taken out of the public magazine by the governor's order. The money was conveyed to the Virginia delegates to the Continental Congress. Patrick Henry left Congress to become colonel of the First Virginia regiment, and then commander-in-chief of the provincial forces. In February, 1776, he resigned his military position. This rather gave satisfaction, for his abilities seemed better fitted for the forum than for the field. He was elected governor in 1776 and served three years. In 1781 he was again called to the governor's chair, which he occupied until 1786. He held an estate of ten thousand acres, situated in a county named in his honor—Henry.

Governor Henry Lee appointed Mr. Henry United States Senator; President Washington offered him the high offices of Secretary of State and Chief-justice of the Supreme Court; President John Adams sent his name to the Senate as one of the three envoys to France, but all these honors he declined on account of age and bodily infirmity. At Washington's request, however, in 1799, he allowed his name to be used as a candidate for the legislature, because his presence was needed to defeat a resolution kindred to the later nullification act of South Carolina. He was elected, but his death, June 6, 1799, occurred before he could take his seat. In his will, after enumerating his real and personal estate, which he left to his family, he says:—

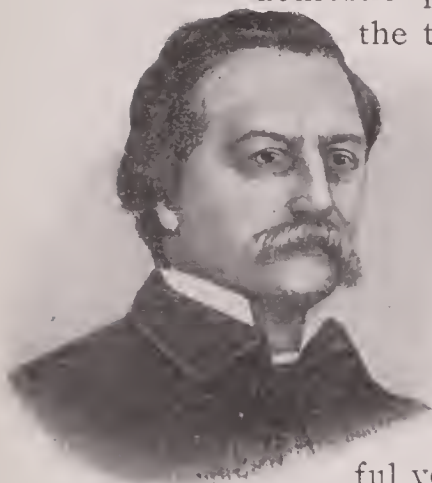
“This is all I can give to my dear family. The religion of Christ can give that which will make them rich indeed.”

Patrick Henry was a type of the eloquent men of the Revolutionary period, whose impassioned utterances exerted a powerful influence upon the people of the colonies. There were many of them, who rose to the full measure of their duty and their opportunity. Leaders of public opinion, in a revolution, are as necessary as leaders of armed battalions on the field of war. The popular mind must first be aroused and inspired, in order to give to the movement that direction and momentum without which there could be no hope of success. There were others who were, perhaps, more powerful in argument, more cogent in logic, than Mr. Henry, but certainly there were few indeed whose fervid eloquence so stirred the emotions and quickened the pulses of the people. Some of his speeches have become classics, in patriotism and oratory. They have come down to our time, and will be passed on to future generations, to be read by admiring millions, and declaimed from every school platform. Their influence will be enduring.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND

"Timothy Titcomb" was long in finding his true sphere.

AMONG the popular writers of America, a high place has been deservedly accorded to Josiah Gilbert Holland. His literary genius was versatile, covering a wide range. Millions have read his "Bitter-Sweet" and "Gold Foil," and have enjoyed their delightful domestic philosophy. The themes are not unlike those which were the texts of Oliver Wendell Holmes's papers on the ethics of home and social life, which form his "Breakfast Table" series.



The treatment is wholly different, and, as far as regards the works cited, Dr. Holland and Dr. Holmes were the complement, each of the other. The fiction of Holland is clean, wholesome, bright and engaging. There is not a line of his writings which can taint the mind of the reader, and each of his stories leads to thoughts of right thinking and right living. He varied his literary work by dropping now and then into rhyme. His graceful verse is pervaded by the same high moral tone that marks his prose. He wrote, for a time, under the pseudonym of "Timothy Titcomb," and the quaint philosophy of this mythical person was eagerly awaited by a wide circle of readers, as it appeared from time to time in the periodical literature of the day.

Holland was born at Belchertown, Massachusetts, in 1819. The boy gave bright promise of the man, but his father, who was a weaver, was as unable, as he was willing, to help him to rise above his own humble lot in life. The elder Holland was a worthy and industrious man, constantly engaged in invention, but he was an impractical dreamer, barely able to provide food and clothing for his family. Educational advantages for his children were wholly beyond his reach. Notwithstanding his weakness, he has been portrayed as a most lovable man. After his death, the son paid high tribute to his character in the well-known poem, "Daniel Gray."

But Josiah was filled with an ambition to be something and do something in the world. He was obliged to labor during his boyhood, but he improved his leisure hours in reading and study, with occasional attendance for brief periods at the common school. By his diligence, he kept ahead of his fellows, and it was not difficult

to foresee that he would one day surmount the obstacles that from his birth had blocked his pathway to advancement. He fixed upon the study of medicine, and, after a long, hard struggle with adverse conditions, he graduated, at twenty-five years of age, from the Berkshire Medical College. Early in life he had shown both taste and aptitude for writing. While pursuing his medical studies, and for a time thereafter, he often yielded to the inclination to write; and as the literary habit grew on him, it gradually took possession of his mind and crowded to the wall whatever desire or purpose he may have had to devote his life to the practice of his profession.

The pen so far got the mastery of the pill-bags that he started a newspaper—the “Bay State Courier.” It cannot be doubted that he made a good newspaper, but there was a constantly growing deficit in the receipts, as compared with the expenses of publication. This swallowed up his small means and, at the end of six months, the “Courier” ceased to exist. Then Holland, who had married, took his wife to Vicksburg, Mississippi, where he had been offered the position of superintendent of schools. The radical change of climate affected the health of his wife so seriously that, after a year, they returned to Massachusetts. Not till he was thirty years old, did Holland find his place in the world. During all these years, his mother had urged him to enter the ministry, and it was a keen disappointment to her that he did not see his way clear to do so. Nor had he made much effort to put to practical use his medical attainments—and these were of a high order, for he had been a most successful student.

One day in 1849, some time after his return from Vicksburg, while he was still in a quandary as to his life work, he met Samuel Bowles, editor and publisher of the “Springfield Republican.” Mr. Bowles had just entered upon a career that fixed him as one of the most able and influential journalists of the country. Each had heard of the other, and when they met there was an instant mutual attraction. Bowles wanted an assistant editor, and Holland had long wished and looked for such a position. Holland was at once engaged, and entered immediately upon his duties. He found them congenial and discharged them to the entire satisfaction of his chief, between whom and himself the most pleasant and cordial relations existed until they were separated by death. Besides his newspaper work, Holland often employed his facile pen in other fields of literature. He wrote and published serially in the “Republican” a history of Western Massachusetts, which was warmly commended, not less for its literary excellence than for its historical accuracy and the patient, painstaking research of which it gave evidence. Then he began his “Timothy Titcomb’s Letters to the Young,” which sprang into immediate and widespread

popularity. These "Letters" abounded in helpful advice, suggestion and admonition, clothed in the garb of most fascinating diction. They began to appear contemporaneously with the "Breakfast Table" articles of Dr. Holmes, of which mention has been made, and for years Holland and Holmes shared bountifully in the popular favor. The "Titcomb Letters" awakened so general a desire to see and hear their author, that Dr. Holland was induced to enter the lecture field. In this he achieved a pronounced success. He was heard from the platform in almost every city and town, from Maine to Wisconsin. The income from his writings and his lectures soon placed him in easy financial circumstances. "Gold Foil" in prose and "Bitter-Sweet" in poetry followed the "Titcomb Letters," and their author again bounded upward in fame and favor.

In 1868 Dr. Holland visited Europe, where he spent two years. The reading public of England and Germany had read and admired "Titcomb," and he was everywhere received with marked consideration, as a man of letters whose genius the world had recognized. While abroad, he conceived the idea of establishing a new magazine, along different lines from those which had been followed by the monthlies of America. On his return, the plan was disclosed to the Scribners, proprietors of a large publishing house, and in 1870 "Scribners' Monthly" made its appearance, with Dr. Holland as its editor. Prophecies that it would fail were abundant, but it went steadily forward to success, from both literary and financial points of view. After eleven years of prosperity, the name was changed to the "Century Magazine," under which it has continued growing, from year to year, in character and influence.

For thirty years Dr. Holland wrote almost incessantly. He published many volumes which he found time to write, notwithstanding the exacting nature of his editorial duties, first on the newspaper and then on the magazine. His principal works of fiction are: "The Bay Path," "Miss Gilbert's Career," "Arthur Bonnicastle," "Sevenoaks," and "Nicholas Minturn." All these have had a multitude of readers, who have found pleasure and profit in their perusal. "Lessons in Life," "Letters to the Joneses" and "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects" are a continuation of his hints and suggestions in social philosophy. Of his poetical works other than "Bitter-Sweet," "Kathrina" is the most pretentious, and its very large sale is the highest tribute to its merit. Dr. Holland greatly admired the character and life of President Lincoln, and soon after the latter's tragic death he went to Mr. Lincoln's former home in Illinois. He spent considerable time there in collecting material for a biography of the great Liberator. His "Life of Lincoln," though less circumstantial and exhaustive than some other

biographies, is a finished and scholarly work, and a lofty tribute to the rugged virtues and public services of the martyred President. Dr. Holland was a pleasing speaker, and he delivered at Springfield, Massachusetts, by invitation, a eulogy on Mr. Lincoln, in which he played at will upon the heartstrings of his listeners. It was a triumph of oratory.

During the latter years of his life, Dr. Holland, with his family, lived in New York during the winters, but spent their summers at "Bonny Castle"—a beautiful home which he had built on one of the picturesque "Thousand Islands," in the upper St. Lawrence River. He owned the little island and there his friends were entertained with the largest hospitality. His life ended suddenly, October 12, 1881. He was awakened early in the morning by a pain so acute that it extorted from him a piercing cry. His wife sprang up and called for aid, but death came almost immediately.

Dr. Holland was once asked by a literary society in Ohio for an incident of his life that had never appeared in print. He wrote in reply:—

"When I was seventeen years old, I wrote a little rhyme containing four verses. I sent it to the 'Youth's Companion,' and, after what seemed to me a long time, it was published. When I took from the post-office the paper in which my verses were printed, I peeped within and then walked home as though I were treading on air. I shall probably never again be so absolutely happy as I was then. Earth has nothing like it—earth never had anything like it—for me. I have since then seen my work in type till I tired at the sight of it, but I never can forget the joy of that occasion."

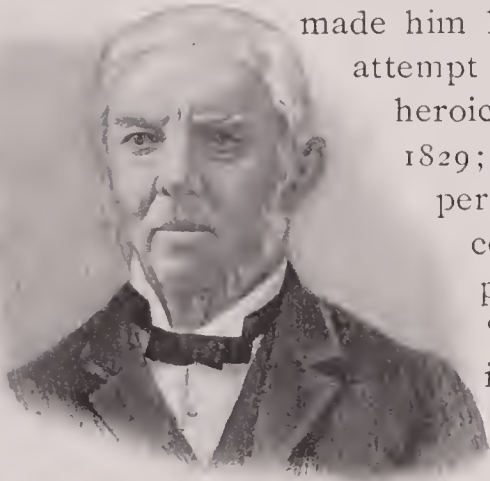
The author put into the mouth of one of his characters in fiction the following beautiful characterization of home:—

"It is resonant with the patter of little feet, and musical with the voices of children. They climb upon my knees when I return from the fatigues of the day. I walk in the garden, with their little hands clinging to mine. I listen to their prayers at their mother's knee. I settle their petty disputes. I find in them and in their mother all the solace and satisfaction that I desire or need. Clubs cannot win me from their society. Fame, honor, place, have no charms to crowd them from my heart. My home is my rest, my amusement, my consolation, my treasure-house, my earthly heaven."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

The charming poet and breakfast-table philosopher.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, a bright star in the constellation of New England poets, essayists and social philosophers, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809. He was prepared for college at the Phillips Academy at Andover, where he riveted his attention upon study as closely as though he were reading a will which made him heir to a million dollars. There he made his first attempt at writing verse, a translation of the "Æneid" in heroic couplets. He was graduated from Harvard in 1829; had been a liberal contributor to the college periodicals; and delivered the class poem at the commencement. The next year, when it was proposed to break up the United States war frigate "Constitution," or "Old Ironsides," he published in the "Boston Advertiser" his lyric poem beginning



"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down?"

It was widely copied in the newspapers and created such a sentiment against the destruction of the old sea monarch that she was saved, and, at the same time, Holmes's reputation as a poet was made. He studied law for a year at Cambridge, during which time he produced several humorous pieces, such as "Evening, by a Tailor" and "The Height of the Ridiculous." In 1833, with Epes Sargent and Park Benjamin, he contributed to a gift book entitled "The Harbinger" the profits of which were given to the asylum for the blind. After a three years' course in medicine, he received, in 1836, the degree of M. D. The same year he published his first volume of poems. This included "The Last Leaf," "My Aunt," "The Treadmill Song" and "The September Gale." In 1839 he was chosen professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College.

In 1840 Mr. Holmes married Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Judge Charles Jackson, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He then resigned his chair at Dartmouth to practice medicine in Boston, and established a summer home at Pittsfield. He succeeded Dr. Warren as professor of anatomy and physiology in the Medical School of

Harvard University. He had gained three of the Boylston prizes for medical papers, which were published in 1838. These were followed by others, which were widely recognized as valuable contributions to medical science. His pen was always active and fertile, and his frequent poems and sketches attracted constantly increasing attention. When the "Atlantic Monthly" was established, in 1857, Dr. Holmes became one of its first and most valued contributors in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." This was followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table," "The Poet at the Breakfast-Table" and "Over the Teacups,"—the last written in 1891, when Dr. Holmes was above eighty. All the numbers of this series were reproduced in book form, and millions have been delighted by the doctor's social "chatter." The publishers of the "Atlantic Monthly" gave a breakfast, in 1879, in honor of Dr. Holmes's seventieth birthday. One of his happiest bits of humor was written for a reunion of his classmates, all of whom were veterans, and whom he playfully treated as "The Boys."



Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf" was a favorite of Abraham Lincoln, who said that for pure pathos, there was nothing finer in the language than these lines:—

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

An eminent critic says of the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table:"—

"Possibly his near friends had no just idea of his versatile talent, until he put forth the most taking serial in prose that ever established the prestige of a new magazine. At forty-eight he began a new career, as if it were granted him to live life over, with the wisdom of middle age in his favor at the start."

"Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," his novels, were written to illustrate a theory of heredity. His "Iron Gate," read at his seventieth-birthday observance, before an audience of literary celebrities, has been called the finest creation of his genius, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Chambered Nautilus." For quaint originality and humor, "The One-Hoss Shay" stands as one of his best, difficult though it is to fix degrees where there is such a uniformity of excellence. His lyrics and metrical essays, written for special

occasions and audiences, are among his distinguishing characteristics. But it is needless to particularize. Everything that Holmes did was done well. He gave to the world nothing that may not be re-read with increased pleasure and profit. Of few, indeed, among writers may this be so fitly said. The "London Saturday Review" said of him:—

"Dr. Holmes is, of all living American authors, the one who may most truly be said to have won the hearts of English readers. There is no American author now living whose works are more often read and (which is the best test of their value) more often taken up again, than those of Dr. Holmes."

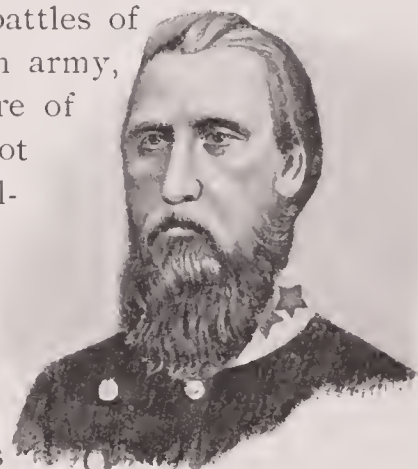
The English estimate of Dr. Holmes, cited above, is a just one, and there are few American critics and judges of literature who will not coincide in the opinion therein expressed. It may fairly be said that the world has produced few writers who were the peers of Holmes in the constant flow of delightful humor and the unvarying excellence that characterized his work. Many writers produce some that is good and some that is, at least, indifferent, but he gave to the world nothing that fell to the low plane of mediocrity. Everything that he published is good—and one is at a loss to decide which is the better, his prose or his poetry. His diction is of the purest and best. He seemed always to find the right word to give the most felicitous expression to his thought. It is not a matter of wonder that the admirers of Dr. Holmes's writings are legion. No more is it strange that he had so large a circle of warmly attached friends, for his personality was as attractive as his smoothly flowing lines.

Honored and beloved, Dr. Holmes passed away, in Boston, in 1894, at the ripe age of eighty-five.

JOHN BELL HOOD

A valiant fighter, who failed to win battles.

THE god of war has ever been most fickle and capricious in the bestowal of his favors. History abounds with instances of soldiers conspicuous for their courage, energy and devotion, who have uniformly failed to win the coveted laurels of victory. General Hood, a celebrated Confederate officer, was one of those whose fate it was to buffet the adverse fortunes of war. No braver man ever drew sword; none ever was more ardently loyal to the cause in which he had taken up arms. As a subordinate commander, whose duty it was to execute the orders of his chief, he was the peer of any whose names form the long roll of those who fought the battles of the Civil War. When promoted to the command of an army, and charged with the conduct of operations which were of vital and transcendent importance, while there was not the least abatement of his zeal or his personal gallantry, his record became one of repeated defeat and disaster. Though a stubborn and persistent fighter, not once did he win a battle; and in his final struggle at Nashville, near the end of 1864, his army was hurled from its intrenched position and driven a hundred miles in utter rout, with a loss of thousands of prisoners and a large part of its artillery. His career, which, during three years of the war, had been so bright with promise, thus came to a sadly pathetic end. Crushed and heartbroken, he was relieved of his command at his own request. The sun of his fame sank behind the dark clouds of humiliation and failure.



John Bell Hood was a Kentuckian by birth. He chose the profession of arms, and in 1853, when he was twenty-two years old, he graduated at West Point, in the class with Sheridan, McPherson and Schofield. He was appointed a lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry, which, at this time, was serving in California. Captain Ulysses S. Grant was its quartermaster. In 1855 the Second Cavalry, a new regiment, was organized, and Hood was commissioned one of its second lieutenants. The regiment was officered by men who won high distinction in the Civil War. Albert Sidney Johnston was its colonel, Robert E. Lee its lieutenant-colonel, and George H. Thomas and William J. Hardee

its majors. Lieutenant Hood was engaged for five years in ordinary regimental duty, varied by occasional scouting on the Texas frontier. In a fight with Indians, he was severely wounded by an arrow. In November, 1860, he was assigned to duty as chief of cavalry at West Point. At his own request, however, this order was rescinded. This post of duty was considered a most desirable one, and much surprise was expressed that Hood should have declined it. He gave as his reason that he feared war would soon be declared between the States, and he preferred to be in a situation to act with entire freedom.

At the time the "Cotton States" seceded, Hood was on leave of absence and was at his home in Kentucky. He expected that Kentucky would go with the other states of the South, and he desired that she should do so, for his personal sympathies were with the seceders. He waited, with much impatience, till the latter part of April. Sumter had fallen and the war had begun. Hood was restive and anxious to draw his sword. He became satisfied that Kentucky would remain in the Union, and he determined to enter the Confederate service from another state. He resigned his commission in the United States army, went to Montgomery, Alabama, then the Confederate capital, and entered the military service from the state of Texas. He was appointed a first lieutenant and ordered to report to General Lee, in Virginia. He was at once sent to the lower peninsula, where his service during the year 1861 was unimportant. He was rapidly advanced in rank, however, and became colonel of the Fourth Texas infantry—a regiment that made a record second to none in brilliancy. Early in 1862, Hood was raised to a brigadier-general and placed in command of a brigade composed of three regiments from Texas and one from Georgia. The brigade and its leader immediately took high rank for their fighting qualities. General Hood was conspicuous in all the campaigns and battles of Lee's army during 1862—the Seven Days' battles, Manassas, Antietam and Fredericksburg. Before the year had closed, Hood was a major-general, commanding a division.

Hood did not participate in the battle of Chancellorsville, as Longstreet's corps, to which his division belonged, was then detached at Suffolk. At Gettysburg, Hood rode into the fight at the head of his men. Very soon a bullet shattered one of his arms, and he was borne, disabled, to the rear. Before his wound had healed, his division was ordered to accompany Longstreet to the West, to reinforce the army of Bragg, near Chattanooga. Hood was scarcely fit for duty, but, with his injured arm in a sling, he buckled on his sword and took his old place. The transfer of ten thousand men was made by railroad.



Longstreet's troops reached the field of Chickamauga during the night succeeding the first day of the battle, and in the early part of the following day. General Hood was active and prominent in the fighting of Sunday, but was again unfortunate. In the afternoon he was struck in the leg by a musket ball, which inflicted a wound so severe that amputation above the knee was necessary. But Hood had no idea of quitting the field of active duty, and when spring opened, in 1864, he was again in the saddle.

Hood was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general and assigned to the command of a corps in the army of General Joseph E. Johnston. The latter had been ordered to succeed General Bragg, who had come into disfavor at Richmond by reason of the serious reverses which had befallen the army under his command at Stone River and Missionary Ridge. The Confederate army in the West had been largely reinforced and was assembled about Dalton, thirty miles south of Chattanooga. Its fighting strength was about seventy thousand men. General Sherman began the campaign to Atlanta, in the first days of May, by moving against Johnston with a hundred thousand men and two hundred and fifty pieces of field artillery. Atlanta, then an important strategic point, is one hundred and forty miles south of Chattanooga. Johnston conducted a purely defensive campaign, fighting stubbornly in his chosen positions, but yielding one after another of these as Sherman moved around his flanks. Sherman did not for an instant relax his pressure, and Johnston was steadily forced backward until, by the middle of July, he had retreated more than a hundred miles, to the line of defenses around Atlanta. The Richmond authorities were greatly dissatisfied with Johnston's conduct of the campaign, and on July 17, an order reached the army which directed him to turn over the command to General Hood. This brings us to the most important period in the latter's military career.

In the councils which, from time to time, Johnston had held with his generals, Hood had urged a more aggressive policy, that is, less retreating and more fighting. This idea, which was in favor at Richmond, he was expected to carry out when he was made commander of that army, and he lost no time in doing so. Hood was a natural fighter, and gave full exercise to his combative instincts, but the outcome showed that he was lacking in that far-seeing sagacity so necessary to the successful management of a great campaign, and in the tactical skill to direct quickly the movements of large bodies of men in the emergency of battle. Three days after he assumed the command, Hood hurled half his army with the greatest fury against a supposedly weak spot in the Union line, which was somewhat broken, owing to the confusion of crossing Peachtree Creek. A fierce conflict ensued, with

heavy losses on both sides, but Hood was wholly unsuccessful. Two days later — July 22 — took place what is known as the battle of Atlanta. With two-thirds of his army, Hood enveloped Sherman's left and fell upon the flank and rear of the Army of the Tennessee, which held that part of the Union line. It was a day of desperate fighting, but the assailants were beaten back, and again Hood suffered defeat. It was in this battle that General James B. McPherson fell. He was a gallant and accomplished soldier, one of Sherman's ablest lieutenants, and had commanded the Army of the Tennessee from the beginning of the campaign. On the twenty-eighth of July, Hood made a third attempt to pierce Sherman's line, by attacking with a closely massed force at Ezra Church. The assault was a most gallant one, but the Union troops clung to their position with the greatest tenacity and could not be dislodged.

For a month thereafter, the operations were in the nature of a siege. Sherman drew his line tightly around Atlanta, strengthening it at every point by fortifications that bade defiance to assault. Hood by this time had become more cautious, and could find no vulnerable point which he could assail with any hope of success. At the end of August, "between two days," Sherman's army disappeared from the line it had held so long. General Hood leaped to the conclusion that his adversary had raised the siege and had retreated across the Chattahoochee River. Dispatches to this effect were sent over the wires, and for a day or two there was great rejoicing throughout the South. But Sherman's army suddenly burst from the woods, twenty-five miles south of Atlanta, and attacked the two railroads which were Hood's lines of supply. Then Hood blew up his magazines, applied the torch to such military stores as he could not save, and hastily evacuated Atlanta. Sherman had fairly won the prize of the campaign.

Hood believed that Sherman would allow his army a "breathing spell," after the long, arduous campaign — which has been fitly characterized as "one hundred and twenty days under fire" — and that he would not at once resume the offensive. He withdrew the Confederate army to Palmetto, about thirty miles southwest of Atlanta. His army had been reduced to forty thousand men by the constant waste of the campaign, and was greatly in need of rest and recuperation. During the month of September, Hood lay quietly at Palmetto, while his cavalry scouts closely watched Sherman, whose army was disposed in and around Atlanta. Jefferson Davis, the Confederate president, deemed the emergency so critical that he went in person to Palmetto for a conference with Hood. It was decided that a northward movement should be made, and, in a speech to the soldiers,

Mr. Davis assured them that ere long their feet would again tread the soil of Tennessee.

At the beginning of October, Hood sounded his bugles and launched forth upon his bold adventure. His purpose was to pass rapidly northward, on the presumption that Sherman would be forced to give up Atlanta and hasten back to meet the menace in his rear. Hood swung around the captured city and struck, at two or three points, the railroad to Chattanooga, which was Sherman's only line of communication. Sherman sent a large part of his army after the fleet-footed Confederates, but still held on to Atlanta, to gain which he had fought so hard and long. Hood moved with rapid strides, pausing only to fight at Allatoona Pass, where a million rations were stored. His purpose to capture these stores was foiled by the brilliantly gallant defense made by General John M. Corse. Hood destroyed the railroad in spots, as he swept northward, and when within forty miles of Chattanooga, turned suddenly westward to Gadsden, in Alabama.



Hood's movements disclosed to Sherman the purpose of the former to pass into Tennessee. "If Hood will go there," said Sherman to one of his officers, "I will give him rations to go with!" Hood did go, and by the twentieth of November, his army had crossed the Tennessee River—to him the Rubicon—at Florence. Sherman now detached the Fourth and Twenty-third corps, under the command of General Thomas, to watch and follow the course of Hood, while he assembled the rest of his army, sixty thousand strong, and started on the "march to the sea." Thomas went at once to Nashville, to direct the gathering of troops from all available sources, and the two corps detached from Sherman were temporarily placed under General John M. Schofield. His strength was about three-fifths that of Hood. He was ordered to watch Hood closely, and delay his progress as much as possible, but to avoid a general engagement until a junction could be formed with the force to be assembled at Nashville.

Hood advanced as rapidly as the execrable condition of the roads would permit, and by the twenty-seventh was at Columbia, on the Duck River, forty miles south of Nashville. Schofield, marching to interpose his force between the Confederates and Nashville, had reached Columbia a few hours earlier. The armies skirmished heavily, but there was nothing in the nature of a battle. Hood sent Cheatham's corps to take possession of the pike at Spring Hill, ten miles north of Columbia, and thus cut off the retreat of Schofield. Wagner's division of the Fourth corps, by a swift march, arrived at the threatened point an hour in advance of Cheatham. General Stanley, commander of the Fourth corps, was present in person and directed

the disposition of Wagner's three small brigades. This was so adroitly done as to present a long, though attenuated, line, well calculated to deceive the enemy as to its actual strength. Cheatham dispatched to Hood that the line looked "a little too long" for him to hazard an attack. In fact, he had three times as many men as Wagner, and another Confederate corps was already within supporting distance. Hood sent repeated messages of the most peremptory character to Cheatham, ordering him to strike at once, and throw his corps across the pike. Cheatham did advance, but the attack was so feeble that it was repelled by the single brigade of Bradley, which, however, lost heavily in the action. Hood was greatly exasperated by the failure of Cheatham to accomplish what had been so easily possible. The Confederates went into bivouac, within three hundred yards of the pike. During the night Schofield's army, which was hurrying northward from Columbia, filed past in sight of the Confederate campfires. The flankers in blue actually brushed against the pickets in gray. It cannot be doubted for an instant that a determined attack by Cheatham, even after nightfall, would have caused infinite trouble to the Union column, which was moving by the flank and in no order for battle. But nothing was done, and Schofield's men were permitted to pass in safety. They realized their danger and a fervent "Thank God!" went up from many a heart, as the gleaming fires of the enemy's bivouac disappeared behind them. General Hood, in his "Advance and Retreat," pages 287 and 290, says:—

"Never was a grander opportunity offered to utterly rout and destroy a Federal army." "The best move in my career as a soldier I was thus destined to behold come to naught."

Van Horne, historian of the Federal Army of the Cumberland, says, Vol. II., page 196:—

"Rarely has an army escaped so easily from a peril so threatening."

Schofield halted his army at Franklin, ten miles north of Spring Hill. It was necessary for him to make a stand at this point, that he might gain time to pass his long train of wagons across the Harpeth River. He expected to be attacked, and a line of strong earthworks was thrown up. The Confederate army arrived about the middle of the afternoon, and Hood determined to assault immediately. The battle which followed was not exceeded by any conflict of the war in the desperate character of the struggle and its sanguinary result. Again and again, with desperate valor, the Confederates charged into the very blaze of the muskets and cannon that fringed the crest of the

Federal works. Never did men face such a blast with more resolute courage. At one point the Union line was pierced for a moment and several hundred Confederates poured through the breach. The quick rush of Opdycke's brigade of Schofield's army, that was lying in reserve, closed the gap, and nearly all the Confederates who had leaped the works were made prisoners. The battle continued until the curtain of night fell upon the awful scene. The attack failed, and during the night Schofield withdrew his army and marched to join Thomas at Nashville. In this brief battle, which lasted scarcely more than two hours, the Confederates lost fourteen hundred killed and five thousand wounded. The loss in general officers exceeded that of either side in any other battle of the war—even including those in which the strength of the armies was three times as great. The Confederates lost thirteen generals—six killed and seven wounded. Among the slain was Major-general Patrick R. Cleburne, the best division commander in Hood's army. Schofield's army fought almost entirely behind its intrenchments, and its loss in killed and wounded was less than one-fifth that of the Confederates. The latter took some twelve hundred prisoners, chiefly from two Union brigades which were held too long in an advanced position.

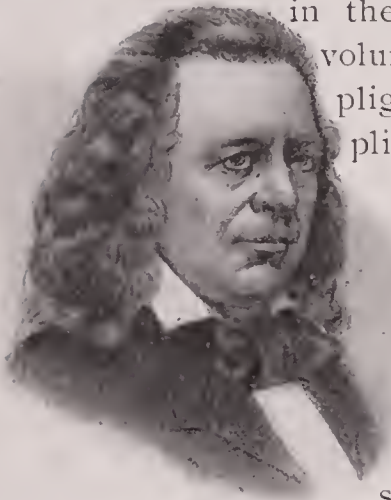
Hood followed closely upon the heels of Schofield to Nashville. Two weeks later, December 15 and 16, Thomas attacked him, and on the second day swept over his works with the fury of a tornado. The Confederates fled in utter rout, and nearly all of their artillery, with thousands of prisoners, fell into the hands of the victors. It was a notable triumph and electrified the people of the North. Thomas made a vigorous pursuit of the flying foe, but Hood succeeded in getting the remnant of his army across the Tennessee River, whence he marched to Tupelo, Mississippi. Only eighteen thousand men remained of the seventy thousand with which Johnston had faced Sherman at Dalton, Georgia, eight months before.

General Hood asked to be relieved of his command, and his request was granted. His troops, under another leader, were sent to the Carolinas, where they assisted in the futile effort to oppose the northward sweep of Sherman. Hood went to Richmond and, after some time, was assigned to the Trans-Mississippi department, but before he could reach it the end came. He did not surrender until May 31, nearly two months after Lee had ceased to fight, when he rode into Natchez, Mississippi, and proffered his sword to the officer in command. He had the remarkable record of having served in every grade, from first lieutenant up to the full rank of general. After the war, General Hood made his home in New Orleans, where he died of yellow fever, in 1879.

ELIAS HOWE

He lightened woman's burden with the sewing machine.

SEWING is one of the oldest and most necessary of the industrial arts. Man cannot trace his history back to a time when it was not in use. Being as simple as it was indispensable, it happened that, in the division of industry which always marks the growth of civilization, the sewers became among the poorest paid of wage earners. Hood, in the "Song of the Shirt," has told us, more vividly than volumes of prose could tell, the wretched and hopeless plight of the underpaid seamstress. By means of the hand-plied needle, she clung for a time to the edge of civilized life, her feeble hold ever liable to be broken by the slightest casualty. During the later period of her existence, to individual anxiety was superadded the fear of general extinction by the arrival of the long threatened sewing machine. According to the popular idea at that time, a few score of these voracious thread-eaters would do the work of all the thousands of hand sewers, and these thousands, being already on the lowest rung of the industrial ladder, and hard pressed to keep a footing there, were the most helpless class of all the hand workers whom machinery was assailing from every side.



So far back as 1755, an attempt had been made to improve the art of hand sewing by pointing the needle at both ends and placing the thread eye in the center, but this device did not prove practicable. The next important inventor of a sewing machine was a French provincial tailor, in humble circumstances, named Thimonier. He did not have the eye-pointed needle, but he used a crochet needle that hooked a loop of thread, which it passed through the previous loop. None of the experts in such things were particularly attracted by it, and the Thimonier machine was already dead when the inventor died in 1857, in extreme poverty. Three years after the invention of the crochet needle machine, the true sewing machine was invented by Walter Hunt, a New York mechanic, who had no knowledge of the French device. The Hunt machine had the eye-pointed needle, the thread-carrying shuttle, and the double or lock stitch. It was a completely practicable machine from the start, and much time and skill, and

some money, were spent in experimenting with it and improving its mechanical details; yet it was neither patented nor brought to public notice, and Howe, who came into the field several years later, had never heard of it.

Howe was born in 1819, in Massachusetts, one of the eight children of a farmer who also carried on a grist mill. At six years of age he joined his elder brothers and sisters in the home-practiced industry of making by hand, cotton cards of leather and wire. When a little older he helped his father at the mill, being always too frail for farm work, and in winter time he attended the district school. He worked in the mill till he was sixteen, and there acquired a taste and an aptitude for machinery. One day the tale of a returned neighbor who had been on a visit to bustling Lowell and its great cotton mills, set fire to the imagination of the young Elias, and after a time the father, seeing how the current of the son's thoughts was running, consented that the youngster should go to Lowell and make a venture in the busy world. He obtained employment in tending and attending to cotton mill machinery, and though his propensity to pore and potter over improvements lost him the name of a steady workman, his cleverness was so far recognized as to always assure him a job. But in 1837 came the severest financial panic and era of commercial depression that the country had ever known, and Howe lost his situation. He went home for a time, and then got employment in a machine shop at Cambridge, where his cousin, Nathaniel P. Banks, afterward distinguished in public life, was at work, and where there happened to be an opening for Howe's talents in the making of a new hemp-carding machine. At the age of twenty-one he married, removed to Boston and there got work as a machinist. At Boston, he had his first conception of the sewing machine, which began to engross his interest and to render fixed attention to his trade impossible. His father, meanwhile, had removed to Cambridge, where he had a little shop for preparing the material for palm-leaf hats. Howe and his family moved into the father's house, and in the garret a lathe was installed for the making of a model of the sewing machine. By doing odd jobs, as his services were called for, he managed to provide for his family after a fashion, but his soul was possessed by the new invention. Poor as his means and prospects were at best, they were blotted out entirely by the destruction of his father's shop by fire.

Howe had already convinced himself that the machine would work, and that, when others saw it work, it would take the world by storm. But he was unable to buy the small quantities of iron and steel needed for the making of the working machine by which the world was to be stormed. He figured out a least expenditure of five

hundred dollars, under the most favorable circumstances, as necessary to demonstrate the value of his invention, and he seemed to have as much chance of ever getting it as of getting five millions. But a thrifty wood and coal dealer named Fisher had his fancy kindled by the machine and became infected by Howe's enthusiasm for it; so that, after hearing the latter's plans, he agreed, in exchange for a half interest in the invention, to furnish the five hundred dollars, provide a workshop at the top of his own house, and board Howe and his family. This burst of fortune came upon the inventor in the closing days of 1844, and all the rest of that winter and far into the ensuing spring, Howe worked all day, and very often all night, improving the details of construction and contriving away the difficulties that would unexpectedly spring up to mock the theoretical perfection at which the machine had arrived. One April evening, in 1845, Howe was able to show his backer a good seam, four yards long, sewed on the machine. That was the first of red-letter days, and the second came the following midsummer, when Fisher, with renewed confidence in the machine, still further improved, invested in the material and cutting out of a suit of clothes for himself and another for Howe, and the latter did all the sewing so well and strong that both agreed that the sewing would outlast the cloth. Howe and Fisher now had a good machine, and early in the next year they had a good patent on it, and were ready for the storming of the universe.

Howe took the machine to Boston and made his first attack on the tailoring trade. The machine and its work were declared to be admirable, and the inventor's assurances that future machines would do even better and faster work were freely accepted; but the argument was unanimous that the faster and better the work, the more rapid and complete would be the ruin of the tailoring business, and no merchant tailor would invest a dollar in the invention. Fisher, unprepared for this reception of a thing that he had supposed the world was going to fall down and worship at sight, dolefully withdrew from the enterprise, and Howe and his family went back to his father's house.

Howe put the sewing machine away, and became a locomotive engineer, at which employment he continued till his health, never good, and made worse by excessive work and worry, broke down and threw him back on his invention as his last resource. He conceived, as Fulton had done after like experiences with his steamboat invention, that England, as a richer and more advanced country, was a more promising field than his own, and sent his brother there with a better constructed machine than the first. The brother sold the British right to the invention to a corset and umbrella maker in London for twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and sent word to Elias to come over and

enter the service of the British proprietor, at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. Howe went over and afterward sent for his family, but in eight months he gave up his situation. The employer seems to have been a harsh and grinding man, and his views of Howe's peculiarities of temperament and habit were not kindly. Howe got money from home to send his family back, and remained in London, where he thought he saw opportunities ahead, which were not realized. By pledging his model and his letters patent, he got the price of a steerage passage to America, and arrived destitute at New York, where he found a letter awaiting him conveying the tidings that his wife was on her deathbed from consumption. Several days were lost in obtaining the fare to Boston, but Howe got home in time for the final scene. After this came the news that his few household goods, shipped from London, had gone down with the ship bringing them to America.

While Howe had been struggling with misfortune in England, the sewing machine had been making its way in the United States. Even the newspapers had been talking of the new wonder and so bringing it to further notice, and Howe began the manufacture and sale of the machine in a small way at New York with the aid of a partner. In August, 1850, enough suits were commenced to cover all the important forms or cases of infringement on his patent, and the first favorable decision was obtained nearly four years later. He obtained a seven years' extension of the patent, under a law which then existed in behalf of meritorious inventors who, from exceptional causes, had failed to obtain a reasonable opportunity of compensation during the original term of fourteen years.

Two great stages in the long and toilsome journey had now been passed. The invention had proved to be all that was claimed for it, and the validity and breadth of Howe's patent rights had been determined. The third stage would be the coming of the invention into general use, but that was still uncertain—so uncertain that when Howe's partner died, his heirs sold his half interest to Howe for a small sum, which the latter paid from other than mercenary motives. As the use of the machine increased, so did the resistance, often riotous, of alarmed workers; which was further incited by sentimental philanthropists and political demagogues, and by a considerable amount of popular sentiment, sincere though ignorant. Physical violence and moral intimidation together proved a barrier to the use of the sewing machine, in those large establishments where its public utility could be best and soonest displayed; yet its success in small industrial establishments, which could escape violence and intimidation, was so marked that large employers of labor had to stand up for right and reason; and all forms of opposition, interested and disinterested,

sincere and sinister, had to give way. When the sewing machine got its fair and free field, it acted as mechanical improvements have always acted. It cheapened production, increased consumption, enlarged employment and wages, bettered the physical, mental and moral status of the workers, and multiplied material blessings to all mankind.

The fourth and final stage of the great invention was yet to come, and it came at last. The lifelong pauper, into whose soul the iron of penury had entered as, happily, it enters the souls of few, was destined to die a millionaire, and to live one before he passed to the chosen but unconscious company of the immortals. In face and figure he resembled Franklin in his later years, and a latter-day Franklin his admiring though rather belated countrymen were disposed to consider him. Having fought him to a finish in the courts, his rivals surrendered gracefully and he met their advances generously, for he was not a covetous man. If his royalties amounted to two hundred thousand dollars a year, that was because of the eagerness of the people for the sewing machine, and not of his desire for money. In the midst of the Civil War, with the eleven insurgent states making no returns, his income rose to the enormous figure of four thousand dollars a day, so much was the sewing machine in demand for clothing and equipage for the Union army and navy, and for making good in part the diversion of so much of the productive power of the country to the business of slaughter and destruction.

Howe was a true patriot and spent his new wealth freely in the national cause. When men for the army became more needed than dollars, the millionaire enlisted as a private for the sake of example; for his original constitution and his subsequently wasted health quite unfitted him for the ordinary duties of a field soldier. But a detail as an army mail carrier saved himself and the situation, and Private Howe was preserved to the active list. In the intervals of carrying the mail, he cashed the pay rolls of his regiment when the government, as repeatedly happened, was out of funds and the army paymaster had become a superfluity. He died at Brooklyn, New York, where he had finally fixed his home, October 3, 1867.

JULIA WARD HOWE

She wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

THERE have been many writers who are best remembered and most honored for a single production of genius or inspiration, which has touched the hearts and stirred the emotions of millions. Bryant never wrote anything better, or that will live longer, than "Thanatopsis," which was one of the earliest poems from his pen; Theodore O'Hara wrote nothing that has survived except that brilliant gem of poesy, "The Bivouac of the Dead"; Gray's "Elegy," Poe's "Raven" and Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" are other examples of poems that have a place in the public estimation above and beyond all others of their authors' works. The name of Julia Ward Howe always brings to mind that most stirring lyric of the Civil War, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic":—



"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

The popular judgment has placed this at the head of the long list of poems inspired by the war. It was purposely shaped, in meter and measure, to "fit" the tune "John Brown's Body," and so it caught at once the tongue and the ear of the people, at home and in the army. While it is true that its majestic rhythm and lofty sentiment were less adapted to the rollicking music of the camp-fire than "The Battle Cry of Freedom," "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," or "Marching through Georgia," the "Battle Hymn" was sung everywhere in the Union army, and none can measure its influence in nerving the hearts and stimulating the courage of the soldiers in blue. A celebrated Confederate commander said to a Federal officer, soon after the war: "If we had had your songs you never could have conquered us!"

Mrs. Howe was the daughter of Samuel Ward, and was born in New York, in 1819. She had the advantage of a good education, covering a wide range of study. During her young womanhood, she became interested to an unusual degree in moral, social and political subjects, and evinced a desire and purpose to engage in reformatory enterprises. At the age of twenty-four, she became the wife of Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, who was twenty years her senior. Dr. Howe

was prominent in humanitarian work and was widely known as a philanthropist. From 1824 to 1830 he served as a surgeon and in other capacities with the patriot army in Greece, during the war against the Turks. On his return to the United States, he established in Boston an institution for the instruction of the blind and was elected its president. He went to Europe to acquire information to fit him for its management, and while there was arrested and imprisoned for a time by the Prussian government, for distributing supplies to the Polish army. In Boston he became celebrated for his wonderful success in educating Laura Bridgeman, who was blind, deaf and dumb. The world honored him for his original and ingenious methods, by which were opened to this unfortunate girl the doors of intelligence, which it seemed that nature had sealed forever. He also established an institution for the mental development and training of idiots, by improved methods which he had devised. Such was the man who wooed and won the heart and hand of Julia Ward. They were attracted, each to the other, by a congeniality of spirit and purpose, and the disparity in their ages proved no bar to a perfect union, and an ideal domestic life that was only ended by the death of Dr. Howe.

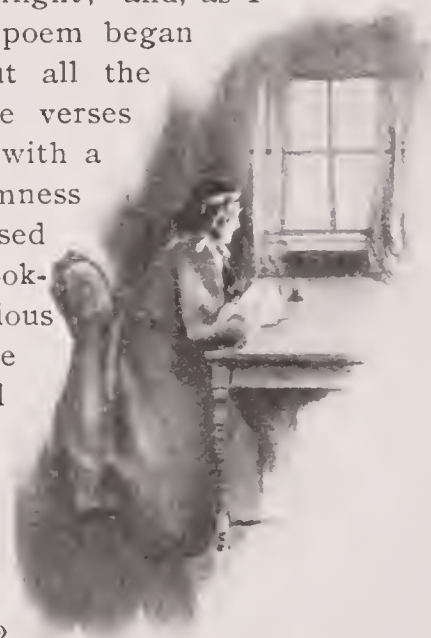
Immediately after their marriage, Dr. and Mrs. Howe made an extended tour of Europe. In 1850 they again went abroad for a year, most of which was spent in Rome. They went a third time, in 1867, and traveled in Greece. This tour was taken to gratify Dr. Howe's desire to revisit the scene of his service with the Grecian patriots, forty years before. He found that he had not been forgotten, and high honors were paid him in memory of what he had done. It was after her return from her second trip to Europe that Mrs. Howe began to use her pen in an ambitious way. She had written occasional sketches and essays on current topics for newspapers and magazines, but nothing in permanent form. Her first book was "Passion Flowers," a volume of poems, which was kindly received by the public. For thirty years thereafter she occupied much of her time in writing. Among her best-known works are, "Words for the Hour," "A Trip to Cuba," "Later Lyrics," "From the Oak to the Olive" —the last being a narrative of her tour through Greece—and, published in 1899, a most attractive volume of "Reminiscences," in which she tells the story of her long life. She was a lover of the drama and wrote several plays. These include "Lenore" and "Hippolytus," both tragedies, and "The World's Own." The last named was put on the stage and played in New York and Boston. Its leading characters were taken by Matilda Heron and E. A. Sothorn, both of whom were then at the zenith of their fame. In her "Reminiscences" she naïvely

quotes the verdict of the critics on the play, that it was "full of literary merit and dramatic defects." Mrs. Howe, during nearly all of her active life, was prominently identified with the movement for the enfranchisement of woman and the enlargement of her sphere of activity and usefulness. She also freely lent her heart, her voice and her effort to the furtherance of the antislavery cause and various enterprises for the benefit of humanity. A gifted, polished and fluent speaker, she was widely known and always cordially welcomed when she appeared before public audiences. For half a century she was a powerful leader among the women of America.

Mrs. Howe wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" at Willard's Hotel, in Washington, in 1861, the first year of the Civil War. She was visiting the national capital with a party of friends and attended a review of a body of troops, at one of the camps near the city. During the return drive the members of the party, animated by the spirit of the occasion, sang snatches of army songs, among them, "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave." One of Mrs. Howe's friends said to her, "Why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" She answered that she had often felt the desire to do so, but had not as yet found any idea that would supply a fitting theme. The question ran in her head during the remainder of the day and the evening. In her "Reminiscences" she says:—

"I went to bed that night as usual and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and, as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night should intervene, as it was only legible while the matter was fresh in my mind. At this time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, 'I like this better than most things that I have written.'"

Mrs. Howe smoothed the rough draft of the poem, by the change of a word here and there, and showed it to her friends, who could find **no** words strong enough to express their delight and commendation. It was first published in the "Atlantic Monthly" and received



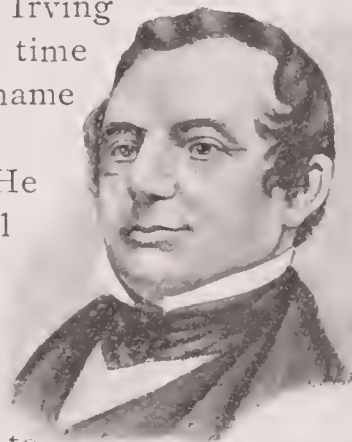
immediate recognition as a masterpiece. It quickly found its way to the army, and spread among the camps as "on the wings of the morning." It was a happy thought to suit the form of composition to a tune that was on every lip. Had it been otherwise, the poem would have been far more tardy in reaching the popular ear and heart. One of her friends said of her, combining jest and compliment, "Mrs. Howe ought to die now, for she has done the best that she ever will do." Mrs. Howe was exceedingly gratified at the success of the "Battle Hymn"; indeed, she was proud of it, as she had a right to be. She felt an intense interest in the war and its result, but, as she expressed her feelings to her friends, her husband was many years past the age for military duty, and she had no son who could shoulder a musket or buckle on a sword, so that she was glad and happy to know that she had been able to do something that would give fresh inspiration, not only to those who were following the flag, but to those, as well, who were weeping around their darkened fire-sides, and those who were holding up the hands of the men in the field. Most of the "war songs" written for the time, have been forgotten, except by the veterans who used to sing them in the bivouac and on the march, but the "Battle Hymn" is enduring and has an abiding place in the great heart of the people. It has been sung in swelling chorus, with grand, uplifting effect, by thousands of public assemblages, and it will be sung by thousands more. For it, as well as for her many years of labor in the cause of humanity, Mrs. Howe will be remembered and honored by the generations to come.

WASHINGTON IRVING

He raised the standard of American literature.

“FATHER of American literature” is the title that has been bestowed upon Washington Irving. He was born in New York, in 1783. His father was William Irving, of the Orkney Islands, a seafaring man whose family during the Revolution had to flee to New Jersey. When a boy he was fond of the theater, but his father frowned upon such amusements, for he was a church deacon and condemned worldly pleasures. An old revolutionary soldier was Washington Irving’s teacher. “The Arabian Nights” and “Robinson Crusoe” were his favorite books, and these he almost devoured. There was no opportunity for a college education, and young Irving entered a law office, though he devoted most of his time to writing for the “Morning Chronicle” under the name of “Jonathan Oldstyle.”

In 1804 Irving went to Europe for his health. He carried letters of introduction, and visited the principal cities of the continent. He saw the fleet of Lord Nelson at Messina, just before the fight at Trafalgar. He returned home with a literary inclination and joined James K. Paulding in a periodical patterned after the style of “The Spectator.” It failed to catch the popular taste and was of short existence. Irving’s “History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,” is his master work, and upon its publication, in 1809, it met an immediate and remarkable sale. It was most cordially received and its author was at once accorded a place in the first rank of American writers. It brought to Mr. Irving the sum of three thousand dollars.



Irving joined his brothers in mercantile business, but continued to write brief sketches and essays. In 1815 he revisited Europe, where he met many brilliant people in literature and the drama, and enjoyed much of the pleasure of a literary career. Here he produced his “Sketch-Book,” “Bracebridge Hall” and “Tales of a Traveler.” For these three works, each of which was cordially welcomed by the public, he received fifteen thousand dollars. He lived for a time in Paris and later at Madrid, where he was an *attaché* of the United States legation. There he began his “Life of Columbus,” in three volumes, which was completed in 1828, for which he received eighteen thousand

dollars. His "Conquest of Granada" and the charming tales of "The Alhambra" owe their existence also to his Spanish visit, for he actually lived in the Alhambra. While in Spain, Mr. Irving received the appointment of secretary of legation at the Court of St. James, and remained in London three years, winning the high honor of the title of LL.D. from the University of Oxford.

Mr. Irving returned to America in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, and was most warmly received. He purchased a home near Tarrytown, New York, and named it "Sunnyside." He joined John Jacob Astor in the enterprise of establishing Astoria for a fur-trading post on the North Pacific coast. In connection with this project he went West and wrote "Tour on the Prairies" and "Astoria," but refused to receive anything from Astor for this advertisement of his scheme. When Mr. Astor died he appointed Irving one of his executors, and thus abundantly repaid the debt.

In 1842 President Tyler appointed Mr. Irving Minister to Spain. After four pleasant years at the Spanish capital he returned to his home at "Sunnyside." He was now past sixty years of age. He realized that his time for active labor was brief, and applied himself with energy and zeal to the completion of his literary work. He wrote at this time his delightful "Oliver Goldsmith" and "Life of Mahomet." Most of the material for the latter had been gathered during his second residence at Madrid.

Irving's last production was the "Life of Washington." In this Mr. Irving did not do himself justice. The work contains many fine passages, especially sketches of characters and scenes, but its historical value is not such as was to have been expected from so high a source. It is marred by a sectional coloring, and is in most respects so unsatisfactory as to have proved disappointing to the author's friends. He was past seventy when the volumes appeared, and it is impossible to resist the conviction that age had impaired his brilliant faculties before his pen took up the last task of his life.

During these quiet years at "Sunnyside" he revised his voluminous works and arranged them for publication in a uniform edition. After his death, in 1859, his "Life and Letters" appeared. The matter for this work had been chiefly prepared and arranged by himself, but was carefully edited by his nephew, Pierre Irving, before publication. A complete edition of Irving's works embraces twenty-six volumes.

Irving's "Columbus" and "Mahomet" are most fascinating to the reader, though the fame of their author rests not so much on his historical works as on his charming sketches, interwoven with delightful imagery and legendary lore, of which "The Sketch-Book," "Knickerbocker" and "The Alhambra" are illustrations. In their peculiar

vein these are unapproached by the works of any other writer. Almost every boy and girl in our large towns has seen Joseph Jefferson in his "Rip Van Winkle," and has laughed and cried over the touching scenes after his twenty years' sleep in Hendrik Hudson's mountains.

Mr. Irving was stoutly built and carried his head a little on one side. His nature was genial and kind, and he was affectionate and pleasant in speech, with an abundant flow of humor that gave a delightful charm to his conversation. He died at "Sunnyside" in 1859, widely and sincerely lamented.

Mr. Irving's works, since his death, have been sold at the rate of thirty thousand volumes a year. During his lifetime six hundred thousand volumes were sold in the United States. A "Washington Irving Association," formed at Tarrytown, paid public tribute to his memory, and Whittier wrote upon that occasion:—

"It has long been a matter of regret that while he was living I did not feel myself warranted in seeking the acquaintance of one upon whom I could have no other claim than that of sincere admiration. Our literature has assumed large proportions since he has laid aside his pen, but his writings have lost none of their attraction, and the veil of romance which he has thrown over the Highlands of the Hudson still lingers there and 'Crow's Nest' will always loom through it."

Charles Dudley Warner, in his address at that memorial, said:—

"It was Irving, not Hudson, who truly discovered this river and gave it to us. The early navigators used to get aground in it. Irving made it a highway of imagination. Travelers who have never left their firesides, voyage up and down it. In the Indian summer, these shores are golden, these hills are purple and the stream flows on as in a dream. In all seasons, to all the world, this region bears the hues of romance that Irving gave it. His spirit abides here. There is his wild cottage. Here is his grave."

ANDREW JACKSON

Whose official backbone gave him the name of "Old Hickory."

BORN on disputed ground, Andrew Jackson was most at home on disputed questions. His birthplace was in Union County, North Carolina, then supposed to be within the territorial limits of South Carolina. Jackson twice claimed the latter as his native state. It was a wild country, with no means of education beyond reading, writing and arithmetic. Young Jackson was sent by his mother to private schools kept by clergymen, but he never had the advantage of college privileges. A wild, impetuous, reckless youth, he cared little for books; yet he possessed physical and moral courage, backed by a resolute will, which, in after years, became a terror to his enemies, and gave to him the sobriquet of "Old Hickory." After the death of his mother, he became a teacher and studied law. More interested in cockfighting, horse racing and card playing than in study, he sowed and reaped a good crop of "wild oats." At twenty years of age, he stood six feet and one inch, very slender, but not awkward, with long thin face, a high, narrow forehead, a mass of sandy hair, and deep blue eyes that could blaze into the fiercest expression when aroused. His irritable temper made him liable to fits of ungovernable rage. He was a fine marksman and a fearless rider. In 1788 Jackson removed to Nashville and began a law practice, which soon became lucrative. Sent as the first delegate from Tennessee to the national House of Representatives, he heard Washington deliver his last message to Congress; opposed the Federal party; objected to Alexander Hamilton's scheme for a National Bank; fought against increasing the expenses of government.

At the age of twenty-four, Jackson married a woman who was believed to have been legally divorced, a few months before, by a special act of the legislature of Virginia. It afterward appeared that the separation did not become legal until 1793, when a divorce was formally granted by the verdict of a jury in Kentucky. Jackson and his wife were remarried at Nashville, in 1794. Although it cannot be doubted that this irregularity was without intent on the part of either, it was the cause of great annoyance to Jackson in after years. Half



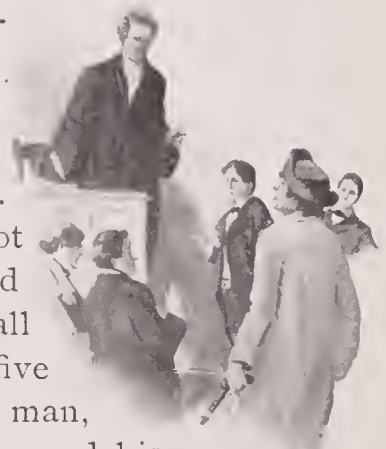
a century later, in his old age, the facts were misrepresented by his political enemies and grave charges against his morality were made. The evidence is abundant and satisfying that both Jackson and his wife acted throughout in perfect good faith, with the largest respect for the laws of God and man.

Jackson's life, in public as well as in private, was a stormy one. His temper often mastered him, and his rugged manners and methods gave frequent cause of offense, to associates and to strangers. He had the courage of his convictions to a degree that has been equaled in few public men; while an equally striking characteristic was his lack of tact and diplomacy in his intercourse with individuals. He was alike indifferent to the sensibility of others and to the effect of his hasty words and actions upon himself. That such a man should have many personal and political enemies, is not to be deemed a strange thing; scarcely could it have been otherwise. He fought several duels, in one of which, in 1806, he killed his antagonist, Charles Dickinson, and was himself severely wounded.

In 1797 Jackson entered the United States Senate. Jefferson said of him: "Jackson would choke with rage and could not speak a word." The dignity of the Senate was ridiculous and distasteful to him, and he relinquished his seat for the supreme bench of Tennessee, at a salary of six hundred dollars. He soon became involved in debt, and sold twenty-five thousand acres of land to pay his obligations. He established his home on a large estate a few miles from Nashville, which he named "The Hermitage," and there he lived until his death. While the mansion was in course of erection, he occupied a rude house of logs. He engaged largely in planting, and with success. He owned a great number of slaves, and it is said of him that he was kind and considerate in his treatment of them, while arrogant, dictatorial and quarrelsome with his social equals.

It is related of him that when on the bench, in a small settlement, a border ruffian, murderer and desperado, came into the room with brutal violence and interrupted the court. The judge ordered him to be arrested. The officer did not dare to approach him. "Call a posse," said the judge, "and arrest him," but the bystanders also shrank in fear. "Call me, then!" said Jackson; "This court is adjourned for five minutes!" He left the bench, walked straight to the man, and with his piercing eye actually cowed the ruffian, who dropped his weapons, afterward saying: "There was something in his eye that I could not resist."

Jackson was an intimate personal friend of Aaron Burr, and was openly charged by his enemies with connivance in the alleged treason-



able scheme which Burr attempted, in 1807, to carry out. So strong was the suspicion of Jackson's secret support of Burr, that many believed it, and Jackson was not relieved of the odium until he attested his loyalty by his distinguished military services in the War of 1812.

When hostilities began, Jackson was in private life, except that he was major-general of the Tennessee militia, the only position he would consent to hold. His friends believed he had military genius and that the war would afford opportunity for its exercise. Jackson had opposed Jefferson and was then in conflict with President Madison, yet he enlisted a body of volunteers and offered his services. The governor of Tennessee was requested to send troops to protect the forts on the Gulf of Mexico. Jackson had started, in obedience to the governor's directions, but the commander of the forts gave orders to wait. During the delay, his men, without provisions, suffered much from hunger and were reduced to subsisting upon acorns. When some threatened to return home, he rode before the rebellious line and soon quelled the spirit of mutiny. It was upon this occasion that one of his soldiers exclaimed, "Jackson is as tough as hickory!" and this gave him his popular sobriquet.

The march to the Gulf region was abandoned for the time, and Jackson was sent against hostile Indians in Florida. His operations there were very successful and clearly showed that he had in him the elements of a soldier. He supplemented his Indian campaign by the capture of Pensacola from the British in 1814, which was marked by much enterprise and skill. He was then ordered to New Orleans where, on the eighth of January, 1815, with an inferior force of raw volunteers, he overwhelmingly defeated the British army under Sir Edward Pakenham. The latter was among the mortally wounded. A striking feature of this battle was the exceedingly small loss sustained by the victors, when compared to that of the enemy. In this respect the battle of New Orleans has few parallels in history. It is an interesting fact that the battle took place two weeks after a treaty of peace between the two nations had been signed, tidings of which had not yet reached New Orleans. In these latter days, such an event would be known all over the world within a few minutes.

Jackson's victory over the British gave him great renown. On his return to his home, he was everywhere hailed as a hero. He was urged to enter the field as a candidate for President to succeed Madison, but decided not to do so. In 1817 he again drew his sword, as commander of an expedition against the Seminole Indians in Florida. During this campaign, he trespassed upon territory which belonged to Spain, and his imperious measures gave such offense to the government of that country that war was narrowly averted. It turned out

well, however, for a treaty resulted by which Spain ceded to the United States all of her possessions within the present limits of the state of Florida. Mr. Adams, Secretary of State, supported Jackson in his measures, while Clay and Calhoun were severe in criticism and strenuous in opposition. This was the beginning of a long and bitter feud between Jackson and his political rivals.

Jackson was appointed first territorial governor of Florida, but, after a few months, he resigned and returned to "The Hermitage." The luster of New Orleans had not yet grown dim, and the legislature of Tennessee elected him to the United States Senate. The legislature also formally nominated him for President, of which Jackson said:—

"I have been looking forward to a release from public office and its cares, thinking I would then attend to my religious affairs, and I dread the excitement likely to spring up if my friends persist. I do not want more honors; my country has honored me enough, and I prefer quiet, but having said that no one should seek the office, nor any patriot reject it when called to it, I can only say I could not refuse it, if tendered."

He was a presidential candidate in 1824, and led three others in the electoral vote, which resulted in throwing the election into Congress. Clay used his influence to elect John Quincy Adams, and Jackson's friends immediately organized for a renewal of the contest in 1828. His defeat aroused a feeling which, backed by the powerful influence of Martin Van Buren, caused Jackson's renomination in 1828, and he was elected. Before he had taken his seat, his wife died. It was a grievous blow to him, and, as he sat by her body, he exclaimed: "What are the world and its honors to me, since she is taken from me"

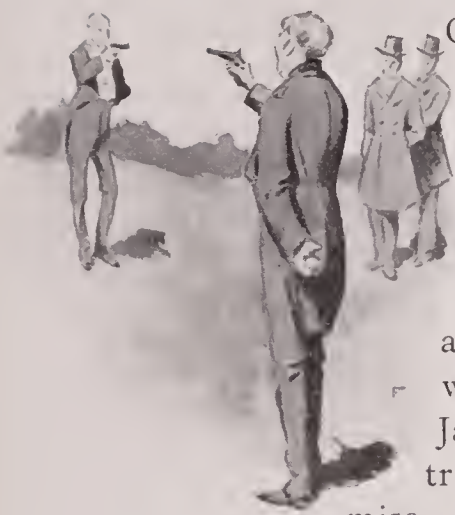
Upon Jackson's inauguration, he indicated his coming policy in these words:—

"In a country where the offices are created solely for the benefit of the people, no one man has any more intrinsic right to official station than another. Offices are not established to support particular men at the public expense, and no individual wrong is therefore done by removal."

This inaugurated his celebrated policy, "To the victors belong the spoils." He removed more officials than any other President had ever done and replaced them with political friends.

Jackson's next movement was against the National Bank. Its capital was \$35,000,000, including some \$7,000,000 of government funds. Every state and every civilized country was represented among its stockholders. It was the creation of Alexander Hamilton, and had

been ever since the pet measure of the Federalists. When the bill passed Congress to re-charter the bank, the President vetoed it, and it had not friends enough to pass it over his veto. This action led to Clay's resolution of censure and Benton's fight for expunging it. Jackson's wisdom was later seen, when the bank finally failed and ruined thousands.



Jackson was also severely criticized for his "kitchen cabinet," consisting of political leaders; yet, amid all these criticisms, his administration was marked by ability and courage, and in 1832 he was reëlected, receiving a larger majority than before. His second term began with Calhoun's attempt to nullify the laws of Congress. Jackson's proclamation, based upon the Force Bill, electrified the country, and soon brought Calhoun to compromise. Upon his deathbed, President Jackson was asked what he would have done if the nullifiers, led by Calhoun, had not yielded? "Hung them, sir, as high as Haman!" was the answer. "They should have been a terror to traitors for all time, and posterity would have pronounced it the best act of my life." It was Clay's compromise of 1833, gradually reducing the tariff, which poured oil on the troubled waters and calmed the storm in South Carolina. President Jackson reluctantly signed it.

Jackson was seventy years of age when he retired from his second presidential term. His health was shattered and he was an infirm old man. He died at "The Hermitage," June 8, 1845, leaving behind him his three great compeers, Clay, Calhoun and Webster. In a corner of the garden, above the remains of his wife and himself, stands a massive monument of Tennessee limestone. His loss was deeply felt throughout the country, as was shown by memorial meetings in all cities. New York set a special day for an imposing pageant, as a tribute to his memory.

Andrew Jackson was a man without fear and without secrets. "He never locked a door, nor concealed a paper." Yet upon the steps of the Capitol, in broad daylight, his life was threatened by an assassin's pistol. It was the first attempt at the assassination of a President in the history of the republic. The attack upon Jackson was the act of an insane man. In that supreme moment, with cane in hand, the brave-hearted President rushed upon his assailant, exclaiming, "Let me go, gentlemen; I am not afraid! They can't kill me; I can protect myself." He stopped not until the assassin was overpowered.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON

He made his name by standing "like a Stone Wall."

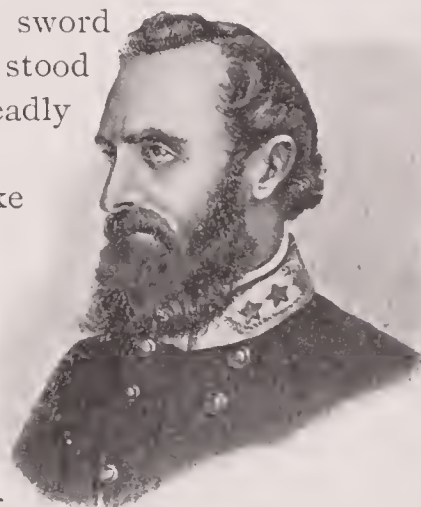
AT THE battle of Bull Run, which took place near Manassas, Virginia, July 21, 1861, in the early days of the Civil War, a Confederate brigade commanded by General Bee, began to crumble under the stress of the Federal attack. Dashing to the front of his wavering line, General Bee pointed with his sword to a Virginia brigade, under General Jackson, which stood in perfect array, not a man flinching before the deadly storm.

"See Jackson's men," he shouted, "standing like a stone wall!"

This example, and the gallantry of their own commander, were an inspiration, and its effect was immediate. The hesitating soldiers sprang to the color line and bravely set their faces to the biting blast. A few minutes later General Bee fell in death.

It was this incident that gave to the fearless leader of that Virginia brigade the sobriquet, "Stonewall." His soldiers at once adopted and applied the words of General Bee, and from that day the world knew Jackson only by that name. His fame is enduring. To-day, even the children have heard or read, in song and story, of "Stonewall" Jackson, as one of the illustrious soldiers of the country. "Stonewall" has become so fixed in the popular mind that, no doubt, most people suppose this to have been his baptismal name. Certain it is that not one person in a thousand could tell, if asked, the name by which he was christened.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born in Clarksburg, Harrison County, Virginia, January 21, 1824. Both of his parents died before he was three years old. His father had been a prosperous lawyer of comfortable means, but, in the latter years of his life, had lost his property by indorsing for others. His four children, of whom Thomas was the youngest, were thus orphaned and left dependent upon the bounty of friends until old enough to take upon themselves the burdens of life. In a continual struggle with poverty, Thomas was obliged to labor from childhood. His opportunity for education was limited to that afforded by an indifferent common school. He was eager for knowl-



edge, and in some degree made up by reading his deficiency in schooling. As he grew older he believed more and more in himself, and an ambition to overcome his adverse environment became his ruling passion. Earnestness of purpose was a marked feature of his character. He succeeded in whatever he undertook, because he was determined that he would not fail. His energy and capacity so impressed those about him that, at the early age of sixteen, he was selected by the officers of the county court for constable. For more than a year, he discharged acceptably the duties of this position.

From boyhood the military instinct had been strong within him. He desired to go to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and, through the influence of prominent men who had become interested in him, he was appointed cadet from his congressional district in 1842, when eighteen years of age. He was painfully conscious of his lack of educational fitness, and, indeed, he was barely able to pass the examination for admission. It was fortunate for him that the standard of qualification was not as high then as now. He applied himself to his studies with all the ardor and resolution at his command—and few of his classmates were as well equipped with these elements so essential to success. But with all his zeal and hard work, he was below the average of his class during the first year, his standing at the examination being number fifty-one. Considered in the abstract, so low a standing would have been deemed hardly creditable, and by no means an augury of future promise. To most boys it would have been a discouragement. To young Jackson, however, it was but an incentive to greater effort. He toiled day and night, on the drill-ground and at his books, with such intense application that more than once his teachers admonished him that he was working too hard and must take more recreation. The result of his labor is clearly shown by his class standing at the successive annual examinations. This rose from fifty-one the first year to thirty the second, twenty the third and seventeen at the end of the fourth year, when his academic course ended. He graduated with honor in June, 1846, at the age of twenty-two, after four years of diligent study and applied effort rarely equaled in the lives of young men.

Jackson was at once appointed a second lieutenant in the First Regiment, United States artillery, his commission bearing the date, July 1, 1846. The war with Mexico was then in progress and he was immediately ordered to active duty with the battery to which he was assigned, then at "the front." He reached his command in the early autumn and served in the field until the close of the war. He quickly won the esteem of his superior officers. His fearless courage under fire commanded their admiration, and his singular devotion to duty

their entire confidence. He participated in several severe engagements and was conspicuous among the young officers for his steadiness in the face of danger and the clearness of his judgment at critical moments. Only a mere boy, and a subaltern, it was not yet for him to win renown and the applause of the world, but he served his country with unfaltering loyalty, and was in the largest measure faithful to every trust. Tried in the fierce crucible of war, he proved that he was made of the true metal. In the fullness of time, on other and larger fields of deadly strife, with his sword he wrote his name high on the list of great soldiers who have sealed with their lives their devotion to duty and to right, as they saw the right. When the battle-flags in Mexico were furled, Jackson was not overlooked in the official recognition of those who had served with notable zeal and efficiency. He was twice brevetted "for gallant and meritorious services," giving him the honorary rank of major. From that time until the bugles of war again sounded, he was known, and profoundly esteemed and respected, as Major Jackson.

Three years longer Jackson remained in the army. Garrison life in time of peace was irksome to him. He wanted to do something, and his active, restless spirit chafed under its restraint and its dull monotony. Promotions were few and far between, and there was small chance for preferment. There was no prospect of active military service, except an occasional expedition for the chastisement of unruly Indians. Major Jackson could not brook the thought of such an inglorious and useless career, as he pictured it to himself. It was not to his taste to embark in politics, which he might, no doubt, have done with bright promise of success. All people admire a brave man, who has faced the storm of battle in defense of his country's flag, and are quick to bestow political reward for such service. But Jackson longed for a sphere of activity in which direct and useful effort might produce tangible results. His ambition demanded that there should be something to show for his having lived in the world.

So it was that when, in 1851, the chair of natural philosophy in the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, was offered to Major Jackson, he gladly accepted it and resigned his commission in the army. This institute is an outgrowth of a small college, known as Washington University, which had been established at Lexington early in the nineteenth century. In 1839 it was acquired by the state of Virginia and was reorganized especially for the military and academic training of young men. Jackson's course of study at West Point had given to him an excellent mental equipment for a position as instructor of young men, while his military training and practice added a peculiar fitness for an institution of this character and scope.

Of the years spent at Lexington by Major Jackson,—now professor,—little need be said. The insight that has been given into his character and habit of mind renders it but a natural sequence that he met, in the fullest degree, the requirements of the position. His work was congenial, and brought its reward, very dear to him, in the marked effect of his instruction and training upon the characters and lives of the youth of Virginia and other states who enjoyed the privilege of his precept and example. In discipline, he was strict and exacting, without unnecessary severity. From a child he had thoroughly disciplined himself, mentally and physically, and he knew how to guide, restrain, and correct others, tempering justice with mercy. He was grave, even serious in manner, not given to levity. He cared nothing for social frivolities, and used his influence with young persons against indulgence in such popular amusements as he believed to be pernicious in their tendency. In his intercourse with friends or strangers, he was severely polite and courteous, yet affable in manner; in conversation, reserved but always entertaining. He was extremely tenacious of his opinions, which were firmly rooted and sometimes radical, and in an argument he was rarely willing to yield his position.

As in every other phase of thought, Jackson's religious belief and conviction were strong and abiding. He had early chosen the Presbyterian faith, and connected himself with that branch of the church. His army life had not been promotive of religious development, but while at the Institute he found a wide and fertile field for sowing the "seed of the Word," as well as opportunity to cultivate his own personal piety. He was intensely religious, marked by such enthusiasm and zeal that by some he was styled a fanatic. To him religion became a

dominating force, and while at the Institute he was active and earnest in its promulgation. He exerted a great influence in this direction over the pupils; he even went so far as to organize and conduct a Sunday School for slaves. It will not be out of place to remark in this connection, that when again called to the tented field, unlike many others, he did not leave his religion at home. It was ever with him, in camp, on the march and on the battlefield.

Profanity, intoxicating liquor, cards and gambling at his headquarters were strictly forbidden. Could he have had the controlling power, these would not have been permitted at all in the army. Like Cromwell, he prayed daily, almost hourly, and, under all circumstances and conditions,—in his tent, at the camp-fire, in the saddle, by the wayside and during the lull of battle. He organized week-day prayer meetings among his soldiers, and was himself a regular attend-



ant. Divine service on Sunday, whenever practicable, was made compulsory. In his official dispatches and reports of his campaigns, he never omitted to recognize and give thanks to the God of Battles for the victories that so often crowned his arms.

A single event to stir the martial spirit occurred about two years before the breaking out of the Civil War. In 1859 the "raid" of John Brown into Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, created widespread alarm. Major Jackson, with the cadets of the Institute, was ordered to Charlestown, where Brown and several of his men, then captives, were in confinement. He remained on duty there, with his command of boys, until the danger of further violence had passed. It is a coincidence worthy of note that after the war General Robert E. Lee—whose most intimate confidant and trusted lieutenant Jackson had been, until they were separated by the death of the latter—accepted the presidency of the Military Institute at Lexington, and there died a few years later.

We now come to the last two years of the life of "Stonewall" Jackson. Eventful years they were—years of swift and mighty thought and action, of fierce conflict on many fields, of fire and blood,—at the end of which death arrested in its course his rapidly ascending star, before it had reached the zenith. Almost as the lightning, the crimsoned canvas passes before us. A volume would scarcely serve to tell in detail the story of those two years.

The thunder of cannon at Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, was the mighty reveille that aroused to arms the North and the South. Every man was at once brought face to face with the question: "Under which flag?" Jackson's positive, inflexible nature needed no time for reflection or argument. The merits of the momentous national question then at issue may not be discussed here. It will suffice to know that he believed, earnestly and sincerely, in the principles upon which the Southern Confederacy had already been organized by the "Cotton States." He believed that its cause was founded upon righteousness and justice; believed in the right of a state, or any number of states, to secede from the Federal Union. So believing, he waited only for the action of his own state. The enthusiasm for the Southern cause clearly indicated what the popular verdict would be when the people of Virginia should vote upon an ordinance of secession. Governor Letcher immediately set on foot a thorough organization of the militia of the state. The work was entered upon with the greatest energy and when, soon afterward, the ordinance was passed, a powerful force, embracing infantry, cavalry and artillery, was fully ready to be transferred to the Confederate service.

Without a moment of doubt or hesitation, Jackson resigned his professorship, unsheathed his sword, which, for ten years, had hung in

its scabbard, and offered it, and himself, to the governor of Virginia. They were eagerly accepted, and Jackson was commissioned colonel of one of the state regiments. His first service, a few days later, was to march with a force to seize the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry, with its large store of arms and machinery, for the use of the Confederate government. This was by virtue of an order from the governor. Jackson moved swiftly, and, upon his approach, the arsenal was evacuated and abandoned, by order of its commandant, after a portion of the muskets and stores had been destroyed. The machinery was removed to the South, where it was used during the war for the manufacture of arms and ammunition.

Virginia soon seceded, and, at once, upon the personal solicitation of Governor Letcher, Colonel Jackson was commissioned a brigadier-general in the service of the Confederacy. Up to this time, he was scarcely known outside of Virginia, and, within it, only as a professor at the Military Institute. Except by his friends, his former connection with the army and his service in Mexico had been almost forgotten. Many aspiring Virginians were jealous of the Lexington cadets, believing that they were given more than their share of commissions in the Confederate army, which were so eagerly sought; and this feeling extended to Jackson, by reason of his connection with the Institute.

"Who is this Thomas J. Jackson, anyway?" the governor was asked.

"I can tell you who he is," was the answer. "If you put him in command at Norfolk, he will never leave it alive, unless you order him to do so."

General Jackson was assigned to the command of a brigade composed of five Virginia regiments. Known through the war as the "Stonewall Brigade," it became famous in the history of the campaigns east of the Alleghanies. Its organization was maintained intact to the end. Its men of the rank and file, no less than its officers, took the spirit of their first leader with the name "Stonewall," and it may fairly be said that no better soldiers ever marched to beat of drum.

While the hostile governments were engaged in organizing the raw volunteers and fusing them into compact armies, a few unimportant skirmishes occurred. The first notable engagement of the war was fought in July, and is known as the battle of Bull Run. With an incident which occurred there, this biographical sketch begins, and it is scarcely necessary to say more. "Like a stone wall" Jackson and his brigade stood against the Federal assaults, or charged the foe with unflinching courage. The words and the example of Jackson gave to his men a steadiness rarely attained by soldiers who for the first time enter the vortex of battle.

The conspicuous gallantry of Jackson commanded attention. He was soon thereafter promoted to the grade of major-general and assigned to the command of a division. This consisted of three brigades—some fifteen regiments in all—one of which was his own “Stonewall Brigade,” from which he would not consent to be separated. The Union army had been driven in utter rout across the Potomac and was hovering around Washington. It was clear that months must elapse before it could recover from the waste and panic of the battle and again take up the cry, “On to Richmond.”

For the time, the menace to Virginia and its capital had disappeared, and General Jackson was ordered, with his division, to the Shenandoah Valley to “clear out” the small bodies of Federal troops which occupied various points in that “Garden of Virginia,” engaged in work of devastation. The main body of Federals in the Valley, under General Patterson, had reinforced the army of McDowell at Bull Run and had joined in the flight to Washington. Jackson established his headquarters at Winchester and entered briskly upon his campaign. Breaking his force into detachments, he sent them swiftly from point to point and made short work of the duty which he had been assigned to perform. There was little fighting, for the name of “Stonewall” Jackson had thus early become a terror to Northern soldiers, and most of them, in small and scattered bodies, fled in dismay to Harper’s Ferry. At no time was the Federal commander able to mass a force sufficient to oppose the rapid movements of the Confederates. After he had cleared the Valley, Jackson, having captured many hundred prisoners and a large quantity of stores and equipage, withdrew his troops to Winchester, where he went into winter quarters.

The year 1862 was one of almost constant marching and fighting. Operations began early in the spring, as soon as the roads were passable for army transportation. Jackson had urged an invasion of the North, and had asked that he might be permitted to cross the Potomac and carry the war into the enemy’s country. Those in authority believed, however, that the time for such a movement had not yet come. Indeed, Jackson soon felt the pressure of the enemy in the Valley, and found plenty of work for himself and his men. During the winter two large forces had been organized to operate against him. One of these columns, under Banks, advanced up the Valley, while the other, under Fremont, moved from the upper Potomac toward Staunton, his purpose being to get in the rear of Jackson. The Federal commanders



hoped to crush him between them. Each of these forces much exceeded in strength that of Jackson, but the latter, nothing daunted, began a series of quick, hard blows, the effect of which was almost marvelous. Wherever he found the enemy, he at once attacked with the greatest fury, never pausing to learn whether the force outnumbered his own. He fought the Federals in rapid succession at Kernstown, McDowell, Winchester, Cross Keys, and Port Republic, winning signal victories and inflicting large losses upon the enemy. Both Banks and Fremont were discomfited and their well-laid plans came utterly to naught. Jackson's operations were brilliant, both in conception and in execution. They were entirely his own, and made him, for the time, the most famous among the Confederate leaders.

Meanwhile, during May and June, General McClellan was endeavoring to carry out the campaign which had been decided upon for the capture of Richmond. The main body of his great army was moved on transports to the lower Potomac and the James River, whence it advanced toward that city by what is known as the peninsular route. The operations of "Stonewall" Jackson in the valley threatened the safety of Washington, and, in response to the peremptory order of President Lincoln that the national capital should not be uncovered and left defenseless, McClellan was obliged to detach the strong corps of McDowell, numbering forty thousand men, for its protection. It was Jackson who thus compelled the division of McClellan's army, and made possible the Confederate successes which followed. The series of engagements known in history as the "Seven Days' Battles" resulted in the overthrow of McClellan and the complete failure of his campaign, from which so much had been expected. When the movement up the peninsula had fully developed, Jackson, with his troops, was summoned to reinforce the army defending Richmond, and took a conspicuous part in the battles of the campaign, adding fresh laurels to those he had won on other fields. General Joseph E. Johnston, the Confederate commander, was severely wounded in one of the engagements on the peninsula. His successor was General Robert E. Lee, who was then just coming into prominence. For three years, until the end came, Lee rode at the head of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the whole world paid tribute of praise to his leadership.

With the corps of McDowell as a nucleus, another powerful Federal army had been formed at Washington. Its command was given to General John Pope, who, up to this time, had operated in the West. While McClellan's baffled army was lying on the bank of the James, sheltered by the gunboats, Pope moved toward Manassas. Lee promptly advanced from Richmond to meet him. Another great battle was imminent, and, with all possible haste, corps after corps of McClellan's

army was transported back to Alexandria or Washington and pushed to the southwestward to augment the force of Pope. The hostile armies met during the last days of August. A fierce and sanguinary engagement took place, upon the same ground on which, a year before, Bull Run had been fought. Jackson was an important factor in the action, and it was there that the intimate friendship and mutual confidence between Lee and Jackson was established. Pope was defeated, and hurled back to Washington. The losses on both sides were very heavy.

General Lee now grasped the offered opportunity to carry out his long-cherished desire to pass to the northward and take the aggressive. With the utmost celerity of movement, his army swept past Washington, leaped the Potomac, and entered Maryland. The corps of Jackson was detached for the capture of Harper's Ferry and its garrison. Lee knew that in such hands the enterprise would be successful. Marching day and night, Jackson invested that stronghold, quickly disposed his forces, and demanded immediate surrender. After a feeble resistance, the white flag was displayed. Eleven thousand prisoners, nearly fifty cannon, and a vast quantity of ammunition and stores were Jackson's prize of war.

McClellan had again been placed in command of the Federal army. With all available men, horses and guns, he hastened to meet the very threatening emergency in Maryland. Baltimore, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, all were menaced by the bold movement of the Confederate army. A courier from Lee galloped to Harper's Ferry, with an order for Jackson to rejoin his chief with all speed. Leaving the division of A. P. Hill to care for the prisoners and spoil, "Stonewall," with his two other divisions, forced the march to the extreme limit of human endurance, for the need was urgent. With only an occasional halt for breath, the panting soldiers covered the distance, reaching the field while the battle of Antietam, or Sharpsburg, was in progress. Jackson plunged into the fight, and his furious blows caused the enemy in his front to reel and retire from the field. The battle was a "drawn" one, neither commander being able to claim a decisive victory. Both armies suffered prodigious losses. Lee withdrew his shattered battalions, recrossed the Potomac, and passed into Virginia. McClellan's battered army could not—at least did not—impede his retreat.

Jackson was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, in recognition of his eminent services. At the battle of Fredericksburg, in



December, 1862, he commanded the Confederate right wing and did his full part in repelling the fierce assaults of the Federal army under Burnside. It was a signal Confederate victory, and was won at small cost, the loss of the enemy being fourfold that of Lee.

Early in May, General Joseph Hooker, with a magnificent and well-equipped army of a hundred and twenty thousand men, marched from the Federal camps around Washington, in another attempt to take Richmond. Lee faced him at Chancellorsville and drove him from the field, after a long and bloody action. The Confederate success was, in large measure, due to an enterprise which was planned and executed by Jackson, Lee consenting. On the second day of the fighting, Jackson, with nearly half of the army, made a wide detour of some twenty miles, passing entirely around Hooker's right flank and gaining his rear. The movement was not discovered by the Federals, being wholly screened from view by a dense, extended thicket of chaparral. The sun was near the horizon when the point of attack was reached. The charging column was quickly formed, and the swift feet of the soldiers soon brought them in contact with the startled enemy. The assailants pressed forward with an impetuosity that no words can describe. The shock was irresistible and overwhelming. Two of the Federal corps were routed and driven in hopeless panic. Jackson expressed a longing desire for "one hour more of daylight" in which to finish his work.

That night General Jackson, accompanied by his staff and escort, rode out beyond his line of outposts, to reconnoiter the position of the enemy. The sentinels were cautioned to watch for his return, but in the darkness the party approached the line at another point and was mistaken for a detachment of the enemy's cavalry. A volley was fired at close range, with deadly effect. Three of the missiles found a shining mark in the person of "Stonewall" Jackson. Grievously wounded, he was laid upon a litter and borne to the rear. Every effort was made to conceal the sad tidings from the soldiers, by whom their leader was loved almost to adoration. Many inquiries were made, as the illustrious sufferer was carried through the throng of men, but "A friend who has been wounded," or "A Confederate officer," was the answer given.

At length a soldier caught a glimpse of the face, and recognized the well-known features. "Great God, it's 'Old Jack!'" he said, in mingled surprise and horror. The word quickly passed from lip to lip, and many a swarthy cheek was wet with tears for the fall of the matchless captain.

The wounded officer received every possible care and attention. The next day he was removed from the field to the house of a friend,

some miles distant. Here one arm was amputated. He was attacked by pneumonia, and it soon became apparent that the end was near. At the last he was delirious and his wandering mind was with the army. His eye was alight with the fire of battle as he exclaimed:—

“Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action!”

“Pass the infantry rapidly to the front!”

Life was ebbing fast. A few moments he was quiet, and again the lips moved. The ears of those about him caught the gentle, scarcely audible tones as he said:—

“Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees.”

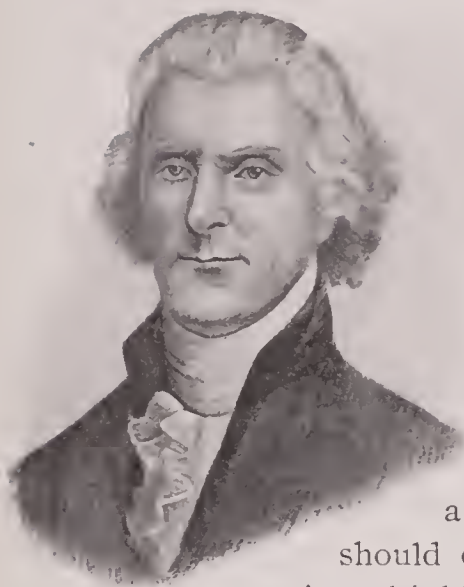
The eyes closed, no other word found utterance, and soon the heart of the great soldier had ceased to beat. It was the ninth of May, 1863.

Excepting only General Lee, “Stonewall” Jackson was beyond question the ablest soldier of the Confederate army, though, aside from his campaigns in the Valley, his services were always those of a subordinate to his chief. From the time that Lee took command of the army, Jackson was his right arm. In promptness and vigor of execution, he was not surpassed even by Sheridan, who was his counterpart in the Union army. His remains lie at Lexington, where ten years of his life were so pleasantly passed. The love and tender devotion to his memory which are felt by the people of the South, for whose cause he made the supreme sacrifice, scarcely exceed the respect and admiration for his purity of heart, martial spirit and military genius, which are the willing tribute of those who in war were his foes.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

Author of the immortal Declaration of Independence.



WHEN Jefferson wrote in the Declaration of Independence, the assertion that "All men are created equal and receive from their Creator the rights of liberty and the pursuit of happiness," he was, and he continued, the voluntary owner of many slaves, in violation of their rights and of the divine law, judged by his own words. Too much ought not to be made of the discrepancy between preaching and practice, which is not uncommon, even among good men. But as Jefferson's writings have become the gospel of a school of latter-day politicians, it is important, in taking them as a guide, to be on one's guard against mistaking rhetorical embellishment for actual rules of conduct. That Jefferson regarded slavery as hurtful and dangerous to the community wherein it existed, we know, and a passage in his "Notes on Virginia" reads as though he feared the danger to consist in a nursing of the divine vengeance till a day of wrath should come. Yet, as the whole of the Declaration is framed in a highly decorative style of expression, the better to make it take hold of the people of the thirteen colonies, it is probable that the "free and equal" clause was expressed in the same fashion, for the like effect, rather than as a practical doctrine in human government. The Declaration, as Jefferson drew it, specified the fastening of the slave trade upon the reluctant colonies as one of the tyrannies of the British king, but the Southern delegates in Congress thought this was carrying indignant protest too far, as did others the classing of the Scottish troops of the British army among foreign mercenaries; and these two jewels were dropped out in the final setting.

Despite its exaggerated phrasing, which has made it so useful as a popular declamation on patriotic occasions, Jefferson thought highly of the Declaration in advanced life, and spoke of it as his "preferred epitaph." In this his foresight was true, for Jefferson without the Declaration could hardly have been so high in popular estimation, or have kept his ascendancy so long. The Declaration remains the literature of the masses, while the "Farewell Address" of Washington remains a closet study for statesmen and political essayists.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Virginia, in 1743. Bereft of his parents when a child, he records his early dependence upon himself in the following words, written when he was fourteen years of age: —

“Without a friend or relative to guide me, I am astonished that I did not become as worthless as some of my companions. I had the good fortune to become acquainted with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could sometime become what they were. Under temptations and difficulties, I would ask myself, what would Dr. Small, Mr. Wythe or Mr. Peyton Randolph do in that situation? I am certain that this mode of deciding my conduct tended more to correctness than any reasoning powers I possessed.”

Thomas wrote to his guardian in 1760, pointing out the temptations surrounding him at home. To be relieved from the loss of time in entertaining company, he asked to be allowed to go to college. His request was granted, and William and Mary College was selected. Dr. William Small, a man of profound knowledge, and of correct and gentlemanly manners, held the chair of mathematics. Jefferson became his daily companion. Dr. Small persuaded young Jefferson to study law under George Wythe, who became the young man's faithful, beloved mentor in youth and his most affectionate friend through life. While at Williamsburg, Jefferson studied from twelve to fifteen hours a day, and when he left college, he had laid the foundation of an education that placed him far above his contemporaries. When he was sent to Congress, in 1775, he was reputed a scholar, and in after years people called him a “walking encyclopedia.”

He had graduated at nineteen, a fair classical scholar, a good reader of French, and proficient in mathematics and natural science. He studied law with diligence for five years, and in 1767 was admitted to the bar. His father had left him a good and productive estate, which he increased from the gains of his law practice in the abundant litigation of that day. Not all his spare time was spent in his study, for he was an active, athletic man, who liked to be much out of doors and much on the back of a spirited horse.

During the years immediately preceding the Revolution, the tall, thin figure of Thomas Jefferson was often seen in the gallery of the House of Representatives at Washington, bent eagerly forward to witness the proceedings, and his pale face and flashing eyes showed his patriotic enthusiasm. He was much impressed by what he termed “the splendid display of Patrick Henry's talents as a popular orator, who,” he said, “appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote.” Jefferson spent a fortnight with Mr. Henry, which was the beginning of a

friendship that lasted until the death of the latter; and he afterward assisted William Wirt in collecting and revising data for a book outlining his friend's life and public career.

Mr. Jefferson's house and all his books at Shadwell were destroyed by fire in 1770. He then began to build a beautiful home, to which he gave the name "Monticello," upon a mountain top overlooking Charlottesville. Before he had completed it, he married, in 1772, Martha Skelton, the widow of Bathurst Skelton, and a daughter of John Wayles, a lawyer of note. She was an intelligent and attractive woman, well fitted to grace the home of her distinguished husband. She lived but ten years. Her patrimony was about equal to Jefferson's fine estate. With an income of three thousand dollars from his law practice and two thousand dollars from his farms, Jefferson and his accomplished wife began a happy life at Monticello. He prosecuted his studies with the same ardent spirit which he had shown at Williamsburg. He took an interest in gardening and farming operations. He kept his personal, household and farm accounts with the most careful precision. Noted for his bold and graceful horsemanship, he kept the best blood of the old Virginia stock. His horses were well groomed. He would brush his white handkerchief across the shoulders of his riding steed, and would send him back to the stable if any dust appeared on the handkerchief.

Two years after his marriage, Jefferson issued a pamphlet entitled "A Summary View of the Rights of America." This brought him fame, but hardly popularity, throughout the colonies. It was the future Declaration of Independence, but what the colonists then wanted was not independence but liberty. In England, the pamphlet was reprinted and had a wide circulation, there being a great deal of interest in the American question; some of it unfriendly, on commercial or political grounds, but most of it friendly, though uninformed. As the extreme sentiments fitted the home purposes of the English radicals, they made use of it in sustaining their own agitation. This brought the pamphlet under the notice of authority, and, it being unquestionably seditious, as the law of sedition had been construed by the courts, there was a probability that the Virginia lawyer, whose name was on the title-page, would for some years live in England at the king's expense. But by this time events were moving so fast that instead of going to an English prison, Jefferson went as a delegate to the Continental Congress. Here, when the hour for independence struck, Jefferson was the man of the hour, and to him was intrusted the drawing up of the Declaration.

As soon as independence had been declared by Congress, Jefferson undertook to organize Virginia as a republican state. In the

rearrangement of things, he strongly favored a scheme of general emancipation of the slaves, but the Virginians would not listen to such a proposition, and he was forced to yield. He rendered valuable service to his state in shaping legislation and directing public policy under the new and radically changed conditions.

The British prisoners who were surrendered by Burgoyne at the battle of Saratoga, in 1777, were sent to Virginia and quartered at Albemarle, a few miles from Monticello. Governor Patrick Henry had been importuned to have them moved, on the plea that the provisions consumed by them were necessary for our own forces. The governor was about to issue an order for their removal, when an earnest entreaty from Mr. Jefferson induced him to withhold it. In the petition, Jefferson said concerning the prisoners:—

“Their health is also of importance. It is for the benefit of mankind to mitigate the horrors of war as much as possible. The practice of treating captive enemies with politeness and generosity is not only delightful in contemplation, but really interesting to all the world—friends, foes and neutrals.”

This successful effort in their behalf was duly appreciated by the British and German officers among the prisoners. Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson threw open to them their library, to divert them from the monotony of their captivity. Phillips, a British officer, “the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth,” wrote his thanks to Mr. Jefferson, who replied:—

“The great cause which divides our countries is not to be decided by individual animosity. To contribute by neighborly intercourse and attention to make others happy, is the shortest and surest way of being happy ourselves.”

When Tarleton, the British partisan leader, in 1781, was at Charlottesville in pursuit of “the boy” Lafayette, it was expected that Monticello would be destroyed. But when Tarleton sent a detachment of soldiers to Monticello to seize Jefferson, who was then governor, he gave strict orders that no property belonging to him should be harmed.

In 1779 Jefferson was elected governor, and governed well in his habitually frugal way; but he was totally unprepared for defense against the British invasion of 1781, and became a scapegoat upon which the mortification and resentment of his harried and plundered people were vented. He pleaded in his defense that all the



military resources of the state had been sent North to help General Washington. This was true enough of the active resources, but there was a great amount of latent military resource which might have been organized into a home militia, and which had not been because the governor disliked to incur expense, and lacked vigor in the military direction. The truth is that until the British had transferred the war from the North to the South, Jefferson and his people had been more interested in the concerns of peace, and only when too late awoke to the contingency of their own state becoming the scene of war. However, after it was all over, the legislature gave "Mr. Jefferson" a certificate of exoneration, and in 1783 he went again as a delegate to Congress, where he employed his mathematical tastes in systems of coinage and divisions of the public land which remain in force to the present day.

In the spring of 1784, Mr. Jefferson was commissioned to negotiate commercial treaties with the powers of Europe. Foreign commerce had been so fettered in those days that the right of one nation to carry it on with another was only to be acquired by treaty, on the "give and take" principle. He sailed in July, taking with him his young daughter, Martha. He was a close friend of Lafayette, and in France met congenial associates. Mrs. John Adams, who was in Paris with her husband, in a letter spoke of Jefferson as "one of the choice ones of earth." Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams both held intimate intercourse with him. When Franklin returned home, in 1785, loaded with honors, Jefferson was appointed to the vacancy, as American Minister at Paris. The French Premier remarked to him: "You replace Dr. Franklin." "I succeed him," was the reply, "no one can replace him."

Though pleased with the culture of the French people, Jefferson longed for his Virginia home, and four years later he asked for a leave of absence. It was granted and he returned to America. As he approached his mountain home, a remarkable reception was tendered him by his plantation servants. It was near Christmas and a holiday had been granted. The carriage containing Mr. Jefferson and his daughter was hourly expected. The negroes had assembled on the lawn at Monticello, and, tired of waiting, they started to meet him. He came by way of Shadwell, the old homestead, about four miles from Monticello. The servants collected in crowds around the carriage. Unhitching the horses from the vehicle, with their own strong arms, they drew it up the mountain. When the door of the carriage was opened they received Mr. Jefferson in their arms and bore him to the house, thronging about him and even kissing his hands and feet.

President Washington, who was forming the first administration, prevailed on Mr. Jefferson to give up his cherished purpose of returning to Paris, in order to become Secretary of State. By yielding to Washington's importunity, Jefferson escaped personal contact with the French revolution, but under his auspices its extravagances, though not the actual crimes into which it soon plunged, were reproduced at home. He had been thoroughly taken with the New French political ideas, which he had aided to form, and disliked the British government and social systems, which, with republican modifications, Washington, Adams and Hamilton believed were the true models for the United States. The earlier and gentler stages of the French revolution offered counter models, upon which "Citizen Jefferson" could find a popular democratic opposition to those imitators of British royalty and aristocracy who carried matters so far as habitually to speak of the President as "His Excellency" and of his wife as "Lady Washington." Setting the French revolution as a model, Jefferson was carried along from approbation of its extravagant affectations of simplicity—beneath which raged the old human passions for wealth, distinction and power—into tolerance of its eventually shameful excesses. He was willing that France should make the United States a base for carrying on a privateering war against British commerce, so long as it was not pushed to the point where it would provoke England to war. But his policy of levying war under the guise of peace was too deep and not straightforward enough for Washington, who declared for neutrality, and publicly warned American citizens to let the belligerents alone. This, and the troubles into which he was brought by the rash and unscrupulous minister from the French Republic, whom he had induced Washington to receive, caused his retirement from the Cabinet at the end of the year 1793.

Private life had become his best station for a season, since American sentiment had turned, and Jefferson's interests were safer from the coming storm at Monticello than at Philadelphia. That he weathered the storm is proved by the fact that he received sixty-eight electoral votes for the presidency in 1797, against seventy-one for John Adams, and under the existing constitutional provision, he became Vice-president. The arrangement was a dangerous one, for the death of Adams would have given control of the government to the defeated party. It was changed during Jefferson's own presidency, after it had nearly defeated him for the office to which the popular vote had chosen him, and if he had been defeated, the minority party would have obtained control. As Vice-president, Jefferson had little to do, and had no influence with the hostile Senate over which he presided. This gave him the more time and opportunity for managing his own

party, by incessant correspondence with its leaders throughout the sixteen states which then composed the Union.

The Federalists, apparently having things their own way, and confident of their ability to continue so as to have them, made such ill use of their advantage that when the electoral votes were counted in 1801, Jefferson had seventy-three against sixty-five for Adams. Any future that the Federalists might have had, was lost by a shameful intrigue into which they entered to substitute Aaron Burr, the vice-presidential candidate, for Jefferson. It failed because Hamilton, leader of the Federalists and personally hostile to Jefferson, declared that Burr was as unworthy as the plot was dishonest. Yet it nearly succeeded, even after Hamilton's manly remonstrance. That Jefferson was "an atheist in religion and a fanatic in politics" was the excuse of some Federalists of character for engaging in a proceeding that they admitted to be otherwise without excuse.

Much has been written of the simple ceremonies of Jefferson's inauguration. His biographers have repeated the version of an English traveler, who thus describes it:—



"His dress was of plain cloth, and he rode on horseback to the Capitol, without a single guard or even a soldier in his train; dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to the palisades."

As President, however, he bought four magnificent bays for his coach of state, which he rarely used. He preferred his saddle horse, the blooded "Wildair," the same that he had ridden to the Capitol on the day of his inauguration and "hitched to the palisades." When James Madison, his successor, was inaugurated, Mr. Jefferson again repeated his horseback riding, though a troop of cavalry was trying to overtake him as an escort. It was then that he recorded the following sentiments:—

"Within a few days I retire to my family, my books and farms; and having gained the harbor myself, I shall look on my friend, still buffeting the storm, with anxiety indeed, but not with envy. Never did a prisoner, released from his chains, feel such relief as I shall on shaking off the shackles of power."

Jefferson's first trouble as President was about the offices, which were monopolized by Federalists. He faced this difficulty wisely and temperately, so as to gain the approval of the best men of both parties. Having a small majority in each house of Congress, he was able to make reductions in the army and navy, and to abolish twenty-four new federal courts, created at the close of the last administration

to make places for Federalists. His second difficulty arose from the filching by France from Spain of the Louisiana territory, which had been ceded to Spain in the treaties that had closed the European intervention in the American Revolution. With Great Britain on the North and France on the South, Jefferson feared that his still small and weak country would be ground between an upper and a nether millstone, when the two giants should become engaged in the renewed war already seen to be approaching. Bonaparte, then at the head of the French government, fearing that between American resentment and British power he might lose the territory, offered it to the United States for fifteen million dollars cash, and Jefferson accepted the offer, intending afterward to get the Constitution amended to cover his breach of it. But as he was the only one who was troubled about the matter, the amendment was never proposed. With the country peaceful and prosperous, taxes and duties and the public debt reduced, the government honestly and economically managed, and the administration conducted with severe republican simplicity, Jefferson's first term ended handsomely, if not in showy fashion.

His second term did not end handsomely. France and England were striving to throttle each other, and in their deadly struggle they trampled all over the neutral rights of American commerce, then a very important industry. By coming to terms with Great Britain, Jefferson could have put American commerce into a fairly good state, but all he could get was a renewal of the expired Jay treaty, and if he had been willing to accept that, he had not the courage of Washington in facing public criticism. An efficient cruising navy could readily have been created, and the imperiled commerce measurably protected, but Jefferson had a passion for economy and peace, and would hear of nothing but an absurd system of little gunboats for harbor defense. He irritated both France and Great Britain without impressing or influencing either, and at last hit upon the plan of bringing both to terms by an embargo upon all trade between the United States and other nations. Logically, this was telling his own people to go back to the farm and let the world alone. Practically, it was ruinous to New England, the seat of commerce, and hurtful to the South, which, though agricultural, had a deep interest in the export trade.

The embargo, after sowing distress and discontent, brought on the very war it was intended to avert, and which an adequate naval policy could have averted. Just as Jackson afterward left Van Buren to face the storm that he had brewed, so Jefferson left Madison to reap the harvest that he had sown. Not until returning prosperity had softened the memories of the distressful war, did Jefferson's reputation emerge

from the clouds. Meantime, he was busy with the improvement of his neglected estate with his favorite scientific and philosophical recreations, and with his long nourished project of founding the University of Virginia. He became reconciled with his former friend and later enemy, John Adams, and the two veterans found a keen pleasure in their renewed correspondence. By one of those coincidences that sometimes give a pathetic tinge to the pages of history, they both passed away on Independence Day of 1825, thus forever linking their names with the great instrument that had first brought them intimately together.

The story of the financial misfortunes that befell Mr. Jefferson in the last years of his life is a sad one. During his long absence from home, engrossed with the duties and cares of public life, his fine estate was neglected and fell into decay. It became unproductive and debts accumulated rapidly. Except during the eight years when he was President, his official salary was at no time sufficient for his personal and domestic expenses. When he retired to Monticello, at the age of sixty-six, his business affairs were hopelessly involved, for he was too old to accomplish the work of restoration. The destruction of the Congressional library at Washington by the British invasion, in 1814, gave an opportunity to Mr. Jefferson to turn his own magnificent collection of valuable books into a fund to assist in meeting his obligations. Congress voted \$23,500 for its purchase, but this was not enough to save him. The financial panic of 1819 and 1820 followed, and all values went down before it. Mr. Jefferson exerted himself to the utmost to avert disaster, but was powerless. Generous aid came to him from unexpected quarters. The mayor of New York raised for him \$8,500, Philadelphia sent \$5,000 and Baltimore \$3,000. Yet even these grateful tributes were not able to save Monticello. Happily, Jefferson died unconscious that the sale of his property would fail to satisfy the claims of creditors, that his beautiful home would pass into the hands of strangers, and that his beloved daughter would go forth penniless, as the doors were closed to her forever.

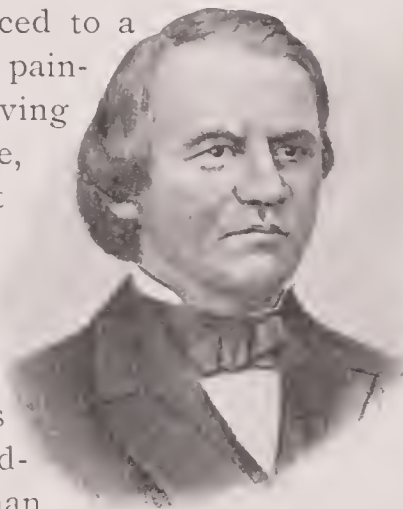


Six months had not elapsed when Jefferson's furniture was sold at auction to pay his debts. When Monticello and Poplar Forest were advertised for sale at the street corners, the daughter of him whom Americans had called "The Father of Democracy" had no longer a place to rest her head. This brought from the legislature of South Carolina and Louisiana gifts of \$10,000 each "to Martha Jefferson Randolph, the last survivor of the great American statesman."

ANDREW JOHNSON

A president who narrowly escaped impeachment.

THE seventeenth President was the third who had been elected Vice-president, and became the Chief Executive by the death of the President. Andrew Johnson was born to poverty, in Raleigh, North Carolina, December 29, 1808. When he was four years old his father died, and his mother was too poor to afford him any facilities for education. At the age of ten he was apprenticed to a tailor, and during his working hours he slowly and painfully acquired the art of reading and writing. Having learned his trade, he removed to Laurens Court House, South Carolina, and two years later went to live at Greenville, in eastern Tennessee. Here he met and married Eliza McCardle. Under her tutelage he advanced in education, and throughout his life she was his greatest helper and adviser.



In Greenville he speedily became recognized as a leader of the laboring classes, as opposed to the land-holding aristocracy. In 1828 he became an alderman, and from that time he was almost continuously in one public position or another. In 1835 he was elected to the legislature of Tennessee, and in 1841 he entered the state senate. He went to Congress in 1843, became governor of Tennessee in 1853, and in 1857 was elected United States Senator. During his long legislative service, he was the constant friend of the working people, by whom he was held in the highest regard. On principle he was opposed to slavery, but he accepted it because it was an established system, and was sanctioned by the Constitution; but he advocated its restriction to the states in which it already existed, and always opposed its extension. Although a Southern man, he remained steadfast to the cause of the Union during the War of the Rebellion, and was bitter in his opposition to the secessionists. His effigy was burned at Memphis, Tennessee, and some of his former constituents put a price upon his head, so that he was obliged to flee from his home. When the United States forces entered Tennessee, President Lincoln appointed Johnson military governor of the state. He administered his office wisely and fearlessly.

The Republican national convention at Baltimore, in 1864, unanimously renominated Abraham Lincoln for President. Anxious to recognize the services and political sacrifices of the "War Democrats," the eyes of the delegates turned to Andrew Johnson of Tennessee for Vice-president. It was also deemed good policy to have a candidate on the ticket from the South, as it had been the favorite cry of the opponents of the Republican party that it was a sectional one. Mr. Johnson was nominated and was elected. The tragic death of Abraham Lincoln occurred April 15, 1865, and Mr. Johnson was immediately sworn in to fill the presidential chair.

The administration of President Johnson was, probably, more stormy than that of any other man who has occupied the White House. Johnson had always been a Democrat, and on many questions he was greatly at variance with the Republican party, which, under the stress of war, had, from considerations of policy, put him on the ticket with Lincoln. While the war continued, every other question was subordinated to the preservation of the Union. When Johnson came to the presidency, this question had been practically settled, for Lee had surrendered, the war was at its end, and the whole structure of the Confederacy had tumbled in ruin. The country was in a most critical state, owing to the confusion and turbulence incident to the war and to the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The passions of men had not yet cooled, and it was easy to foresee that there was likely to be serious trouble over the "reconstruction" of the dismembered Union, by the restoration of the Federal authority over the states which had seceded four years before.

At the first, Mr. Johnson showed a spirit of great severity toward the late "rebels." It was supposed that during his brief term as Vice-president he had been silently in opposition to the humane and conciliatory policy foreshadowed by Mr. Lincoln, and, therefore, when he assumed the office of President, many feared that he would inaugurate a reign of terror by venting his bitterness on the Southern leaders. He advocated forbearance toward the mass of the people of the South, but demanded that rigorous punishment be meted out to those who had been leaders in the rebellion.

A series of unfortunate clashes with Congress plunged Johnson's administration into disorder and helplessness. At his inauguration, President Johnson outlined no definite plans, but he speedily developed a policy which he called, and always referred to as, "my policy," in contradistinction to that of Congress. The first distinct cleavage between the President and Congress became apparent when the question arose as to the relation of the states lately in rebellion, to the Union. Mr. Johnson maintained that the seceded states had not been out of the

Union, as their acts had been unconstitutional, and, consequently, their ordinances of secession were null and void. Congress maintained, on the other hand, that while the acts of secession were unconstitutional, yet, by those acts, the seceded states had been actually out of the Union, and could not be restored to their former status without legislation.

President Johnson issued a proclamation establishing provisional governments in the seceded states. The state governments were reorganized, but such stringent measures were passed against the negroes, now free, that the Republicans declared the conditions to be worse than those of slavery. Congress, which was now by a two-thirds majority hostile to the President, retaliated by passing the Freedman's Bureau Bill, a measure of protection for the negroes. The President vetoed the bill, on the ground that it had been passed by a Congress in which the lately seceded states had no representative. The Civil Rights Bill, for the further protection of the negroes, was also passed, but it was also vetoed by the President. It was passed over his veto by a two-thirds majority.

In August, 1866, President Johnson made his famous "swinging round the circle" tour through the northern states. He was accompanied by General Grant and Admiral Farragut, and made many speeches denouncing the action of Congress. From this time on, it was a bitter and persistent conflict between the President and Congress. Mr. Johnson vetoed nearly all the measures brought before him, and just as surely were they passed over his veto. In the Congress which met on December 3, 1866, an attempt was made to impeach the President, but it failed. However, in January it passed a bill depriving the President of the power to proclaim a general amnesty. This bill he disregarded. By a rider to the army appropriation bill, the President was deprived of the command of the army. It was provided that his orders should be given only through the commanding general, who was removable only by a vote of the Senate. At this stage, matters rapidly approached a climax. On March 2, 1867, the tenure of office bill was passed, and, after the veto of the President, the measure was repassed and became a law. It provided that members of the Cabinet should be removed only with the consent of the Senate. The President joined issue with the legislative body on the question, and out of this venomous controversy grew the impeachment proceedings against Mr. Johnson.

On August 5, 1867, Mr. Johnson requested Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, to resign his portfolio. Stanton refused, and the Presi-



dent suspended him and appointed General Grant secretary *ad interim*. Stanton then submitted under protest. When the Senate met, it refused to ratify the suspension of Stanton, thus replacing him in office. The President then, contrary to the tenure of office act, removed Stanton and appointed General Lorenzo Thomas in his stead. Stanton refused to vacate and arrested Thomas. On February 24, 1868, the House of Representatives voted to impeach President Johnson; on March 5, the Senate organized as a high court of impeachment and on March 23, the answers of the President to the articles of impeachment were read. Then followed the most remarkable trial in the history of the United States. Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase, one of America's most distinguished statesmen and jurists, presided. The trial lasted until May 26. On May 16, a test division was taken, which resulted in a vote of thirty-five guilty against nineteen not guilty. As a two-thirds majority was necessary, the President was acquitted. So narrow was his escape from conviction, that the change of one vote would have made the result thirty-six to eighteen—exactly two-thirds—and impeachment would have carried.

Mr. Johnson's term of office expired March 4, 1869. He returned to Tennessee and for some years remained out of politics. But, in the course of time, he regained much of his former influence over the people of Tennessee, and in 1875 he was again elected to the United States Senate. He had served but a few weeks when he was stricken with paralysis and died, after a very brief illness, July 3, 1875.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON

A great soldier whose life was ended by a bullet.

“THEIR great chevalier,” wrote Cable, the novelist, speaking of the Southern people and Sidney Johnston, whose funeral procession at New Orleans he saw shortly before the capture of the city. “Brightest of the Southern leaders,” wrote Lew. Wallace, author of “Ben Hur.” “Lone Star of the South,” the Southern press acclaimed him, as he came from the far Pacific to answer the Southern call; referring to his preëminence among generals and his citizenship in the “Lone Star State.”

That Johnston was the pride and hope of the South in the first flush of the war of secession, the abundant official and unofficial records of the time remain to testify. His arrival in the Confederacy for the moment dwarfed everybody there, whether statesman or soldier. Many people, in times of stress and danger, have turned with eyes of faith and affection to the greatest of their great, and so turned the people of the South to Johnston. Nature had made him for a popular hero, for a nobler-looking man has rarely been seen and hardly could be conceived. Very tall, erect, and of massive, yet symmetrical build, his shapely head was a fitting crown to his figure. A high and prominent forehead, long and wavy brown hair, Grecian nose, bluish gray, deep-set and penetrating eyes, a full, well-rounded chin, and a large firm mouth, just covered and softened by an almost squarely trimmed mustache, completed the external man. His face, as a whole, told of his remote Scotch ancestry. He was half-way past his fifty-eighth year when he reported to President Davis at Richmond, to receive his commission as one of the five generals of the Confederate army.



Johnston was a son of a New England physician, who had settled and married in Kentucky. He graduated at West Point in 1826, and served as a lieutenant of infantry in the Black Hawk War and in garrison till 1834, when he resigned and joined the great American colony in Texas as a rancher and farmer. In 1836 he entered the Texan army of independence as a private, but was immediately promoted, and some time after the overthrow of Santa Anna at San

Jacinto, became commander-in-chief. In 1849 he was Secretary of War in the Texan cabinet and personally took the field against the Indians, who were very troublesome to the young republic. Then he went back to farming till called to the field as colonel of a Texan regiment, raised for service in the war between the United States and Mexico. The War Department did not accept the regiment, but General Taylor used Colonel Johnston as a staff officer, and, after the battle of Monterey, strongly recommended his appointment as a brigadier-general of volunteers. The recommendation went unheeded, as the Polk administration was jealous of Taylor's growing popularity. But Taylor, himself, became President in 1849, and, knowing that Johnston was doing poorly in Texas, made him a paymaster in the army. This appointment he held till 1855, when he was made colonel of a new cavalry regiment. In 1857 he commanded the expedition to Utah, to reduce the rebellious Mormons to obedience, and here his ability and tact raised him to the highest reputation in the army.

In the winter of 1860, Floyd, the already disloyal Secretary of War, had procured the appointment of Johnston to the command of the Department of the Pacific, hoping thereby to forward a well-matured scheme to detach California from the Union. He believed that Johnston, a Southern man, would lend himself to the scheme. In April, 1861, Secretary Seward, who had assumed the direction of affairs on the eve of the war, and had his own private military council, caused an army officer to be privately dispatched to San Francisco, there to be privately landed at the forts in the harbor, to arrange for their security, before proceeding to the city and formally relieving Johnston of the command. After the departure of this officer from New York by a steamer, a letter from Johnston was received by a former staff officer at Washington, breathing the utmost loyalty and devotion to the Union. This being shown to Cameron, the Secretary of War, he did his best to forestall the mischief by causing a message to be sent to Johnston by the overland pony express from St. Louis to San Francisco. It arrived after the secret procedure had done its work and had stung Johnston to the soul. To the offer of "the most important command" and the notification that "Sidney is appointed to the Military Academy," he replied: "I thank you and my friends for efforts in my behalf. I have resigned, and am resolved to follow the fortunes of my state."

Johnston was a devoted Union man, but had shared the original Pacific coast sentiment that the trouble was a politicians' quarrel, from which California should hold aloof, as having no part or interest in it. Conformably to this view, he went to southern California as soon


as he had turned over his command and forwarded his resignation, with the intention of again becoming a farmer, and spending the remainder of his days on the Pacific coast. But the injurious story of his intended treachery and the brilliant thwarting of it at Washington had preceded him, and he found himself watched and followed as a suspicious and dangerous character. Just at this time, when he was embittered by the bad treatment he had received, came the call of his own people to return to them. He did return, and his coming was a triumphal march. Every section of the South wanted him, but he was finally assigned to command all that part of the Confederacy west of the Alleghany Mountains, omitting the Gulf Coast.

Proceeding to his great department, Johnston found the preparations for defense deplorably feeble and scant. The Southern people had been intoxicated by the easy victory at Manassas, and were too much disposed to talk the war to a victorious end. Having about four thousand disposable troops, Johnston threw them forward to Bowling Green, Kentucky, on the chance of profiting by the bravado, and this so impressed Sherman that he told the Secretary of War that two hundred thousand men would be needed to do anything in that locality, and wrote that "if Johnston chooses, he can march into Louisville any day."

By means of their gunboats, the Federals were capable of controlling the Mississippi, and so cutting off Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana from the Confederacy, and capable also of getting at Nashville by the way of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and so wresting Tennessee from the Confederacy. The eastern part of that state was for the Union in proportion of two to one—a plague spot in the midst of Johnston's fair but poorly kept field. To protect Nashville, he sent sixteen thousand men from his now largely augmented army to the strong position of Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland below Nashville, under Floyd, Pillow and Buckner, and retained fourteen thousand for the defense of the Mississippi, or for any other purpose which might arise. Thus his army was broken into two comparatively unimportant fragments. Expecting to go himself to Fort Donelson in case of need, he omitted to appoint a proper commander there and the command was vested in Floyd, an unfit man and worthless general. Pillow was but little better, while Buckner, who had merit, was junior to the two others and not on friendly terms with Pillow. It would seem that in these arrangements the Southern idol showed feet of clay. Yet it must be said that his swollen department was but a huge shell, which the Federals were almost sure to crack wherever they struck it, and, though he kept it sound for four months, Southern resources did not greatly strengthen it within that ample time.

Grant attacked and reduced Fort Donelson, capturing the greater part of the garrison, and Johnston had to let go everything north of the boundary line between Tennessee and Mississippi. Plunged into the depths of rage and despair, the people of the South turned furiously upon Johnston. President Davis wrote sympathetically and encouragingly to him, and he replied, a month after the disaster, in a manly letter, in which he said:—

“The test of merit in my profession, with the people, is success. It is a hard rule, but I think it right.”



He made Corinth, an important railway junction in northern Mississippi, his new and well-fortified point of defense, uniting such forces as he and Beauregard could collect. There the Federals intended to assail him, and there he expected to await their attack. But information coming to him that the approaches of Grant's army, encamped twenty miles away at Pittsburg Landing, on the Tennessee River, were negligently guarded, and that Buell's army was not yet within supporting distance, he resolved to strike a mighty blow. His orders contemplated an attack in full force at dawn of Saturday, the fifth of April, 1862, but so much delay occurred, without necessity or excuse, that the attack was not made till twenty-four hours later. At midnight of Saturday, the Confederate army having been formed in order of battle within striking distance of the sleeping enemy, Johnston called together his commanders for council. He urged upon them in the strongest terms the vital importance of prompt, rapid and vigorous execution. “When we get those fellows started,” he said, “we must keep them going!” As he dismissed the officers, he said in his most impressive way, “Gentlemen, to-morrow let every command be ‘Forward!’”

The attack was a surprise to the Union army, and at first it was successful. Grant's advanced camps were carried almost without a struggle. But the Confederate formation became badly broken, and the men stopped to feast and plunder, so that much time was lost in getting them back to duty. The Federals employed the respite in recovering from the panic and taking positions to resist the evident purpose to drive them to a surrender or into the Tennessee River. The Confederate delay, and the Federal resistance in the new positions, induced Johnston to leave his headquarters and go forward for a personal survey of the immediate field. He visited various parts of it and gave an impetus to the slow but steady progress of his troops against the stubborn enemy. About two o'clock in the afternoon, he

personally directed a detachment from the reserve under Breckenridge, in carrying by a charge a firmly held Federal position, which was blocking the general advance. The charge over and congratulations exchanged, he was sitting his horse in rear of one of the reserve brigades, when a chance rifle ball from the Federal line, which was firing irregularly, severed an artery in one of his legs and he bled to death in a few minutes. His loss had no appreciable effect upon the progress of the battle, and was little known beyond the circle of the higher officers. But the Federal army was neither captured nor drowned, and its last stand, aided by the fire of the formidable gunboats, brought to it the security of night for rest and re-formation. Enough of Buell's army arrived to enable it to take the offensive the next morning and force the Confederates to abandon the field.

Next to Waterloo, Shiloh is the most controversial battle of the nineteenth century. Over it the Federals have their own quarrels and the Confederates theirs, and each side disputes with the other. Some of these differences have their origin before and others after the death of Johnston. So far as they touch him, all that seems certain, amid the mass of confusion and contradiction, is that the preparation and delivery of the attack lacked the unity, inflexibility, promptness and decision that might have been expected from an officer of Johnston's experience and great reputation. His personality did not impress itself upon the advance or the assault, as it might have done, with signal effect, if so much had not been left from the beginning to Beauregard, who was second in command, and to the corps commanders. The like inattention to details characterized Shiloh that more than a year later characterized Gettysburg, and with results alike unfortunate to the Confederate side. Napoleon at Waterloo and Grant at Chattanooga are examples of commanders personally conducting offensive operations, but Napoleon and Grant were many years younger than Johnston or Lee, and that may explain the difference.

Shiloh was another source of grief to the South. The death of Johnston, at the promising stage of the battle, restored to his memory the popularity that he had lost by the abandonment of Tennessee. His mistakes—if they were mistakes—were freely forgiven, and to the mass of the Southern people he remains "their great chevalier."

JOSEPH EGGLESTON JOHNSTON

Conspicuous as a soldier under two flags.



THE trail of the war of secession is deeply furrowed by the personal hostility between the Confederate President and "Joe" Johnston, certainly one of the ablest of his generals. This hostility, beginning almost with the war itself and continuing to its end, had more than once a baleful influence upon the fortunes of the Confederacy at critical times. It is doubtful if the Southern leaders would have pressed the secession movement to the extremity of war, could they have foreseen that Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and West Virginia would be lost to the Confederacy at the outset. When this severe disappointment came, there was no possibility of drawing back, and the early-shrunken prospects of the new alliance were further blighted by personal errors and defects that have not been generally appreciated, because of the popular delusion that the Federals had almost a monopoly of mismanagement, incompetence and heart-burnings in the early stage of the war.

Jefferson Davis was a graduate of West Point, of much service in the regular army and distinguished gallantry in Mexico. He had been Secretary of War and Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs in the Government of the United States; had been a diligent student of the world's progress in the art of war; and considered himself, and was justly regarded by others, as a very competent military man. He was not his own choice for the presidency of a new republic, to be established by force of arms, and would have greatly preferred service in the field. Being what he was, and where he was, it was inevitable that he should take to himself a large direction of the military concerns of the Confederacy, and be much influenced by his opinions of the leading field commanders, formed by long personal acquaintance with them. He was a man of sharp and unforgiving temper, much more prone to magnify cause of offense, than to overlook petty annoyances or personal differences and thus smooth the path of social and official intercourse.

"Joe" Johnston—so called to distinguish him in the army from Sidney Johnston—had reached the mature age of fifty-four, and

more than thirty years' service in the army of the United States, when the Civil War came on. He was the highest graded officer that resigned in consequence of secession, holding the rank of brigadier-general. His ability was notable and his long service had been distinguished, but he was steeped to the eyelids in military usage and tradition, and to the finger tips in service routine. He was cold and formal in manner and of exacting disposition, and there had been no previous warmth of personal feeling between Davis and himself to soften the asperities that were sure to arise between two such men when brought closely together in official relations.

Of the five full-rank generals created by the Confederate Congress, Johnston was entitled, or considered himself entitled, to stand first, having outranked the four others in the army of the United States. But by a roster arranged at Richmond in his absence, he was made junior to three who had been formerly his juniors—Cooper, "Sidney" Johnston and Lee, and senior only to Beauregard, who had stood three grades below him in the old army. However patriotic, he was not the man to endure silently such a trespass upon his rights, by all principles of military rule and practice. He personally addressed to Davis a long and by no means humble protest, in which he undertook to show that he knew the law, and accused Davis rather plainly of willful violation of it for the personal advancement of his military councilors, Cooper and Lee. Davis disdained to answer the letter and would not permit it to go upon the official files, but he wrote the name of Johnston upon his black list, and there was never afterward a spark of generous or amicable feeling between them.

Johnston's first command for the Confederacy was in Virginia, where Beauregard held the Alexandria line running through Manassas, while Johnston took station at Winchester. As soon as it became evident that McDowell's campaign was to be against Beauregard, Johnston skillfully eluded the Federal general, Patterson, who was on the lookout for just such a move, and joined Beauregard, so that McDowell had to contend with the very combination against which he supposed all necessary precautions had been taken. After the burst of exultation over the rout of McDowell's army at Bull Run, popular feeling in the South became bitter against Johnston and Beauregard because they had not then pushed on to Washington. As a matter of fact, their troops were as much disorganized as were the Federals, and, to a military mind, Washington was never in danger, despite the terrified soldiery and populace thronging its streets.

After Bull Run, Johnston commanded against McClellan, standing strictly upon the defensive, which he considered the true Confederate policy. He made his own force and his position as strong as possible,

yet was ever watchful for an opening to strike his enemy while defending himself. In his view of the military situation, the one chance for Confederate independence was to tire and wear out the North, as England had been made weary of the Revolutionary struggle. At Manassas he guarded the natural approach to Richmond by way of Fredericksburg, and when McClellan went southward and took the Fort Monroe route, he drew back from Manassas to Richmond, delaying the enemy at Yorktown and making the advance as laborious as possible. On May 31, 1862, he attempted to crush a part of McClellan's army, cut off from support on account of the flooding of the Chickahominy River by a sudden storm. The operation ought to have been fatal to McClellan, but Johnston's troops became massed and confused, owing to a mistake in their route of march upon the enemy, so that the attack was greatly delayed, missed the decisive point, and so failed of its principal object. Johnston was so severely wounded that he was out of service for six months.

On his return to duty, Johnston was put in command in the West, where matters had gone badly for the Confederacy—probably beyond the power of himself or any other man to retrieve. His health became bad and matters dragged in his wide department, where the subordinate commanders were in direct correspondence with Richmond and had really little regard for Johnston, whom they knew to be in disfavor. Johnston's duty was to hold Tennessee and Mississippi, but he was unable to enforce concert of action among his lieutenants to that end. Pemberton, who commanded in Mississippi, twice set aside Johnston's orders by the doubtful authority of councils of war of his own subordinates, and permitted himself to be shut up by Grant in Vicksburg, though Johnston had especially enjoined him to let Vicksburg go and save his large command for other operations. In Arkansas there was a large, idle Confederate force, ostensibly under Johnston's command, but really independent, and President Davis, still in actual command and aided by a large military staff, refused a suggestion to bring some of it east of the Mississippi. Johnston's efforts to get Pemberton out of the trap at Vicksburg were unavailing; an important part of his correspondence with Pemberton was betrayed to Grant by the bearer of it.

After the fall of Vicksburg, Johnston's command was reduced to Mississippi, leaving Bragg independent in Tennessee. But after Grant's crushing victories over Bragg at Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, Johnston was appointed to the command of what was left of Bragg's once fine army. Johnston had now been two years and eight months in the Confederate service. His views of the true Confederate policy, the defensive-offensive—concentrating at a few important

points, and falling upon the enemy as he exposed himself in his necessary advances upon the concentrated forces — had not prevailed, and under liberal pressure and the natural love of military men for independent and important commands, the Confederate strength had been lavishly scattered at a multitude of points which would have been saved by a general triumph, but were lost in a general failure. His one success in the whole war had been the indecisive battle of Bull Run, the honors of which had been claimed by Beauregard, and the barren sequences of which had been made a shuttlecock between Davis and Johnston.

Bragg had retreated to Dalton, in northern Georgia, after his severe drubbing by Grant, and there Johnston began his preparations for meeting the Federals in what military men on both sides expected to be a final campaign. In March, 1864, Grant assumed command of all the forces of the United States, thus assuring unity and coöperation in carrying out the Federal plans. Johnston hoped that Lee might be appointed to a similar position on the Confederate side, but the general-in-chief was still Jefferson Davis, and the general headquarters remained in the executive mansion at Richmond, the worst possible place for them.

As soon as Johnston had relieved Bragg in the field, the latter was installed as military adviser at Richmond. Bragg's own view, as well as that of Davis, was that the army which Grant had sent flying from Lookout Mountain was in fine equipment and condition, and Johnston was ordered by them to employ it, with reinforcements promised him in Tennessee, in an attempt to recover that state. His own inspection of Bragg's late army showed that it was in very bad condition; large numbers of men were unarmed, shoeless and without blankets, and the mules and artillery horses were too feeble, for want of proper forage, to draw their wagons and cannon. He therefore proposed that the promised reinforcements which were to bring his army up to seventy-five thousand men should be sent to him at Dalton, and when he had beaten the enemy south of Chattanooga, he would pursue him through Tennessee. He tried to get Davis and Bragg interested in this counter-plan, but they let him and it severely alone.

Sherman began his advance against Dalton in the beginning of May, 1864, by which time Johnston had augmented his army to about fifty-five thousand men, in very fair condition. Sherman had nearly double that number, but grew weaker as he advanced, by detachments to guard his long line of supply, and reinforcements to Johnston gradually brought the latter up to a maximum strength of seventy thousand or more. Johnston's intention was to make his last stand at Atlanta, where he had prepared strong defenses, and where Sherman would be

at his weakest and Johnston at his best. The campaign from Dalton to Atlanta lasted sixteen weeks, and in a military sense was the finest of the war, each commander fully appreciating the situation and exhibiting the highest strategic genius. Sherman's purpose was to reach Atlanta—where he knew Johnston would have to fight—quickly and with the largest force possible. Johnston's aim was to delay Sherman and weaken him on the way. To bring Johnston to the place of decisive battle, Sherman had to use his superior force to flank the former out of one position after another, by which the Confederates lost nothing, for, as Sherman said, Johnston's retreats were always timely and he took everything with him.

On May 17, Johnston was disposed to hazard a battle at Cassville, but Polk and Hood, two of his three corps commanders, were so dissatisfied with the prospect, after the line of battle had been formed and skirmishing had begun, that Johnston drew off in the night. On June 27, Sherman abandoned his flanking tactics for an assault at Kennesaw, but received a bad repulse. There was much fighting in the campaign, with neither side beaten; yet the constant falling back was no doubt disappointing to the Southern soldiers, as some of the commanders have always contended. By the middle of July, however, within sight of Atlanta, the last retreat had been made, and Sherman, wary but hopeful, and Johnston, confident but still cautious, were each feinting for an opening.

On the night of July 17, came a telegram from Richmond to Johnston, saying:—

“As you have failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, and express no confidence that you can defeat or repel him, you are hereby relieved from the command of the Army and Department of Tennessee, which you will immediately turn over to General Hood.”

Ten weeks of retreat had been too much for the Southern people, especially for the people of Georgia, and as Johnston was disliked at Richmond, Davis did not stand by him as he had stood by Sidney Johnston, when he was under fire. Yet Johnston told the truth when, in his telegram announcing the transfer of command, he said:—

“Sherman's army is much stronger, compared with that of the Army of Tennessee, than Grant's compared with that of northern Virginia. Yet the enemy has been compelled to advance much more slowly to the vicinity of Atlanta than to that of Richmond and Petersburg, and has penetrated much deeper into Virginia than into Georgia.”

Sherman felt immensely relieved by the removal of Johnston, but it took him six weeks to wrest Atlanta from Hood; and the latter

threw the blame for the loss of the city upon Hardee, who had complained of Hood's promotion over him.

In February, 1865, when the Confederacy was already hopelessly in fragments, Lee was made general-in-chief. He had been opposed to Johnston's removal and instantly restored him to command.

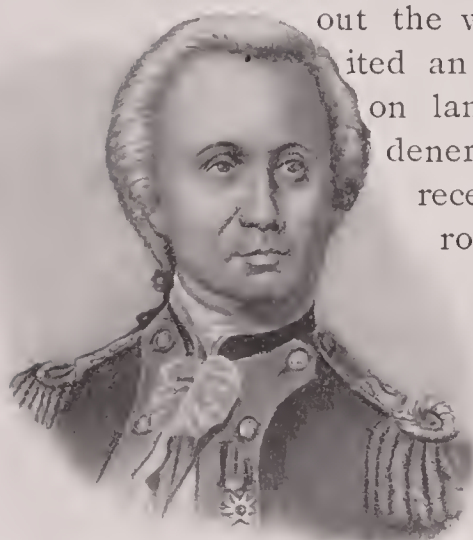
Johnston got together such remnants as he could to oppose Sherman in North Carolina, but his resistance was necessarily ineffectual. After the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee, his little army was the temporary refuge of the Confederate President, his military staff and his Cabinet. Under their inspiration, he negotiated a complete settlement of the war with the thorough-going Sherman, but the sweeping convention was promptly rejected at Washington. He then told his guests that he should surrender on the best terms he could get, which were those accorded by Grant to Lee, and the distinguished refugees then went further South. Johnston remained with Sherman, completing the surrender and doing his best for his men, and Sherman spoke very handsomely of him in his reports to Grant and the War Department. The friendship that grew up between the two lasted as long as they lived. Johnston died in the early part of 1891, after serving in Congress, and in a subordinate office at Washington, to which President Cleveland had appointed him as a mark of esteem.



JOHN PAUL JONES

He first unfurled the Stars and Stripes on the sea.

AMONG the many distinguished naval officers in our history, it is but just to award a high place to John Paul Jones, who was the first to break out the American flag from the peak of a regular American man-of-war, and who gained the most brilliant victory won upon the ocean during the War of the Revolution. Through-



out the whole of his splendid but erratic career, he exhibited an intrepid courage which has never been surpassed on land or sea. He was the son of John Paul, a gardener, and was born at Kirkbean, Scotland, in 1747. He received only the rudiments of an education, at a parochial school. His home was near Solway Firth, and he became inspired with a love of the sea. As a child, he hoisted his flag on his mimic ship and issued his commands to his imaginary officers and crew. Nor was he content to stop there. As his years increased, he ventured to criticize practical sailors. Paul had opportunities for conversing with mariners who were engaged in the tobacco trade with America, and from them he learned of the discontented colonies across the ocean. He was apprenticed to a merchant engaged in the American trade, and his first voyage was made in his thirteenth year to the Rappahannock, Virginia, where an elder brother then lived. This visit settled Paul in his determination to become an American.

In 1773 he returned to Virginia to settle the affairs of his brother, who had died without a family. There he assumed the surname of Jones. The colonies were then turbulent. Congress was looking for friends of its cause to fit out a naval force. Paul Jones was only twenty-eight, but he was appointed first lieutenant of the "Alfred," one of the only two ships belonging to the government. On board of that ship, at Philadelphia, he hoisted, with his own hands, the flag of independent America, the first time it was ever displayed upon a national vessel. Before many months, he received a captain's commission. In 1777 he sailed for France, in the "Ranger," bearing the news of the victory at Saratoga.

Eager to retaliate upon Great Britain for some acts of her sailors on the American coast, Captain Jones sailed into the Irish Channel, and approached his native shores, a determined enemy. On the night of April 22, he came to anchor in Solway Firth, almost in sight of the trees which sheltered the house where he was born. Early the next morning, with thirty-one volunteers, in two boats, he rowed for the English coast, in an attempt to destroy some two hundred sail in the harbor of Whitehaven. He dispatched one boat to set fire to the vessels, while he led the remainder to the more hazardous duty of securing the fort. Climbing over the shoulders of the tallest of his men, he crept silently through one of the embrasures, followed by the rest, and spiked thirty-six guns. Joining the other detachment, he set fire to the vessels within reach, when the inhabitants became aroused and the invaders retreated, leaving three vessels in flames. The next day he encountered the "Drake," a ship of twenty guns, and took her, after mortally wounding the English captain. With this and another prize, Captain Jones returned to Brest, after an absence of twenty-eight days of active service, in which, besides taking and destroying many valuable vessels, he had thrown into consternation the people on the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and caused the English government to expend large sums in fortifying the harbors.

He next went to Paris, where the American legation aided him to secure a vessel of forty guns which was named "Le Bonhomme Richard." In this vessel, badly manned, Paul Jones sailed as commodore of a little squadron. After he had taken several prizes, part of his vessels deserted him. Off Scarborough Castle he came upon the British Baltic fleet, escorted by the frigate "Serapis," forty-four guns, and the "Countess of Scarborough," twenty guns. His flagship was a rotten old hulk which had sailed in the East India merchant service till its timbers were in a state of dry rot. It was better fitted to lie in port than to send out as a battleship.

Commodore Jones dashed away for the "Serapis" as fast as he could go. The British ship was much stronger, with ten 18-pound cannon in each battery, while the "Bonhomme Richard" had only three, two of which burst at the first discharge, killing and wounding many of the crew. Jones then did all of his fighting with 12-pound and 8-pound guns. It was night when the battle began. The 18-pounders of the "Serapis" were playing havoc with the hull of the "Richard." Many of the balls went entirely through her and plunged into the sea beyond. Some struck her below the water level, and soon the decayed craft was "leaking like a basket." It began to look gloomy for Jones and his ship. He could not half reply to the heavy fire of the English guns, and great chasms were made in the ship's

side, where 18-pound balls tore out the timbers between the portholes.

Captain Pearson, of the "Serapis," looked at his staggering and leaking antagonist, and thought it about time for the battle to end. "Have you surrendered?" he shouted across the water to the "Richard." "I have not yet begun to fight," was the famous answer of the brave Paul Jones. The ships now drifted together, and by Jones's order the jib-boom of the "Serapis" was lashed to his mizzenmast. This brought the ships so close side by side that the English gunners could not open their ports, and had to fire through them and blow them off. The gunners on each side had to thrust the handles of their rammers through the enemy's portholes, in order to load their guns. Affairs were now desperate. The "Richard" was on fire in several places; water was pouring into her through a dozen rents. It seemed as if she must sink or burn. In this crisis the "Alliance," one of Paul Jones's small fleet, came up and fired two broadsides into the wounded flagship, killing a number of her crew. Whether this was done purposely or by mistake is not known. There were two or three hundred English prisoners on board the "Richard," taken from her prizes. One of the American officers, thinking all was over, set these men free and they came swarming up and cried to the British for quarter. One tried to pull down the American flag, but Paul Jones, by throwing his pistol at him, knocked him down.

The tide now turned. Richard Dale, master's mate of the "Richard," told the English prisoners that the vessel was sinking, and set them to work pumping and fighting the fire to save their lives. Just then one of the mariners who were fighting on the yardarms dropped a hand grenade into an open hatch of the "Serapis." It set fire to a heap of gun cartridges that lay below, exploding them and killing twenty of the crew, while the ship was set on fire. This ended the fight. The fire of the marines from the maintop had cleared the deck of the "Serapis." Captain Pearson stood alone, and, when he heard the roar of the explosion, he could bear the strain no longer. He ran and pulled down the flag, which had been nailed to the mast. "Cease firing!" said Paul Jones; the "Serapis" was his.

Well and nobly had the battle been won. The "Richard" was fast settling into the sea, and to save her was impossible. Jones and his gallant crew boarded the "Serapis" and brought her safely into port. By nine o'clock the next morning, the "Bonhomme Richard" sank to an honorable ocean grave, with her victorious flag still waving. Captain Pearson had fought nobly, and he was knighted. Paul Jones said, "If I had a chance to fight him again, I would make him a lord." Paul Jones, with his sinking and burning ship, his bursting

guns, his liberated prisoners, and his treacherous consort, had won a victory illustrious in the annals of sea-fighting.

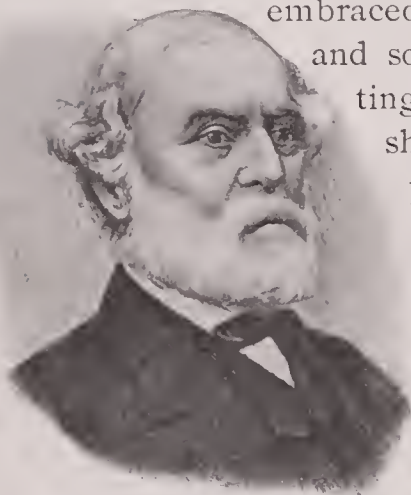
Toward the close of 1780, Jones sailed for America, in the "Ariel," with important dispatches, and having encountered the "Triumph," an English vessel of twenty guns, he forced her to strike. The King of France had testified his admiration for his conduct, by presenting him with a superb gold sword; and a letter reached the President of the United States requesting liberty "to decorate that brave officer with the cross of the order of military merit." Congress granted it and passed a vote of thanks to the Chevalier Paul Jones for the zeal, prudence and intrepidity with which he had sustained the honor of the American flag; for his bold but unsuccessful enterprise to redeem from captivity those citizens of America who had fallen under the power of the enemy; and, in general, for the good conduct and eminent services by which he had added luster to his character, and to the arms of America. After the war, Congress caused a gold medal to be struck, with appropriate devices and legends to commemorate his valor and services. Jones entered the naval service of France and subsequently served in the navy of Russia, rising to the rank of rear-admiral. He died in Paris, in 1792.



ROBERT EDWARD LEE

The great soldier who sheathed his sword at Appomattox.

BY COMMON consent, North and South, General Lee has been accepted as the greatest figure of the Civil War on the Confederate side. This judgment of his own countrymen has been ratified by the expert opinion of Europe, both in regarding his qualities and merits as a soldier, and in those larger views which have embraced the whole circumstances of the great conflict, and so brought him into comparison with the other distinguished characters of the Confederacy. That Lee should be assigned by universal agreement to that place in the South which, on the Northern side, has unanimously fallen to Lincoln, who never set a squadron in the field, is a circumstance going to prove that the estimate which has carried him so high must have some broader base than mere achievement in the field. As he was never a statesman, except so far as some degree of statesmanship may have been incident to the military measures he advised or adopted, and as he was never in political life, nor had particularly interested himself in the political matters of his time, the conclusion is inevitable that his unquestioned greatness is derived from his personal qualities; that but for the man, the commander would not have won or kept so high a place.



Lee was born to greatness. His father was "Light Horse Harry," of the Revolution, famed in song and story, distinguished by the affectionate regard of Washington, and chosen to the governorship of Virginia in days when no man of small parts could reach that exalted office. The immediate parentage of the young Robert Edward was but the center point of an unusually wide, illustrious and influential connection, to be afterward extended by his marriage with Mary Custis, heiress to the beautiful estate of Arlington, overlooking the city of Washington. When, in 1825, at the age of eighteen, he entered the Military Academy, the door was closed upon a possible political life that might and probably would have carried him to all the honors of such a career, short of the presidency, which ceased with Monroe to fall to the lot of Virginia. But though for many years doomed, in

a public sense, to the obscure life of an army officer of subordinate rank, Lee, the man, was never obscure, and all that birth, breeding and fortune could do to make life full and pleasant on its earthly side was his in ample measure. Nature, too, had been very kind, giving him a tall and well-proportioned form, features that bespoke intellect and perfect self-poise, and an expression at once kindly and dignified. Dignity of aspect, bearing and speech always characterized him, and attuned well with a courtesy that was always grave and always sincere. Only insolent or vulgar levity shrank from his presence; young children, true interpreters of nature, could be glad in the company of a man so far from and yet so near to their innocent and heedless mirth.

Appointed a brevet second lieutenant of engineers in 1829, Lee had reached only the grade of captain in that corps when, eighteen years afterward, at the age of forty, he accompanied General Scott's army to Mexico. The years had been spent in fortification and river and harbor work. His employments had carried him to many parts of the Union, in each of which his official position and personal rank and qualities introduced him to the society of the most influential people. Nullification, slavery, state rights and secession were much discussed themes in those days, and Lee, though always reserved, was not a silent man. Possibly he did not welcome, yet he did not evade, the questionings that came to him so often because of his Southern birth and distinguished connection. What he believed then is interesting now because of his after prominence and because, when the crisis came, his conduct accorded exactly with his earlier beliefs. Nullification he scouted, deeming it absurd that a state could remain in the Union and yet be above the Union in matters of Federal concern. Secession he denied to be a reserved right under the Constitution, and therefore treated it as a soft and delusive term for the inherent right of revolution, the resort to which would be right or wrong, according to whether there was or was not adequate justification for so extreme a measure. The revolution which, under the guise of the right of secession, South Carolina began in December, 1860, he condemned as unjustifiable, and, in the privacy of his own room, but with voice unwittingly audible, he prayed — for he was a pious man — that Heaven would spare his own state from following the bad example. In praying for his own state, he was praying for himself; for his path of duty, as he saw it and had always seen it, is delineated in his own words; "My loyalty to Virginia ought to take precedence over that which is due to the Federal government," but in the same breath he expressed the hope that Virginia would stand by the "old Union," as he affectionately phrased it.

In Mexico, as an engineer officer, Lee was very efficient in the siege operations, and distinguished himself greatly at the siege of Chapultepec, where he was wounded. He had reached the grade of major in his corps, and upon Scott's recommendation the brevets of lieutenant-colonel and colonel were conferred upon him for services at Vera Cruz and Chapultepec. After the war he returned to a peace routine of engineering, staff and bureau duties, till 1852, when, again upon

Scott's recommendation, he was appointed to the superintendency of the military academy, the prize of the engineer corps and, until after the close of the Civil War, always filled by an engineer officer of distinguished merit. This desirable post he left in 1855, upon the urgency of Scott, to become lieutenant-colonel of a cavalry regiment destined for service in Texas.

This transfer to regimental and frontier duty was meant by Scott to forward his own wish that Lee should ultimately rise to the command of the army, for ever since their close association in the Mexican War, Lee had been the most esteemed officer in the books of the general-in-chief.



With occasional visits to his beautiful home at Arlington, during one of which he was put in command of the little Federal force that captured John Brown at Harper's Ferry, Lee spent five arduous and successful years in Texas, then still a wild state and needing hard riders and daring fighters to keep down Indians, Mexican raiders and cattle stealers. He was still engaged in this work when, upon arriving at San Antonio, on his way to Washington, in the middle of February, 1861, obedient to a summons from General Scott, he learned that Twiggs, the department commander, had, from treachery or weakness, surrendered all the military posts, stores, and property in Texas to the state authorities, and had accepted a parole for his officers and men, pledging them not to bear arms against that sovereign state. This was Lee's first contact with the fruits of secession, and, self-controlled though he was, it unmanned him. Arrived at Washington, he reported to Scott, with whom he had a painful and embarrassing interview. He knew the position of Scott, a Virginian like himself, and he knew his own position, which Scott did not know.

War was not yet imminent, but was more than possible, and Scott told Lee that if war came he was to be the principal commander in the field, and meantime he was desired to help the aged general in such preparations as were practicable in a nominal state of peace. Lee hoped that Virginia, in the approaching convention, would vote to stay in the Union, but greatly feared that personal sympathies and

business interests would carry her after the seven states that had already seceded. At last he told Scott that while nothing could induce him to take arms against the Federal Union, except in defense of Virginia, he meant to abide the action of that state. This information so obviously displeased Scott that the interview terminated stiffly, and was not renewed. Lee remained at Arlington, waiting the course of events, and determined, if war came, to fight only in Virginia, and for Virginia. He shunned the newly formed Confederacy, and trusted his state would keep out of it by not leaving the Union. He was gladdened by a decisive vote in the convention against secession, but almost immediately came the firing on Fort Sumter, the call to arms on both sides, the reassembling of the convention, and a complete reversal of the former vote. He resigned his army commission and talked of planting corn for an occupation, but the Governor sent him a commission as commanding general of the militia, which he asked him to get into a defensive state. This being within the limit he had set to himself, he went into active service. Thus began, though he did not know it, his Confederate career. He was then just past fifty-four, and looked older from exposure, hard service and recent anxiety, and when, to the solitary gray mustache, he added the full, short beard, he appeared, as he was by comparison with a majority of the Civil War commanders, a veteran.

Lee remained a militia officer till early in June, 1861, and in that character supervised the defensive preparations against the Federal invasion of western Virginia. When he went in person to that part of the state, in the autumn of 1861, he held the full rank of general in the Confederate army. He conducted an unsuccessful campaign against Rosecrans, the Federal commander. The people were on the side of his enemy, and when the approach of winter put a stop to military operations, the new state of West Virginia had already made a start.

At the opening of 1862, the five generals of the Confederate army were thus employed: Cooper, the senior, was on bureau duty at Richmond; Albert Sidney Johnston, the hope of the South, had command in the West, with his lines pushed boldly up into Kentucky; Lee was at Charleston, in command over South Carolina and Georgia, under popular eclipse from his West Virginia failure; Joseph E. Johnston was in command of the principal army, entrenched at Manassas, not far from Washington, and Beauregard was looking after matters along the Mississippi, from St. Louis down to New Orleans. The capture of Forts Henry and Donelson by the Federals compelled Sidney Johnston to abandon Kentucky and Tennessee, and retreat as far southward as Corinth, in north Mississippi. A popular cry for the

removal of the late popular idol went up to Richmond, but President Davis had too high a regard for Johnston to listen to it. As the Federals were everywhere advancing, he ordered Lee to Richmond, to act as his military adviser. Sidney Johnston, having been joined by Beauregard at Corinth, attacked the Federals at Shiloh, on the Tennessee River, and was killed in the midst of what seemed to be a signal victory. He was succeeded by Beauregard, who the next day fell back to Corinth, in consequence of the Federals having been powerfully reinforced during the night. He was soon driven out of Corinth and retreated southward to Tupelo, where, falling sick, he was relieved from command and disappeared from public view. Only "Joe" Johnston and Lee were left of the original great officers, Cooper not being available for the field.

In May, 1862, Johnston fell back from Manassas to Richmond, to meet the Federal advance by way of the Peninsula, and, on the last day of that month, was severely wounded in an unsuccessful attack upon the advanced wing of the Federal army, temporarily severed from its supports by a suddenly swollen stream. Davis put the chief of his military cabinet in command, and so began the career of Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia.

While McClellan had been advancing up the Peninsula against Richmond, "Stonewall" Jackson had carried on his wonderful "foot cavalry" campaign in the Shenandoah Valley and across the Blue Ridge, which spread havoc, confusion and terror among the disjointed Federal armies and garrisons, and so alarmed the authorities at Washington that they drew back McDowell's corps, then moving by the Valley route to join McClellan's army, to which it belonged. His mischief completed, Jackson secretly left the Valley and joined Lee in the defenses of Richmond. Together they suddenly fell on the waiting McClellan, and in the Seven Days' Battles drove him to the Federal gunboats on the James River, with heavy loss.

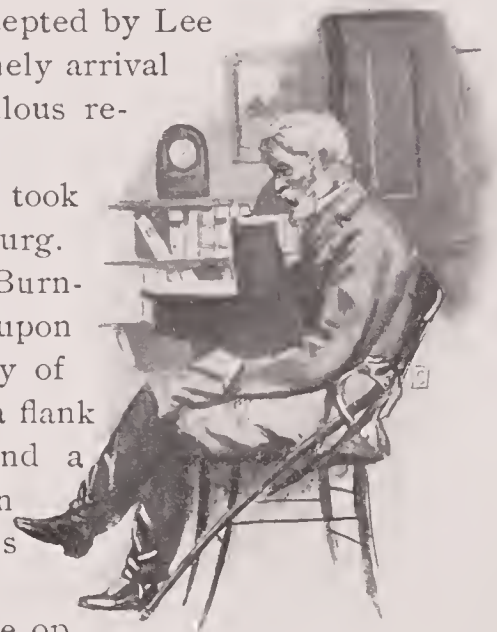
Meanwhile, the Federal forces in the Shenandoah Valley had been united under General Pope, an enterprising officer from the West, who pushed forward across the Rappahannock to threaten Richmond from the northwest, while McClellan should re-advance from his temporary refuge on the James River to the southeast. Lee sent Jackson, now promoted to the command of a corps, against Pope, and personally awaited McClellan's expected advance. The Federal government, however, resolved to withdraw McClellan's army from the James, and unite it with the army of Pope on the Rappahannock, for the third attempt on Richmond. Lee left Richmond to the protection of a garrison and hastened to join Jackson. Pope and the advanced detachments of McClellan's army that had joined him were driven to cover in the

defenses of Washington, with much loss of men, material and supplies, and there the Federal reunion took place under McClellan.

Leaving the impregnable defenses and the army within them to his right, Lee crossed the Potomac into Maryland, to refresh his troops and give that once friendly state an opportunity to come over to the Confederacy, and to recruit his forces. He detached Jackson to capture the stronghold of Harper's Ferry, which Jackson effected with a large harvest of prisoners and munitions of war. McClellan, with surprising celerity, had restored order in the Federal army, which had been much demoralized by successive defeats on the Peninsula and at Manassas. He moved swiftly into Maryland and brought Lee to action before Jackson could rejoin him. The desperate but indecisive battles of South Mountain and Antietam were accepted by Lee as a mandate to retire into Virginia, and the timely arrival of Jackson enabled him to make good his perilous retreat, without further loss.

Lee was now again upon the defensive, and took up his position on the heights of Fredericksburg. Here, on December 13, 1862, he was assailed by Burnside, the successor of McClellan, and inflicted upon him one of the severest repulses in the history of modern warfare. A month later, Burnside tried a flank movement by Lee's left, but a sudden thaw and a heavy rain hopelessly mired his army on its own side of the Rappahannock, and the Confederates remained undisturbed.

Hooker, who succeeded Burnside, put off active operations until the proper season. Meanwhile, he exerted himself to make the Army of the Potomac better than it ever before had been. He began his movement at the end of April, 1863, crossed the Rappahannock and took up a position which seriously threatened the safety of Lee, before the movement had been fully disclosed to the Confederate commander. Hooker had left a considerable detachment of his army in front of Lee at Fredericksburg, to hold the latter there and keep him busy, while Hooker, himself, with the main body of his forces, was threatening Lee's communications with Richmond, and making ready to fall upon the Confederate army. Between two fires, yet not unmindful of the opportunity for a concentrated action against a divided force, Lee called upon his trusty "long right arm." Thereupon Jackson marched across the front of Hooker at Chancellorsville and came suddenly upon his right and rear. Before he received a mortal wound from the mistaken fire of his own men, he completely routed two of the Federal corps and took all the fight out of the



exultant Hooker, who, sure of victory, had already issued a congratulatory bulletin to his army. This left Lee free to deal with the detached force of the Federal army under Sedgwick, which made a narrow escape back across the river. The Chancellorsville campaign carried the fame of Lee and the lamented Jackson to the highest point, for Lee had been outnumbered in the proportion of two to one, and Hooker's first operations had shown him to be no unworthy foe.

The fourth design against Richmond had now failed, and the results to the Federals had been most disheartening. Their army in front of Lee was losing its two-year regiments, which were its most seasoned troops, and nothing less than the restoration of McClellan would have induced them to reënlist. But Confederate affairs were going badly in the West, and Lee must do something to relieve the situation. He might go West himself, but Johnston, an able general, was already there. He might send a part of his army, but the Federals in his front still largely outnumbered him and he could not imperil Richmond. A successful invasion of the North would brighten matters everywhere, and the decision was made for a campaign in Pennsylvania. Lee had as his corps commanders Longstreet, his "war-horse," and the accomplished Ewell, who had succeeded Jackson, but neither was a "Stonewall." Lee took enough troops from the two corps which then composed his army to form a third, at the head of which he placed A. P. Hill, a division commander, who had long possessed his highest esteem and confidence. Ewell's corps, the van of the invading army, was then pushed forward into Pennsylvania, and had nearly reached Harrisburg when recalled to Chambersburg, for a concentration with Longstreet and Hill, suddenly forced upon Lee by the unexpected celerity and vigor of the Federal army. Hooker again had divided his force and otherwise had so displeased the military advisers at Washington, that he was replaced by Meade, in presence of the enemy and when a great battle was imminent. A chance but serious collision of vanguards at Gettysburg fixed the field of battle there, and nine o'clock the next day, July 2, 1863, was appointed by Lee for an attack by his right, under Longstreet, upon the Federal left. At that hour the Federals were in a sadly unprepared state, but were in much better trim when the attack actually occurred, which was not until the middle of the afternoon. Though badly shaken by the desperate fighting, that lasted till nightfall, they maintained their position.

All the troops on both sides, other than the cavalry, had been engaged in the battle—which had spread from Lee's right to his left—with the exception of three fine brigades of Virginians under Pickett, whose fourth brigade was on detached service when the campaign

opened, and had not yet rejoined its division. Pickett's troops had been escorting wagon trains, and arrived after the battle of July 2 was over, wild with disappointment. Lee decided to use them the next day, with proper supports, in an assault on the Federal center. Longstreet, who had always objected to sacrificing men whom the Confederacy could not replace, dissented from the proposition to assault; but Lee, who was often very pugnacious, despite his years and dignity, was firm, and Pickett was greatly pleased with his opportunity. So, about 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon of July 3, after a fierce and protracted cannonade, in which the Confederates wasted their ammunition and the Federals saved theirs for the assault they knew was coming, Pickett moved out, supported by two other divisions. The July sun was blazing hot, the half mile across the valley was broken by fences, streams, and plowed fields, and the Federal artillery fire was galling. But the three lines moved steadily forward till they came under a heavy musketry fire; yet still they advanced. They reached the Federal line on Cemetery Ridge and assailed it with the greatest gallantry. For a short time, the issue trembled in the balance. But the assailants were too weak, and, after a short and desperate fight, were beaten off, the unwounded and uncaptured survivors streaming back to the shelter of the Confederate line. Pickett's division won a shining place upon the record of valorous deeds, but the price it paid was three-fourths of its number killed, wounded or taken. This was the failure of Lee's last hope, and he retreated back to Virginia, making a narrow and fortunate escape over the angry and swollen Potomac.

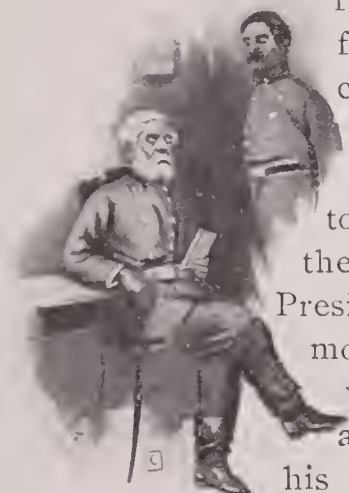
All the world believed that the campaign which began in the first days of May, in 1864, when Grant, with two hundred thousand men at command, moved against Lee, would decide the issue of the war. Grant, whose successes at Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga had brought the fortunes of the Confederacy to a low ebb in the West, had been made commander-in-chief of the armies. When it was announced that he would personally conduct the campaign in the East, Lee knew that he would have to strive with an antagonist who was, at least, a more persistent and obstinate fighter than he had met before. The powers at Washington had boundless confidence in Grant, and men, material and money, without limit, were placed at his disposal. The Confederate authorities, persuaded that the coming struggle would decide the question of life or death, drew to the utmost upon the limited and failing means at their command to equip General Lee for his task.

No such mighty armies had ever been assembled on this continent as those which confronted each other in the Wilderness. Grant's controlling purpose was to fight Lee, whenever and wherever he found

him; secondary to this, in his mind, was the capture of Richmond, the Confederate capital. He believed that the Confederacy could be conquered only by destroying its armies, and this must be done with cannon and musket and saber; it would profit little to capture cities so long as the hostile armies were left unscathed. It cannot be doubted that his manner of conducting war, even with its bloody harvest of death and mutilation, was, in the end, economy of life and treasure; it ended the war. But the stress upon Lee was constant and most severe. Grant's strength in men and guns was twice his own. The supply of food, clothing and munitions for his adversary was abundant and unfailing; his own was but scanty and precarious. Lee's policy, from the Wilderness to Appomattox, was a defensive one, varied only by an occasional blow, when opportunity offered.

Grant's continuous "hammering" during the first few weeks resulted in prodigious losses. At the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, and in the minor engagements that took place almost daily, more than a hundred thousand men were slain, wounded or captured. Two-thirds of these casualties were in the army of Grant. But he took no step backward, and Lee was not permitted for a moment to relax his watchfulness. In June, Grant swung his army around Richmond and planted it before Petersburg. His attempt to take that city was foiled by the swift movement of Lee. A long siege followed, and for nine months the opposing armies lay in the forts and trenches. At the end of March, 1865, one of Lee's corps was overwhelmed and almost destroyed by Sheridan at Five Forks. This prepared the way for the crowning disaster. Grant's soldiers leaped from their trenches and swept like a tornado over the earthworks of Lee, weakly defended because there were no men to fill the depleted ranks. Lee telegraphed President Davis that he could no longer hold Petersburg and Richmond. The Confederate government left the capital a fugitive, while Lee drew together the battered fragments of his army and marched to the westward. Close upon him was Grant with his host of infantry, while Sheridan, with the cavalry, harassed his flanks and blocked his way in front. Then came Appomattox—and the end.

War is a science, having the definite object of overcoming an enemy, and there is nothing to be said against Grant's method of using a strong and recuperative army to grind away to nothingness a weaker one. That Lee was fighting against time and its probabilities is true, but unimportant. Time has many chances in its train, and the happy turn of a chance sometimes brings as fortunate a result as if that result had been a foregone conclusion. Lee was the



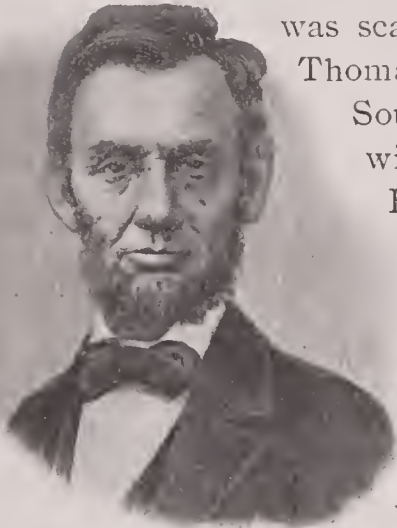
author of no unnecessary bloodshed; on the contrary, he stopped at the very moment he became convinced that further bloodshed would be a vain sacrifice to his cause. To have stopped sooner would have been a betrayal of duty, an impossible thing to a man who had always lived in the highest regions of duty and conscience. How bitter duty was when all was lost, we may learn from the pathetic story of that great leader standing on the porch at Appomattox, in deep thought, and unconsciously smiting his hands together, while Grant and his officers draw apart, silent and sympathetic, until he shall recover himself. We have one more glimpse of him, sitting stony and speechless in the desolate house where he found temporary shelter. Then the great bitterness passes away, and the man of fifty-eight, bereft of home and vocation, takes up life's burdens anew, lives long enough to do some service in healing the wounds of war, and to have some intimations of the judgment of his country and the world upon him, and then passes serenely to the grave. "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith," might be his fitting epitaph.

No military critic has denied, nor will any ever deny, the genius of Lee, both strategic and tactical. The world has produced few soldiers who, under like conditions, could have continued so stoutly and so long the grapple with Grant, whose preponderance of fighting strength and exhaustless sources of supply far more than outweighed the disadvantage of an offensive campaign. Let it be admitted that in this last respect Lee had the coign of vantage; the fact remains that the world never would have excused Grant, had he, with the means at his command, failed to bring his antagonist to bay. But great and powerful as the Federal army was, it could not have achieved success without Grant—or some other leader as good as he. And while the world applauds the prowess and the tenacity of Grant, it cheerfully accords to Lee the full meed of praise for his masterful skill and the spirit and endurance of his army. If Grant had not been able to dislodge Lee at Petersburg and Richmond, the doom of the latter was still inevitable, and near; for Sherman's sixty thousand Western veterans, who had marched from Atlanta to the sea, were sweeping swiftly northward through the Carolinas, and a few days more would have brought them to the lines around the Confederate capital.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

A rail-splitter and boatman who liberated a race.

THE life of Abraham Lincoln illustrates, as does that of no other public man in American history, the full measure of possibility that opens to every lad born under the "stars and stripes." It is not possible to conceive a more inauspicious beginning for an illustrious career. Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in a house that was scarcely more than a hovel, in Hardin County, Kentucky.



Thomas Lincoln, his father, belonged to that class in the South before the war, known as "poor whites," and was without ambition, either for himself or for his children. He owned a few barren acres, in a desolate and unproductive region, and the rude home of the family was a picture of poverty and squalor, utterly cheerless and without elevating influences. Abraham's mother, who was Nancy Hanks before marriage, was a woman of strong character, in many respects superior to those of her class. She died while "Abe" was yet a boy, but she left upon him the clear impress of her virtues, and her mental attainments, limited though they were. It was but little, when compared with the training given to the young in well-appointed homes, but it was enough to give the boy a start in the right direction, and to encourage the ambition for something better in life that was early developed in the breast of young Lincoln.

When Abraham was seven years old, a shaggy-headed, ragged, barefooted, forlorn boy, his father removed to Indiana. A spot in the woods was cleared, a log cabin was built and a new start in life was made. The conditions and surroundings were better than those which environed the "old Kentucky home," and Lincoln says of himself that he now "first began to feel like a human being." Hard work, early and late, was his boyhood portion. When he was not helping his father, he was "hiring out" to do odd jobs for the neighbors — plowing, digging ditches, chopping wood or driving an ox team. There was a small log school-house in his district, but "Abe" Lincoln saw little of its interior. His attendance was limited to a few weeks of

each winter, during which he learned to read, write and cipher, at least as well as the average of his fellows.

As soon as he was old enough to read understandingly, "Abe" showed a passion for books. There were few people of education and culture within many miles, but such as had books willingly loaned them to him, although the available supply was at best extremely limited. It is said of him that he eagerly devoured every printed page that fell into his hands. During those early log-cabin days he read "Æsop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," a life of Washington and a short history of the United States. He borrowed from a constable the revised statutes of Indiana and read them to the last word.

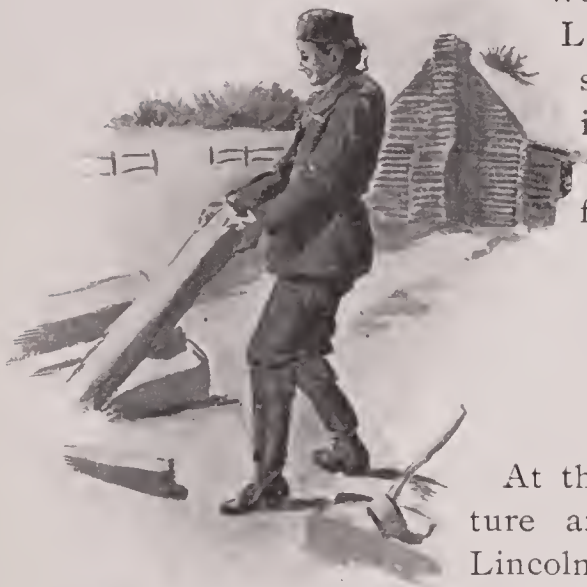
Abraham was nine years old when his mother died. A year later his father married Mrs. Johnston, a widow, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. She was a good woman, all to her stepchildren that a mother could have been. Abraham said of her: "She was affectionate, good and kind above the average woman." She outlived him, and after his death, by an assassin's bullet, she said:—

"I can say what not one mother in ten thousand can say of a boy, that Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do anything I asked of him; nor did I ever give him a cross word in all my life. He was dutiful to me always. Abe was the best boy I ever saw or ever expect to see."

Young Lincoln came into his teens a tall, awkward, clever fellow, whom everybody liked for his genial good nature. A natural aptitude for speaking was developed, and this was greatly enhanced by a good memory, in which was stored all that he had read. He had a happy faculty of telling stories and mimicking itinerant preachers and other public speakers, and he became known the country round for his ability to entertain an audience of backwoods people. He joined heartily in all the frolics of the young folks and was everywhere a welcome guest at social gatherings. At seventeen, he was six feet four in his stockings—when he had any—and could "throw" any man in the neighborhood in a wrestling bout. He was singularly free from the vices which were so common among the young men of his time. He continued his studious habits and was thus unconsciously laying the foundation for the illustrious career that was before him, although as yet there was no prospect of any betterment of his condition in life. He kept "pegging away," as he afterward expressed it, doing whatever he found to do, and yet leading an aimless, vagrant life, with no apparent purpose beyond assisting his father to supply his family with the bare necessaries of life. He seems to have been espe-

cially famous for making rails, of which he split three thousand for one employer. He was assisted by John Hanks, his mother's cousin, and as the men plied ax and maul, they little thought that those rails would be an important factor in the life of one of them. A day was to come when John Hanks, with two of those same rails on his shoulders, would electrify a political convention, and kindle an enthusiasm that would carry Lincoln to the White House at Washington. In Herndon's "Life of Abraham Lincoln" is given a facsimile of a page from "Abe's" school copy book. There are two or three "sums" in "long measure" and "dry measure," worked out on the page, and in a lower corner is the following bit of rude, prophetic rhyme:—

"Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen;
He will be good,
But God knows when!"



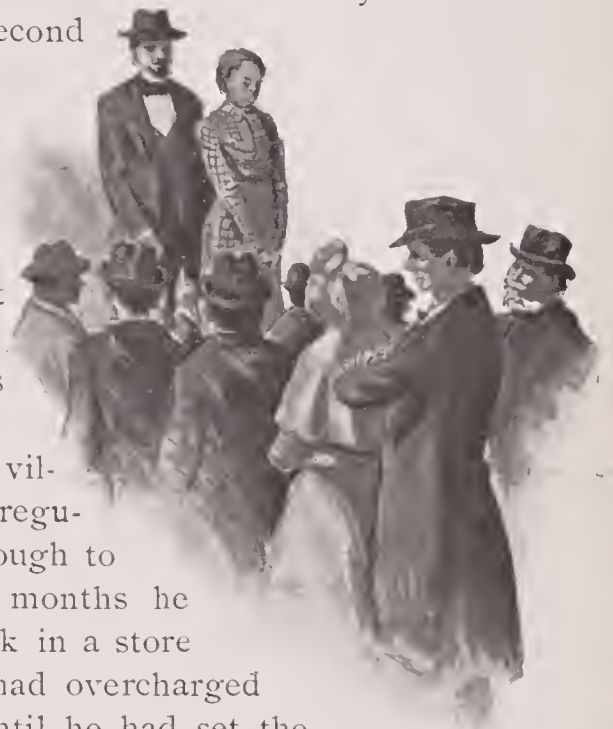
At the age of nineteen, inspired by a love of adventure and a desire to see something of the world, Lincoln made a trip on the Mississippi River as a flat-boatman. He and Hanks engaged with a trader to take a cargo of provisions to New Orleans. They were to receive half a dollar a day each and their food, with something in addition on their return if the venture should prove successful. At New Salem, the boat stuck on the edge of a dam and there seemed little prospect of getting it free. The people of the village stood on the bank and chaffed the unlucky boatmen, but Lincoln waded into the stream, unloaded the boat, and rigged up a contrivance by which he hoisted it safely over the dam. Then the happy voyagers replaced the cargo and sailed away amid the cheers of the onlookers. Many years afterward, Lincoln patented the device he then used to release the boat, and to-day the model may be seen in the patent office at Washington. During this trip, Lincoln shared all the experiences of a class of men peculiar to that time, who were as much at home in the water as out of it, and who prided themselves on the fact that they fairly deserved the phrase of the day that was applied to them, "half alligator, half man." Lincoln profited much by his trip, in the enlarged field of observation which it afforded him, and in the great fund of new stories which he picked up and carefully placed in storage for future use.

In the spring of 1830, when Abraham was twenty-one, his father again migrated, this time to Sangamon County, Illinois. The journey required fifteen days, and "Abe" drove, the entire distance, an ox

wagon containing the meager household belongings. Here another log cabin was built, and here, to fence a field, young Lincoln split more of the rails that were to become historic. Lincoln was now of age and he "struck out for himself," again using his own words. He did all sorts of jobs that the neighborhood afforded, and with the little money he could spare he bought books. He made a second trip on a flatboat to New Orleans, and while there witnessed a slave auction. This made an impression on his mind that time never effaced. As he turned away, with an overpowering feeling of aversion, he said to his companions: "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing"—meaning slavery—"I'll hit it hard!" The chance came to him more than thirty years later, and he did "hit it hard."

Next, Lincoln lived for a time in the small village of New Salem, where his precarious and irregular employment brought him little more than enough to provide his daily food and shelter. For a few months he was a steamboat pilot and then engaged as clerk in a store and mill. On one occasion he found that he had overcharged a woman a few cents, and he could not rest until he had set the matter right. After he had closed the store for the night, though the hour was late, he walked several miles to refund the small amount. At another time Lincoln discovered by accident that he had given short weight on a purchase of tea. He at once weighed out the amount to make up the shortage and carried it to the customer, who was wholly unconscious that she had not before received the right quantity. It is not a matter of wonder that young Lincoln began to be called "Honest Abe"—a sobriquet that clung to him while he lived, for he was as honest and conscientious in the larger things of life as in the trifling matters at the store.

One day the chief bully of the town provoked Lincoln into a fight, in which the bully received a thorough trouncing. This so pleased the other rough fellows of the community that they elected Lincoln captain of a company which they formed at this time, for the Black Hawk War. He accepted the position and led his company to the field. It is a noteworthy coincidence that Lincoln and his men were mustered into the United States service by Jefferson Davis—who had graduated at West Point four years before and was at this time an officer in the army. Thirty years later, Lincoln and Davis were Presidents, respectively, of the United States and the so-called Confederate States, both directing great armies and navies in deadly warfare.



An incident during this war illustrates Lincoln's personal courage. An aged Indian, half starved and alone, entered the camp. He showed a letter from General Cass, commending him for faithful services to the whites. But the soldiers were much incensed because of Black Hawk's recent atrocities, and they leveled their muskets to shoot the helpless old man. The tall figure of Captain Lincoln appeared on the scene. He stepped between the Indian and the weapons and said, "Boys, you shall not shoot this man!" For a moment the soldiers stood irresolute, but Lincoln did not flinch. They would have shot the Indian, but they would not draw a trigger on the man who calmly and bravely shielded him with his own body. They lowered their weapons and turned sullenly away, and the Indian was saved.

The Black Hawk War did not last long, nor was there much if any fighting for the New Salem company to do. But on the strength of his "war record," whatever it may have been, soon after Lincoln returned he announced himself a candidate for the Legislature. He ran as a Whig, but was defeated. He next tried the business of keeping a store. He had a partner who turned out to be dissolute and the business failed, leaving Lincoln heavily in debt. He secured a position as deputy surveyor, and was also appointed postmaster at New Salem. The daily outgoing and incoming mail could be carried in his hat. These positions were not lucrative enough to relieve his financial embarrassment. He became so involved that his horse, saddle and bridle were seized and put up for sale at auction. Lincoln was not present at the sale, but Bolin Greene, a friend of his, was there. After the sale, Greene, who had bought the horse and the trappings, took them to their former owner and said to him: "Take them, Abe, and pay for them what I paid whenever you get ready; if you never get ready it's all the same to me."



While Lincoln was postmaster, the post-office at New Salem was discontinued, and one day a government agent called to close the business and settle the accounts. It was found that a balance of seventeen dollars and a few cents was due from Lincoln to the government. A friend who knew how poor he was, and presumed that he had not at hand the means to pay, kindly offered to lend him the necessary amount. "Stop a bit," said Lincoln, "let's see how it will come out." He went to his lodgings and returned with an old stocking, the contents of which he emptied on the table. There were the coins, from pennies to quarters and half dollars, just as he had received them from those who did business at the office. A count showed

the exact amount required to discharge the obligation. Though Lincoln had often been hard pressed for the necessities of life, he had never used a farthing of the money which belonged to the government.

But Lincoln's ambition was boundless, though thus far he had seemed to get on but slowly. He determined to apply himself to the law, of which he had already picked up a fair general knowledge—with a secondary design to secure a foothold in politics, which had a strong fascination for him. He walked fifty miles to borrow a copy of Blackstone's "Commentaries," and read a hundred pages while he was trudging back. To such a man, success was sure. He again entered the race for the Legislature, everywhere openly avowing his Whig principles. The district was usually Democratic by a large majority, but Lincoln had grown in popularity to such a degree that he was easily elected. Before he could make a decent appearance at the state capital, he had to borrow money to purchase suitable clothing. A friend loaned him two hundred dollars, "which," says the lender, "he returned according to promise." There were nine representatives from Sangamon County. All were tall men, and the delegation was known as the "Long Nine." Lincoln was tallest of all, and on this account, as well as from his natural leadership, he was called the "Sangamon Chief." He continued in the Legislature for four consecutive terms. Meanwhile, he had been admitted to the bar, in 1836, at the age of twenty-seven, and had removed to Springfield, the capital of the state. His law business increased beyond his most sanguine expectations, and he was at last fairly started on the way to fame and fortune. He was indeed one of those who had "come up through great tribulation."

In the practice of law, Lincoln never resorted to the tricks by which many of his brother attorneys sought to win cases. He was as honest in his profession as he was in everything else. He would not take a case which he knew to be inherently bad, based upon wrong or injustice of any kind. He was ever ready to espouse the cause of the unfortunate, the weak and the poor, with never a thought of his fee. An aged woman, the widow of a Revolutionary soldier, had been robbed by a pension agent in Springfield and sought the advice of Mr. Lincoln. He undertook the case and brought suit against the agent. During his plea at the trial he had half the jury in tears. The verdict was for the woman and the agent was compelled to make full restitution. Lincoln refused to accept a penny for his services, and he paid his client's hotel expenses and her railroad fare to her home, which was some miles distant. "There is but one Abraham Lincoln," said one of his friends after this incident.

While young Lincoln was struggling to rise above his surroundings, the weight of a crushing sorrow fell upon him. A mutual affection, which ripened into betrothal, had grown up between him and a fair and most estimable girl named Ann Rutledge. Lincoln loved her with all the intensity of his ardent nature, and they were to have wedded as soon as he became settled in life. Miss Rutledge was cut off by a fatal illness, and he who had hoped to make her his wife was inconsolable. So overmastering was his grief that for a time his friends feared that he would lose his reason. But time healed the wound, and Lincoln became greatly attached to another young woman. He asked her hand in marriage, but she looked only upon the uncouth exterior of her admirer and refused him. Again he suffered for a time, but he took a philosophical view of the matter, and to one of his friends he said, jocularly: "Maybe she'll live long enough to find that she might have done worse than to have me, but I guess I'll be able to pick up a wife, sooner or later."

Not long afterward he met Mary Todd, from his native state, Kentucky. The tender passion again took root, and when he asked her to become his wife she promised him, and some time later the day was set for the wedding. Mr. Lincoln seems to have been in a peculiar frame of mind. He began to doubt his feelings toward Mary, and the idea took possession of him that they were not suited to each other for life companions and that he had done wrong in proposing to her. His biographers say that this so preyed upon his mind that he seriously contemplated suicide. At all events, when the day and hour for the nuptials came, the bride and the guests were there but the groom did not appear. It was a purely conscientious motive that kept him away; he could not do what he conceived to be a wrong to one whom he so highly esteemed. But Miss Todd was disinclined to

release him, and, after a careful consideration of the matter, he decided to marry her, and did so. To the last day of his life he was a true, faithful and affectionate husband, with the tenderest charity for the faults of disposition and temper which marred Mrs. Lincoln's otherwise strong and attractive womanly character. An incident—laughable because it ended without bloodshed—grew out of the courtship of "Abe" and Mary. It was the famous "duel" between Lincoln and General James Shields. The latter took mortal offense at some prankish publications in the local newspapers, of which Lincoln was the writer. Shields demanded satisfaction and Lincoln readily agreed that he should have it. Lincoln had the choice of weapons and chose cavalry broadswords, the combatants to



stand on either side of a wide plank securely fixed on its edge. The affair created a great deal of noise, but the differences were finally adjusted through the interposition of mutual friends.

In 1846 Mr. Lincoln was elected a representative in Congress, as a Whig. He drew public attention by a speech in which he sharply assailed President Polk for having "unjustly forced a war upon Mexico," and by the introduction of a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia. Twice during the next few years, Lincoln was a candidate for the United States Senate, and was only defeated by political combinations against him. In 1856, at the first national convention of the Republican party, he was the choice of many of the delegates for the vice-presidential candidate, but the selection fell to William L. Dayton, of New Jersey. In 1858 took place the famous joint debate between Mr. Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. Both were candidates for the United States Senate, and their speeches attracted the attention of the country in a marked degree. Mr. Lincoln, in this debate, took a very pronounced stand against slavery, while Mr. Douglas stood for the principle of "popular sovereignty"—the right of the people of a state to decide for themselves whether it should be slave or free. "Slavery is wrong" was the keynote of Mr. Lincoln's speeches, and his nomination for President in 1860 was in large measure due to the deep impression which his utterances during this debate made upon the minds and hearts of the freedom-loving people.

A year before the presidential campaign of 1860, the opponents of slavery in Illinois were casting about for a national candidate and their unanimous choice fell upon a man within their own state. In 1859 a state convention of the new Republican party was held at Decatur. Lincoln was there in a purely individual capacity. But when the presiding officer called him to the platform, he was lifted by the arms of admiring friends and carried forward, amidst tremendous cheering. Then John Hanks entered the hall, bearing on his shoulders two old fence rails gayly decorated with ribbons. They bore the inscription:—

"Abraham Lincoln, the Rail candidate for the presidency in 1860. Two rails from a lot of three thousand, split in 1830 by John Hanks and Abe Lincoln, whose father was the first pioneer of Macon County."

A few months later this Illinois rail-splitter spoke on the living issue of the time, to a great audience in the largest hall in the city of New York. A contemporary writer said:—

"Never before had such a speech been heard in New York. Men who had great claims to scholarship, and who had spent the greater part of their lives among books and in colleges, were amazed when they heard the masterly exposition which Lincoln gave of the history and political

institutions of the country. Uncultured, yet scholarly; untrained, yet logical; unpolished, yet deeply sympathetic; mighty in stature and eloquent in speech—the people listened to him spellbound, and from time to time testified to their approval and delight with thunders of applause.”

Said one man as he walked out of the hall after the meeting, “He is the greatest man since St. Paul!”

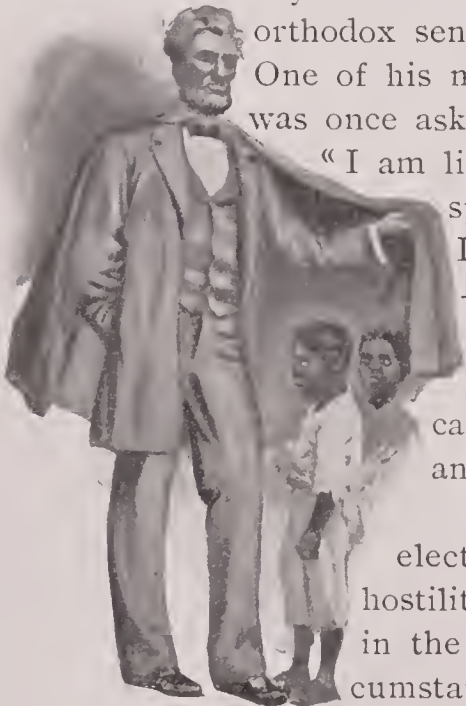
Mr. Lincoln’s power as a speaker did not lie in polished diction and lofty flights of oratory. It is said of him that in his early manhood, when he began public speaking, he first cultivated a high-flown style, with sounding phrases and words of many syllables, on the theory that this would impress the untutored ear with a sense of the speaker’s ability and learning. But he soon changed his method, for he found that he could reach the people with far greater effect by the utmost simplicity and directness of style, with well-pointed stories freely interspersed. In later years, the crude roughness of the log-cabin days wore off, but otherwise his style of speaking remained unchanged. His voice was not melodious and his form was ungainly, but there was an irresistible charm in his unique individuality, and in the depth and genuineness of his convictions and his sympathies for those who suffered from wrong. His illustrations and anecdotes, of which he had a boundless store, mainly drawn from scenes and characters in Western life, gave to his speeches a flavor and relish that never palled on the popular taste.

A few words may properly be said in regard to the religious views held by Mr. Lincoln. He was not deeply pious—a Christian in the orthodox sense of the word. The “Golden Rule” was his creed. One of his most intimate, lifelong friends relates that Mr. Lincoln

was once asked, in his presence, in regard to his religious belief.

“I am like an old man in Indiana,” said he, “whom I heard speak in church when I was a boy. He said, ‘When I do good, I feel good, and when I do bad, I feel bad,’—and that,” said Mr. Lincoln, “is my religion.” At certain periods of his life, and under peculiar conditions, he seemed much inclined to fatalism; yet there can be no doubt of his firm belief in the Supreme Being, and in His directing power over individuals and nations.

The political conditions which made possible the election of Mr. Lincoln, on a clearly defined issue of hostility to slavery, may be briefly sketched here, to assist in the better understanding of the peculiar and trying circumstances under which began the administration of the first Republican President. The right to hold negroes in bondage was recognized in the Constitution. Indeed, in the early days of



the republic, slavery existed in the seaboard states of the North, including New York and Massachusetts. But a system of labor based upon ownership and forced servitude was at variance with the spirit of the people who had settled in the North and East, and whose civilization was creeping gradually westward. Slavery was banished early, by the voice of the people, from the territory north of a line coincident with the southern boundary of Pennsylvania, and thence westward following the course of the Ohio River.

This definitely and permanently fixed the line between free and slave territory east of the Mississippi, but trouble came when the great Northwest was carved into sections and these, one after another, applied for admission into the Union. There was a fierce struggle over the admission of Missouri, the body of which lies north of the line of the Ohio River prolonged. A majority of her people desired that it should be a slave state, and this was at length agreed to, after the adoption, in 1820, of the "Missouri Compromise," drafted by Henry Clay. By its terms, slavery was forever prohibited from passing north of the line of the southern boundary of Missouri, produced to the west line of the territory ceded by France to the United States and known as the "Louisiana Purchase." The compromise had no force west of the Rocky Mountains, and California was admitted to the Union, in 1850, only after a warm and protracted contest to decide whether it should be with slavery or without it.

The most bitter struggle, however, and the one which did more than anything else to kindle the desolating torch of war, was over the admission of Kansas and Nebraska. Kansas lies directly west of Missouri and Nebraska north of Kansas. The United States Court had decided the Missouri Compromise to be unconstitutional, and it had been wholly abrogated by the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854, after one of the most rancorous contests in the history of Congress. This left the slavery question to the decision of the people of the two territories. In order to control the admission of Kansas, partisans of slavery from Missouri and Arkansas, and "free-state" advocates from all sections of the North, hastened thither. A violent clash was inevitable. The struggle lasted several years, with much disorder and bloodshed. There were rival legislatures and territorial governments, and both slave and free constitutions were adopted and presented to Congress for approval. The war hastened the solution of the problem and Kansas was admitted, a free state, in 1861.

The hostility to slavery in the North had been gaining strength ever since the foundation of the republic. The old Whig party had always opposed the encroachments of slavery, but it had been ever ready to compromise, and thus put off the evil day, which men wise

in politics could foresee was coming, when the fate of slavery would be decided forever—for there was a fast increasing number of people who believed that the nation could not much longer exist “half slave and half free.” The Whig party did not keep step with public sentiment. It was divided on the slavery question, lost the presidential election in 1852, when its candidate, General Scott, was defeated, and soon afterward disappeared. The Republican party, organized in 1856, took more advanced ground. It was inherently and uncompromisingly opposed to slavery, was willing to concede to it only such privileges as were guaranteed by the Constitution, and declared that it should be held strictly to all legal limitations. This party had failed to elect John C. Fremont, its first candidate for President, in 1856, but during the next four years it had gathered such momentum that the divided opposition could not stand against it.

For the election of 1860, the Republicans had their logical candidate before them, by a process of natural selection. The candidate was William H. Seward, of New York, able and experienced as a practical politician, with the broad outlook and constructive genius of a statesman, ready and forceful in debate, eloquent and graceful as an orator, distinguished as a man of light and leadership among his contemporaries, one who had deftly but courageously fought the battle of freedom against slavery, and withal so buoyant and sanguine always that his mere presence was half the victory. But the Republicans could win only by holding back the extreme radical anti-slavery element, represented by such men as Garrison and Phillips, and keeping in close touch with the large and dominating conservative feeling at the North. Very many whose heart's desire was to see Seward in the White House, feared that his masterly leadership, which had brought them in sight of the land of promise, would prove their undoing, by awakening fears in conservative breasts that Seward as President might go too far or too fast. The ghost of ancient feuds in the politics of New York arose, too, and Horace Greeley, editor of the “Tribune,” and journalistic autocrat of the new party, pronounced irrevocably against Seward. To lose New York would be to lose the election, and to carry New York against the violent and inflexible opposition of Greeley and the “Tribune” seemed an impossibility. Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, would have been a natural second choice, but it was believed that Chase would prove weaker in the East than Seward.

First among the “dark horses” was Abraham Lincoln. He had been to Ohio, and had shown the friends of Chase the kind of candidate he would be if their idol should have to be sacrificed. He had been to New York, and set the friends of Seward to thinking and

talking about him. He belonged to no faction, and represented no interest but that of the new, great and enthusiastic party, so hopeful of victory in the presence of the disarrayed enemy, and so anxious not to make a false move in the impending struggle to attain it. In the great Northwest he was without a rival, and everywhere without an enemy. Finally, in his public addresses, East and West, he had not only uttered quaint and picturesque phrases that afterward sprang to the lips of argument, but had set the paramount issue in the light of pure morality, and so had given to political action against slavery the exaltation of a religious crusade.

Not only the foremost but the most fortunate of dark horses was Lincoln. The national convention was held at Chicago, in his own state, where his friends were at home and his admirers could throng the spacious galleries upon tickets issued by a provident committee. His portrait was ready, and so were the flags and the music, and the floor shouters among the delegates—everything prepared for the stampe, when the audience should break forth spontaneously into cries and cheers, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Lovely woman was to grace the upper scene, and with no purpose of being either motionless or silent. Though the fence rails split by Lincoln in his early days must have moldered into touchwood, a hardy-looking supply of the original and genuine articles was provided, to be carried around at the proper moment to attest the "rail-splitter" as the greatest of living statesmen, as well as a true son of the people. The charm worked; none the less because, while other dark horses were shut out from the track, there was no visible effort to hamper the running of the first and second favorites as long as they could keep the pace. Their efforts were soon spent, and then the race was a walkover for Lincoln.

After a momentary gasp at the East, the nomination proved surprisingly strong and popular. The bright prospect aroused the best efforts of the active politicians, whose interested services no candidate can do without. Young voters in the free states were naturally attracted to the new party and became enthusiastic in their adherence to it, and as the character and history of the candidate unfolded themselves the enthusiasm extended to him. Torchlight processions in uniform, to the music of bands, drum corps and campaign songs, were frequent in the large cities and towns, and, carried away by local or party feeling, much money was spent in these campaign demonstrations by persons who had not a thought of any direct advantage from the election. The antislavery sentiment in the North was fused into a solid mass, and, with an enthusiasm born of confidence in the result. The young Republican party girded itself for the struggle. No

political campaign in the history of the country stirred popular feeling to profounder depths than did that which placed Mr. Lincoln in the presidential chair.

Lincoln's vote fell nearly a million short of the aggregate number cast for the other presidential candidates, of whom there were three — Douglas, of the northern Democrats; Breckenridge, of the slavery Democrats; and Bell, of the conservative "American" party. He carried only seventeen out of thirty-three states, but he had a majority of fifty-seven over all others in the electoral college, and lost no free state except New Jersey, in which a fusion ticket took part of the electoral vote. All the slave states voted against him, from Delaware down to Texas. Personally, he was less obnoxious to the people of the South than would have been Seward or Chase, but they considered that he would be a minority president and assumed that he would be a strictly sectional one. South Carolina exercised her alleged privilege of withdrawing from the Union, and was soon followed by Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas. These seven states formed a republic of their own, organized a government and an army, and fixed their national capital provisionally at Montgomery, Alabama.

Such was the heritage to which the rail splitter came—a shattered Union, a resolute and ready South, an incredulous and unready North, leaders of other parties all for compromise, and many of those of his own party for abject surrender. Lincoln's first act after the election had been to obtain the consent of Seward and Chase to fill the two most important places in the Cabinet, a measure that gave general satisfaction to his party and to the country. His eloquent inaugural address inspired confidence at the North, but it was without effect at the far South, which had irrevocably chosen its course.

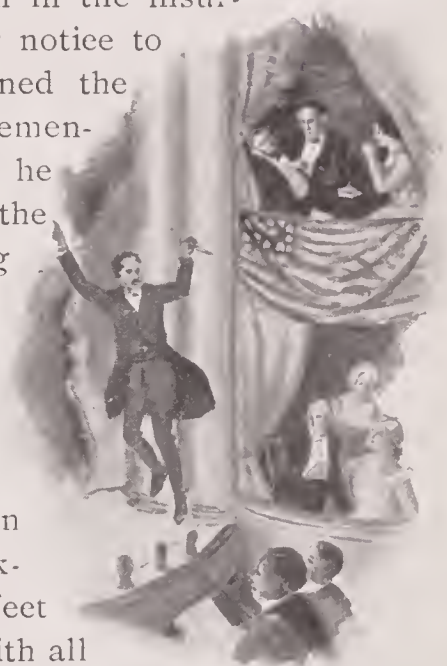
Apart from his great height and spare, ungainly figure, the new President's appearance was striking. His features were large, though not irregular, and prominent cheek bones would have given them a seeming harshness except for the melancholy or kindly expression which, the one or the other, sat habitually on his countenance. His cheeks were hollow, his gray eyes deeply set, and a wild mass of black hair rose above a very high forehead. After he became President, a short but full beard around the chin materially improved his looks. His manner was simple and perfectly natural, and gave him both dignity and affability. Ordinarily, he was sociable and talkative, but he was subject to prolonged fits of depression, which, when extreme, threw him for hours into a trance-like condition, or, as in the case of Napoleon, racked him with a desolating sense of fatalism. To the reaction from his attacks of despondency is due that outward levity of speech and manner which sometimes jarred upon even-balanced

minds — for inwardly Lincoln was always serious — were it but in the telling of one of his quaint and point-enforcing stories. His patience was sublimity itself, and his intuitive habit of bringing everything to the test of morality, shows that he had obtained his human share of the divinity that in mythology belongs to the gods. When he began to discuss slavery before the people, he cried out against the injustice of it, but he had no debasing word for the slaveholder nor fulsome word for the slave. For the political equality of the negro, he made no claim, but he did claim for him an equal right with the white man to put into his mouth the bread that his hand had earned.

The story of Lincoln's presidency is inseparably woven into the history of the Civil War, and could not be even sketched in an article of this length and kind. His announced policy was to redeem his inauguration oath to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution. War was begun from his necessary but peaceful effort to supply, but not to strengthen, the nearly starved garrison of a national fort in Charleston Harbor, and the first shot was not fired from a Union gun. From the original duty to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution he never swerved, and upon it he never enlarged. To take vengeance upon rebellion was never in his mind; he sought to cause rebellion to cease, and the national authority of the Union to be restored where it had been defied and arrested.

When, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and as an act of military necessity, Mr. Lincoln declared emancipation in the insurgent states, after giving them one hundred days prior notice to return to their allegiance, he neither shook nor overturned the Union upon its foundations, though his was the most tremendous act since the Declaration of Independence. That he had not been dilatory or over-cautious was shown by the votes against the administration in the shortly ensuing elections, and in the momentary wave of discontent that swept over the army and navy. It was his patience and wisdom that soon brought the army, navy and people around to the sober view that he had done right, and that if the head and heart of any man were to be trusted, he was that man. Coming as and when it did, the proclamation strengthened the Union and weakened the Confederate power immensely. Nor was the effect in Europe less important. There the American war, with all its dreadful slaughter and destruction, was no longer considered a war of conquest, but one of liberation.

The last shot of the Civil War found its victim in the tender, patient man whose heart was already set on binding up the wounds



that the war had made. The tragic story of Lincoln's death need not be told in detail—how on the night of April 14, 1865, he was shot down by an assassin and, how, a few hours later, the spirit took its flight. The whole North had been at the pinnacle of rejoicing over the surrender of Lee at Appomattox and the end of the war. No such mighty revulsion of feeling ever before was witnessed as that which came when the words "Lincoln is dead" were carried upon the wires to every part of the country. In the army, bronzed veterans wept like children; and all over the country the great heart of the people was touched by such a grief as it had never known. Tears bedimmed the eyes of millions as the remains of the beloved Lincoln were borne half-way across the continent, to their resting place at his old home in Illinois.

Certainly, no American since Washington had such a burden laid upon him as did Mr. Lincoln. How patiently he bore it, with a singleness of purpose—the salvation of the Union—the world knows. The judgment of history will be that he was the man for the emergency, to meet the stress of war and direct the affairs of the nation through the most critical period of its history. The loyal people loved him and had confidence in him. To the soldiers "Father Abraham" was almost a god. They knew that his great heart went out to them in sympathy, and that everything that it was in his power to do he did, to provide for their needs and alleviate their distresses. His ear was always open to the appeals of the soldiers or their friends, and justice was often tempered with mercy, when death sentences for disobedience of military law were laid before him. The following is one among many of these cases:—

"DEAR FATHER: For sleeping on sentinel duty I am to be shot. I am going to write you all about it. You know I promised Jimmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy: and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his baggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double-quick, and the baggage began to feel heavy. Everybody was tired; and if I had not lent Jimmie an arm, now and then, he would have dropped by the way. It was his turn to be sentry, and I took his place, but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late. They tell me to-day that I have time to write to you. To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me—but I shall never, never come! God bless you all!"

Late that night a little girl glided out of her home, and in the early morning she was at the White House—"Well, my child" said

President Lincoln, "what do you want so early this morning?" "Bennie's life, please sir," faltered Blossom. "Bennie? Who is Bennie?" asked Mr. Lincoln — "My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping on his post." "I remember," said the President "it was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger."

He read Bennie's letter, which Blossom held out, wrote a few lines, rang a bell and said to the messenger, "Send this dispatch at once." Then he turned to Blossom and said: "Go home, my child, and tell your father, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back — no wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you." "God bless you, sir," said Blossom.

Two days later, when the young soldier came with his sister to thank the President, Mr. Lincoln fastened the strap of a lieutenant upon his shoulder, saying: "The soldier who could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the act without complaining deserves well of his country." Among the slain at Fredericksburg was a youth who bore on his breast a picture of Mr. Lincoln, on which was written, "God bless President Lincoln." This was the youth who had been condemned for sleeping on his post and had been pardoned by the President.

Fashionable life at the national capital and the burden of official cares did not in any degree change the character of Mr. Lincoln from the plainness and simplicity of his early manhood. The shallow frivolities and vanities of Washington society were most distasteful to him and even the contemplation of a "state dinner" was painful. It is related of him that at one of the New Year receptions, that long ago became a fixed social function at the White House, Mr. Lincoln endured, with ill-concealed impatience, the official ceremonies with all their stiff formality. When the hour arrived for the admission of the public, he drew the gloves from his hands and, as his face kindled with pleasure, he said:—

"Now, open the doors, and open them wide; let the people come in."

As the long procession filed past he gave a grasp of the hand and a kindly word of greeting to each—equally cordial to rich and poor, white and black. For the soldiers, and especially such as were ill or disabled by wounds, he showed a depth of tenderness that spoke eloquently of his gentleness of heart and nobility of soul.



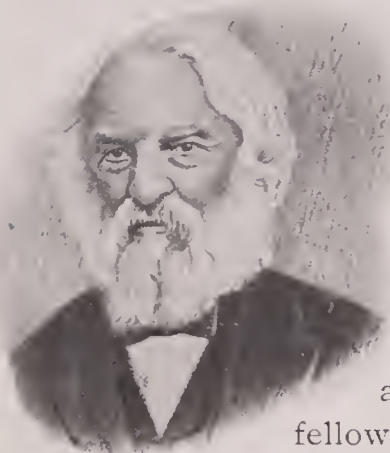
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

A favorite poet who sang in many keys.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the poet, was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father was Stephen, fourth in line from William Longfellow, an immigrant of 1675. In the same town, Newbury, Massachusetts, in which William Longfellow settled, lived Percival Lowell, the ancestor of James Russell Lowell.

Two hundred years later, these two eminent descendants of those neighbors were also intimate friends and neighbors in another town of Massachusetts, historic Cambridge.

Henry Longfellow started life as a happy boy. His surroundings were pleasant, for Portland, at that time, held a society of interesting people. The town itself was attractive. Its picturesque harbor afforded shelter for ships of commerce, through which both comfort and general intelligence were diffused. As a child, Long-



fellow showed the same characteristics that marked his manhood. He was gentle, cheerful and attractive. His father's library, filled with the best English books, more than anything else received his attention. "The Sketch-Book" of Washington Irving was his favorite volume. Said he, much later, "Whenever I open the pages of 'The Sketch-Book,' I open also that mysterious door which leads back into the haunted chambers of youth."

Longfellow began at thirteen years of age to write verse, which appeared in the poet's corner of a neighboring paper. In 1822 he joined his lifelong friend, Nathaniel Hawthorne, at Bowdoin College. In that plain country school he found other companions, who, like himself, were to make their names familiar to the world. Among the thirty-eight who passed with Longfellow into Bowdoin were Abbott, the historian; Cheever, the eminent clergyman; Bradbury, United States Senator from Maine; Cilley, the Congressman from Vermont, who was slain in a duel with Representative Graves, of Kentucky; Horatio Bridge, United States Navy; William Pitt Fessenden, statesman and financier; Franklin Pierce, President of the United States; Luther V. Ball, Sargent Smith Prentiss, John P. Hale, Calvin E. Stowe, later the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other well-known men of a past generation.

Longfellow's early letters to his parents show a desire to excel. He wrote:—

"I will be eminent in something." "You must acknowledge the usefulness of aiming high at something which it is impossible to overshoot, perhaps to reach." "I earnestly aspire after future eminence in literature. My whole soul burns ardently for it, and every earthly thought centers in it."

Sixteen or more poems appeared in the "Literary Gazette," of Boston, from Longfellow's pen, in 1824-25. Immediately after graduation, he was offered the chair of modern languages by his alma mater. This required a three years' course of study in Europe. The proposition was gladly accepted, and he sailed on his nineteenth birthday for France. He visited Spain, where he met Washington Irving, with whom he had most agreeable association. Thence he went to Italy, and afterward to Germany. He mastered the languages of all the countries he visited. At twenty-two years of age, he began his work, the equal of the older professors; for he had adhered to his rule that he would do with his might whatever his hand found to do. His course at college brought him honor, love, obedience, friends, and at its end he held a position never before surpassed in America by one of his years; yet he was only a junior professor in an institution which Oliver Wendell Holmes called a "freshwater college." There Longfellow married Miss Mary Potter, of Portland. They lived in Brunswick, in an old-fashioned house, before the door of which stood an elm tree which is still pointed out. His "Outre-Mer," containing sketches of his European travels, was published at this time. While not yet twenty-eight years of age, Longfellow was invited to the chair of modern languages in Harvard University, to succeed the eminent George Ticknor. This involved another visit to Europe, that he might study the Scandinavian language.

Accompanied by his wife, Longfellow went in 1835 to England, and thence to Sweden. There Mrs. Longfellow died, after a short illness. In Switzerland, soon afterward, he met the lady who was subsequently to share for eighteen years his home and his prosperity. She was a daughter of Hon. Nathan Appleton, of Boston. He has described her in "Hyperion," published about four years before their marriage:—

"Of majestic figure, her every step, every attitude was graceful, and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within, and that soul were, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted from above. There was not one discordant thing in her; but a perfect harmony of figure, and face, and soul."

Longfellow returned in the fall of 1836, to enter upon his duties at Harvard. He took the "Craigie House," an old colonial mansion

which had been the headquarters of General Washington. Its historic and congenial surroundings seemed an inspiration to the poetic genius that had dawned. In 1843 he married Miss Appleton and took up his abode at the "Craigie House," which had become his property. Now followed a constant flow of rhyme—full and strong and beautiful. From this time Longfellow's fame steadily increased. "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith" and "Excelsior," but served to confirm the reputation he had already made. For many years his life was a peaceful charm. His fortunes were prosperous; his home was happy; the products of his pen were awaited and welcomed with admiring interest. The "Spanish Student" was published during the year of his marriage. This was followed by the "Belfry of Bruges," "The Old Clock on the Stairs" and "The Arsenal at Springfield."

Hawthorne dined one day with Longfellow and brought a friend with him from Salem. After dinner the friend said:—

"I have been trying to persuade Hawthorne to write a story based upon a legend of Acadia, and still current there—the legend of a girl who, in the dispersion of the Acadians, was separated from her lover, and passed her life in waiting and seeking for him, and only found him dying in a hospital when both were old."

Longfellow wondered that the legend did not strike the fancy of Hawthorne, and said to him, "If you have really made up your mind not to use it for a story, will you let me have it for a poem?" To this Hawthorne consented, and promised, moreover, not to treat the subject in prose till Longfellow had seen what he could do with it in verse. Longfellow seized his opportunity and gave to the world "Evangeline," or "The Exile of the Acadians." After it had appeared, Hawthorne wrote him:—

"I have read it with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express."

The exiles' sad wanderings culminate under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard:—

"In the heart of the city they lie, unknown and unnoticed,
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

Pressing closely upon "Evangeline" in popularity is the "Song of Hiawatha," which embodies certain curious legends of the aboriginal

race. Fascinating in its narration, it portrays with fidelity the mythology, social customs and language of those romantic people.

Longfellow resigned his chair at Harvard in 1854, after nearly eighteen years of pleasant and successful labor. He wrote to a friend:—

“I want to try the effect of change on my mind, and of freedom from routine. Household occupations, children, relatives, friends, strangers and college lectures so completely fill up my days, that I have no time for poetry, and consequently the last two years have been unproductive to me. I am not, however, very sure or sanguine about the result.”

In the midst of the fullness of employment and happiness which succeeded the production of “Hiawatha” and “Miles Standish,” came the tragic death of his wife. While engaged, at her fireside, in the entertainment of her children, a drop of flaming wax set fire to her clothing and she was fatally burned. It was long after this sad event before he could find interest in life.

Longfellow’s constantly growing fame burdened him with a crowd of visitors and a multitude of letters from strangers. Though pressed for time, and wearied by these incessant demands, he still had a kind word for each and never failed to respond to cases of need. In company with his two daughters, he visited Europe for the last time, in 1868. He enjoyed his sojourn in England, in Paris and especially in Italy. His fame had preceded him and everywhere he was received with high honors. Returning home, he was glad to find the quiet happiness which marked the closing years of his life. Warnings of declining health came in the form of vertigo, nervous pain and depression. On the twenty-fourth of March, 1882, he sank quietly in death. The last lines he wrote were the closing stanza of the “Bells of San Blas” :—

“Out of the shadow of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daylight everywhere.”

The strongest evidence of Longfellow’s hold upon his readers is found in the devotion of the school children. When “the spreading chestnut tree” was cut down, seven hundred children contributed their dimes to have a library chair made from it for the dear old poet. The chair was placed in his library on his seventy-second birthday. After this many schools, not only in New England but in more distant sections, began the practice of celebrating his birthday by reciting selections from his poems and by essays to commemorate his life and work. To many of his young admirers, as individuals or collective



bodies, Mr. Longfellow wrote charming acknowledgments of their graceful compliments. Another honor conferred upon the beloved poet may be found in the "poet's corner" of Westminster Abbey, where a bust of Longfellow holds an honored place among the illustrious bards.

One has said of him:—

"He wrote no line which, dying, he would wish to blot out, or which, living, he might not justly be proud of."

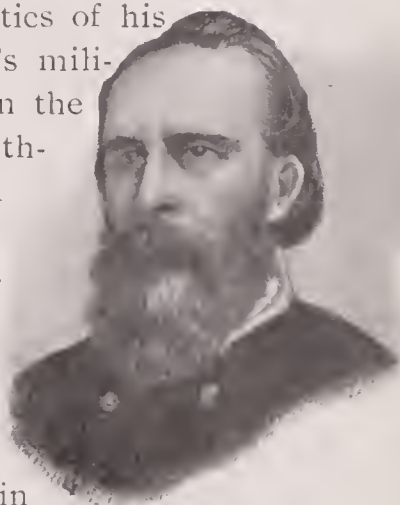
The old homestead at Cambridge is now held by Longfellow's daughter. It was built in 1759 by Colonel John Vassall, who fled to England at the beginning of the Revolution. After serving as General Washington's headquarters till the evacuation of Boston, it was bought by Mr. Craigie, who built the wings. The meadow in front of the homestead was given by Longfellow's daughters to the memorial association, on condition that it should be kept open forever, and properly laid out for public enjoyment. Let these words of Longfellow be his epitaph:—

“Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.”

JAMES LONGSTREET

A famous fighter for the Confederate cause.

LEUTENANT-GENERAL LONGSTREET, of the Confederate army, had one quality that always commands American appreciation, and is something of an American characteristic—that is to say, independence. In the military history of the Civil War, he appears as the outspoken and frequent dissenter from the campaign tactics of his commander, Lee, and sometimes from that great chieftain's military policy at large. That Longstreet was often a thorn in the side of the self-contained Lee is certain; that Lee, notwithstanding, kept him, and treated him with esteem, and even affection, is as much a proof of merit in the younger, as of greatness of soul in the older man. That same greatness of soul has not descended to those who, since Lee's death, have considered his reputation to be in their keeping; whence we have the anomaly that to find friends for Longstreet, one has to seek chiefly in the camp of the enemy. Independence Longstreet had, and, to back it up in his war-time days, he had also a historical knowledge of the art of war, equaled by that of few on either side of the conflict. The power to draw on this knowledge for comparison and example made him a formidable objector to anything he did not approve, and a caustic critic of things done against his objection which turned out badly. If the truth must be told, this knowledge gave him also a tolerably full conceit of his own opinion, which, at times, impaired the soundness of his judgment.



It was Longstreet's misfortune, so far as concerned his reputation with the Southern public, to be brought into sharp comparison with "Stonewall" Jackson, with whom he stood equal in rank, command and importance of duty, but whom he did not equal in the power or opportunity of appealing to the popular imagination, and winning popular applause. Whether he could have rivaled Jackson's confusing marches—here to-day and gone to-morrow—his fertility of resource in getting himself out of an apparent trap, or his enemy into a real one, and that sum of military qualities that has ranked Jackson with the gods of war, must remain a matter of conjecture, for their lives ran in such divergent courses that no parallel can be drawn from

them. Probably he could not have rivaled his great contemporary in those qualities that have given Jackson his distinctive fame, for, assuming his genius for war to be equal to that of the other, there would still be in the latter that impelling force of fanaticism—that soul-stirring conviction of the entire and eternal justice of his own cause, and the complete want of reason or justice in the cause of his opponents—that made him regard the Southern army as a divine threshing machine, with a manifest duty to perform. A true fanatic will always be carried by zeal beyond the normal aggregate of his powers and opportunities, and so Jackson went. Longstreet was not a fanatic. He was a Southern man, who went with the South when the great disruption came, and his only test of the rightfulness of what had been done was the rule of the majority. He was a good, loyal soldier and fought his enemy well, but he did not hate where he fought. On the contrary, when, against Jackson's fervidly pious view of the matter, it was the holy cause that went down, he proposed immediate friendship with the conquerors in the interest of the conquered. This advice fell upon hearts and tempers yet too sore to do aught but resent it, and he had to live many years under this resentment of his own people.

Longstreet was a Georgian, born across the South Carolina border. He graduated from the military academy in 1842, having just reached full age. He served at garrisons and in the Mexican War for sixteen years, when, having no prospect of rising above the rank of captain till he should have become gray-headed, he obtained the desirable appointment of a major in the pay corps. His tastes remained as they always had been, military, and he kept up his reading of wars and campaigns.

On the breaking out of the Civil War, his character as a promising officer was not overlooked, and he received an early appointment as a brigadier-general in the Confederate army. His was one of the reserve brigades in Beauregard's army at the first battle of Manassas. When the army passed under the command of General "Joe" Johnston, he was promoted to be a division commander, and, on May 31, 1862, during the Peninsular campaign, was assigned to an important part in the intended surprise of the two divisions of McClellan's army that were advancing beyond the Chickahominy. Since the war, it has been charged that on this occasion he did not comprehend the importance of his duty, and performed it in a sluggish manner. But no such view was taken at the time, and when Lee, shortly afterward, took command, he not only retained Longstreet in command of his division, but subsequently gave him the command of one of the two grand divisions or corps into which he formed the army.

Longstreet was much engaged in the Seven Days' Battles that broke up McClellan's campaign against Richmond, after which, accompanying Lee, he went across the Rappahannock and took part in the routing of Pope. His next service was in the Antietam campaign. Then followed the battle of Fredericksburg, which, though disastrous to the Federals, put no special strain on the Confederates. Hooker's badly managed campaign of Chancellorsville came next, in which the mortal wound received by Jackson left Longstreet the ranking subordinate of Lee's army.

Longstreet's attitude toward Lee had now become well defined and generally known. He believed that Lee had too great a partiality for the officers and troops from Virginia, his own state, and that it was marked enough to injuriously affect the spirit of the army. He was opposed to the spectacular raids that the cavalry was permitted to make around the rear of the Federal army, and would have had the cavalry carefully kept in condition, used for reconnoitering and flanking, and to press and break up an enemy beaten on the field. He doubted whether Lee kept his forces well enough together, as, for instance, when Jackson had been detached to invest Harper's Ferry, leaving Longstreet's corps to bear the weight of an unequal and dangerous battle at Antietam.

A marked divergence between Longstreet and his chief came after Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville. Lee proposed an incursion into Pennsylvania, on the grounds that it would refresh the troops, relieve the South of the burden of their subsistence, for several weeks at least, and probably divide and discourage the North. Longstreet opposed the plan. He believed that to invade the North would increase its resolution and military power, and cited the unfavorable result of the Maryland campaign of the preceding autumn as an argument against another campaign of invasion. His advice was to stand strictly on the defensive near Richmond, and send the large number of troops thus set free to the West, where Grant was putting the Confederacy in deadly peril. To invade Pennsylvania would be, in his opinion, only a gigantic raid that would not affect the final result, since the ground taken could not be held. He doubted that Lee could dictate terms of peace, even from Independence Hall in Philadelphia, or the City Hall of New York, and doubted that he could get further north than Harrisburg.

Lee decided for the Pennsylvania campaign, which would require all his own troops, and a reserve of no less than ten thousand other troops, to be assembled on the Potomac, according to his requisition on the Confederate government. All that could be done for the West, therefore, would be in the way of moral effect, if the Pennsylvania

campaign should prove successful. In preparation for the campaign, Lee formed a third corps out of troops taken from Longstreet and from Ewell, who had succeeded Jackson. The command of this new corps was given to Ambrose P. Hill, a Virginian. Longstreet objected to the broken organization of the two existing corps on the eve of a campaign, without the time for the new corps to attain unity. He also thought injustice had been done, by the promotion of Hill, to some other commanders who were not Virginians.

The order of march had attached the cavalry to Longstreet's corps till the entire army should be across the Potomac and concentrated in Pennsylvania. But Stuart got permission from Lee to take the cavalry by an independent route, in consequence of which it was cut off from the army till nearly the end of the battle of Gettysburg, and Lee and his corps commanders lost its much-needed services during the advance into the enemy's country. So ignorant of what was going on, was Lee, for want of cavalry, that he supposed the Federal army to be still in Virginia when it was all over the river, and not very far from his own headquarters in Pennsylvania.

When the chance collision between one of Hill's brigades and Buford's cavalry brought on a concentration of Meade's army for battle on Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg, Lee and his second in command again differed. The former said he was going to attack the Federals there, whereas Longstreet proposed to maneuver them out by turning their right flank, which could easily have been done. He declaimed against the irreparable loss the Confederacy had already sustained in winning battlefields without other result. If Meade should be driven from his position, he was in his own country and they had no cavalry at hand to follow him up and prevent him from repairing damages and taking up a new position. He would maneuver to compel Meade to attack Lee, or for the chance of attacking Meade where a defeat to him would be more damaging than the loss of the mere ground he occupied. Since the unexpected rapidity of the Federal pursuit had spoiled the Pennsylvania campaign, he would now maneuver to get south of Meade and strike Washington or Baltimore. But Lee said he was going to attack from Longstreet's own front, opposite the Federal left, early the next morning.

The attack was not made till the afternoon, and there is no room here to enter into the controversy over the responsibility for the delay, which lost the earliest chance of success. Again Longstreet urged the maneuvering plan, and again Lee overruled him by deciding for a center attack on the Federals, to be made by Pickett's three brigades that had not been in action, supported by some of the other troops and aided by a diversion by the cavalry, which had at last got in

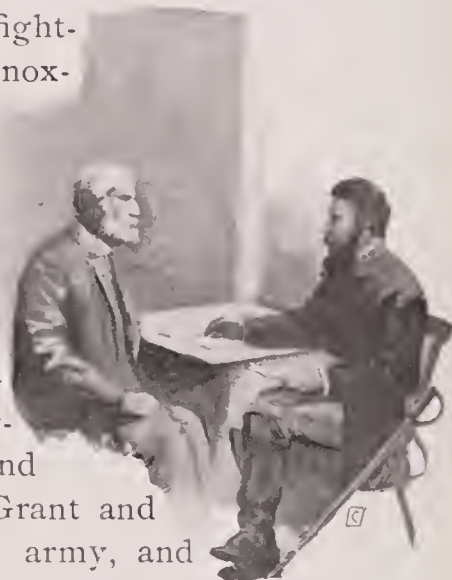
touch with the army. Longstreet predicted the failure that actually occurred, and was accused of having brought it about by neglecting to properly support the attack. Lee's subsequent conduct to Longstreet does not indicate that he shared this opinion.

In the autumn of 1863, Longstreet was sent to Tennessee with two infantry divisions. At the battle of Chickamauga he commanded the left wing of Bragg's army, and gained the victory by fighting the battle his own way. He was then sent to Knoxville to drive out Burnside, but failed because Grant was able to send assistance to Burnside in time, and Longstreet made his way back to Virginia.

In the Wilderness campaign of 1864, Longstreet was wounded, but was back again at Petersburg, and was one of the twenty-eight thousand officers and men surrendered by Lee at Appomattox. His last divergence from Lee, who shunned politics after the surrender, was openly to accept the reconstruction policy and to take a political office under President Grant. But Grant and he had been friends and comrades in the old regular army, and throughout the Civil War, and afterward they maintained the warmest regard for each other. It was Grant, near the close of his life, who wrote of Longstreet:—

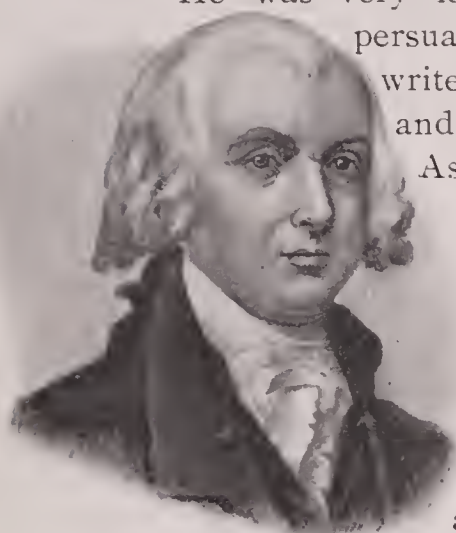
“He was brave, honest, intelligent, a very capable soldier, subordinate to his superiors, just and kind to his subordinates, but jealous of his own rights, which he had the courage to maintain.”

This eulogy fits well the man, with strong, handsome, bearded, and characteristically Southern face, whose memory it will live to adorn.



JAMES MADISON

President when the British burned the White House.



MADISON has come down to us in popular history as one of the greatest of statesmen and smallest of Presidents. Both portraits are exaggerations. Talent, however distinguished, cannot make a statesman great without genius, and genius Madison never had. He was very learned, very philosophical; quite eloquent in a calm, persuasive way; and an elegant though somewhat tedious writer, in times when political writings were eagerly read, and had much more influence than they now possess. As the originator of the movement that led to the formation of the Federal Union, he gained the title of "Father of the Constitution," and so it came about that he was reputed to have had the principal part in the shaping of the Constitution, which was not the fact. He wrote so much on the public affairs of his generation, that his writings — which remained to us after he and his contemporaries had passed away, and have been much used by historians and public men — give him a larger appearance than he bore on the actual stage. Lastly, as the lieutenant of Jefferson in public life, while Jefferson was in nominal retirement before his presidency, he came to be regarded as a co-founder with Jefferson of the Democratic party, and the growth of Jefferson's fame, in after years, gave Madison's reputation as a statesman an increase by the process of reflection.

Madison was one of those men of good private fortune, of whom so many gave themselves to the service of the country in its early days, when it had much need of them, and had little but appreciation with which to pay them for surrendering all other interests to a public career. He went from his home in Virginia to Princeton College at eighteen and remained three years, taking private, as well as collegiate, instruction. He returned an excellent scholar, but with broken health from excessive study, and it took him many years to recover. In 1775, at the age of twenty-four, he began to be locally prominent as a patriot leader, and four years later was sent as a delegate to Congress. He was not satisfied with the "league of friendship," established in 1781 by the Articles of Confederation, and made

various proposals for extending and strengthening the powers of Congress. In 1783, the war ended, we find him in the Virginia legislature, opposing the reckless issues of paper money and the confiscation of private debts due to British subjects. In 1785 he started the movement that, two years later, brought about the convention at Philadelphia, by which the now existing form of government was created. There his early proposals settled the Federal plan, under which the states were to preserve their organization and local sovereignty, and a central government was to be devised for national purposes. Agreeably to a lifelong and laborious habit, he made notes of all the proceedings, which are often useful in interpreting the Constitution. After the convention had done its work, he joined Hamilton and Jay in writing the eighty-five numbers of the serial entitled "The Federalist on the New Constitution," the object of which was to explain to the people the merits of the new scheme of government, and to argue away the objections and prejudices raised against it.

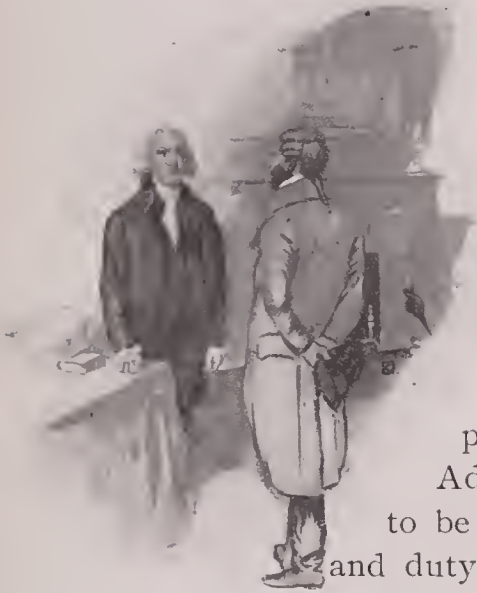
In Virginia the popular leaders, and the people themselves, were hot against the new system, but, after a long struggle, Madison's eloquence and persuasive address carried the ratification. The resentment of the minority was so strong that they defeated his election as one of the two senators in the first Federal Congress. His own people, however, elected him to the House of Representatives, where he sat for eight years. This first Congress had to organize the various departments of government, and to prepare the "personal liberty" amendments which, by general consent, were to be immediately added to the Constitution. All this important work was admirably done, and Madison was conspicuously engaged in it.

Thus far he had been in general agreement with Hamilton, the animating genius of the new government. But he opposed Hamilton's recommendation that the continental scrip, almost worthless, should be redeemed at its face value. He argued that it would be giving an enormous profit to the speculative holders, which Hamilton admitted, but contended that it was of more importance to establish the public credit by paying exactly the amount which the scrip promised on its face. Hamilton's argument prevailed and has prevailed ever since. Madison also opposed the assumption of the war debts of the states, on the ground that it would be carrying the constitutional power of the government too far. On this Hamilton failed by two votes in the House of Representatives, but he made a bargain with Jefferson, under which the war debts were to be assumed, and the national capital was to be established on the banks of the Potomac, where some of the Southerners wanted it. This bargain made a great clamor, which was increased by the profits made by the holders of

the continental and state war debts, out of their conversion into the Federal stock.

Having drifted away from the bold and dangerous Hamilton, who had also carried a congressional charter for a national bank, Madison attached himself politically to Jefferson. The two had long been friends, and, indeed, Madison was always on terms of friendship with political adversaries and allies alike, and seems never to have made a personal enemy in the whole of his public life. At the end of 1793, Jefferson left Washington's Cabinet and went home to Virginia, to organize and spread the opposition to a free construction of the Constitution, and to the aristocratic and British tendencies of the administration. Except for Madison in Congress, he would have been without a man of first-rate talent and reputation in public life to support him. As Jefferson's party rose and strengthened, Madison, as its ostensible leader, grew in public importance. He did the debating and pamphleteering, while Jefferson conducted a personal correspondence with the leaders in the states. While the popular tendency was toward Jefferson, the political ability of the country was nearly all on the side of the Federalists, and their policy had the powerful support of Washington, though he declined to be a party man. Madison, therefore, could score no direct success in Congress, but he was successful in so conducting the opposition there as constantly, if gradually, to increase the disaffection in the country. He went down with his party for the time being, under the revulsion of feeling caused by the excesses of the French Revolution, and, retiring from Congress in 1797, he appeared the next year as the author of the resolutions of the Virginia legislature against the alien and sedition laws, passed in the second year of the presidency of John Adams. These resolutions held the Federal Constitution to be a compact among the states, and that it was the right and duty of the states to hold the general government down to a strict exercise of the limited powers conferred upon it. More than thirty years afterward, Madison was compelled to protest against the perversion of these resolutions to the uses of Calhoun and the nullifiers.

Under Adams, the Federalists wasted their strength and fine prospects in less than four years, so that, in 1800, Jefferson defeated him in the presidential election. This brought Madison back to the seat of government as Secretary of State, which office he held throughout Jefferson's two terms and certainly adorned. He had all the intellectual qualifications for the place, and his personal disposition was singularly suited to the business of diplomacy. Upon him fell the



preparation for the negotiation with France, which unexpectedly ended with the purchase of the vast territory then known as Louisiana. But he had no success in the negotiations with Great Britain, which would not surrender its claimed rights of search and impressment, and, as Jefferson would not hear of war, he had to acquiesce in the latter's policy of an embargo on all foreign trade, which ruined American commerce and did no appreciable harm to Great Britain.

Before his inauguration, Madison learned from party friends in the East that New England would certainly leave the Union if the embargo were not raised. It was, therefore, replaced by a non-intercourse act, which permitted foreign trade with other countries besides France and Great Britain, and permitted it with them as soon as they should recall their obnoxious decrees against neutral rights. The French government did so in form, but gave private orders to the contrary, and a new British minister at Washington, exceeding his instructions, made the same engagement for his government, which, as soon as possible, repudiated his agreement and recalled him. For the moment, however, Madison was able to assure the country that its commerce was free, and he and Jefferson could congratulate each other on the supposed success of the former's policy of making war without it. The truth was soon out, and the situation was then worse than ever.

Napoleon was willing that America should trade with France, if she would not trade with Great Britain. The latter was permitted to trade with its own colonies but not to trade with France. The French confiscated American vessels and cargoes caught engaged in the British trade, and the British did the like with vessels and cargoes engaged in the French trade. As privateering was still lawful and very prevalent, the way in which the official decrees of the two governments were executed was often little better than piracy. Yet there was a profitable commerce, especially with Great Britain and her colonies, under protection of the British navy, which had swept the French navy from the seas. The French trade was also profitable, since a majority of the vessels and cargoes engaging in it escaped capture. The war risks made freight charges high, and the commodities carried outward and inward brought good prices. This was the commerce that Jefferson had prostrated by his embargo, and which Madison for a moment dreamed that he had restored, and released from further risks. When undeceived, a repeal of the non-intercourse act would have put matters back on their old footing and so relieved the pressure in New England.

But New England was the Federalist stronghold, and the Republicans—by which name the Jefferson party was then called—were

not concerned for New England or interested in commerce. Outside the commercial interests, popular feeling was influenced against England, and not altogether without cause. Yet England was fighting for life against Napoleon, who was putting forth almost the combined strength of Europe against her, and for eight years under Jefferson, the policy and conduct of the United States had been as unfriendly and damaging as possible, without coming to open war. British aggression upon American neutral rights had not been as lawless or insolent as the aggression of Napoleon, who recognized no law but his own will, and, failing to put off his bad manners as he put on greatness, had been as rude as he was violent. His injuries and insults were received with meekness, and upon the contrast the British government could put but one interpretation. The change from Jefferson to Madison could not be supposed to alter the unfriendly disposition of the American government, nor did it in fact. In courting peace, both Presidents had the like motive of averting war, and the same persuasion that Napoleon, cut off from the sea, could render no help to the United States, even if he could be trusted as an ally.

The "war hawks" of Madison's party were more logical than himself. He was continually giving them reasons why they ought to fight, and fight they would. At the worst they would get Canada — no small matter, since manifest destiny was pointing out the young republic as the future mistress of the continent. At the best they would get Canada and a big indemnity, out of which the traffic-loving New Englanders could be satisfied. Not all the Republicans, however, were in favor of war. There were enough "submission men," as the war faction called them, to maintain peace by coalition with the Federalists. So the "war hawks," who had been coquetting with De Witt Clinton, as a war candidate against Madison, let the President know that he could have a renomination by coming over to their side. It was a hard price to pay, but he paid it. He was not willing to go down in history as a one-term failure, like Adams. Naturally, Clinton was not satisfied that the bargain should be transferred from his willing hands to the unwilling substitute. He threatened and made trouble, but the most he could do was to transfer himself over to the peace party by an arrangement with his enemies, the Federalists.

Madison prepared the way for war by a message to Congress, revealing an alleged conspiracy by the British government to detach New England from the Union and join it to Canada. This he followed up a little later by another message, reviewing the course of affairs from 1803, when war was renewed between France and Great Britain, declaring that they constituted a state of war on the part of Great Britain toward the United States, and suggesting that Congress

should put the United States in a like attitude toward Great Britain. An act declaring that war existed was accordingly passed, and signed by the President on June 18, 1812. After this he was nominated for a second term and elected over Clinton, the peace candidate.

Having been dragged into war against his own judgment, and being unpossessed of any dominating qualities, Madison let the war leaders take things into their own hands, and, there being no firm head, political jobbery in army appointments and contracts had too much sway. The little navy, starved as it had been for ten years, did well from the beginning, and if men enough could have been obtained for the army, the capable leaders who gradually made their way upward might have effected something lasting. But the overthrow of Napoleon in Europe, the disaffection in New England, the general distress, the financial straits of the government, and the coldness of those whose zeal was necessary to maintain the war, made the situation hopeless. When England, freed from the Napoleonic danger, began to throw her might into the war, Madison called on his envoys to make the best peace they could, but in any event to make peace. The terms they got were just what had been offered by the British Cabinet at the beginning of the war, and which Madison had rejected as inadequate. Jackson's marvelous victory at New Orleans came too late to be of any practical use. Great Britain retained, in form at least, the right of search and impressment, which made Clay—chief of the "war hawks," and one of the envoys—declare the treaty shameful, but he signed it: his dream of the conquest of Canada had proved a delusion, and so left him without further interest in the war.

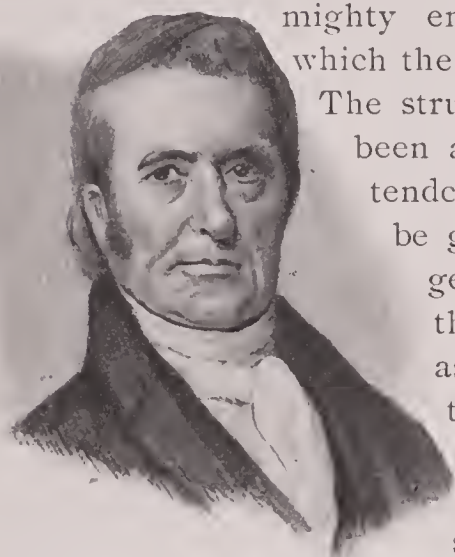
With the return of peace, Madison came again to the front, being no longer troubled by "war hawks." He was statesman enough to turn the unprofitable war into a good peace, made an advantageous commercial treaty with Great Britain, and became even cordial toward that lately detested country. His party had gotten quite away from Jefferson's principles, and voted in Congress for a national bank and a protective tariff, reproducing the arguments of the detested Hamilton in their favor. His old political rival, Monroe, had been more than his right arm during the trying times of his presidency, and to him he bequeathed the succession and made the bequest good. Then he retired to his beautiful estate in Virginia, where he lived nearly twenty years, honored by both parties as a sage, and the accepted oracle of the Constitution, which, upon his impulse, had come into being to bless and magnify the nation.



JOHN MARSHALL

A Virginia jurist who reached the pinnacle of fame.

“MARSHALL gives the reason and Story finds the law,” was one way of describing the inner workings of the Supreme Court in the days of the great chief-justice. It conveys an idea of the process by which were framed those great decisions that not only put the yet insecure Constitution on a solid foundation, but made it a mighty engine for nationalizing the government under which the people of the United States had elected to live.



The struggle for any kind of efficient government had been a severe one, and the majority against separatist tendencies was discouragingly small. So much had to be given up by the friends of nationality in order to get anything, that the Constitution, as it came from the hands of its makers, was not inaptly described as “A quiver full of blunt arrows.” One by one the arrows were pointed, as the legislative, executive and judicial departments of the new government became organized and began to operate, and state-rights men shuddered when the Federal Con-

gress passed laws to levy taxes for the payment of debts incurred by the states in the war of independence. This was carrying the taxing power too far, but when a national bank was chartered as a fiscal agent of the central government, to operate throughout the Union free of taxation or control by the states, the state-righters fairly shrieked.

It fell to Marshall, as case after case came before the Supreme Court, to ascertain and declare what the Federal Constitution was, and what were the powers of the national government under it. Both Constitution and government had received a severe blow from Madison, one of the chief constructors and expounders of the Constitution, when he averred that instrument to be a mere compact between the states, which were at liberty to treat as void any act of Congress they deemed contrary to or in excess of the Constitution. He had induced the legislature of his own state to declare void certain acts of Congress, with an invitation to the legislatures of other states to make the same declaration. Jefferson came to his assistance, but, happily for the Union, the states did not respond. As so many efforts have been made since the Civil War to exonerate Madison and Jefferson

from the primary responsibility for nullification and secession, it is well to remember that, according to their doctrine, no act of Congress could be surely valid until the states had decided not to nullify it. This was smiting the general government with paralysis, while leaving the state governments in full vigor. The preamble to the Constitution reads:—

“We, the people of the United States, . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution.”

When the Constitution came before Marshall for judicial interpretation, he brushed away Madison's and Jefferson's sophistry that the phrase “people of the United States” meant the people of each state united to the other states. The only people he saw in the instrument was the American people, whether Virginians or Pennsylvanians, citizens of Massachusetts or of Georgia. That the United States is a nation, and not a mere federation of states, we owe to Marshall; except for him they might have remained, as they were during the Revolution, a confederacy of sovereign states, devoid of national character or attributes. It was peculiarly fitting that Marshall should become the exponent of nationality. His father and himself had together left a secure and prosperous Virginia homestead to fight for national independence. In “ragged regimentals” they might both have been seen during that bitter winter at Valley Forge, and they shared their miseries with fellow Americans from all the thirteen colonies.

Two circumstances speak eloquently for Marshall. It has never been charged that he went beyond the fair boundaries of the question at issue in his great judicial expositions of the Constitution, and though Jefferson and his lieutenants, Madison and Monroe, were successively at the head of the government during twenty-four of the thirty-four years that Marshall presided in the Supreme Court, they accepted his expositions of the Constitution and acted upon them. These expositions have long been political axioms, and while the Constitution yet remains the subject of heated party controversy, every party begins its contention with the Constitution as Marshall expounded it. The severest contemporary criticism was upon his opinion affirming the power of Congress to charter a national bank, yet the condemnation went no further than that he might have decided the other way with equal reason. The criticism itself is his vindication. He was a nationalist, unquestionably, yet he denied to Congress the power to pass laws unwarranted by the Constitution, and he upheld the rights of the states within their ample spheres.

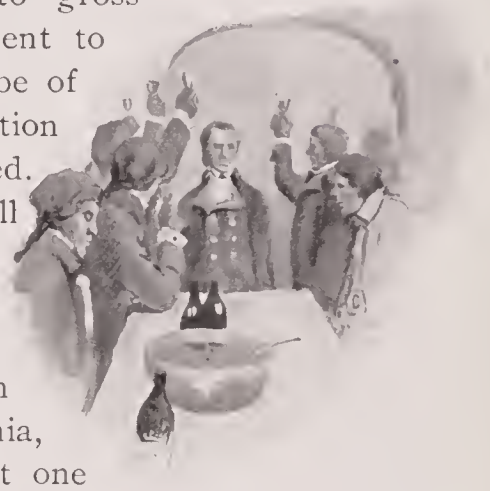
As a constitutional expounder, Marshall is chiefly interesting to ourselves. But during his first fourteen years on the bench, Europe was

convulsed by the Napoleonic wars, and the United States was convulsed by invasions of their neutral rights of commerce. This brought many cases before Marshall, the decision of which turned upon the law of nations. It is a matter of national pride to reflect that in the galaxy of international jurists, no name stands higher than his own. To say that it stands side by side with that of the illustrious Lord Mansfield, even in England, is almost to exhaust the vocabulary of praise. And if Europe, uninformed and unconcerned about our constitutional controversies, has rated Marshall so high among the world's great jurists, it is a fair presumption that his judgments concerning our constitutional position are equally sound.

The anecdotal history of our country affords many views of Marshall, but none more interesting than that in which he is described as leaning forward in his seat as chief-justice, the tears falling from his eyes, moved beyond control by Webster's pathetic appeal for his alma mater, Dartmouth College. "She is a small college," said the great advocate in tones whose lightest words thrilled his auditors, "but I love her!" The words struck a responsive chord in the breast of Marshall, for, as Story said of him, his greatness as a judge was lost in the grandeur of his personal character. Despite the rugged features and the ungainly figure, he received when death removed him that highest of earthly tributes in the universal expression: "This was a man!"

Marshall, born in Virginia, September 24, 1755, was the son of one of Washington's surveyors. He was well educated by the aid of public and private teachers, but never attended college. In 1775 he became a lieutenant in a Virginia regiment, of which his father was major. He served continuously for five years, reaching the grade of captain, and then, becoming supernumerary, went home to assist in raising more troops for the continental army. Jefferson was governor, and the military spirit of the state authorities was languid. While waiting for an opportunity to return to the army, Marshall took up the study of law and obtained his admission to the bar. The British invasion of Virginia called him again to the field, and when it was ended he began to practice. He served two years in the legislature, then resigned and removed to Richmond. In three years he was back in the legislature, and in 1788 was a member of the convention called to pass upon the new Federal Constitution. Patrick Henry was the uncompromising enemy of adoption, and in debate with him, Marshall frankly took a position which drew public attention upon himself. In the final vote, Henry was beaten by a majority not large, but enough to be decisive. From this time Marshall sought to remain in private life and attend to his constantly growing practice. He declined Washing-

ton's offers of the posts of attorney general and minister to France, but was unable to keep out of the Legislature. War being imminent with France in the early part of the administration of Adams, he went to Paris as one of three envoys specially appointed to bring about an accommodation. Gerry, who belonged to Jefferson's party, was personally treated with ostentatious friendship, while Marshall and Pinckney, who were Federalists, were subjected to gross ignominy and insult. In addition to a large payment to the French republic in the guise of a loan, a bribe of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for distribution among Talleyrand and his associates, was demanded. These demands being refused, Pinckney and Marshall were ordered to quit France. When the correspondence became public, Marshall's part in it raised him very high in popular esteem. Patrick Henry sent word to Marshall that he was proud of him as an American. At a banquet to Marshall in Philadelphia, one of the toasts was "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," and this became a national motto till Napoleon, attaining power in France, put an end to the maritime war into which the two countries had drifted.



After his return from France, Marshall accepted a seat in Congress, being unwilling to decline public service at a critical time. Before the end of his term, he was appointed Secretary of State. He had served in that office less than eight months when, calling one day upon President Adams, to offer a suggestion about the vacant office of chief-justice, which was giving Adams much concern, the latter told Marshall that his mind was emphatically made up, and that he meant to send to the Senate the nomination of a plain man from Virginia called John Marshall.

The new chief-justice was in his forty-sixth year, distinguished as a soldier, lawyer and statesman, and, as a citizen and neighbor, beloved for his true piety, and his unaffected and sociable character. At the time he came to the bench, the Supreme Court had given no indication of the importance it was to assume in the scheme of national government. It was only eleven years old, had but little business, and its members found their chief employment and consequence in sitting as circuit judges in the judicial districts into which the country was divided. It needed the advent of Jefferson and the reactionary sentiment against Federal power and activity, as exhibited during the administration of Washington and Adams, to bring the court into the arena. When brought there, it needed the comprehending and luminous intellect of Marshall to carry the court with dignity through

the maze of constitutional questions in which it became involved. Under the Constitution, the judicial department is independent and of equal rank with the legislative and executive departments. But the organization, life, means of life, and all but a very small part of the federal judiciary, depend upon the will of Congress, and with the President rests the enforcement of what the judicial branch may decree.

Marshall began judicial life with a hostile President, and in no long time had a hostile Congress to reckon with, and yet, by the force of intellectual and moral power, aided by the strong sense of legality in the nation, he preserved the judicial independence and authority. One lasting service he rendered was to make clear the boundaries of legislative, executive and judicial authority in the government. Not invading either of the other provinces, his own province was not invaded.

Marshall's early indisposition to public life was due, not more to his desire for a professional life than to a preference for the law over politics or administration. This preference told happily in his career as chief-justice. From first to last, in great questions and small, he had what lawyers call the "judicial mind." As a judge, it was impossible for him to view a case as he would have viewed it as an advocate or politician. Old political opponents were leading counsel before him in the great cases involving constitutional questions, and when he decided against them they neither disputed his logic nor questioned his impartiality. Jefferson showed ill temper at the failure of the Burr trial for treason, at which Marshall presided. The latter had no more personal esteem for Burr than had Jefferson, but the record of the trial shows plainly that even if Burr meditated treasonable designs, he had not proceeded to the execution of them. Bad as he was in general, Burr was entitled to an acquittal, and Marshall's scrupulous impartiality was a greater public benefit than would have been an illegal and therefore unjust conviction. The impressive celebration at Washington by the American Bar Association, in February, 1901, of the centenary of Marshall's accession to the Supreme Bench, could not righteously have been held if Marshall, yielding to official pressure and popular clamor, had unfaithfully cast his decisive influence with a jury of his own neighborhood in the scale against Burr. Had he been capable of doing so, he could never have become the revered expounder of the great Constitution.



GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN

Who fashioned the Army of the Potomac.

SOLDIERS of all nations take to themselves the right of the largest freedom with the names of their commanders. It is in no sense contrary to good discipline, or at variance with the profound respect which a soldier should have for his superior officer, if he applies to him a familiar nickname or sobriquet, suggested by some peculiarity of habit or physical feature. The fact that he does so is of itself the strongest possible evidence that the officer has a warm place in his affections. To his soldiers General Grant was "The Old Man"; Sherman was "Uncle Billy" or "Old Tecump"; Thomas, "Old Pap" or "Slow-trot"; Sheridan, "Little Phil"; Hooker, "Fighting Joe"; Jackson, "Stonewall" or "Old Jack"; W. F. Smith, "Baldy"; Rosecrans, "Old Rosey"; Roberts, of the British army, "Bobs."



General George B. McClellan was known throughout the army, during the Civil War, as "Little Mac." He was greatly endeared to the officers and men under his command. They loved him because he cared for them and was ever mindful of their health and comfort. It is true that these are relative terms, for the privation and suffering that are inseparable from war cannot be measured by words. McClellan spared no effort to keep his army supplied with food and clothing, and was swift to condemn and punish a subordinate officer whose laxity in carrying out his orders should cause any of his soldiers to suffer need. He organized the Army of the Potomac and led it through all the campaigns of a year, save one. Fortune did not favor him in battle, and the popular clamor for a leader who could win victories demanded that he relinquish the command to another. This feeling was shared by President Lincoln, and "Little Mac" retired from the field early in the war. With victorious banners, the soldiers of that army followed other leaders, whom they learned to love and honor, but nothing ever could wholly displace in their hearts the abiding affection for their first commander.

George B. McClellan was a native of Philadelphia, born in 1826. As a boy, he was bright and studious. At sixteen, having spent two

years at the University of Pennsylvania, he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, and graduated four years later. He stood high in his class and was commissioned a second lieutenant of engineers. He was ordered immediately to Mexico, the war with that country being then in progress. He participated in many of the principal battles, his ability, courage and faithfulness to duty winning the respect and confidence of his superiors. He was twice brevetted for "gallant and meritorious services." After the war, he was an instructor at West Point until 1851, when he took charge of the construction of Fort Delaware. Two or three years later he went, as engineer, with an expedition to explore the sources of the Red River and to survey a route for a Pacific railway. The following incident illustrates his courage and quick decision:—

With two companions and a servant, he had gone from his headquarters at Vancouver, south to the Columbia River. One evening he received word that the chief of the Columbia River tribe of Indians desired to confer with him. The messenger's manner led McClellan to suspect mischief, and, warning his companions to be ready to leave camp at a moment's notice, he mounted his horse and rode to the Indian village. About thirty men of the tribe were holding a council. McClellan was led into the circle and placed at the right hand of Saltese, the chief. Familiar with their language, he understood every word they uttered. Saltese spoke of two Indians who had been captured by a party of white pioneers and hanged for theft. Retaliation for this was their object. After a prolonged council, the sentence was passed that McClellan, though in no way responsible for the execution, should be immediately put to death, in revenge for the hanging of the two thieves. McClellan made no defense, but, flinging his arm around the neck of Saltese, he drew his revolver and held it close to the chief's temple.

"Revoke that sentence, or I shall kill you this instant!" he cried.

"I revoke it!" exclaimed Saltese, livid with fear.

"I must have your word," said McClellan, "that I can leave this council in safety."

"You have the word of Saltese," was the reply.

McClellan strode out of the tent, with his finger upon the trigger of his revolver. Not a hand was raised against him. He mounted his horse and rode to the camp, where his two followers were ready to spring into the saddle and escape from the village. His life was saved by his accurate knowledge of the Indian character and his prompt action.



During the Crimean War, a military commission was sent to observe the armies of Europe. McClellan was a member of that commission, and his report was a model of fullness, accuracy and system. This was published under the title "Armies of Europe." In 1857 McClellan resigned his commission in the army, to accept the position of chief engineer and vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad. In 1860 he became president of the St. Louis and Cincinnati Railway. The following year, the trumpet blast called to arms; the Civil War had begun.

Governor Dennison, of Ohio, sought the services of McClellan and offered him a commission as major-general, to organize the volunteers. Scores of companies were flocking to the various places of rendezvous, eager to be equipped for war and sent to the front. McClellan accepted the position, and his singular efficiency as an organizer quickly brought order out of chaos. President Lincoln soon called McClellan to a larger field of usefulness, and appointed him a major-general in the United States army. His first field service was in western Virginia, where he conducted a series of vigorous and successful operations, as the result of which that section was entirely cleared of the hostile bodies which had been causing much annoyance along the border. So brilliant was his campaign—short, sharp and decisive—that Congress bestowed upon him the high compliment of a vote of thanks.

Meanwhile had been fought the battle of Bull Run. The shattered battalions of the routed Union army were hovering about the defenses of Washington. The shadow of defeat and humiliation rested upon the North. There was a trumpet call for a leader, and friends of the government everywhere looked to McClellan. The President called him to Washington, and at once assigned him to the command of the Army of the Potomac. For several months his work was that of organizing the regiments that were daily arriving, into brigades, divisions and corps, schooling the raw soldiers in drill and discipline, and equipping them for the field. All this he did with the directing hand of a master. The martial spirit, the courage, the devotion, the patient endurance of that compact and perfectly appointed army, which carried "Old Glory" to final victory at Appomattox, will forever stand in history a monument to the military genius of George B. McClellan.

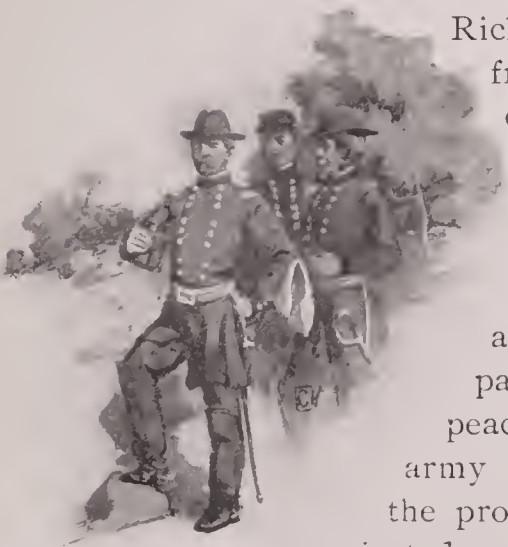
Throughout the North, the press and populace took up the cry "On to Richmond," the capital city of Virginia, which had become also the capital of the Southern Confederacy. It was but a few miles from Washington, and the excited but unreasoning people said it must be taken, and taken at once; they would no longer brook delay.

The President and Congress, too, urged a forward movement, but McClellan steadfastly refused to yield his opinion, that the army should not again advance until it had been raised to a point of strength, equipment and efficiency that would give the largest assurance of success. So, through all the weeks of the autumn, the work of organization went on, while louder and higher rose the clamor of the impatient people. They said McClellan was too slow, and many who before had been excessive in words of praise for the "Young Napoleon," now began to call for his removal.

The winter months were passing and "All quiet on the Potomac" was the burden of the daily dispatches published in the newspapers. The army lay inactive along the banks of that historic stream, and the people of the North chafed more and more. President Lincoln, by virtue of his authority as commander-in-chief, issued an order directing that the armies of the United States, all along the line, should move upon the enemy on February 22, the anniversary of the birth of George Washington. McClellan regarded this as more sentimental than practical, and resisted it almost to the degree of insubordination. But he carried his point, and the Army of the Potomac did not advance until the warm spring sun had made the ground passable for wagons and artillery.

Between the President and General McClellan, there was a long and heated contention respecting the plan of the campaign against Richmond. The President desired a direct movement from Washington, so that the latter might not be uncovered and its safety imperiled. McClellan insisted upon transferring his army to the lower Potomac and advancing upon Richmond by the Peninsula, along the lines of the James and other rivers. Again the President yielded, and during April, May and June, 1862, McClellan conducted his great campaign according to his own plan. He could only keep peace with Mr. Lincoln, however, by detaching from his army forty thousand men, under General McDowell, for the protection of the national capital. McClellan had objected most vigorously, declaring that to so weaken his army would seriously cripple him and greatly impair his chance of success. But the President was firm, and McClellan embarked upon his great enterprise with but two-thirds of the strength, in men and guns, that he had expected.

By July 1, the campaign had ended in utter failure. McClellan slowly fought his way to within striking distance of Richmond, when the Confederate army, reinforced to the utmost, under "Joe" Johnston



and Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson, fell upon him and drove him back to Harrison's Landing, on the James River. There was a week of furious and bloody fighting, but in no one of the "Seven Days' Battles" was either army engaged as a whole. Through the swamps and thickets the armies groped their way, and the combats were fierce grapples between such parts as came in collision, sometimes by mere chance. But, day and night, the Union army was constantly pushed backward. The last battle of the series, Malvern Hill, was a distinct victory for McClellan. In a position strong by nature and made doubly so by hastily-built fortifications, he was assailed by a large part of the Confederate army, now commanded by General Lee, General Johnston having been disabled by a wound. Repeated assaults were made, with desperate valor, but the charging columns were beaten back and forced to abandon the field. Both armies suffered very heavy losses during the campaign. McClellan attributed his failure, first, to the weakening of his army by the detachment of McDowell's corps, and, second, to the denial of reinforcements and general lack of support by the authorities at Washington. It must be admitted, however, that the superiority of generalship was on the side of the Confederates.

Another army was now formed at Washington, composed of McDowell's corps, augmented by many thousands of troops gathered from all available sources. For the time this was designated the "Army of Virginia." Its commander, during the few weeks of its separate existence, was General John Pope. In August he advanced toward Richmond by the direct overland route. General Lee hastily withdrew the Confederate forces from the Peninsula and about Richmond, and hastened to meet this new move on the chessboard of war. McClellan's divisions and corps, one after another, were hurried up the Potomac on a fleet of steamboats and pushed out with all speed to reinforce Pope. August 29 and 30, occurred the second battle of Manassas. Pope was defeated and driven back to Washington, his army in a condition bordering on panic. Again there was fear and consternation at Washington and throughout the North, and again all eyes turned to McClellan, to whom this humiliating defeat was in no degree chargeable. By the President's order, McClellan leaped into the saddle and once more appeared at the head of the army. He was greeted by the soldiers with tempestuous demonstrations of joy; his very presence was an inspiration.

The need for prompt and vigorous action was most urgent, for an emergency, critical in the extreme, had come. Lee's battle-flags, fresh from the victorious fields of the Peninsula and Manassas, were being borne northward by the swift-footed Confederates. Passing to the westward of Washington, Lee's column crossed the Potomac and

entered Maryland. The people of that and adjacent states were thrown into a condition of wildest alarm and apprehension. Whatever could be done to stay the course of the invader must be done quickly. McClellan showed great energy and activity in his hasty preparations. Getting his army well in hand, he moved rapidly, with a purpose to bring Lee to battle. "Stonewall" Jackson captured Harper's Ferry, with eleven thousand prisoners, and then hastened to rejoin his chief.

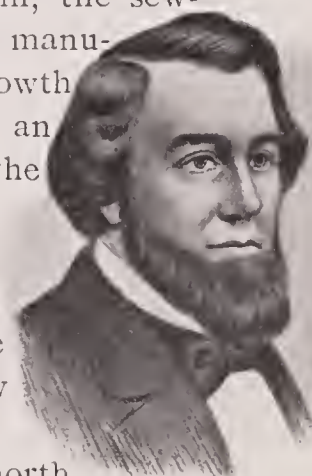
The great battle of Antietam followed. It was a mighty struggle. The September sun looked down upon the corpses of more than four thousand slain, and the wounded numbered above fifteen thousand. The losses were about equally shared between the two armies, and the battle was a drawn one. Lee quietly recrossed the Potomac and marched back to his old ground in Virginia. McClellan did nothing of consequence to impede the Confederate retreat, and his inactivity at this juncture was severely condemned. It was believed at Washington that it had been easily possible for him to strike the retreating army a hard blow, if not to destroy it entirely before it could pass the river into Virginia.

On the seventh of November, an order of the President relieved McClellan of his command and designated General Ambrose E. Burnside as his successor. McClellan had no further part in the war. He went to his home in New Jersey "to await orders," but the orders never came. In the summer of 1864, he was chosen as the candidate of the Democratic party for President. He received 1,800,000 votes against 2,200,000 for Lincoln, but the latter received the electoral votes of all the states except Kentucky, New Jersey, and Delaware, the seceded states, of course, not voting. On the day of the election, McClellan resigned his commission in the army. He spent three years in Europe, after which he was engaged in various important engineering enterprises. His death occurred October 29, 1885.

ROBERT MCCORMICK

At his word the farmer hung up scythe and cradle.

IN NO branch of industry is the wonderful progress of a century more clearly shown than in farming. The labor saving and money saving machinery that has been devised, covering all the processes of agriculture, would be no less bewildering to the farmer of a hundred years ago, than would the flying railway train, the sewing machine or the telephone. The enormous business of manufacturing grain and grass harvesting machines had its growth from a seed of thought which sprang up in the mind of an humble Virginia farmer, nearly a hundred years ago. The success of the grain reaper was a stimulant to inventive genius, and other devices to lighten the toil of the farmer, quickly followed in its train. No doubt the actual growth of the crops will remain in the hands of nature, but there is very little else connected with the farm that is not now done by machinery.



Robert McCormick, whose grandparents came from the north of Ireland, was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, in 1780. His mind early showed a bent for mechanics and invention. Even as a boy, he was always trying to find an easier and better way to do things. About 1809 he conceived the idea that a machine could be made that would cut grass and grain. In the development of this idea, he thought and worked and experimented for sixteen years, before he had produced a machine with which he was willing to make a test before the world. He had the experience common to great inventors. His friends and neighbors knew what he was trying to do. They had no faith in his scheme and declared with one consent that Robert was a foolish dreamer, who was "not quite right in his head." But McCormick was unmindful of their scoffs and went steadily forward, confident of final success.

In 1825 the first reaping machine was put to the test in a field of grain. It was rudely constructed, when compared to the beautiful and perfect mechanism of to-day, but its general form and principle were essentially the same as those of the present machine. It ran on two wheels, with a platform in the rear of the cutting apparatus to receive the grain. McCormick tried various devices for cutting the

grain. One of these was a system of rotary saws, which revolved past the edge of a stationary knife. The saws were driven by belts from a cylinder, which was turned by the revolution of the main wheels. Another cutting device was an arrangement of curved sickles, against which the grain was forced by a vertical reel. The reel was similar to those now in use, the purpose of which was to sweep the grain against the cutters, and when cut, to deliver it on a platform, whence it was carried by an endless apron and deposited on the ground by the side of the machine. The first reaper was not practically successful, except to demonstrate the fact that it would cut grain. This fully justified the faith of the inventor and encouraged him to "go on to perfection." It contained the principle and the main features of the grain-cutting machinery produced after seventy-five years of development, and warrants the claim made for McCormick, that to him belongs the credit for originality of thought, priority of invention, and the conception and construction of the first machine to actually cut grain.

Between 1825 and 1830, McCormick applied himself diligently to the task of perfecting his machine. He was sure that he had the correct principle, and needed only the proper mechanical devices for its application. He made many improvements, the most important of which were the vibrating sickle and the horizontal reel. By this combination, the reaper became successful. Those who had made sport of him and his long, patient labors, were now quick to recognize its value as the greatest labor-saving implement which the world had yet seen. The improved machine, except in its minor details and appliances, was very much like the reaper of to-day. The driver, however, did not sit on the machine, but rode one of the horses.

For many years McCormick worked away, constantly improving his harvester, but its progress in the world was slow. Most people were incredulous, and were loath to invest their scanty means in machinery of yet uncertain value and practicability. A manufactory was established in Cincinnati, but only a few reapers had been built, up to the year 1844. In that year the number reached twenty-five; in 1845, fifty; and in 1846, seventy-five. From this time the increase was rapid, by reason of the improvement of the machine and its introduction in large grain-growing communities. From this modest beginning, dates the vast business of manufacturing grain and grass-cutting machines and other implements to lessen the labor of agriculture, which now employs tens of thousands of men and many millions of capital.

While engaged upon his reaper, the fertile mind of McCormick produced several other inventions which proved of practical value. Among these were a hemp breaker, a thresher, a clover sheller, a hillside plow

and an improved water power. In the early thirties, Mr. McCormick made what proved to be the mistake of his life. He invested a large part of his means in an iron manufacturing plant. Business was prostrated by the financial panic of 1837. At the time of greatest stress, McCormick's partner drew from the bank all of the firm's money, and then put his property out of his hands. Failure followed and all the obligations fell upon McCormick, who could recover nothing from his dishonest partner. He was a man of sturdy honesty, and, with the assistance of his sons, he paid every dollar of the indebtedness. In 1846 he was prostrated from the effect of exposure to a storm, and death came to him suddenly.

Mr. McCormick left three sons, Cyrus H., William S. and Leander J. Soon after the father's death, these formed a partnership and removed to Chicago, where they established the business of manufacturing reaping and mowing machines and other implements of agriculture. This has grown in half a century to its enormous proportions of to-day. The McCormick reaper is known all over the world. The only important feature that has been added since the days of Robert McCormick, is the ingenious device which takes the grain from the sickle, binds it into convenient sheaves, and drops them along the pathway of the machine.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

Whose presidential term bridged two centuries.

OF TWENTY elected Presidents, and four Vice-presidents who quickly succeeded to the presidency, eight, only, have become their own successors. Thus, by almost three to one—allowing for the three Presidents who died in their first term—the rule has been fixed that only exceptionally shall a President have the coveted second term.

It would be premature at this stage to enter upon an examination of the cause that made McKinley one of the galaxy of reëlected Presidents.

Reflecting that among those to whom the honor and satisfaction of a second term have been denied are John Adams and his son John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, Hayes, Arthur and Benjamin Harrison, it is not without reason that President McKinley, his kindred, and his personal and political friends, were proud of his renomination and reëlection. Not in the present century are we likely to have a President incapable of feeling a glow at finding himself in the eminent class of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant.

Analyzing the several causes that gave second terms to the seven predecessors of McKinley, we find them to have been, in varying degrees and upon various occasions, a unanimous opinion among public men and all the people, as in the two and only instances of Washington and Monroe; a large possession of popular confidence and affection; shining personal merit; a long and distinguished public record; great historic claims; successful and satisfactory administration; an absence of rivalry within the same party, or, in case of its existence, the ability to control it; and either the actual want of an opposition, or its weakness or mistakes.

It could hardly be claimed for President McKinley that he had the high seriousness of Washington, the philosophical genius of Jefferson, the scholarly aptitude of Madison, the ripened versatility of Monroe, the predominating egotism of Jackson, or the profound insight of Lincoln. With Grant there is no useful ground of comparison, since it was Grant, the illustrious soldier, that the people twice



elected. Yet, unless President McKinley had qualities of his own, and those of no inconsiderable sort, it would be impossible to account rationally for his second term. Public men do not come to even a first term in the presidency by chance or accident, nor without a great deal of popular recognition of their fitness in personal character, intellectual ability and political experience. Taylor and Grant have been the only military Presidents, pure and simple; they were both publicly known and proved as men of estimable private character, and Grant had shown real ability in perplexing affairs during the stormy presidency of Johnson. Jackson was but partly a military President, having been a great deal in politics, and, though his early days had been politically wild and violent, his private character and habits were without reproach.

Born in Ohio, January 29, 1843, the young McKinley had acquired a serviceable common school and academic education when, in his seventeenth year, he began what he hoped would be a full course at college. But his health became bad and, in less than a collegiate year, he was at home, disappointed, but intending to try again, as he was still young. While awaiting the time of return, he became a school-teacher, but the Civil War came on and he was accepted as a private in a company of infantry raised in his neighborhood for the Twenty-third Regiment, Ohio volunteers. Four years of wholesome military life left him without further concern about his health. He proved a good and useful soldier; well behaved, cheerful and willing, shirking nothing and seeking nothing; free of ambition for a professional army career, but attending zealously to his duty from the day that he entered the army. To such a man, promotion is sure to come, and it came unsought to him, and, so coming, it brought neither envy nor jealousy in its train. He passed through all the intermediate grades and reached that of captain, for which he was rather young, even in a regiment of volunteers. His alert, steady and attentive qualities led to his detail to the higher range of staff duty, and, in that capacity, he saw the end of the war, receiving the brevet of major before its close for gallant and meritorious conduct, as attested by the distinguished general to whose personal staff he was attached.

McKinley left the service as soon as the disbandment of the Confederate and Union armies would permit, took up the study of law, in the course of which he spent a year at the Albany law school, and,



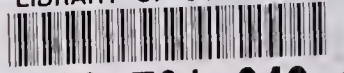
in 1867, obtained his admission to the bar. After the manner of young lawyers, he at once began to interest himself in politics. He chose the small but flourishing town of Canton, in Stark County, Ohio, as the scene of his professional activity, and, in 1869, obtained the desirable office, for one of his age and calling, of prosecuting attorney for the county. His professional and political importance grew steadily, and, in 1876, he was nominated for and elected to Congress. He was then in his thirty-fourth year, and he went out of Congress at the age of forty-eight, after a continuous service of fourteen years. Protectionist sentiment was always strong in his part of Ohio, both among employers and employed, and it would have been hard to convince the people of that section that their progressive prosperity would have been possible under an opposite system. The hopeless task never fell to McKinley, for, with the party badge, he took the party creed, and creeds are objects of belief, not of question. McKinley's belief in protection has always been such as would delight the soul of Monsieur Meline, the eminent French economist and statesman, of whom it has been said that he would refuse to enter the gates of Paradise if he had reason to suspect the presence of a free trader within.

From his first appearance in Congress, McKinley gave himself especially to matters relating to protection, and, in 1881, he was gratified by a place on the committee of ways and means. This he owed to Speaker Keifer, of his own state, and seventeen years afterward he returned the compliment by appointing that veteran of the Civil War to the grade of major-general of volunteers during the brief war with Spain. Speaker Carlisle continued him as one of the Republican minority of the committee during the next three Congresses, and, in 1889, Speaker Reed made him chairman of the committee. This was an act of confidence, as well as justice, for the new President, Harrison, like his predecessor, Cleveland, had reminded Congress that the existing tariff duties were piling up money in the Treasury, beyond the power of the government wisely and honestly to spend, while the withdrawal of the money from the channels of trade was crippling enterprise. The President called for a large reduction of revenue and a general stiffening of protection, for Harrison, like McKinley, was no half-hearted follower of Henry Clay.

Chairman McKinley, for the time being, was now the most important man in the country. In his hands were popularly supposed to lie the making and marring of unnumbered and unlimited fortunes. Though it may not have been in his mind, his experiences in those days were part of an admirable training for the duties of the presidency. All, however, depended upon his keeping his head, and he kept it. He was placid and patient, receptive and sympathetic.



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