FROM TENT TO WHITE HOUSE

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OR

How a Poor Boy Became President

BY

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"GOLDEN ROCK," ETC.

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PREFACE.

Surveying the whole list of our Presidents, it is impossible to find a more perfect type of American manhood than William McKinley. Born in a little cottage in a small town in Ohio, feeling the pressure of hard times, if not the pinch of poverty, the sturdy boy, endowed by nature and birth with a stout heart and a wise head, worked his way upward inch by inch until by grit he reached the top, and from the uppermost round of the ladder stepped into the sky.

We are yet too near to the third of our martyred Presidents to be able to estimate him at his full value, or to give him his rightful place among the world's leaders; but in the years to come it is certain that the name of William McKinley will shine far up among the greatest names in history. His life was not a meteoric flash, but a star, clear shining and constant—a white radiance that never grew dim. Strength of manhood, consistency of life, beauty of soul, splendid honesty of administration, and a wise vision that almost amounted to foreknowledge—these were the things that raised him head and shoulders above his fellows and made him great.

It is strange that such a man as this should be singled out as the victim of a traitorous Anarchist; strange, indeed, that so horrible a crime should be possible in these days of enlightenment. It is an open question whether

the material advances of which we are wont to boast have touched the human heart. Witness the roll of our martyred Presidents.

President Lincoln, a great and good man, was assassinated in April, 1865, one month and ten days after his inauguration for a second term. The President attended a Cabinet conference on the afternoon of the fourteenth of April, and in the evening, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and two friends, Miss Harris, a daughter of Senator Harris, of New York, and Major Henry Rathbone, went to the performance of "Our American Cousin," at Ford's Theatre, Washington. In the midst of the play a shot was heard, and a man who later proved to be John Wilkes Booth, an actor, was seen to leap to the stage from the President's box. Brandishing a dripping knife, with which, after shooting the President, he had stabbed Major Rathbone, and shouting *"Sic semper tyrannis!*—the South is avenged!" he made his escape by a rear door of the stage, mounted a horse and rode away.

James A. Garfield, a man of sterling integrity, inaugurated President on March 4, 1881, died on September 19, 1881. He was shot by Charles Guiteau on July 2 of that year. President Garfield was starting on a trip to New England. He was passing through the waiting-room of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Station in Washington when he was shot. The assassin, who was a disappointed office seeker, shot twice, the first bullet passing through the President's coat sleeve. The second bullet entered the back and lodged deep in the body.

And finally President McKinley, whose kindliness of heart was proverbial, was shot down while holding a reception in the Temple of Music at the Buffalo Exposition in September, 1901. The assassin was Leon Czolgosz, an avowed Anarchist, whose only statement after the

dastardly deed was, "I have done my duty as an Anarchist."

We can ill afford to lose such men as these, and something must be done to lessen the danger from the traitor's pistol. It is difficult to so set the bounds of civil liberty as to give the utmost freedom to the citizen and at the same time secure the safety of the Chief Magistrate; but one result of this latest crime must be that stringent measures shall be taken by the great governments of the world to render the cowardly, malignant assassination of a nation's ruler impossible in the future.

But not all the Anarchists on earth can erase the memory of McKinley. His name will endure as long as government by the people and for the people exists. All honor to the heroic dead. May his spirit lead us into higher living and nobler self-sacrifice for the common good.

Tom Taylor's lines in London *Punch* were often quoted by him in eulogy of a dead friend; but surely to no one were the lines more applicable than to William McKinley himself:

> He went about his work, such work as few
> Ever had laid on head, and heart, and hand,
> As one who knows where there's a task to do.
> Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command.
> Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
> For God makes instruments to work His will
> If but that will we can arrive to know,
> Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

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THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

CHAPTER I.

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The people of Perthshire tell the story of how, when Charles II. was king, and Sharp, the apostate, was spilling the best blood in Scotland in the interests of the Laudian persecution, a little family bearing the forever-to-be-honored name of McKinley packed their few belongings and embarked on a frigate for Ireland. Landing somewhere near the Giant's Causeway, they journeyed a few miles southward and took up residence in an old stone cottage near Dervock, County Antrim. But Ireland was hardly more peaceful than Scotland, and it would seem that at least one member of the family was tried by drumhead court-martial for storing arms for the use of the United Irishmen, and was sentenced to death. Coleraine records show that in that town one William McKinley, of County Antrim, was so sentenced in the year 1798. Whether this could have been the grand-uncle of President McKinley, as some biographers

assert, it is impossible to say beyond peradventure, but certain it is that shortly after this the McKinley family crossed the Atlantic and settled, part in Pennsylvania and part in the Southern States. When the time came for the decisive blow for American independence, the McKinleys, with their Scotch-Irish brothers, were the first to take up arms in the struggle for liberty.

"We shall find," wrote George Bancroft, the historian, "that the first voice publicly raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, not the Dutch of New York, nor from the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.

From such a stock sprang the martyred McKinley. His father was born on the Dougherty Farm, Wolf Creek Township, Mercer County, Pennsylvania, November 15, 1807, and in his twenty-second year married Nancy Allison, the following children being born to them: David Ailison McKinley, Annie McKinley, James McKinley, Mary McKinley, Helen Minerva McKinley, Sara Elizabeth McKinley, William McKinley (born January 29, 1843), Abigail Celia McKinley and Abner McKinley.

Nancy McKinley was all that a good woman should be. A friend, writing of her in later years, says: "I recall her quiet dignity of manner. She had that blending of sweetness and strength of will and purpose that has been a rich inheritance to her children."

William McKinley's father was a grave, earnest man, large-hearted, winsome, strong to uphold the right and quick to denounce the wrong. He established an iron foundry at Fairfield, Columbian County, Ohio, and was for twenty years interested in iron furnaces in New Arlington, Ohio. In the midst of his labors he took pains to see that his family should early begin their education,

The younger William needed no urging in this respect. He was passionately fond of his books, and friends who came to the house often said: "That boy is always studying, studying, studying."

Not infrequently the father remonstrated and suggested that all work and no play was unwise; but he felt that his boy was laying up a store of knowledge that would one day be useful to him, though he did not suspect the part that the lad, when he had grown to man's estate, was to perform.

The boyhood of William McKinley was so similar to that of hundreds of other boys that little need be said of it. He was one of the most diligent of scholars and ever stood high in his class. After school hours he would climb into his favorite chair in the corner of the living-room and open his book. But not always would he be allowed to enjoy it undisturbed. More frequently he was called upon to read aloud; and the man who, in later years held thousands spellbound by his eloquence, never had a more attentive audience than that little company in the old frame cottage at Niles.

As the head of the family saw his four sons and five daughters, all bright, intelligent and fond of knowledge, growing up all around him, he felt the need of better educational advantages than were afforded at Niles. Accordingly, in 1852, the family moved to Poland, a small town that had two academic schools, one under the control of the Methodists and the other of the Presbyterians. The latter was destroyed by fire shortly after the McKinleys went to Poland, and the facilities of the two institutions were united under the name of the Poland Union Seminary.

William McKinley's religious principles were strengthened, and, although more bound up in his studies, he was

well liked for his genial and kindly disposition. He was founder of the Everett Literary Society, named in honor of the celebrated orator of that name, who was then at the height of his fame. William was the first president of the club, and its soul and life. There was no question too profound or abstruse to frighten those budding orators, statesmen and scholars. They were ready to tackle anything, and the debates, if unheard of outside of the walls of the little building, engaged all the faculties and skill of the debaters themselves. In those debates William presided or took part. When his interest was deeply moved, he would call a member to the chair, and, taking the floor, would become one of the most earnest and convincing speakers. Beyond question he thus laid the foundation of his extraordinary skill as a debater and helped to acquire his convincing style.

Thus the days passed until he reached his eighteenth year. Not only had he attained the front rank among the students, but his wide reading and the association with his parents had broadened his knowledge. He was fully prepared to enter college, and when he presented himself at Allegheny College at Meadville, Pa., his examination was so brilliant that he was admitted to the junior class, thus cutting the required course in half.

But offended nature now made herself heard. Neglected recreaton, "all work and no play," caused such a breakdown in his health that he was compelled to leave college and return to Poland. His mental activity would not allow him to remain idle, and he hired as the teacher of the public school in the Kerr district, some two and a half miles from his home. The brisk walk to and fro each day helped to build up his health, and it looked as if he would soon be able to gratify his dearest wish of returning to college and completing his course of study.

If my readers will reflect, they will note that the most critical time in our history was drawing near, while young McKinley was teaching his country school. Congress was torn by the slavery debates, there were wrangling and personal collisions, the air was filled with threats of disunion, and the thoughtful ones saw the approach of civil war that was to fill the country with mourning, and spread death and desolation through thousands of homes.

There was no person more intensely interested in the sweep of events than young McKinley. He eagerly read the news, and had he been old enough, would have cast his vote for Abraham Lincoln, in whose principles he firmly believed. The election was in November, 1860, and South Carolina proved her fearful earnestness by formally withdrawing from the Union on the 20th of the following month. Other States followed, the Southern Confederacy was formed, and on the 8th of February Jefferson Davis was chosen president of the Confederate States of America.

Then followed the inauguration of President Lincoln, accompanied as it was by threats of his assassination. Armed troops filled Washington, to which city he had made his way by a secret midnight journey from Philadelphia. His inaugural breathed no ill-will toward the men who were loud in their threats of seceding from the Union. He declared that he was firmly resolved to support the Constitution and the laws. Indeed, no other course was left to him, for had he wished to do otherwise he would not have been permitted.

But the South was determined to secede. Nothing could stop her. As one of the leaders answered the plea of a Northern friend:

"If you should give us a blank sheet of paper on which to write our own terms for remaining in the Union, we

should refuse; we are going to secede and nothing can stop us."

Such was the spirit that sent State after State out of the Union, until eleven of them were arrayed against the national government. Nor did the South hesitate to prove her sincerity. When Major Anderson, in command of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, was summoned to surrender and refused, fire was opened upon him. For thirty-four hours the bombardment continued, and then the exhausted garrison hauled down the Stars and Stripes and surrendered, prisoners of war.

Who that can remember those days will never forget the effect produced throughout the country by the news of the fall of Fort Sumter? Never again will such scenes be witnessed? There were thousands of good and loyal men who had urged almost every conceivable compromise in the hope of restraining the South from its mad course. In their anxiety they went to the furthest verge that self-respect would permit. They censured the North for its harshness and insisted that it was still possible to prevent civil war.

But all this was changed by the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The "peace at any price" men now became the most ardent in demanding the conquest of the revolting States. They clamored for war and insisted that the opportunity should be given them to march against the foes of their country. Through every city, town, village and hamlet, and across the plains of the West, the martial spirit swept like a prairie fire. The man who spoke in favor of the South or of letting the "erring sisters" go in peace was mobbed. The few who dared to raise their voices in such a plea had to flee from their indignant neighbors to escape with their lives. The air rang with shouts, bonfires blazed, war meetings were held by the

hundred and one unshakable resolve swayed and controlled the North from end to end. Sumter's cannon had unified her people.

And it was the same in the South. There had been worriment, anxiety and argument there, for amid the delirium that seized the leaders, there were many who still loved the old Union, and this love could not be destroyed in a day. Their fathers had followed Old Glory too many times through the flame of battle to victory and triumph to turn their backs upon it and swear allegiance to a new and strange flag, and yet, as in the case of the North, all was changed by the roar of the guns in Charleston harbor. Doubt and hesitation vanished. The love for the Union turned to hate, and the Southerners were equally clamorous in shouting for the Stars and Bars and demanding a chance to risk their lives in driving back the invaders of the "sacred soil" of the South.

One of the most prominent of the Confederate leaders told me that although his family were strongly secession in their sentiments from the first, he curbed their feelings with an iron hand and resolved never to abate his effort to prevent the secession of the State (Virginia). This resolution did not falter until the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

"Then," said he, "my whole nature seemed to be changed. I became a more extreme disunionist than any member of my family. Before the call for troops was issued, I set about raising a company, in which my only son was the first to volunteer. I saw him die at Manassas, his head on my knee, and mourned because I had not another son to give to my country."

Now that war had come, there was no hesitation on the part of the national government. Fort Sumter surrendered April 14, 1861, and the next day President Lincoln

issued a call for 75,000 volunteers. Hardly was t[illegible] dry when 300,000 patriots strove for a place in th[illegible]. The call was for three months' men, but as the m[illegible]e of the impending struggle grew to be under[illegible]e President on the 3d of May asked for three yea[illegible]n-teers and a large addition to the regular army a[illegible]vy.

William McKinley had finished his engage[illegible] as teacher and was serving as a clerk in a store, preparing for his return to college. He was stirred to the soul by patriotism, and when one bright day in May, the Poland Guards, composed of the young and undisciplined youths of the place, marched to Youngstown, to the music of fife and drum, they were followed by scores of men and boys, among whom were William McKinley and his cousin, William M. Osborne, of about the same age. Both were slender striplings and neither very strong, but they were thoroughly imbued with the war spirit.

Walking homeward at the close of day, they were silent for a time, both in deep thought. Suddenly McKinley halted, and, looking his cousin in the eye, said:

"Bill, we can't stay out of this war; we must enlist."

"I should love to do so, but we cannot get the consent of our parents."

"They must consent," said the young patriot, as they hurried to their homes.

CHAPTER II.

M'KINLEY ENLISTS AS A PRIVATE—THE TWENTY-THIRD OHIO—SERVICES IN WESTERN VIRGINIA—M'KINLEY'S FIRST PROMOTION—TRIBUTES BY HIS OFFICERS—AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN—BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

Those were solemn times, full of tears and mourning and fears for the loved ones, who marched to the field of battle, many, alas! never to return. And yet the gravest of subjects seem to have a humorous side. I remember that account by my old friend Artemus Ward, the prince of humorists, of a Union meeting. Nearly all of those w volunteered did so as officers, the favorite position be that of brigadier-general. Men who had never so muc as aimed and fired a musket announced themselves eager to serve as leaders. Artemus proposed that they should raise a company of brigadier-generals. When the squad came to be drilled he said they particularly excelled in "restin' muskets." He himself reached the highest pitch of patriotism when he announced himself ready to sacrifice all his wife's able-bodied relations for the glorious cause of the Union.

Now, the patriotism of William McKinley was not of that sort. Hardly had he reached his home from Youngstown when he began pleading with his father and mother for their permission to enlist. No parents loved a son more than they, but the appeal of the young patriot won, as did that of his cousin, and the next day they hurried back to Youngstown. McKinley had no thought of honors. His guiding principle was duty. All he asked

was that because of his slenderness and lack of rugged vigor he might be rejected. In truth, there was some was a chance to fight for his country, and his only fear grounds for this fear, for so many lusty young men were enlisting that the government could afford to be particular. Had McKinley been refused by the recruiting officer it would have well-nigh broken his heart. When he stood up, looking as manly as possible, and the officer who thumped his breast said, "You'll do," there wasn't a happier member in the whole regiment. General Fremont showed a special interest in him, though young McKinley feared he was simply considering whether or not to accept him as a recruit.

William McKinley became a private in Company E, which, with others, from various parts of the State, formed the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers.

Years afterward, when fame and honors had come to William McKinley, he referred to his war experience:

"I always look back with pleasure upon those fourteen months in which I served in the ranks. They taught me a great deal. I was but a schoolboy when I went into the army, and that first year was a formative period in my life, during which I learned much of men and facts. I have always been glad that I entered the service as a private, and served those months in that capacity."

The Twenty-third Ohio was one of the most famous regiments of the war. The men who composed it were of a high order of intelligence, many possessing unusual attainments, while the majority were strong, rugged and resolute, and all were inspired by lofty patriotism. The first colonel was William S. Rosecrans, ofted called "Old Rosy," who became a prominent Union leader in the war. Rutherford B. Hayes, afterward President of the United States, was the first major, and Stanley Matthews, who

later was United States Senator from Ohio, and Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was the first lieutenant-colonel.

A few statistics are eloquent. From the organization of the regiment to the day it mustered out it had 2,095 men; the number killed in battle was 169, the number who died from disease was 107, making 276 the total loss.

There is one truth regarding the War for the Union which few people remember. We recall and very justly mourn the thousands of precious lives that were lost in the prosecution of that mighty struggle, but are apt to forget that thousands of lives were also saved through service in the ranks. Many men are living to-day because of the robust health gained by the march, the rough outdoor life and the hardships and training of the camp. When William McKinley enlisted at the age of eighteen he was weak, delicate and almost an invalid. It would be presumptuous for us to attempt to say what would have been the result had he, instead of enlisting, re-entered college; but it is not presumptuous to claim that it was his service in the field that gave him his superb strength and a physique capable of doing and standing more work to-day than one man among a thousand.

What woful lessons were taught to both North and South by the opening months of the great civil war! Secretary Seward declared that it would not last ninety days, and he was confessedly one of the most sagacious of statesmen. Prominent Northern leaders boasted that New York's famous Seventh Regiment would find it a picnic to march through Virginia and the Southern States to the Gulf of Mexico; Jefferson Davis in a speech proclaimed that he could hold all the blood that would be shed in the hollows of his hands. There was as much boasting in one section as in the other, for every one

seemed to forget that American was now to be matched against American, and since they are the bravest people in the world the fighting must be of the most terrific character.

The battle of Bull Run, fought on Sunday, the 21st day of July, caused the scales to fall from all eyes. Then it was that the North awoke to the fact that the South was united, brave and resolute, and her armies were led by skilled generals. The war was to be a long and bloody one and preparations were made on a vast scale to push it to a successful conclusion.

McClellan was called to command at Washington, and on the 23d of July General Rosecrans assumed charge of the Department of the Ohio. The Union cause suffered many discouraging defeats for more than a year after the opening of hostilities, about the only section where there were any successes being in West Virginia, first under the command of General McClellan, a brilliant, dashing officer, until by his transfer to a more important command he became timid, hesitating and tardy, and finally wore out the patience of President Lincoln.

McKinley first saw fighting in Western Virginia, where his regiment did excellent service. At the head of 15,000 soldiers, drawn mainly from the West, McClellan advanced against the Confederates, who were under the command of General Garnett, a former instructor of McClellan at West Point. Garnett took position on Laurel Hill, west of the principal line of the Alleghenies and covering the road leading from Philippi to Beverly. Colonel Pegram with a detachment was posted on an isolated hill named Rich Mountain, which was a few miles south of Laurel Hill. McClellan advanced against both of these positions and halted on the 11th of July a little way from Rich Mountain. The following morning General Rose-

crans led four regiments by a circuitous course through the woods with the intention of flanking Pegram. The rain poured in torrents and the Confederates, quick to detect the approach of the Union troops, opened a heavy fire upon them. But the patriots pressed resolutely on and sent the enemy scurrying down the other side. Rosecrans then turned eastward and advanced to within three miles of Beverly, to which point General Garnett had retreated upon finding his position turned. Frightened by Rosecrans' approach, Garnett hurried northward, hoping to reach St. George, on the Cheat River.

Meanwhile Colonel Pegram had surrendered with six hundred of his men, the remainder having joined General Garnett, who found himself hard pressed. To check the hot pursuit of the Unionists, the Confederates cut down trees and overturned huge boulders in their path, but their pursuers, who had already found the swollen streams and dense undergrowth a great obstacle, pushed on with tireless energy. Now and then they caught sight of the rear guard and fired upon them.

The Confederates were overtaken at Carrick's Ford, on the Cheat River. In an impetuous attack General Garnett was killed and his force utterly routed. McClellan being now transferred to the command of the Army of the Potomac, the regiment to which McKinley was attached was ordered to Clarksburg, West Virginia. The section was pestered by guerillas, who committed many outrages, and against whom the Twenty-third bent most of its efforts. The work was of the severest nature. It seemed to be raining three-fourths of the time, but the activity of the guerillas allowed little rest to the Union troops, who made hurried and exhausting marches at night amid drenching rains, climbed rugged mountains, scrambling down declivities and ever on the alert for the

vigilant enemy, whose manner of fighting was like that of the wild Indian.

Through all these trying tests of endurance and bravery none bore himself more admirably than young McKinley. His strength increased, his slender frame filled, his muscles hardened, he was prompt in obeying his officers, ready at all times to go upon the most dangerous work and intent only of rendering every service possible to his country.

McKinley spent the first winter of the war in camp. The period was a trying one, not only to the country at large, but to the soldiers themselves. Although at the head of one of the most magnificent armies ever drawn together, McClellan dallied, continually drilling his men, and refusing to move against the enemy, where the recruits were also drilling and strengthening themselves to repel his advance, whenever it should be made.

On the 15th of April, 1862, McKinley won his first promotion—that of commissary-sergeant, and it was secured through his attention to "little things" so often considered unworthy the notice of those in higher station. Regarding this promotion, ex-President Hayes, who, it will be remembered, was the young man's superior officer, said:

"Young as McKinley was, we soon found that in business, in executive ability, he was a man of rare capacity, of unusual and surpassing capacity, especially for a boy of his age. When battles were fought, or a service was to be performed in warlike things, he always took his place. The night was never too dark, the weather was never too cold, there was no sleet or storm, or hail or snow, that was in the way of his prompt and efficient performance of every duty. When I became commander of the regiment he soon came to be upon my staff, and he remained upon

my staff for one or two years, so that I did literally and in fact know him like a book and love him like a brother."

General Russell Hastings was a lieutenant in the Twenty-third Ohio when McKinley was a private. Long after the close of the war General Hastings said:

"Major McKinley was always keen, quick and alert, and so was naturally fitted for staff service, a fact his superiors soon realized and took advantage of, so that during the greater part of the war he served on the staff of the general officers, one of the most dangerous positions in the army, one which required the utmost readiness of resource and bravery of the highest order."

McKinley had hardly received his promotion when his regiment, under the command of Colonel Hayes, broke camp and led the advance against the enemy. A brisk engagement took place at Clarke's Hollow on the 1st of May, after which the regiment advanced toward Princeton, West Virginia, which was evacuated by the Confederates upon the approach of the Unionists. Colonel Hayes was attacked the following week by an overwhelming force, and fell slowly back to East River, contesting every foot of the way. Princeton was abandoned, and on the 15th of July the regiment reached Camp Piatt, on the Great Kanawha. In order to do this the troops marched one hundred miles in three days through oppressively hot weather. A junction was made with McClellan's forces, the Twenty-third going in cars from Perkersville to Washington, and the enemy was driven out of Frederick, Maryland.

Suppose that when this slim commissary-sergeant, too young for a beard to show on his face, stood gazing at Washington, some one had said to him:

"You are now looking upon the capital of your country for the first time; before double your present years have

been added to your life you shall sit in that White House yonder as the President of the United States."

Suppose that one of the Union soldiers had said this to the boy, what would he have done? He would have called the guard and had him locked up as a lunatic, and yet the prophecy would have been a true one.

We refer to 1776 as the dark days of our country, but they were no darker than those of 1862, when the defiant Confederate forces were within sight of our national capital, when they were winning victories everywhere, when Great Britain, France and Spain had acknowledged them as belligerents, when their privateers threatened to drive our commerce from the ocean and our armies were beaten back again and again in their advance against Richmond.

There was but little time in which to view the wonders of Washington, when orders were issued for the advance upon Frederick. General Lee, flushed with victory, had started on his invasion of the North. He entered Western Maryland and established his communications with Richmond through the Shenandoah Valley. On the 10th of September Lee advanced toward the upper Potomac, entering the mountainous section of Maryland. McClellan cautiously followed, watching his movements.

At South Mountain the enemy, although not quite so numerous as the Union force, held an almost impregnable position, but the Unionists manœuvred with great skill, and by resistless daring in their attack drove the enemy from his position, the loss to the assailants being 312 killed and more than a thousand wounded, while that of the enemy was still greater. In this spirited engagement Colonel Hayes was wounded and the Twenty-third displayed the greatest possible gallantry. The men made three charges with the bayonet, each of which was suc-

cessful, and lost half their effective force. Their colors were riddled, but never lowered.

Severe as was the battle, every one knew that the real struggle was yet to come. Only a portion of the forces had been engaged and the armies themselves were soon to meet in the death grapple. The repulse at South Mountain compelled Lee to retreat over the Antietam Creek to the little town of Sharpsburg. Skirmishing followed for several days, and on the 16th the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, and the Army of the Potomac, under General McClellan, opened the real battle, which was the bloodiest fought during the entire war.

The Confederates, who were less numerous than the Unionists, were stationed along the Antietam Creek, their flanks resting on the Potomac River, and they had placed strong guards at three of the four stone bridges which cross the creek. Hooker was sent over the fourth and unguarded bridge to attack the Confederate flank, while the batteries on both sides kept up a continuous fire. Before anything was accomplished darkness fell and the fighting ceased.

Early the next morning Hooker assaulted Stonewall Jackson and forced him to retire, but he was speedily reinforced and in turn drove Hooker back. The fighting continued and was of the most desperate character, since each side was repeatedly reinforced. The force defending the bridge in front of Burnside was so weakened by the necessity of helping Jackson that it could have been easily captured. Repeated orders were sent to Burnside to capture it and attack Lee's centre, but he refused to move, though commanded again and again to do so. Finally he advanced, but so weakly that at first he was repelled. Persisting, however, he finally succeeded and dislodged

the Confederates posted on the heights overlooking Sharpsburg. Just then Hill arrived with fresh troops, who, uniting with Lee, drove out Burnside and retook the heights. Fighting ceased at night, with no advantage to either side. Leaving out the losses in the campaign leading up to Antietam, the Unionists had 2,108 killed, 9,549 wounded and 753 missing, making up an appalling total of 12,410.

The Confederate losses, from September 12 to the 20th were: Killed, 1,886; wounded, 4,068; captured and missing, 651, making a total of 6,605.

The expectation was that McClellan would follow up his attack upon Lee the next day, but, as usual, he halted and did nothing. The impatience with him was so intense, even among his own officers, that an approach was made to General Hooker to assume the command and assail the enemy before he could withdraw into Virginia; but Hooker was wounded, and though none was angrier than he over the slowness of his commander he was unable to try that which in any other army would have caused him to be executed for insubordination. The fact that he was disabled prevented the direct request being made to him, and thus it must always remain a question whether he would have dared to supplant McClellan as was certainly the wish of many of the officers.

CHAPTER III.

A BRAVE AND THOUGHTFUL ACT—REPELLING THE MORGAN RAIDERS—PROMOTION—THE VICTORY AT CLOYD MOUNTAIN—M'KINLEY'S BRAVERY—SERVICES IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—A UNION DEFEAT BY GENERAL EARLY—THE IMPERILED REGIMENT—THE ONLY HOPE.

One of the greatest generals that ever lived declared that the severest test of a soldier's bravery was to be sent into battle hungry. If he conducted himself gallantly throughout the struggle, he was a hero.

Such was the trying ordeal to which the Twenty-third Ohio, in common with many other boys in blue, was subjected. From what has already been said, it will be understood that the battle of Antietam was one of the fiercest engagements of the whole war, well winning the title of being the "bloodiest" contest that occurred anywhere between the first battle of Bull Run and the surrender at Appomattox. There was hardly a moment's cessation from sunrise until sunset, and the Twenty-third was in the midst of the hardest of all the fighting. Suffering from hunger and thirst, not a man could be spared to go to the rear for refreshments. They had to fight on, gaining and giving ground, struggling doggedly and bravely, but weakened bodily as well as in spirits by the craving for food and the almost intolerable thirst.

Sergeant McKinley never did a more welcome and blessed thing than when, in charge of the commissary department of the brigade, whose supplies were two miles to the rear of the famishing troops, he gathered up the stragglers, placed them in charge of food and hot coffee

and hurried them back to the exhausted soldiers, still fighting with the heroism of desperation. It was at the close of that awful day that the Twenty-third broke into cheers at the sight of McKinley and his men rushing two wagons of supplies to the front. The mules were lashed into a run and bullets were flying everywhere. The sergeant was in such danger that he was ordered back several times, but he pushed on. One team was disabled, but the work was completed with the other, and never was anything more welcome than the hot drink and warm food to the panting men who hastily swallowed the refreshments with their smoking muskets in one hand, and their faces begrimed with powder. Instantly they took heart, and it is not too much to say that with the new strength and courage thus imparted the Twenty-third was enabled to withstand and beat back the furious onslaught made upon their position at the close of the day.

There was more in this apparently simple act than appears at first sight. It was essentially the right thing done at the right time. The thoughtfulness and bravery displayed by McKinley no sooner became known to Colonel Hayes, who had gone home to Ohio to recover from his wounds, than he called upon Governor Tod, and related the incident. The war governor immediately ordered that the youth should be promoted to a lieutenancy. This was done, his commission as second lieutenant of Company D being dated September 23, 1862, six days after the deed that won the promotion.

In October following, the Twenty-third Ohio, with the remainder of the Kanawha division, was sent back to West Virginia, where in November they went into winter quarters. Inaction followed until July, when Ohio was startled by one of the most daring raids of the war. John H. Morgan, the famous guerilla leader, early in July with

two thousand five hundred men seized on Columbia, to the northwest of Jamestown, Kentucky, and advanced to Greenbrier Bridge, which was so bravely defended by Colonel Moore that the raiders were compelled to retreat.

Morgan next attacked Lebanon, and in the savage fighting that followed his brother in command of one of the regiments was killed. The place was fired, and the Union troops surrendered. Knowing that the Union cavalry were hard after him, Morgan retreated through northern Kentucky, plundering right and left. Reckless and desperate, his raiders recrossed the Ohio into Indiana and spread consternation among the people. The local militia were swept aside and Ohio was terrified. Cincinnati was threatened, but seeing his danger Morgan headed for West Virginia, his nearest shelter.

It was the 16th of July that the Twenty-third Ohio learned of the presence of the raiders in Ohio, and Colonel Hayes, at the head of two regiments, with a section of artillery quickly moved against them. Two days later, the enemy was defeated in a skirmish and the next day utterly routed, most of the men captured, including Morgan and his leading officers, who were lodged in the Ohio penitentiary. It may be added that with the aid of friends Morgan made his escape some weeks later, succeeded in reaching his lines, and was soon at the head of another raiding expedition. But it was his last. He was betrayed, and in the scrimmage that followed was killed while trying to escape.

Having finished the good piece of work, the Twenty-third had little or nothing to do until the latter part of April, 1864, when it advanced to a point a short distance above Brownstown, on the Kanawha, to aid General Crook, who had already become famous as an Indian fighter, in a raid on the Virginia & Tennessee Railway.

The march was one of the severest conceivable. Chilling rains and biting sleet and snow blinded and benumbed the soldiers as they struggled through the dense woods and matted undergrowth, climbing mountains, often crawling on hands and knees, where the steepness of the slopes prevented their standing, continually fired upon by the skulking guerillas, who were as much at home as so many Apaches in the wild solitudes, and who neglected no chance of killing the Unionists exposed to their treachery, in peril every hour of the day and night, the troops pushed on, until the 9th of May, when the battle of Cloyd Mountain was fought and won.

Previous to this while in camp (February 7, 1863), McKinley was promoted to first lieutenant of Company E, and such was his standing when he helped to fight the battle of Cloyd Mountain. The First Brigade was commanded by Colonel Hayes, with the Twenty-third Ohio placed on the right, while most of the remaining troops were from Ohio.

It was a necessity for Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, to keep open its communications with the Southwest, where it had vital interests to protect, and the object of General Crook's expedition was to destroy the Virginia & Tennessee Railway bridge over New River, which would sever for a time this connection.

General Crook had learned cunning in fighting the Indians on the border, and he now worked a clever trick upon the enemy. Advancing up to the Kanawha, he gathered all his bands together, placed them at the head of the regiment with instructions to strain every nerve and muscle to fill the country with music, while advancing impressively in the direction of Leesburg, which was also in the direction of Richmond. Meanwhile, with his main

force, General Crook marched toward the bridge over New River.

The Confederate garrison at Fort Breckenridge were so scared by the approach of the seemingly immense army, preceded with its tremendous array of bands, that they did not wait to fire a gun, but fled pell mell. By and by, to their chagrin, they discovered the trick that had been played on them and hurried back. A strong force under General Jenkins reached a position to the rear of Crook's men, who found the enemy intrenched on Cloyd Mountain, which was steep and thickly wooded, and skirted by a stream of water. The approach was across a level field, four or five miles in extent.

It was about noon that Crook's troops were descried by the enemy, who opened with cannon. The Confederate position was very strong, and the first attack of the Unionists was repulsed. Seeing that success could be gained only by the hardest kind of fighting, General Crook ordered Colonel Hayes with two brigades to advance across the open meadow and charge up the hill upon the batteries, promising at the same time to accompany the men.

The national forces started across the meadow on the double quick in the face of a severe fire of musketry and artillery. When at the base of the mountain, the Confederate fortifications could not be seen, and for the first time the Ohio boys discovered the stream that skirted the elevation. Without hesitation they dashed into the water, waded across and started up the slope, which was so steep that the bulging ground above protected them from the enemy's fire.

There was a few minutes' halt and then the Unionists clambered upward with the greatest gallantry. But the enemy was waiting, and as soon as they could be seen, as they climbed into view, a fearful fire was poured into

them. The brave boys were staggered for a moment, but when the officers shouted "Charge!" the response was instant and enthusiastic. The fort was found to be an earthwork, strengthened by fence rails skewered through it. The defence was one of the most difficult to take, but nothing could stay the charge of the Ohio men. The Twenty-third was the first to bound over the fortifications and were foremost in the fierce struggle for possession of the guns. Henry B. Russell (to whom we are much indebted for many facts given in these pages) says that Private Kosht, a boy of eighteen, leaped out of the line with a shout and hung his cap on the muzzle of one of the cannon.

The enemy was driven back and the Unionists hurried to Dublin Depot, on the Virginia & Tennessee Railway, where the bridges were burned and the tracks torn up. Next, the New River bridge was destroyed, and then, fighting almost continuously, the troops marched to Staunton, where the Ohio brigade joined the command of General Hunter. Three days later (June 11) Lexington, after a brisk fight, was captured.

No soldier or officer in the Union force displayed truer bravery than Lieutenant McKinley. He was foremost in attack and inspired his men by his own intrepidity, while his superior officers viewed his conduct with undisguised admiration.

An advance was made against Lynchburg, but the enemy was heavily reinforced and a movement against Hunter's centre compelled him to retreat to the town of Liberty. The enemy pressed our troops hard and much suffering followed. There was fighting continuously for nine days, during which the Unionists marched one hundred and eighty miles, with little food and rest, crossing three Allegheny ranges four times and the Blue Ridge

twice. More than once the troops marched all day and all night without sleep, except such "cat naps" as cavalrymen learn to catch in the saddle and foot soldiers while on the march. When the time came for rest and eating, it need not be said that the rugged fellows made up for the deprivation of the preceding week.

Jubal Early about this time entered Pennsylvania with his "rebel horde" and spread consternation through the regions which for the first time gained a taste of what real war means.

The militia could accomplish nothing against these seasoned veterans who wore the gray, and Crook's command was ordered East to help turn back the invaders.

The Ohio men soon found themselves in the thickest of the fight again. Unaccompanied by cavalry and with only two sections of howitzer battery, they were sent against an immense force under Early a few miles beyond Harper's Ferry. The Unionists were speedily surrounded by two divisions of Confederate cavalry, but cut their way through and joined Crook at Winchester, where they gained a brief and much needed rest.

The belief of General Grant was that Early had been sent by Lee to join the main Confederate army at Richmond. Feeling the need of every man obtainable, Grant ordered two corps to unite with his army threatening the Confederate capital. Hunter was thus left with his single command in the Shenandoah Valley to confront the enemy. The Union infantry numbered about six thousand, with a brigade composed of the remnants of infantry and dismounted cavalry. There were also some two thousand cavalry under Generals Averill and Duffie, but the whole was much inferior to the Confederates.

While General Early was at Strasburg, he learned of the withdrawal of the two Union corps that had threat-

ened him, and that Crook's force at Winchester was less than one-half of his own. He determined to hurry back and crush Crook, who had no notice or suspicion of his coming.

On Sunday, July 24, the enemy drove in the Union outposts to the south of Winchester. Crook still supposed that Early was far off on the road to Richmond, but the reports that came in faster and faster left no doubt that the Confederates were advancing in formidable numbers against him. Not a minute was to be lost, and Crook sent forward his troops and formed a line of battle at the hamlet of Kernstown, four miles south of Winchester.

Still under the belief that he had to meet only a reconnoissance the Union commander dispatched Hayes with his brigade, and ordered him to join his right with Colonel Mulligan's brigades and then to charge the enemy. In obedience to these instructions, the advance was made against the two lines of skirmishers, but it was very soon discovered that strong bodies of the foe were posted on the hills to the right and left which inclosed the valley. The Unionists had thus marched into a trap, but they resolutely pushed forward.

Crook now realized for the first time that Early, instead of having gone to Richmond as had been supposed, was before or rather around him with an army vastly superior to his own. Crook opened with his artillery from the high ground at the rear of the Union troops, firing over the heads of the infantry, while the enemy rained shot and shell among the advancing Ohio troops. Six thousand men were thus virtually surrounded by three times their number, and in the distance the Confederate cavalry were driving back the Union horsemen in confusion.

The situation was hopeless and Early pressed his advantage remorselessly. The brigade near the centre of

the Union line crumbled and gave way, and all that remained for the Federals was to extricate themselves before it was too late. The peril could not have been more critical. The staff officers were galloping hither and thither with numberless orders, the whole Union force was in rapid retreat, with imminent danger of a general stampede, in which everything would be lost, and only the most heroic courage and perfect skill could save them from irretrievable disaster.

In the midst of this terrifying confusion the discovery was made that Colonel Brown's regiment, through some blunder or lack of orders, still retained its position, where it was posted at the beginning of the battle. It had suffered severely and was fighting with the fury of desperation, but if it remained, nothing could save it from capture or annihilation. The men would not retreat without orders, and the enemy was closing in upon the doomed men from every quarter.

General Hayes saw that but one possibility of escape remained; that was to send orders to Colonel Brown to withdraw without an instant's delay, for it was evident by this time that the colonel and his men held no thought of retreat.

But it was a long distance to that decimated regiment that had become the centre of an attack that would have destroyed a force five times as great. Whoever undertook to carry the fateful word to the brave men must do so at a risk greater than that of the defenders themselves. It would seem that there was barely one chance in a thousand of success.

Who should take the message? In an anguish of anxiety General Hayes looked around for the man and saw him in the boy McKinley. His heart shrank at the

necessity of sacrificing that young life, for it seemed nothing less than that, but it was no time for hesitation.

In a twinkling he made known his wishes to the youth.

"Colonel Brown has no thought of retreat; not a moment must be lost in ordering him to withdraw; will you carry the order, lieutenant, to him?"

McKinley nodded his head, made a quick military salute, headed his horse toward the imperiled regiment, and was off like a whirlwind!

Filled with admiration and love for the young hero, Hayes said to himself in the bitterness of his anguish:

"He can never do it! He is sure to be killed!"

CHAPTER IV.

A DARING EXPLOIT—A PICTURESQUE BATTLE—THE BATTLE OF BERRYVILLE—EVENTS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—THE BATTLE OF OPEQUAN—DEFEAT OF EARLY—THE QUICK WIT OF M'KINLEY—ON SHERIDAN'S STAFF—SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Filled as are the records of the War for the Union with deeds on both sides which quicken the pulse and thrill the heart, there is none more heroic than that of the youth McKinley, when at the word from his commander he spurred his horse across the plain on a dead run and dashed through the sleet of death to the lone regiment far away that was being shot to pieces.

The eyes of Hayes and hundreds remained fixed upon the form of the boyish lieutenant as he sped across the open fields, heading like an arrow from the bow for the little band of men almost hidden from sight in flame and smoke. Over the obstructing fences bounded the gallant steed, as if he knew the desperate work required of him and the momentous issues at stake. Of the enthralled spectators not one expected to see the rider again alive.

Shot and shell were flying all round him, but on he went as if he bore a charmed life. Suddenly an infernal missile curved over and plunged to the earth at his side. In the same instant it exploded into a thousand fragments, and horse and rider disappeared in smoke, dust and debris.

"He is killed! Both are killed! They have been blown to atoms!"

But no; from out the horrible melee emerged the tough pony, still galloping toward the regiment, and the stripling of a lieutenant was seated firmly in the saddle, spurring the animal to the utmost verge of effort. Then the spectators breathed again.

For a brief distance the horse and rider were partly screened, but a moment later they debouched into the open again, where their peril became more fearful than before, for they were now closer than ever to the swarming enemy, who, reading the purpose of the young officer, converged scores of shots upon him. But, refusing to bend his head to the awful blast, he thundered onward with the same headlong speed as at first.

In the hope of saving that precious life, Crook's batteries from the top of an adjoining ridge opened furiously and for a few brief moments held the enemy in check, during which the messenger reached the regiment and delivered the orders of General Hayes. In the flush of the moment Lieutenant McKinley could not forbear adding a well-merited reproof:

"I supposed you knew enough to withdraw without waiting for orders."

"I was thinking about it," replied Colonel Brown, "and guess we'll make a move, but I must let those fellows have another volley or two."

"Be quick about it, then!"

Up rose the regiment, delivered its volley, and, still firing, began slowly retreating, with Lieutenant McKinley leading. They finally escaped to the Winchester pike, where the young officer, after bringing the regiment to its place in the column, rode up to General Hayes with his report.

That commander was visibly affected, and after thanking and complimenting the lieutenant added:

"I never expected to see you alive again."

The Union troops had been defeated, and their retreat lasted until midnight. Frequently they halted to beat back the enemy, who pressed them hard, and then resumed their flight before the greatly superior forces. After a long and harassing march they finally shook off their pursuers and the retreat came to an end.

No government is quicker than our own to recognize and reward merit. One of the bravest and best companies in the Twenty-third Ohio was Company G, of which Lieutenant McKinley was made captain July 25, 1864.

His comrades rejoiced in his good fortune, for truly never was honor more worthily won.

No region was more harassed during the civil war than the Shenandoah Valley. The opposing troopers rode through it back and forth, and the town of Winchester had been taken and retaken four times in a single day. Mosby's guerillas made themselves a terror in the valley, it was tramped by opposing thousands, and cannon boomed, shells screamed and musketry rattled night and day, and seemingly for weeks without cessation, until the time came, when in the words of General Sheridan, a crow would not dare to fly across the Shenandoah Valley without taking his rations with him.

One of the most picturesque engagements fought in the Shenandoah Valley took place at Berryville on the 3d of September, 1864. Although the fighting was of the severest nature, the result, as in many other instances, was indecisive. General Longstreet was one of the foremost leaders of the Confederacy, and his veterans ranked among the very best in the service, but when they ran against the Western boys in blue they found more than once that they had met their masters. It is said that at the terrific battle of Chickamauga, where General

Thomas stood like a mountain wall and saved the Union army from destruction, Longstreet brought up his soldiers who had helped to win many a victory in Virginia and launched them against the immovable force of Thomas.

"Lie down, Tennesseeans," shouted the confident graybacks, "and see the Virginians go in!"

"Go in," replied the Tennesseeans, as they made way for the yelling veterans, "and you'll find you are not fighting Eastern bounty jumpers."

A few minutes later Longstreet's men came scrambling back pell-mell, leaving scores wounded and dead. Then their comrades sprang to their feet and shouted:

"Rise up, Tennesseeans, and see the Virginians come out!"

It was the same men that charged with ear-splitting yells the Ohio troops, who received them with so withering and destructive a fire that they reeled and scattered. Captain McKinley was in the midst, cheering his comrades, when his horse was shot dead, but leaping from the saddle he fought with his usual bravery on foot until the foe disappeared from his front.

Later in the day the Unionists tried to hold a stretch of turnpike by which a force of cavalry that had been sent to cut off the supplies to the rear of Early's division were to rejoin the Union command. A Confederate charge was repulsed and the Unionists charged in turn, but at the reserve line of the enemy rallied, and being reinforced repelled the Federals, who were forced to take shelter in the woods.

By this time night had closed in; all wished to stop fighting, and the respective commanders desired to withdraw their troops, but each side waited for the other to cease, though both had been ordered to do so. The shots

grew less frequent, until only here and there was seen the flash of a musket, while the bullet as a rule sped wide of its mark. But it occasionally happened that three or four men would accidentally fire at the same moment. This gave the impression that the battle had commenced again, and in a moment the fire would rage along the front of both lines.

This desultory and fitful work continued until the twinkling lanterns showed that the surgeons and burying parties were looking up the dead and wounded between the lines. Then by common consent all firing ceased and the forces withdrew. In recalling this singular engagement, Mr. McKinley said:

"It will not soon be forgotten. It was a brilliant scene; the heavens were fairly illuminated by the flashes of our own and the enemy's guns. Later, when both armies determined to retire, it became my duty to direct a regiment at some distance from others to move. A stranger in the darkness, I knew nothing of that country. When I started on my mission some one on the other side was doing just what I was, as I could tell from what I heard. I had not gone far when I was halted by a sentinel with 'Who comes thar?' The distinct Southern brogue was warning, and I hastened the other way. Very soon I was stopped with 'Who comes there?' and I recognized friends. I gave the countersign and soon had the regiment moving."

General Grant was so annoyed by the raids of the Confederates in this section that he determined to end them, because they interfered with his main and closing campaign against Richmond. The government united the departments of Western Virginia, Washington and the Susquehanna and placed it under the command of General Sheridan, who was given a force of forty thou-

sand men. He was anxious to move, but Grant held him on the defensive for a time, finally telling him to go ahead, provided he so desolated the valley that it could no longer be a temptation for raids from either side.

Early's force was now inferior to Sheridan's, and the two leaders watched each other for a time from opposite sides of the Opequan, a small stream flowing into the Potomac, west of the Shenandoah. Finally the Confederate leader sent a division toward Martinsburg and threatened the Union right. Without delay Sheridan crossed and attacked Early's right. The Confederate division just sent off was hastily recalled and a savage battle immediately opened.

Everything pointed to a Confederate victory, when Sheridan led one of his headlong charges, which scattered the enemy like chaff. Through Winchester they rushed and scrambled, with the Union cavalry slashing at their heels. General Rodes was killed and 2,500 prisoners were gathered up, including five pieces of artillery and nine stands of colors. In making his report, General Sheridan used the forceful declaration that he had sent Early "whirling through Winchester." When tired of chasing the enemy, the Unionists drew off, and Early, gathering the remnants of his command, took position on Fisher's Hill. Although strongly intrenched, he was soon attacked by Sheridan again and driven further up the valley. Then reinforcements arrived for him and he felt secure in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Captain McKinley distinguished himself at Opequan. It was Hayes' brigade which led the charge that turned an impending defeat into a splendid victory. Before this was insured, and the issue looked doubtful, McKinley, who was acting as aide-de-camp on Sheridan's staff, carried a verbal order to Colonel Duval to shift his troops

with all possible speed to a position on the right of the Sixth Corps. Knowing nothing of the country, he asked McKinley:

"What route shall I take to move my command?"

Captain McKinley knew no more of the topography of the country than the colonel, but he cast his eye over all that was visible. It was of the most unfavorable character, and having no definite orders from his superior he suggested that the colonel should follow the route by the creek near them.

"That won't do," was the reply of Duval; "I shall stay right where I am until I receive definite orders."

The emergency was a grave one, and McKinley, with his intuitive perception of the right thing to do, said:

"I order you, colonel, by command of General Crook, to move your command up this ravine to a position on the right of the army."

This was all Colonel Duval could ask. Like a true soldier, he moved promptly, his division quickly reached its position, and gave invaluable help in driving the enemy from his intrenchments.

Now, this incident is more important than would be supposed. It was no guesswork on the part of Captain McKinley that caused him to select the route, for meagre as was his knowledge of the surrounding country he knew it was the only course to be followed. This was proven by what befell another officer, who had been ordered to take his command to the same point, and being left free to choose his route became entangled in the dense woods and did not arrive until long after Duval.

Had McKinley erred and sent the regiment by any other route the consequences to himself would have been serious, but, as his commander smilingly remarked, the action of the captain was right because it succeeded.

Having freed the valley for a time from the enemy, Sheridan proceeded to carry out Grant's wishes, and so devastated the section that it was made untenable for the Confederates. Meanwhile Early was watching the Union forces, and followed them at a safe distance, until once more he was at Fisher's Hill. The Unionists intrenched themselves on the north bank of Cedar Creek, the ground from the north shore of the Shenandoah to the valley pike being held by Crook's division, in which served Captain McKinley and his comrades from Ohio.

The War for the Union had now reached a point where every one saw that the end must soon come. Grant had his grip on Richmond and could not be shaken off. Sherman was plunging through the core of the Confederacy from Atlanta to the sea, and Sheridan's whirlwind fighting had made him one of the three foremost leaders of the Union hosts with whom Grant was glad to consult, and whose suggestions were attentively listened to by the government. It was while the military situation in the Shenandoah Valley was as described that Sheridan was summoned to Washington to consult as to the future of the campaign in that section. He obeyed orders, and the consultation being finished, he set out on his return and slept at Winchester, a dozen miles from his command.

While there a courier arrived from the front with word that all was quiet, and that one of the Union corps had been ordered to make a reconnoissance at daylight the next morning (October 19). Sheridan lay down and slept undisturbed.

Who has not had his pulses quickened by T. Buchanan Read's vigorous war poem, "Sheridan's Ride," which tells of the Union leader's furious gallop from Winchester to Cedar Creek when the distant boom of cannon warned him the "battle was on once more?" While there is a

strong basis of truth for the poem, yet, like "Barbara Fretche," it has been somewhat idealized by the poet.

When Sheridan awoke from sleep on the morning of October 9, 1864, he heard sounds of irregular firing in the distance, but thought little of it. In truth, the people of Winchester would have deemed it strange if there wasn't firing to a greater or less degree all the time. He ate his breakfast, mounted his splendid black steed and started out of Winchester at an easy gallop; but had not gone far when he came upon sights that caused apprehension. Stragglers and baggage wagons appeared, and in answer to his inquiries he was told that the Union troops had met with serious disaster. By and by the road was so choked with baggage wagons and wounded men that progress was difficult, and Sheridan turned into the fields and struck his horse into a swifter pace. Then when the highway became more open, and he returned to it, only to be stirred to indignation by sights of uninjured men, who, having fled beyond danger, were grouped along both sides of the road, boiling coffee and cooking their breakfast.

The black steed was now thundering down the highway, and the rider was aflame with the spirit of battle. Eight miles south of Winchester he passed through Newtown, where he met the first body of organized troops he had seen since leaving Winchester. Captain McKinley had been working with might and main to rally them and had just succeeded.

"Where's Crook?" demanded the fiery leader, and Captain McKinley wheeled his horse, and accompanied by Sheridan set out to find him. The fire of conflict glowed in the eyes of the commander as he sped down the line with the disorganized troops, magnetized and thrilled by

the sight, trailing in behind, eager to go back and retake what had been lost.

"With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and his nostrils' play
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester town to save the day.'"

"Never mind, boys," called Sheridan, "we'll whip them yet! We shall sleep in our quarters to-night!"

The men threw their hats in air, cheered and dashed after their leader, who made his way to the front of the line, accompanied by Captain McKinley, where Generals Wright and Crook were met, the events of the morning quickly told and orders issued which resulted in one of the most dashing and brilliant successes of the war.

CHAPTER V.

DEFEAT OF THE UNION TROOPS AT FISHER'S HILL—THE "WHIRLWIND IN SPURS"—A ROUT TURNED INTO DECISIVE VICTORY—END OF THE WAR—SUMMARY OF M'KINLEY'S MILITARY SERVICES—MUSTERED OUT—A STUDENT AT LAW—ADMISSION TO THE BAR—WAITING FOR CLIENTS.

The Confederates at Fisher's Hill swept into the Union camp like a cyclone. It was believed that if any attack were made it would be upon the Union right, which accordingly was strengthened at the expense of the left. The alert Early discovered this, and, in the darkness of night, stealthily secured a position on the rear of the left, where the Ohio troops were sleeping in fancied security. The first streakings of light were dimly showing in the eastern horizon when a savage fire was opened on the left and rear. The men leaped up from their blankets, but were swept back by the yelling enemy, who captured nearly all of the pickets and sent the rest scurrying toward Middletown. Eighteen of the Union guns were seized and turned on the fleeing Federals, who fled in a wild stampede.

Everything was going the way of the Confederates, and they had only to press their advantage to complete the overthrow of the panic-smitten camp, but, like all who yield to temptation, their blunder proved fatal. The abundant food and refreshment could not be resisted. Leaving the fugitives to keep up their flight, the famishing enemy stopped short, ate, drank and made merry.

General Early himself was a roystering, reckless man, whose troops showed poor discipline, and he could do little with his men when their inclinations ran contrary to his orders.

General Wright did all in his power to stay the flight of his troops, and by extraordinary exertions secured a strong position several miles to the north of the Union camp, where some of the fugitives were rallied around him. An attack was speedily made upon him, but the Confederates who were brought from their feasting and drinking were so few and broken that they were repulsed with severe loss.

It was shortly after this that General Sheridan arrived on the field, dusty, perspiring, but eager and determined to lead the soldiers back to Fisher's Hill and settle accounts in his terrific fashion with General Early and his men.

The magnetism of the "whirlwind in spurs" was resistless, and they went at their work with a hurrah. Early had seen the peril gathering, and lost no time in establishing his men behind stone walls and every shelter obtainable. They fought desperately, but nothing could stay the impetuous dash of the Union troops, who drove everything before them and turned a rout into one of the most brilliant successes of the war.

The flying Confederates thought of nothing but escape from the shouting foes at their heels. Wagons and prisoners were abandoned, guns thrown aside, and all joined in a wild stampede that was continued until scores of the fugitives dropped from exhaustion, and their tired pursuers drew off and gave up the chase. Sheridan withdrew to Kernstown, where the lines were fortified and everything rendered safe against any possible attack from the enemy.

So utter was the overthrow of the Confederates that they were unable to again do anything in the Shenandoah Valley during the remainder of the war. General Lee was so affected by the disgraceful failure of Early that though he was one of the Confederate lieutenant-generals he was relieved of command.

One of the proudest remembrances of McKinley is the gallant part he took in this picturesque and decisive victory. It was on the recommendation of General Sheridan that he was promoted as brevet-major of the United States volunteers "for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill." Since this was the last promotion he had an opportunity of winning, the title of "Major McKinley" is the military one by which he will always be known. Who can doubt that if the war had continued a year or more longer the golden stars of a brigadier or major-general would have shone upon his shoulders?

A few weeks after the battle of Fisher's Hill the Confederate cavalry made a dash against the Baltimore & Ohio Railway at New Creek, West Virginia, and General Crook was sent thither with one of his divisions. His admiration for the brilliant young Ohio officer caused him to take him along; but matters went awry with Crook, and the enemy included him among a number of prisoners taken. General Hancock was placed in command of the department, and retained McKinley on his staff. He remained with Hancock, faithfully meeting and discharging every duty until assigned as assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Carroll, commander of the veteran reserve corps at Washington.

The last days of the Southern Confederacy were at hand. Like a wounded lion, General Lee had turned at bay behind the trenches at Petersburg, and his decimated

but brave army was making a gallant fight that could not save but only prolong the death of the Lost Cause. On the first of April, 1865, Grant opened a cannonade along his entire front, and the following day broke the Confederate line in several places; then the whole Confederate front was assailed, and Lee and his army fled southward. He telegraphed what was impending to Jefferson Davis while he was sitting in his pew at church, and the Confederate president saw that Richmond, which had withstood all assaults for four years, was doomed. Davis and the leaders of the Confederacy hastily gathered a few effects together and sped swiftly away on a railway train. Then, until the arrival of the Union troops, the once proud city was given over to its own spoilers, who plundered, burned and made Richmond for a time like hades itself.

Lee continued retreating with his starving soldiers, but at Appomattox Court House he was compelled to see that the last ray of hope had vanished. There, on the ninth of April, 1865, he surrendered what was left of the Army of Northern Virginia, the long, bloody war came to an end and the Union was restored.

Amid the general rejoicing, the speechmaking, the burning of bonfires and the thunders of salute, every heart suddenly stood still, hushed by the crack of the assassin's pistol that sent a ball through the brain of President Lincoln.

Happiness was turned to horror and mourning, and the whole world was shocked by the appalling crime.

Little did William McKinley suppose, as he joined in the universal mourning that, in the years to come, he, too, was destined to pass through a crucial period in the country's history as its President, and finally die in like manner at the hands of an assassin when war had given place to peace and prosperity.

The embers of the civil war still smoked and smouldered. General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman April 26, and Dick Taylor, commanding the remainder of the Confederate forces east of the Mississippi, made submission in May, as did all the naval forces of the Confederacy, then blockaded in the Tombigbee River. There was fitful fighting here and there, and some of the humiliated leaders fled from the country, but the war was over and soon blessed peace reigned everywhere.

It is interesting to note that in November, 1864, Major McKinley cast his first vote. Lincoln and Johnson had been nominated for the highest two offices. The feeling was so strong that the brave patriots who were doing the fighting in the field should be allowed to express their wishes by ballot that a law was passed giving them such right, and their vote formed an important factor in deciding that memorable election.

It will be recalled that the Union army to which McKinley was attached was moving northward at the time. An ambulance did duty as an election booth, and the votes were collected and counted by the judges of election while the soldiers were on the march. Besides McKinley, Generals Crook, Sheridan and Hayes cast their ballots, and in the case of Crook and Sheridan it is said that it was the first time either voted.

The mustering out of the Union soldiers began and continued for several months. The total number furnished during the war was 2,778,304, and the cost of preserving the Union was 67,058 killed in battle, 43,012 who died of wounds, and 199,720 who perished from disease, with 40,154 who died from other causes, making an awful total of 349,944 deaths in one of the greatest wars of modern times.

Then the armed hosts dissolved like snow in the sun,

The bronzed veterans laid aside sword and musket and became peaceful, law-abiding citizens of the republic, and the sun as it rolled through the heavens looked down and smiled on the greatest people upon which it ever shone.

In closing the account of William McKinley's services as a soldier of his country, it is proper to place on record a summary of his patriotic work which made him a seasoned veteran at the age of twenty-two years and stamped him as one of the bravest patriots who wore the blue in that mighty struggle for the life of the nation.

With his regiment, or while on staff duty, he fought in West Virginia, in the Army of the Potomac under McClellan and in the Shenandoah Valley under Sheridan. He was in all the early fights in West Virginia, at South Mountain and Antietam, his first battle being Carnifex Ferry, September 10, 1861. Fearless and without reproach he fought at Townsend's Ferry, November 6; at Laurel Hill, November 12; Camp Creek, May 1, 1862; New River, May 6; Pack's Ferry, New River, August 6; in support of Pope's army, August 15; battle of South Mountain, September 14; Antietam, September 16 and 17; Cloyd's Mountain, May 9, 1864; Buffalo Gap, June 6; Lexington, June 10; Otter Creek, June 16; Lynchburg, June 17; Liberty, June 19; Buford Gap, June 20; Salem, June 21; Sweet Sulphur Springs, June 25; in the campaign against Early, July 14 to November 28; skirmish at Cabletown, July 19; fight at Snicker's Ferry, July 21; Winchester and Kernstown, July 23 and 24; Martinsburg, July 25; Berryville, September 3; battle of Winchester, September 19; Fisher's Hill, September 22; skirmish at New Market, October 7; Cedar Creek, October 19, making in all more than thirty battles and skirmishes, and at the very front from beginning to end. When mustered out, July 26, 1865, after more than four years of continu-

ous service, he had not missed a day's duty or a fight. As a private soldier, he learned how to follow and obey, and as an officer he learned how to lead where only the bravest dare follow. The weak, thin stripling of eighteen had become a bronzed veteran, active, strong, with robust health, a mind matured and the foundations of a brilliant, useful and illustrious career laid, broad, firm and lasting. Physically and mentally, his training had approached as near perfection as it is possible to attain in this world, and he was now become an American in the truest sense of the word.

The end of the great war saw a million men who had been supported by the government thrown upon their own resources. They had been consumers, and now they must be producers. In other words, they must earn their own living.

And they did it, like the true heroes they were. Back they went into the workshop, the counting house, upon the farm, at the book-keeper's desk, in the counting-room, on the railways and steamboat lines, to the different trades and professions, until ere long it was hard to understand where the vast array of soldiers had gone and what had become of them.

Hundreds of men made fortunes during the war. Not only the contractors, but the officers took advantage of their situations and carried home enormous sums of money, to which they had no rightful claim. But the majority were honest. Had Major McKinley chosen, he could have returned to his friends and people in Poland a rich man; but his integrity and Christian principles never allowed him to be tempted to take a penny that did not unquestionably belong to him. The veteran greeted his proud father and mother and brothers and sisters with

only the meagre wages that had been paid to him by the government for services rendered.

Like the vast multitude, he had to decide by what means he should earn his clothing and bread and butter.

More than one prominent military man who had watched his career urged him to stay in the army. His merits and ability were certain to win promotion and honors, and his future would be secure. He felt himself too old to enter college, even had he possessed the means to complete his course, which he did not. His inclination was strong to remain in the military service, but after mature deliberation he put the temptation behind him and decided to take up the study of the law, for which he had a natural aptitude and a strong liking. He loved study, was fond of debate, possessed what may be termed a legal mind, and circumstances seemed to favor his wishes.

Judge Charles E. Glidden, whom he held in the highest esteem for his great attainments and many excellencies of character, had his office in Youngstown, with David M. Wilson as his partner, and he gladly welcomed the bright young veteran as one of his students.

Major McKinley did not hesitate to renew the vast draughts upon his constitution, necessitated by hours of hard study continued far into the night; for he possessed an iron frame, perfect health and ran no such risks as when a weak stripling at Allegheny College a few years before. Twice a week he walked to Youngstown to recite to Judge Glidden or Mr. Wilson, and made rapid and thorough progress. Full of American pluck, he realized the necessity of hard, persevering application to win success. There is no royal road to learning, and he knew it.

Nature had gifted him with a pleasing address, and his ability as a speaker was fully recognized. He acquitted

himself well and was proud of the honor that was his of delivering the address at the dedication of the soldiers' monument in his old home. And his neighbors were equally proud of the young patriot, who had been baptized in the flame of battle and gone brilliantly through the war from its opening to its triumphant conclusion.

At the end of a year a serious problem confronted McKinley. He was poor and would not allow his parents to deny themselves comforts and necessities for his sake. He could complete his course of study, but in the nature of things, would not be able to earn a living for several years to come. He asked himself whether it was not his duty to enter upon a business career, for the sake of the support thus obtainable, while still pursuing his legal studies as best he could. It would cost him a pang, thus to shelve his ambition for an indefinite period, and, sorely perplexed, he did that which every boy or young man is fortunate in possessing the privilege of doing. He went to his elder sister Annie for counsel, just as he had done before, knowing that her advice would be unselfish and for the best. He had found it so in the past and was sure to find it unchanged to the end.

Annie was teaching school at Canton. Faithful and talented, she was devoted to her work and was eminently successful. She had saved a little money, and when she heard the words of her brother and saw his perplexity, she promptly said:

"You must not think of giving up your studies."

The brother suggested his lack of funds and his unwillingness to be a burden upon the other members of the family.

"It will be no sacrifice," she said; "or if it be considered such, we can share it among ourselves and the bur-

den will hardly be felt. Yes, William, you must keep up your studies without intermission."

And then the skillful mathematician demonstrated to the happy brother how readily the whole difficulty could be overcome. Willing to be convinced of the possibility of obtaining that which was so near to his heart, the happy youth consented. He went to Albany and entered the Ohio Law School, one of the finest institutions of its kind in the West.

It need not be said that with every incentive to spur him on, he gave all his remarkable energies of mind and body to the work, with the inevitable result that two years after his return from war he was admitted to the bar and fairly launched upon the career that was to bring him fame and honors of which he did not dream.

Taking counsel once more from his wise and self-sacrificing sister, he changed his home to Canton, Ohio, engaged a modest office in the rear of an antiquated building on the site of the present Stark County courthouse, hung out his shingle, delved into his law books and hopefully awaited the coming of the most indispensable need of every lawyer—clients.

CHAPTER VI.

LAWYER M'KINLEY'S FIRST CASE—A BOW-LEGGED COMPLAINANT'S DISCOMFITURE—M'KINLEY ELECTED PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—THE CASE OF MARK HANNA—M'KINLEY'S MARRIAGE—A CONGRESSMAN AT THIRTY-FOUR.

Lawyer McKinley sat in his little office and waited for the clients who seemed to take a long time to find out the value of his services. He continued his legal studies, improving the minutes and hours, for he knew that the foundations of his profession can never be laid too broadly, carefully and surely. Meanwhile, he would not have been displeased if some of the people in need of legal assistance had chosen to test his ability.

Such a brilliant record as young McKinley had made in the war proved of help in several respects. The prominent people in Canton spoke admiringly of his military career and sought his acquaintance. His unaffected, modest bearing, and his even, genial disposition added to his popularity and the number of his friends continually increased.

Russell, the biographer of McKinley, says that Judge Belden, one of the leading advocates of the county, occupied a fine office on the front of the same building with McKinley. He admired the personality of the young attorney, and determined to throw what business he could in his way, though McKinley took pains never to hint any wish of the kind.

One day the judge dropped into the humble rear office

with the remark that he was not feeling well. McKinley looked up and expressed his sympathy, though he saw no alarming evidences of death in the appearance of his visitor.

"I believe I shall go home and rest; here are the papers in a case that comes up to-morrow; I can't attend to it; you must do it for me."

McKinley looked over the papers and made inquiries. He saw that it was what is termed a replevin case of appeal, of such doubtful issue that the judge admitted he had little hope of winning. The young man, with something like dismay, said:

"Really, I can't take the case, judge; it is wholly new to me; the time is too short to prepare myself, and besides, I have never yet tried a case."

"Well, there must be a first case with every lawyer, provided he ever has any cases, and you may as well begin with this. I shall leave it in your hands," said the judge, bidding him good day and passing out.

McKinley was almost overwhelmed. Had the judge permitted, he would have declined the business so kindly offered, but he felt it would be a test of his mettle, and, as was the rule of his life, he determind to do the best he could. Locking himself in his office, he studied through the entire night. By morning all the details had crystallized in his mind. He snatched a brief nap, went to court and presented the case with such forcible clearness that he won the decision.

When Judge Beldon next met him, he brought a blush to the face of McKinley by the warmth of his compliments. At the same time, he put twenty-five dollars in his hand.

"Why, judge, I can't accept so much as that for one day's work."

"I don't see any cause for worry," was the good-natured reply of the judge, "inasmuch as my retainer was a hundred dollars."

Judge Belden was so well pleased with his young friend that shortly after he made him a partner. The partnership brought great success, and was not broken until the death of Judge Belden in 1870.

All successful lawyers delight in recalling their early struggles, when their pleadings over some petty case before a justice of the peace were made with as much fervor and eloquence as if the fate of the Union was at stake. Sometimes the result was defeat, but when an old lawyer is left free to select his reminiscences, the victories which he relates are sure to be largely in the majority. The quaint incidents often tinged with humor are always interesting.

Shortly after McKinley became a partner of Judge Belden he was asked to defend a surgeon, against whom suit had been brought by a man whose broken leg he had set.

The suit was for malpractice, the complainant insisting that through the fault of the surgeon the injured leg had grown awry, and, so far as that particular branch of his anatomy was concerned, he was shamefully bowlegged.

One of the most brilliant members of the Ohio bar was the counsel of the complainant, who demanded heavy damages. He brought his client into court, and in the presence of the jury asked him to bare the leg that had been maltreated. He obeyed and held up the twisted limb for inspection, his looks plainly asking:

"Did you ever see anything worse than that?"

There was no mistake about it. No owner of such a leg could ever take any pride in it, for it was bowed frightfully.

"There, gentlemen of the jury," roared the lawyer; "is the evidence which even my learned friend on the other side cannot question; there is the convincing proof of the negligence or incompetency of the surgeon who has destroyed forever the symmetry of my client's perfect limb, besides injuring him for life. I am sure that you intelligent gentlemen will give my client the only remedy possible, and which can never fully compensate him for his sufferings and loss, but may serve to teach the medical men that a poor patient is entitled to the same skill and considerate treatment that are given to the millionaire and the man who is ready to pay a liberal fee for services."

When the lawyer finished his soul-stirring appeal he sat down, and with an air of triumph, looked across to McKinley, as if wondering whether he would dare open his mouth in the way of reply; but McKinley had been using his eyes. He noticed that the client's other trousers' leg was folded and arranged in a peculiar manner. When, therefore, the complainant was turned over to him for cross-examination, McKinley said in a voice of brisk command: "Bare the other leg!"

"I object!" interposed his lawyer; "the other leg is not in the case; we claim damages for the one that has been virtually destroyed, as the jury and your honor have observed for yourselves."

"The request of the counsel is reasonable and proper; the witness will bare the leg as counsel has directed."

There was no help for it, and much to the disgust of the opposing counsel, his client slowly and shamefacedly drew up the other trousers' leg.

Instantly jurors and spectators broke into laughter, for, lo! the second leg was more twisted and "out of plumb" than the first. The complainant had skillfully concealed

the fact from every one except the alert McKinley. The latter gravely rose to his feet, and when the merriment had subsided, said:

"Nature seems to have done less for this man than my client; I move that the suit be dismissed with the recommendation that the complainant have his other leg broken and set by my client, the surgeon."

Stark County seemed to be of the rock-ribbed Democracy persuasion. When a Republican took the nomination for office, it was regarded as an empty honor, the principal question being as to how large a majority his opponent would roll up against him. When, therefore, in 1869, McKinley was nominated for prosecuting attorney, he himself had little expectation of winning, though he hoped that the additional prominence might prove ultimately of advantage in his profession. His opponent had already held the office, but McKinley took the stump, threw all his energies into the campaign, and, to the astonishment of every one, was elected. He served two years, was renominated, and came within a few votes of being re-elected.

Mark A. Hanna, of Cleveland, was owner of extensive mining interests in Stark County, and naturally was involved now and then in trouble with his employees over the question of wages. A number quit work, passions became inflamed, and there was considerable destruction of property. Twenty-three of the ringleaders were arrested and brought to trial. Their friends secured McKinley to defend them. He pleaded their cause with such force and eloquence that, with a single exception, all were acquitted.

The ability of the young lawyer attracted the attention of Mr. Hanna, who sought his acquaintance.

"McKinley," said he, "there was only one possibly innocent man in that whole group."

"Which was he?" asked the lawyer.

"The one you failed to have acquitted."

A strong friendship was formed between McKinley and Hanna, and every one knows of the immeasurable help the capitalist rendered the Republican candidate in the national campaign of 1896.

McKinley won success at the bar because he deserved it and pursued the only path by which real success can be attained in this life. He was thoroughly grounded in his profession, and, when he took a case, he devoted the utmost ability he possessed to the interests of his client. He studied all the points and looked upon nothing as too insignificant for serious attention. The poor man received as conscientious service as the millionaire client, and the impoverished widow and orphan found in him a friend who cheerfully did all he could to secure their rights.

His reputation as a public speaker increased. He always showed an intelligent interest in politics. When Congressman R. B. Hayes became a candidate for Governor, McKinley took the stump for him. It was at the time of what is remembered as the "greenback craze." The greenbackers insisted that the entire bonded debt of the Government should be paid in greenbacks instead of coin, while their opponents, represented by Hayes, favored what was known as sound money or coin. McKinley contributed much to the success of Hayes in his Gubernatorial campaign.

McKinley would have been an exception to the rule with all bright, sensible and good young men, had he failed to fall in love long before the incidents which we have been relating. James A. Saxton was a banker, capitalist and one of the most prominent men in the flourish-

ing town of Canton. His daughter Ida was born in June, 1847, and received every care and educational advantage. She inherited great strength of character, marked business ability, and a bright, sunshiny disposition. She was graduated from Media Seminary at the age of sixteen, and her father, in order to give her an excellent business training, took her as his assistant in his bank, where she aided him for three years.

It is said that the parent was actuated by several motives in pursuing this somewhat unusual course, for young ladies who are heiresses are the last ones in all the world to seek or wish to support themselves. He desired her to be independent, and he was so deeply attached to her, and so sensible at the same time of her accomplishments and attractions, that he thought with sorrow of the likelihood of losing her through marriage. Recognizing at the same time the almost absolute certainty of such an event, he determined to keep her by him through the most susceptible years of her young womanhood, so as to lessen the danger of her making an ill-advised match. She matured into a sweet, beautiful woman, of many accomplishments, and all the virtues that belong to her sex.

At the end of her three years in the bank she took a six months' vacation, going abroad with her sister and a number of friends under the care of one of her former teachers. When she returned and was a social favorite in Canton, William McKinley, just elected prosecuting attorney of the county, quickly became one of her most devoted admirers. He had many rivals, and, like all true lovers, was in doubt at times whether he really had any ground for hope. She was the teacher of a large Bible class in the First Presbyterian Church, while McKinley was superintendent of the Sunday school of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. Naturally they found it

convenient to make their short journeys together, in going to and returning from their Sunday duties. They were congenial in their natures, there was always much to say about the sacred work in which they were engaged, and the tender attachment between them all in good time ripened into love. Other suitors saw how matters were going and stepped aside in favor of the rising young lawyer, who when he proposed marriage was accepted. Upon asking the consent of the father, he was answered by a prompt affirmative, with the hearty remark that McKinley was the only young man the parent knew to whom he would intrust his daughter. They were married January 25, 1871.

One loves to linger on the beautiful and touching picture of the married life of this couple, who are as much lovers to-day as when they stood before the altar in Canton and were made man and wife. Sorrows came to them. Within the space of a few months, the mother of Mrs. McKinley and her own two little children—all that were ever born to her—were removed by death. Of delicate health from childhood, these afflictions made her a permanent invalid.

But as domestic grief shadowed the household, it brought the husband and wife closer together. She believed she had the best and noblest man ever born for her life partner, while there was never a doubt in his mind that he was the most favored of men in being blessed with such a wife. They were never willingly separated for more than the briefest possible period, and when obliged to part for a time, the telegraph always kept each informed of the other's welfare. There was no waiting for the slow-going mails, where such love held reign.

It was because of his tender and reverential affection for his invalid wife that McKinley shrank from accepting

the additional public offices that by and by were offered to him. Could he have followed his own feelings, he would have turned his back upon them all, lest the exacting duties might deprive his wife of a part of the attention it was his highest pleasure to lavish upon her.

It was Mrs. McKinley herself who caused him to change his mind. Each believed the other the wisest of his or her kind, and when she argued that it was his duty to give his talents and integrity to the people, he was convinced while she helped with such practical advice and assistance that he was encouraged in following a path that was by no means strewed at all times with roses. Thus she has always been his good angel, and the tender, reverential devotion between the two has been a lesson in conjugal felicity than which no sweeter was ever known.

McKinley's success at the bar, his impressiveness as a public speaker, and his captivating personality, made him a power not only in the county but throughout his native State. Before long his name was mentioned in connection with Congress, and when he consented to become a candidate, he received the nomination on the first ballot, over all his rivals, of whom there were a number. So great was the esteem in which he was held that these rivals, although naturally disappointed at first, turned to and became the most ardent workers for his success. At the age of thirty-four he was elected to Congress, it being the centennial year of our independence.

There is little opportunity, as a rule, for a new Congressman to display his ability, no matter how marked it may be. The Speaker assigns him to an inferior place on some unimportant committee, and, if he is wise, he devotes most of his time to informing himself, listening, and, as the common expression goes, "learning the ropes."

Mr. McKinley had made a profound study of economic questions, and by speaking only when he deemed it his duty, and when fully prepared, soon came to be known as a sensible member, who spoke because he had something to say. His judgment was so clear, and he was so astonishingly well informed that he was often consulted by other members, and never did he fail to give interesting information.

Among those who were attracted by the brilliancy of the new member from Ohio was James G. Blaine, the Maine statesman. Their views on public questions were similar, and Blaine invited him to visit his State and help in the October elections. In his "Twenty Years in Congress" Mr. Blaine gives the following tribute to the subject of this biography:

"William McKinley, Jr., entered from the Canton district. He enlisted in an Ohio regiment when but seventeen years old, and soon won the rank of major by meritorious services. The interests of his constituency and his own bent of mind led him to the study of industrial questions, and he was soon recognized in the House as one of the most thorough statisticians and one of the ablest defenders of the doctrine of protection."

CHAPTER VII.

"GERRYMANDERING"—M'KINLEY'S RE-ELECTION TO CONGRESS—THE TARIFF—FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION—M'KINLEY'S DEFEAT—HIS LOYALTY TO HIS FRIENDS—HIS REFUSAL OF A DAZZLING HONOR—HIS SENSE OF HONOR.

The excellent record made by Major McKinley during his first term in Congress won the commendation of his constituents and his renomination followed quite as a matter of course. At the same time also it drew the attention of the Democrats, who decided that their interests demanded the defeat of so able an opponent. He was altogether too aggressive an enemy to be allowed to lead in the ranks of the opposition.

The second Vice-President of the United States to die in office (George Clinton, serving with Madison, being the first) was Elbridge Gerry, who also served with Madison. He had been a delegate to the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the framers of the Constitution, though he refused to sign it. He was a member of Congress for several terms, and once saved himself from capture by the British by hiding in a cornfield. While Governor of Massachusetts, in 1810 and 1811, he set on foot the plan of redistricting the State for the benefit of his own political party. Because of this, the scheme was given the name of "gerrymandering," and the dominant political parties have followed the unfair system ever since. Consequently, if it

is to be censured, the censure belongs equally to Republicans as well as Democrats.

When Major McKinley was renominated, the State Legislature was Democratic, and to bring about his defeat, it resorted to gerrymandering. His new district included Stark, Wayne, Ashland and Portage counties, which were considered safe for nearly 2,000 majority, as they had proven in the previous elections.

Major McKinley was not the man to be dismayed by the formidable, and, as many regarded it, hopeless task before him. He threw all his energies into the canvass, his friends rallied to his support, he spoke continuously, discussing the public questions from his point of view, he gained recruits by the hundred, and when the votes came to be counted after the close of the polls, behold! he was re-elected by a majority of 1,300. It was one of the most decisive triumphs in a career marked by many successes and victories.

As a Congressman, he grew rapidly in the estimation of his associates of both political parties, who could not fail to recognize his great ability, his vast resources of information, his comprehensive grasp of economical questions, his impressive sincerity, his skill as a debater, and his unflinching integrity.

Major McKinley was a candidate for a third term, in the national election of 1880, which placed James A. Garfield in the Presidential chair. No single man contributed more to Garfield's success than McKinley, upon whom the calls for help in making speeches for the candidate were so numerous that his endurance was taxed to its utmost verge. With the superb physique due to his soldier's life, his temperance and careful habits, he bore the strain without a single breakdown, and in the Forty-seventh Congress took the place on the Ways and Means

Committee left by Garfield, and was accepted by all as one of the leaders of the House, which had a Republican majority.

The tariff question has been a subject of discussion and legislation in Congress almost from the foundations of the government, and no man can foresee when laws shall find a place on the statute books of so beneficent a nature as to be accepted by all and lay the question to rest. President McKinley's name will be forever remembered in connection with the cause of protection. He was its leading champion for years, and was firm in his belief that there should be a tariff on such imported articles as are similar to those manufactured in our own country. He contended that by placing a duty on such goods when brought from abroad, the importers could not afford to sell them at the low prices that would make the manufacture of the same class of goods by Americans unprofitable. The wages paid to laborers abroad were, he argued, so low that unless duties were imposed, the foreign manufacturers could sell their products here for prices that would compel our own manufacturers to close their mills.

The friends of free trade, who would have abolished such duties, denied this, and claimed that the imposition of duties compelled the purchaser to pay higher prices for his goods, and, since the laborers were also consumers, they were obliged to pay this advance, thereby gaining no benefit through the operation of the tariff.

This is not the place to discuss the question of tariff and free trade, for the ablest of men differ in their views. There is much to be said on both sides of the question, and the subject is one that demands careful study and thought. It was the tariff that caused the nullification movement in South Carolina in 1832, when that fiery

State threatened to withdraw from the Union. At that time the South had very few or no manufactures, and the result of the imposition of duties was that she was compelled to pay higher prices for the goods she needed than if free trade prevailed. She contended that the tariff benefited the North and injured the South, which was true. Henry Clay, the champion of the "American System," helped to soothe the resentment of the South by securing the passage of laws that provided for a gradual lessening of the duties, though absolute free trade has never existed in this country.

The year 1882 brought a Democratic landslide. National attention was drawn to Grover Cleveland by his stupendous success in being elected Governor of New York with a majority of 192,999, while his party were triumphant almost everywhere. Major McKinley's old district had been restored to him, and his success was secured by the trifling majority of eight votes. His Democratic opponents contested the election. The question occupied the attention of Congress throughout most of the session, during which McKinley retained his seat and rendered his party and country good service. In the end, however, the Democratic House unseated him in favor of his opponent.

One of the most admirable traits in the character of the illustrious Grant was his loyalty to his friends. When he once gave his faith to a man nothing less than proof of unworthiness as clear as the sunlight could cause him to withdraw that faith, and when he did so he suffered more than the man that had betrayed his confidence.

This trait has always been a marked feature in the character of Major McKinley, his sense of honor and chivalry being so ingrained and imbedded in his nature

that it may be said no circumstances ever tempted him to betray a friend or forget his plighted word.

How many men, when the dazzling offer of a nomination for the Presidency of the United States, with an almost equal certainty of election, was made would not forget their promises of support to a rival and rush forward to seize the prize? Our political history proves that this has been done more than once. Twice the opportunity was offered to Major McKinley, and twice he spurned the glittering honor, as promptly and decisively as did Washington when his soldiers offered to make him king.

Mr. McKinley attended the national Republican convention as a supporter of James G. Blaine. John Sherman was a candidate, and Ohio being his native State, he had many friends, but the sentiment of the State as a whole favored the Maine statesman. Sherman esteemed and respected McKinley none the less for his sentiments. In the convention for the election of delegates, Major McKinley presided. The strife between the Blaine and Sherman men threatened a deadlock, and to end the struggle McKinley was nominated as the second delegate-at-large.

He thanked his friends for the honor, but said he had assured other candidates that he would not enter the contest against them, and under no circumstances could he do so. The convention refused to accept his refusal. One of the members leaped upon the platform, put the motion and it was carried by a big majority. McKinley ruled that the motion had not prevailed. Amid a scene of wild confusion, General Grosvenor put the motion a second time and declared it carried, the majority drowning the opposition, if there was any. All this time, McKinley was thumping with his gavel, and when something approaching quiet was obtained, he insisted that the motion had

not been carried, and that the balloting should proceed upon the names already before the house, with his own excluded.

"Appeal! appeal!" was shouted from all parts of the hall; "we appeal from the decision of the chair!"

McKinley was the only self-possessed man amid that shouting throng. His face was flushed, but in a clear voice he put the motion on the appeal, as he was required to do by parliamentary law. A thumping majority declared against his decision, and then followed a singular scene.

McKinley refused to acknowledge the validity of General Grosvenor's motion, who, just as stubborn as the chairman, now rose to his feet on a point of order and insisted that as McKinley had just been elected a delegate-at-large by acclamation, it only remained for the convention to elect his two colleagues. McKinley overruled the point of order and declared that the business before the convention was the selection of three delegates-at-large. Again the decision was disputed, and, seeing the drift of matters, McKinley made an earnest appeal to the convention to sustain his contention. Despite every effort, and the use of all the parliamentary tactics at his command, he was elected a delegate-at-large, the honor being literally forced upon him. His passionate resistance, as has been stated, was due to his promise to several of the candidates not to accept the honor so long as their names were before the convention. A politician thus scrupulous must often have a lonely feeling.

At the National Republican Convention that met in Chicago in 1884, and placed James G. Blaine in nomination, Major McKinley was made chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. In a distinct voice, he read the platform and was heartily applauded. The battle between Sherman

and Blaine was of a determined character. All the signs pointed to Sherman's success, when McKinley by his tact and masterful generalship rallied the Blaine forces and brought about the nomination of the "White Plumed Knight," as his friends in their devotion called him.

Besides assisting with all his ability in the canvass of Blaine, Major McKinley had his own interests to look after. He had been renominated and his opponents resorted to gerrymandering again, but without avail, for once more he was returned to Congress by a good majority.

McKinley's Congressional career extended over nearly fourteen years, and it served to elevate him to the very front rank of statesmen. In the Fiftieth Congress occurred his memorable and brilliant battle against the Mills bill, which was in the interests of free trade. The majority of the Ways and Means Committee reported the bill. Mr. McKinley wrote the minority report. The earnestness of the struggle is shown by the fact that the debate continued for twenty-three days and eight evenings, during which one hundred and fifty-one long speeches were made. Then followed a debate by paragraphs for twenty-eight days, ending with the passage of the bill, July 21, 1888, by a vote of 162 to 149.

It was not long after this famous debate that Major McKinley attended the national convention in Chicago as the delegate from Ohio in the interests of John Sherman as a candidate for the Presidency. Despite the declination of Blaine, who was in Europe, he had a number of ardent friends in the convention who placed him in nomination. On the first ballot nineteen candidates were voted for, the leaders being John Sherman, Walter Q. Gresham, Russell A. Alger and Benjamin Harrison. When the name of Connecticut was reached, McKinley was placed in

nomination, amid a flutter of applause. A few scattering votes were added on the second ballot. An adjournment followed, and upon reassembling, the vote for McKinley increased. The leaders maintained their positions, and the friends of Blaine were aggressive and enthusiastic. Thoughtful Republicans saw the prospect of a deadlock, and began advising the dropping of the leaders and a concentration upon a "dark horse," like McKinley. The Republican Congressmen in Washington sent him a telegram urging him to agree to this course. McKinley did not deem it good taste to decline a nomination that seemed remote; but on the final rollcall it became evident that a stampede was gathering in his favor. When he could no longer shut his eyes to the fact, he sprang upon his chair at the head of the Ohio delegation and demanded recognition. An instant hush fell upon the turbulent assemblage, and all eyes were turned toward the stocky form with his pale face and flashing eyes.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen," he said in his ringing tones, "I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State Convention, passed without a single dissenting voice, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President, and to use every worthy endeavor for his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their votes for me for President. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me, I cannot with honor remain silent. I cannot consistently with the wish of the State whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me; I cannot with honorable fidelity to John Sherman, who has trusted me in his cause and with his confidence; I cannot, consistently,

with my own views of personal integrity, consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do so, or permit to be done that which could even be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my devotion to the chief of my State's choice, and the chief of mine. I do not request, I demand, that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

These were brave and loyal words, and increased the admiration felt for the Ohio statesman, but the most dramatic scene came afterward. Despite his positive and resolute declension, the feeling that he was the right man to be nominated spread and intensified among the delegations after the adjournment of the convention, and the signs grew more unmistakable that in spite of his protests he would be nominated. Indignant and distressed, he went to the Connecticut delegation and insisted that they should respect his wishes and give up their intention. He could secure only a half promise and hastened to the New Jersey delegation, of which Garret A. Hobart was chairman. Hobart, who is one of the brightest and keenest-witted of the younger American statesmen, was an old friend, and when he heard McKinley's complaint, he smilingly answered that he didn't see that the major had anything to say in the matter. The New Jersey delegation was accountable only to the Republicans of their State and the members would take the step that was undoubtedly the wisest one to take. McKinley declined to accept this answer and demanded to know the intention of the New Jersey delegation.

"Since you are so earnest about it," replied Hobart, "I will say that we have decided to cast our vote for William McKinley, Jr., of Ohio."

The major shook his head and asked to see the delegates themselves. When he appeared before them he pled with all the earnestness of his nature that they would respect his feelings and do as he desired. Raising his right arm, he solemnly said:

"I should rather lose that arm than accept the nomination, the circumstances being as they are."

The delegates were deeply moved and assured him his wishes should be respected. He thanked them deeply and then made a plea for their support of John Sherman, doing the same with the other delegates, until he succeeded in turning the tide, with the result that Benjamin Harrison became the nominee and was elected twenty-third President of the United States.

A prominent politician took the hand of Major McKinley and said:

"The politics of our country contain no record of a more honorable act than your refusal of the nomination in 1888."

"Do you consider it an honorable act," asked McKinley, "to refuse to do a dishonorable thing?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE M'KINLEY BILL—HIS ARDUOUS LABOR—HIS DEFEAT FOR CONGRESS—HIS ELECTION AS GOVERNOR OF OHIO — M'KINLEY'S LOYALTY AGAIN DISPLAYED — HIS COURSE AS GOVERNOR—A CRUSHING FINANCIAL BLOW —HIS MANLY COURSE—HIS SECOND TERM AS GOVERNOR—HIS GREAT POPULARITY—M'KINLEY AS A POLITICAL CAMPAIGNER.

It was in the Fifty-first Congress that Major McKinley, as chairman for the Committee on Ways and Means, introduced and secured the passage of the tariff bill that is known by his name. It became a law October 1, 1890. His modesty led him always to speak of the measure as "The Tariff of 1890," by which title he preferred it should be known, but one of the American peculiarities is that of calling things by their right names, as was proven in this instance.

Both branches of Congress were Republican, but there was a majority of only two in the Senate and three in the House. This margin was so slight that Speaker Reed brought into force his rule that in counting a quorum, all present should be counted, whether they voted or refused to vote. The contention, although new, was sustained by the Supreme Court, and Major McKinley was one of its strongest advocates.

Few people understand the mountainous work done by McKinley in the framing of this measure. Henry B. Russell, his biographer, says:

"The room of the Committee on Ways and Means at

the Capitol, and his little office at the Ebbitt House were the liveliest workshops in Washington during the Fifty-first Congress. The industry of framing the bill ran day and night, into the small hours. The committee met in its room at the Capitol to hear all who wished to be heard on the bill, manufacturers, laborers, importers, free traders and protectionists. The McKinley bill was no "closed door" affair. Not a single interest, asking to be heard, was refused. At the very beginning, McKinley announced that he would listen to the testimony of any of the great interests of the country until the bill was finally passed. So frank and open was he in his work that the business of the country continued in a feeling of absolute security. There was no distrust, and rumors could not be used in Wall street to shake the foundations of finance or frighten commercial and business men. Wheels turned and looms hummed with no interruption."

Meanwhile, the Democrats secured possession of the Ohio Legislature and determined to make their next gerrymander so all-embracing that McKinley's re-election would be absolutely impossible. All the rock-ribbed Democratic counties that could be hocked around Stark County were made fast, a popular and able candidate was nominated and even David B. Hill, of New York, went to Ohio to help down the foremost champion of protection. The whole country became interested in the contest, and awaited the issue with close attention. Of course, McKinley was defeated, but instead of the usual Democratic majority of more than 3,000, only 302 was recorded against him. When the vast successes of the Democratic party elsewhere are borne in mind, it will be conceded that McKinley in the fairest sense of the word had won a victory.

The worth and towering ability of the man were too great for his party to allow him to remain in the back-

ground. Hardly was his failure known when his friends in Ohio began discussing his nomination for the Governorship. The proposal instantly "caught on." At the Columbus convention, presided over by John Sherman, his was the only name presented, and his nomination took place in a whirlwind of enthusiasm. The platform was a protection one and in favor of "sound money."

James E. Campbell was his opponent. He had been elected Governor two years before, by a plurality of more than 10,000 upon a platform declaring against protection and favoring the free coinage of silver. The claim was made and often heard that Major McKinley had been permanently retired from politics and could not come within a thousand miles of success, but when the votes were counted it was found that his plurality over Campbell was more than 20,000 votes. The truth began to appear that McKinley was a hard man to kill.

On the 11th of January, 1892, he was inaugurated Governor of Ohio. His administration was dignified, patriotic and able, winning the respect of its political opponents, among whom he was always able to count many devoted personal friends.

It was not long after Governor McKinley's inauguration that another Presidential election occurred. He expressed himself strongly in favor of Harrison's renomination, and his own election as delegate-at-large from Ohio was with the understanding that the vote of the delegation should be cast for Harrison. McKinley was chosen permanent chairman of the convention which met at Minneapolis.

A strong minority was opposed to the renomination of Harrison, and the most influential of the Republican leaders advocated the nomination of McKinley. Once more he was threatened with the embarrassing situation in

which he was placed four years before, since he had pledged his support to Harrison, and it is not too much to say that the certainty of his own overwhelming election at the polls would not have tempted him to violate his pledge.

When the balloting began, scattering votes appeared for McKinley; acting as chairman, he remained silent, for the vote was too insignificant to be feared, but he kept close watch upon it. When the name of Ohio, however, was called, ex-Governor Foraker announced that forty-four were cast for McKinley. The latter instantly stopped the call and challenged the vote.

"The gentleman at present is not a member of the delegation," replied Foraker.

"I am a delegate from Ohio," said McKinley, while the uproar and confusion almost drowned his voice.

But Foraker was not to be turned down in this summary fashion.

"The gentleman's alternate has taken his place in the delegation," said the ex-Governor, "and we make the point of order that the gentleman is not recognized as a member of the delegation."

"The chairman overrules the point of order," was McKinley's sturdy reply; "and asks the secretary to call the roll of Ohio and I demand that my vote be counted."

Accordingly, the roll was called, with the result that Harrison received two votes and McKinley forty-two. Then the gentleman who had cast a vote for Harrison arose and asked that it be recorded for McKinley. The latter's alternate announced that at the urgent request of McKinley he cast his vote for Harrison. Ohio's poll finally stood one for Harrison and forty-five for McKinley.

When the call of Texas was reached, McKinley called a member to the chair, and, taking the floor, moved that

the nomination of Harrison be made unanimous. Though the motion was seconded, it was objected to because the rollcall was not completed. Thereupon McKinley withdrew it, but immediately renewed the motion upon the completion of the call. He had received 182 votes despite his protest, but upon his urgent insistence, the nomination of Harrison was made unanimous.

Then from more than one quarter of the hall sounded the words of prophecy:

"Your turn, Major, will come in 1896."

The Republicans made a vigorous canvass, but, as every one knows, Harrison was defeated by Cleveland.

Governor McKinley's first administration was comparatively uneventful. Among the measures he recommended was legislation for the safety and comfort of railway employees and the traveling public. Better than all, he secured the passage of a law providing for a State Board of Arbitration. When in Congress he had been a staunch advocate of arbitration, not only between individuals but nations. The law enacted in Ohio favored arbitration, but did not compel it, and it was made free of expense to the parties concerned.

The times became more stormy during his second term as Governor. Congress set about repealing the McKinley Act, and one of those periods of financial depression such as smote the United States in 1837 and 1857, and which no man can foresee nor human wisdom provide against, settled over the country. Numerous labor strikes occurred in Ohio, and the Board of Arbitration had found its hands full. Though not required to do so, the Governor made the board non-partisan, and it did its work conscientiously. Fifteen of the twenty-eight strikes, in which many thousand employees were involved, were settled by the board.

Governor McKinley's course while in office was creditable to him as a man, a Christian and a lover of his kind. He sent food to starving miners, assuming all responsibility for payment and asking no one to contribute, though it was done; he urged arbitration, and by securing it in many instances brought troubles to an end after they had continued for months; he was as insistent with capitalists as with their employees that each should concede something and the disputants meet half way, but while merciful and kind, he was also stern and just. When the State was threatened with disorder, he called out the whole National Guard; he assumed military command as required by the Constitution, and for weeks slept rarely more than two or three hours out of each twenty-four; he checked lawlessness, and by his prompt effectiveness averted the lynching horrors which have disgraced some other States. Thus, though his second term was trying and tempestuous, it won the respect of good citizens everywhere and increased the estimation in which McKinley was held throughout the country itself.

In February, 1893, the Governor received a lesson that, it safe to say, he will remember to the last hour of his life. One of his lifelong friends, to whom he was bound by gratitude for help given when help was needed, was Mr. Walker, a banker and business man. News came to McKinley that he had failed, and the startling feature of the sad business was that McKinley was an indorser on his notes to a large amount.

In making these indorsements, it should be stated that Governor McKinley was led to believe that many of the notes were to take up old ones, and he did not dream that he had assumed a quarter of the obligations, which, upon investigation, were found to foot up $118,000, more than five times the amount of his personal fortune.

The charge of deficient business ability was made by political opponents, but those who knew all the facts felt only sympathy for the man that had been betrayed by a false friend. His actuating motive was that of a good man, who, when he found he had been treated in a similar manner, said:

"How wrong it would be in me to deprive myself of the pleasure of helping a worthy friend, simply because a single unworthy one has betrayed my trust."

Governor McKinley had succeeded by economy and careful investment in acquiring property to the extent of some $20,000, which he immediately placed at the disposal of his creditors. Then the noble wife came forward. She had inherited $75,000 from her father, which she insisted should be added to her husband's, and that the debts should not be scaled down to the extent of a penny.

The manly course of McKinley and the devotion of his wife touched a responsive chord among many who had never seen either of the couple. Letters continually came to the Governor, some from remote parts of the Union, inclosing moderate amounts of money, with the request that he would apply it in the payment of this oppressive claim. McKinley, in every instance, returned the donations, with thanks for the kindness and sympathy thus shown.

When this course of his became known, money began to arrive in letters that contained no signatures and gave no clues to the writer. The Governor did not know what to do with these gifts from his unknown friends. Finally, he was persuaded to place his affairs in the hands of several trustees, who were not only good friends, but able business men.

These trustees had charge of the business only a brief while when they came to the Governor with the announce-

ment that every note on which he appeared as indorser had been paid in full, and not a dollar of the private fortune of himself and wife had been disturbed. Neither the Governor nor his wife were satisfied. It looked to them as if some friends had been providing the funds for which they refused to receive compensation. The couple began to make inquiries and the reply they received was:

"This is nobody's business but ours; attend to your own affairs."

Of course they didn't use those exact words, but that was the substance of their answers, and it included all the information that was ever obtainable. Only the trustees themselves knew the truth, and they'll never tell.

McKinley's second term as Governor was from January 1, 1894, until January 1, 1896. He was renominated by acclamation, with the following endorsement in the platform:

"The people of Ohio have a just pride in the administration of the affairs of this State by Governor William McKinley, Jr. He brought to the discharge of his duties as Governor great learning, ability and statesmanship, and an honest and patriotic purpose, and he has always shown himself capable, faithful and wise. We heartily indorse his administration and assure him of our great esteem and confidence."

His second election was by a plurality of 80,995, the largest up to that time ever known in the State of Ohio. It was so enormous and such an overwhelming tribute to his ability and worth, that it attracted national attention, and it required no wise political prophet to foresee that destiny had selected him as the standard bearer of the Republican party in the next Presidential campaign.

Governor McKinley's visit to the Columbian Exposition on "Ohio Day," September 14, 1893, resulted in what

was really an ovation to him, and with that American aptitude for calling things by their right names, to which we have already alluded, the Chicago papers referred to it as "McKinley Day."

McKinley's work as a campaigner in 1894 was in its way the most remarkable exhibition ever seen in this country. The monetary panic had subsided, but business depression prevailed everywhere. The wheels of industry stopped and thousands of unemployed had to depend upon the charity of the more fortunate for the means of living.

McKinley went to Pennsylvania to assist in the election of his old friend, Galusha A. Grow, to Congress, and at Pittsburg addressed the largest political meeting ever held in that city, where the enthusiasm was unbounded. Amid the tumultuous cries that stopped his speaking for many minutes, was heard the significant one, "McKinley, our next President!" and none so enthused the immense multitude as that.

In the autumn he made a tour of nineteen States, in none of which he delivered less than twenty speeches. During his two days in Kansas it is estimated that he addressed 150,000 people. The total number of his addresses was 371, and on one day he broke the record by delivering seventeen speeches!

Samuel G. McClure, who was with the Governor on a part of this campaign, says:

"The combined tours far exceeded a distance half way round the world. It was one of the marvels of the man that he was able to undergo all the fatigue which this immense feat implies, and yet close the campaign in as good health as when he began, and without having lost a pound of weight. Very often he was the last of the party to retire, and almost invariably was the first to rise. He

seemed tireless. Every State committee in the Mississippi valley, and beyond it, apparently took it for granted that the gallant champion of patriotism, protection and prosperity could not be overworked. When he consented to make one speech for them, they forthwith arranged half a dozen short stops en route, and kept him talking almost constantly from daybreak until late at night. He agreed to make forty-six set speeches in all during the campaign; when he had concluded, he had not only made them, but he had spoken at no less than three hundred and twenty-five other points as well."

CHAPTER IX.

THE FORMER METHOD OF NOMINATING PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES—ORIGIN OF THE "CAUCUS"—ORGANIZATION OF THE GOVERNMENT—WASHINGTON'S ADMINISTRATION—FORMATION OF POLITICAL PARTIES—CHANGED METHODS OF NOMINATING CANDIDATES — NOTABLE ELECTIONS—THE CRISIS IN 1876—POLITICAL WRECKS —GROWING SENTIMENT IN FAVOR OF M'KINLEY'S NOMINATION—NAMED IN 1895 BY THE OHIO CONVENTION.

Before recalling the events that brought about the nomination and election of William McKinley to the Presidency of the United States, the reader will be interested in learning the history of similar movements and proceedings, as they affected some of his illustrious predecessors. Every student of American history should be familiar with these facts, which cannot be too generally understood.

The present method of nominating a Presidential candidate is comparatively modern, the system followed in the early days of the republic being wholly different. It was away back in the opening years of the eighteenth century that a number of caulkers connected with the shipping business in the north end of Boston came together for a consultation upon matters that concerned their interests. The meeting thus held was the birth of the "caucus," so often heard of in these days.

The Constitution of the United States was framed and adopted by the convention sitting in Philadelphia in 1787. To give it binding effect, its ratification by nine States

was necessary. This took place the following year, and, in September, 1788, a day was named by Congress for the choice of electors for President, the date selected being the first Wednesday of January, 1789. The date for the opening of proceedings under the new Constitution was postponed to the first Wednesday in March. That happened to be the 4th, which thereby became regular inauguration day, except when it falls on Sunday, when the 5th is selected.

The city of New York at that time was the national capital. The members of Congress were so tardy in coming together that no quorum appeared in the House of Representatives until April 1st, and five days later the Senate was organized. The various State legislatures chose the electors who were to name the President and Vice-President, each elector being entitled to cast two votes.

The rule prevailed that the candidate who received the highest number of votes should become President and the one receiving the next highest Vice-President. The fault of this arrangement was that (as afterward happened) the two might belong to different political parties. In case of death of the President, the policy of the administration would be changed.

There was no difficulty in naming the first President. George Washington was the only one thought of, and, as is well known, he received every electoral vote, with John Adams of Massachusetts next, his strength in reality being less than one-half of Washington's (34 to 69), votes being given to ten other candidates.

In the election of 1792, Washington was again unanimously chosen. The vote for Adams was increased, since but three contestants appeared against him. Had Washington consented, he would have been chosen unanimous-

ly a third time, but increasing years and infirmities led him to refuse the nomination and John Adams was elected the second President in 1797.

In this election occurred the contingency referred to, for while Adams was a Federalist, Jefferson, the Vice-President, was a Republican, the name by which the present Democratic party was first known.

As early as 1800 there was one of the stormiest elections conceivable. The vote between Jefferson and Aaron Burr was tied, and the contest became bitter and prolonged. The calamity of Burr's election was prevented by carrying one of Jefferson's supporters, who was very ill, bundled and wrapped up, through the blizzard that was raging in Washington, and attended by his wife in one of the committee rooms of the House, he feebly cast his vote. Fiually, on the thirty-sixth ballot a break took place, and Jefferson was chosen.

The result of this prolonged contest was an amendment to the Constitution by which each elector voted for a President and a Vice-President. It was during Washington's administrations that the two leading political parties of the country were formed. Washington, Adams, Hamilton and others believed in a strong central government, conferring upon the respective States only such functions as were absolutely necessary. They were Federalists. On the other hand, the Republicans, of whom Jefferson was the foremost leader, insisted that all the power possible should be given to the States, and that Congress should have no more than that which was clearly provided by the Constitution. The Federalist party was powerful during the early days of the republic, but its strength gradually dwindled and its opposition to the war of 1812 finally wiped it out of existence, to be succeeded by the Whig organization. As is well known,

there have been many other political parties that sprang into existence for a brief time, but the Republicans, the successors of the Whigs, and the Democrats, the successors or rather the first Republicans, form the two leading political organizations of the country.

The old method of nominating Presidential candidates was cumbrous and often unfair. Now and then a prominent man would announce himself as a candidate, but the custom was for the party leaders to hold caucuses and select their man. This was modified so as to admit delegates specially sent from the districts not represented in the Legislature.

The improved method was used in New Jersey in 1812; in Pennsylvania in 1817 and in New York in 1825. The disappearance of a vagabond named William Morgan, in 1826, who professed to expose the secrets of Free Masonry, led to a charge that the members of that order had set him adrift just above Niagara Falls. A spirit of opposition to Free Masonry spread, and its supporters carried elections in several of the States. In September, 1831, they held a national convention in Baltimore and nominated William Wirt, former Attorney-General of the United States, as their candidate for the Presidency. The ticket received seven electoral votes and the convention was the first Presidential one held in this country.

The system was now fairly established. At the close of the same year, the National Republican Convention met in Baltimore and nominated Henry Clay and in the following May the Democrats nominated Martin Van Buren. He was renominated at the same place and in the same manner in 1835, but the Whigs waited until 1840 before adopting the system that has been followed ever since.

The Presidential campaigns are occasions of excitement, which, while they have caused misgiving on the part of

some, are probably a healthful outlet for the high spirits of the American people. It is a striking and impressive spectacle that is seen after each contest, when the disappointed party good naturedly acknowledges defeat, with the resolve to "pick its flint and try it again." Where revolutions would follow in many countries, all is order, for we are a law-abiding people and the Constitution is our political Bible.

The most tranquil election took place in 1820, when Monroe was elected a second time. The Federalist party having died, he was really the only candidate before the country, and when the electoral college met, the astonishing fact appeared that he had received every vote. Then took place a remarkable incident not generally known. Ex-Governor Blumer, of New Hampshire, one of the electors, rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," said he with deep earnestness, "this has never before occurred except in the case of one man—Washington. It is my firm belief, and I am satisfied yours also, that no President should share this honor with the Father of his Country. Therefore, although a warm friend of President Monroe and one of his electors, I cast my vote for John Adams."

The exquisite taste of this action was applauded by his associates and Monroe himself was pleased, for who would presume to try to climb up beside George Washington?

"Old Hickory," one of the most popular of all our Presidents, was formally nominated by the Tennessee Legislature, July 22, 1822. On the 22d of February, 1824, the few Federalists that could be brought together in Harrisburg did the same, and on the 4th of March following a Republican convention also nominated him. This would look as if Jackson had about all the nominations necessary, but William H. Crawford, of Georgia, was the regu-

lar nominee of the Congressional caucus. There were other candidates and although Jackson received the largest number of electoral votes, a coalition of his opponets brought about the choice of John Quincy Adams by the House of Representatives.

The unjust treatment of Jackson made him the idol of the country and insured his election for two terms by enormous majorities and his administrations established him in the affection and respect of his countrymen.

Those who are old enough to remember the campaign of 1840, will never forget its stirring days. General William Henry Harrison, grandfather of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, after being placed in nomination by the Whig convention at Harrisburg (having been defeated by Van Buren in 1836) was sneered at by the Baltimore Republican, which said that if some one would pension him with a few hundred dollars and give him a barrel of hard cider he would sit down in his log-cabin and be content for the rest of his life.

That slur furnished the battle cry of the campaign. Hard cider became the universal beverage of the Whigs and log-cabins popped up like mushrooms in all the cities, towns, villages, hamlets and at every cross road in the country. Men, women and children who could sing, and thousands who couldn't sing, joined in bellowing the campaign songs, and a wave of enthusiasm that swept over the country landed Harrison in the White House by an electoral vote of 234 to 60 for Van Buren.

The national conventions that followed were without special interest until 1860. Then it was that the awful shadow of the approaching civil war darkened the land, and countless prayers went up to heaven that the bitter cup might not be pressed to our lips. The wisest men took counsel together, but it was "writ in the book of

fate" that the land should be purged by fire and blood, and events swept onward with a might that could not be stayed. The Democratic party broke into fragments, so hopelessly frittering away its strength that Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, the second Presidential candidate of the Republicans (John C. Fremont having been the first) was elected.

Then came the terrific civil war, the Union was restored and the brethren North and South were more firmly united than before. The only Presidential election since the war to which we can make reference was that of 1876, which brought the most critical period in our history, though many may not realize the fact. The contest was between Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic candidate, of New York, and Rutherford B. Hayes, the Republican candidate of Ohio. Without going into particulars, truth impels us to say that Tilden was fairly elected, but the Electoral Commission, formed to meet the alarming danger, counted in Hayes, the Commission consisting of eight Republicans and seven Democrats, who divided as named. The country was intensely stirred, and but for the coolness of leading men and that innate love of order which is so eminently characteristic of our people, there would have been civil war, not between the North and South, but between neighbors in both sections. Happily the fearful crisis passed without strife or bloodshed, and no similar peril is ever likely again to threaten our country.

Looking back over the long list of Presidential campaigns, we see many pathetic wrecks cast upon the shores. Henry Clay, one of the greatest of Americans, was nominated three times and defeated in each instance. There was justice in his bitter complaint that the nomination went to him when there was no earthly prospect of success, while when the skies were favorable some one else

received the honor. Webster longed for the nomination and died disappointed. He contemptuously refused the offer of the Vice-Presidency under Harrison and Taylor, and yet had he accepted either he would have become President, since both chiefs died in office. Seward gracefully accepted defeat at the hands of Lincoln, whom he revered and became the mainstay of his administration. Blaine did not murmur until 1892, when close to the verge of death, his proud nature rebelled. John Sherman believing he had been betrayed by professed friends, did not hesitate to say so, when he saw that the hope of success had passed him by forever.

It was said of the Chicago convention of 1860, that long before the delegates came together the nomination of Lincoln was as certain as the rising of the sun. When one was asked to explain he could only reply that it was "in the air." Events pointed to such consummation, and the machinations of politicians were in vain.

The political situation was somewhat similar in 1896. As the time approached for the naming of the Republican standard bearer there was great activity. A half dozen States put forward "favorite sons," and their praises were sounded by the press and friends. Their claims were set forth in elaborate biographies and all were worthy men; but, however popular among their neighbors, the country at large did not call for them in loud tones. Astute politicians pulled the wires with masterly skill and high hopes were raised in the breast of more than one candidate.

And yet, despite every possible effort to check the rising sentiment in favor of William McKinley, it grew and increased, until it may be said his name was in every one's mouth. The most resolute efforts to weaken his popularity not only failed but seemed to add to his strength. It was the people who called for him, and when

they call they become the real leaders and the nominal leaders the followers.

McKinley's loyalty to his friends had caused him twice to refuse the honor of a Presidential nomination. He had done his full duty, far more, indeed, than the majority of men would have done in his situation. The ambition to become the chief magistrate of the mightiest nation on the globe is a most worthy one, and he resolved to abide by the decision of his admirers and supporters. To use a common expression, he "placed himself in the hands of his friends," and there could be no question of what they intended to do with him.

He could not fail to observe the rising tide in his favor. True to his modesty, he withdrew from an active part in politics, wishing to avoid all appearance of any attempt to influence the political sentiments of his countrymen. He meant that events should take their natural course and he was well content to abide the issue.

The first real note was sounded in his native State at the convention of 1895, when the platform named him as Ohio's choice. Senator Foraker, amid unbounded enthusiasm, addressed the convention:

"William McKinley is our own. He lives here in Ohio and has always lived among us. He is our friend, our neighbor, our fellow citizen, our fellow Republican. Shoulder to shoulder with him we have been fighting the battles of Republicanism in this State for a generation. We know him, and he knows us. We know his life, his character, his public services, and his fitness for the place for which he has been named. He has been our soldier comrade, our representative in Congress, our Governor. By all these tokens, we, here, today, present him to the Republicans of the other sections of the Union as our choice, and ask them to make him

theirs. In every community, in every municipality, in every mill and mine and furnace and forge and workshop, everywhere throughout this broad land where capital is invested, or labor is employed, William McKinley is the ideal American statesman, the typical American leader, and the veritable American idol. No man ever, in public life in this country, enjoyed such universal popularity as his. No man in this country, in public life, ever commanded, as he now commands, the affections of the great mass of the voters of this country. Blameless in private life, useful and illustrious in public life, his name, in our judgment, will inspire more confidence, excite more enthusiasm, and give greater guarantee of success than any other name that can be inscribed on the Republican banner."

CHAPTER X.

THE PRELIMINARY CAMPAIGN—THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION —ENTHUSIASTIC NOMINATION OF M'KINLEY—THE PLATFORM—HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED AT M'KINLEY'S HOME—THE CANDIDACY OF W. J. BRYAN —RESULT OF THE CAMPAIGN—INAUGURATION OF M'KINLEY—EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

Organization is as necessary for success in political campaigns as in an army before the enemy. Mark A. Hanna is a successful business man, and it was to him that William McKinley entrusted the management of his political candidacy. Hanna associated a number of able men with him, and they worked with vigor, skill and success. Convinced that if the people were left to themselves, they would express their preference for McKinley before all other candidates that had been named, the managers devoted their efforts to securing an honest expression of their views and wishes.

McKinley managers were selected in every State and allowed to push the campaign as they deemed best. The result was that before the assembling of the national convention the majority of the delegates were instructed to support McKinley. Nevertheless there were ardent advocates of Thomas B. Reed of Maine, William B. Allison of Iowa, who was a delegate to the Chicago convention in 1860, a Congressman and Senator; Levi P. Morton, Governor of New York; Matthew S. Quay, General Russell A. Alger, and others of less prominence.

The Auditorium or Convention Hall of St. Louis is capable of accommodating an immense audience, and it is

estimated that nearly 50,000 visitors had flocked to the city. The convention was called to order June 16 by Thomas Henry Carter, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana was made temporary chairman, succeeded by Senator J. M. Thurston of Nebraska as permanent chairman. All of these men made the usual speeches and helped to rouse the multitude to a high pitch of ardor.

Thursday was the all important day. Fully 15,000 people swarmed into the Auditorium, and fortunately the oppressive weather for which the Mound City is noted did not yet smite, though it was at hand. When the convention was called upon to make nominations, R. M. Baldwin named Senator W. B. Allison of Iowa; Senator Lodge, Speaker Thomas B. Reed, while Chauncey M. Depew presented the name of Governor Morton. It fell to the lot of ex-Governor Foraker to nominate McKinley. He advanced to the platform and in one of his impassioned outbursts, during which he naturally attacked the opposite political party, he named the Ohio statesman.

The "whirlwind of enthusiasm" that followed compelled Foraker to stand mute for more than twenty minutes. Then he concluded with an eloquent peroration. Senator Thurston, having called Mr. Hepburn to the chair, seconded the nomination of McKinley in a speech fully as eloquent as his predecessor. In the course of his remarks he said:

"When this country called to arms, he took into his boyish hands a musket and followed the flag, bravely baring his breast to the hell of battle that it might float serenely in the Union sky. For a quarter of a century he has stood in the fierce light of public place, and his robes of office are spotless as the driven snow. He has cher-

ished no higher ambition than the honor of his country and the welfare of the plain people. Steadfastly, courageously, victoriously, and with a tongue of fire, he has pleaded their cause. His labor, ability and perseverance have enriched the statutes of the United States with legislation in their behalf. All his contributions to the masterpieces of American oratory are the outpourings of a pure heart and a patriotic purpose. His God-given powers are consecrated to the advancement and renown of his own country, and to the uplifting and ennobling of his own countrymen. He has the courage of his convictions, and cannot be tempted to woo success or avert defeat by any sacrifice of principle or concession to public clamor."

Amid a profound hush the balloting began. The vote for McKinley grew rapidly, and the interesting fact was that the moment Ohio announced her ballot, it was apparent to all his nomination was secured. Pandemonium broke loose again, and it was a long time before the chairman was able to announce the vote. When he did so it was: Allison, 35½; Reed, 84½; Quay, 61½; Morton, 58; McKinley, 661½.

Senator Lodge, who had nominated Reed, now made a forceful speech in support of his motion to make the nomination of McKinley unanimous. The motion was seconded by Hastings of Pennsylvania, who had nominated Quay; Thomas C. Platt of New York, Henderson of Iowa, and J. Madison Vance of Louisiana.

At this point there were loud calls for Chauncey M. Depew, who mounted his chair in the back of the room and responded:

"I am in the happy position now of making a speech for the man who is going to be elected. (Laughter and applause.) It is a great thing for an amateur, when his first nomination has failed, to come in and second the

man who has succeeded. New York is here without bitter feeling and no disappointment. We recognized that the waves have submerged us, but we have bobbed up serenely. (Loud laughter.) It was a cannon from New York that sounded first the news of McKinley's nomination. They said of Governor Morton's father that he was a New England clergyman who brought up a family of ten children on $300 a year, and was, notwithstanding, gifted in prayer. (Laughter.) It does not make any difference how poor he may be, how out of work, how ragged, how next door to a tramp anybody may be in the United States to-night, he will be 'gifted in prayer' at the result of this convention. (Cheers and laughter.) There is a principle dear to the American heart. It is the principle which moves American spindles, starts its industries, and makes the wage earners sought for instead of seeking employment. That principle is embodied in McKinley. His personality explains the nomination to-day. And his personality will carry into the Presidential chair the aspirations of the voters of America, of the families of America, of the homes of America, protection to American industry, and America for Americans." (Cheers.)

In this memorable campaign the tariff question was put in the background. The Republican platform called for the maintenance of gold as the single standard of monetary value, as opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver. The adoption of this plank caused a split between the gold and silver men, the latter under the lead of Senator Teller of Colorado withdrawing from the convention. The total number who bolted was twenty-one, including four Senators and two Representatives, who partly represented Montana, Utah, South Dakota, Nevada, with the whole delegation of Idaho and of Colo-

rado. Garret A. Hobart of New Jersey was nominated for Vice-President.

During these stirring days and hours, McKinley remained with his family at his home in Canton. The telegraph companies had arranged to carry the news at the earliest possible moment to the town, and McKinley's house was connected by long distance telephone with the Auditorium in which the convention was held, and there was an expert at each end of the wire. McKinley sat in his rocking chair in his office, gently swaying back and forth, the calmest man in the whole group as he awaited the momentous news. His neighbors and a number of newspaper correspondents were with him, or sauntered through the lower rooms and out upon the veranda, while they, too, awaited the tidings that was momentarily expected. Mother McKinley, with her four-score and six years, sat in the room across the hall, while Mrs. McKinley pleasantly welcomed every one.

After lunch, McKinley took his place beside the operator at the telephone. The young man announced the different nominations as the rest of the visitors gathered around and intently listened.

"Foraker is about to speak," he said, with his ear to the instrument.

A few minutes later he added:

"He has just mentioned your name and the convention has gone wild."

The anxious minutes passed, and, looking in the faces of the group, the operator smilingly added:

"They are keeping it up."

"I have seen cheering contests in other conventions," remarked McKinley, who was recalling some of his experiences, when the operator beckoned him forward and placed the instrument to his ear.

Even the veteran was impressed by the roar that rolled across three States from the tumultuous convention hall to the humble home in Ohio, guided by one of the most wonderful inventions of man.

Finally after a long time the operator added:

"Foraker is trying it again. He says——"

And he repeated the glowing words as they were uttered hundreds of miles away.

When the voting began, McKinley jotted down the figure on a tablet. Suddenly came the announcement:

"Ohio forty-six for McKinley!"

That decided it. The major stopped figuring, and rising to his feet, walked across the hall and kissed his wife and venerable mother. He had hardly done so when the windows rattled from the boom of a cannon fired but a short distance away. Canton had heard the news and had begun its celebration.

It seemed as if in a few minutes the streets were swarming with people, all wending their way to the home of Major McKinley. The congratulations showered upon him were almost without number, while his acknowledgments were fervent, honest and in the best of taste. It seemed as if Canton had become the Mecca for weeks following of half the people in the country. The candidate remained at home throughout the campaign, making responses to the delegations and numerous associations that called, but leaving the conduct of the campaign wholly in the hands of his political managers.

The National Convention of the Democratic party was held in Chicago on the 7th of July. All are familiar with its troubles over the money question. The Democratic leaders in the East favored the single gold standard, but they were outvoted by the Democrats of the West and South, who advocated the free coinage of silver. Those

sections had suffered greatly from the financial depression, and believed that their deliverance must come through the means named. It was the same question that caused the bolt in the Republican party by the Western delegates, though the disaffection was much less than among the Democrats, where it overmastered all other sentiment.

There were good and able men in the ranks of the "Silverites," and their arguments won many converts. A determined struggle took place in the convention, resulting finally in the nomination of William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska on the fifth ballot.

Two weeks later the Populist or People's party met in St. Louis and indorsed the nomination of Bryan. Several other tickets were placed in the field, but it is not necessary to refer to them, since the real struggle lay between McKinley and Bryan.

Bryan made a gallant fight. He was born in Illinois, in 1860, and because of his ability in his youth was often referred to as "the Boy Orator of the Platte." He began the practice of law in his native State, but removed to Lincoln, Nebraska. His oratorical gifts made him a popular political speaker before he attained his majority. In 1890 he was elected to Congress, where he took rank among the best debaters and added to his fame as a powerful and convincing speaker.

Being fairly launched as the main opponent of McKinley in the Presidential race, Bryan entered into the fight with amazing energy. He traveled from State to State, addressing thousands in the large cities, from the platform of his railway car, at fairs, in towns and villages, in mills and workshops, among the mountains, in the backwoods, and at all hours of the day and night. He seemed tireless, capable of going without sleep, food and drink

for an astonishing length of time. In short, his campaign was much like that of McKinley several years before to which reference has been made.

Despite the popularity of McKinley, many of his supporters felt misgivings of his final success. This was not due so much to the ability displayed by Bryan as to the fact that the principles he proclaimed had been already accepted by hundreds of thousands of American citizens. No one could deny the widespread suffering that had existed for years, and still existed, in the South and West. Most of the sufferers believed, as has been stated, that the only remedy for them lay in the free coinage of silver, and since Bryan represented that policy he was their champion.

Had the Presidential election taken place in August or possibly September it is generally conceded that Bryan would have been elected. He had a stupendous following and it looked as if no decisive break could be made in its ranks. In many sections men who had always voted with the Republican party supported his platform, though it must be remembered that the "gold wing" of the Democratic party placed an independent ticket in the field.

But the McKinley managers set on foot what is sometimes termed a campaign of education. They published and distributed tons of literature and sent hundreds of the best speakers through the country to win voters to the support of their principles and to convince the workmen that their only hope of improvement lay through the success of the Republican ticket. This gigantic, systematized work, guided and superintended by veterans at the business, soon showed results.

When the votes were counted it was found that the total popular vote was 13,923,378, of which McKinley received 603,514 more than Bryan, with an excess for Mc-

Kinley over all of 286,728, while his electoral vote was 271 to 176 for Bryan.

An objection has often been expressed to the selection of March 4 as inauguration day, because of the liability to disagreeable weather, the stormy days greatly outnumbering the pleasant ones. It has been claimed that the exposure to which General W. H. Harrison was thus subjected hastened his death, and the last inauguration of Grover Cleveland was on one of the most tempestuous days of the year. Beyond question the severe weather was the cause of more than one death among the visitors, and there was anxiety for the health of the President himself, though happily the fear proved unfounded.

March 4, 1897, however, was an exception to the rule. The air was clear and sunshiny, with a blue sky and a crispness that made the day an ideal one for the inauguration of the new President, who was the picture of superb health.

The scene was as brilliant as any of the preceding inaugurations. Tens of thousands of cheering visitors crowded the national capital and all the ceremonies were striking and impressive. More regular army men appeared in the parade than ever before, every branch of the service being represented. In the Senate the notable representatives of foreign countries appeared in their dazzling raiment and added to the splendor of the occasion. There was no slip anywhere, everything passing to its triumphant conclusion with a wealth of beauty that has never been surpassed.

The President's inaugural was terse, direct and comparatively brief. He proclaimed as his guiding principles a rigid economy in government expenditures, a debt-paying instead of a debt-contracting management of finances, a revenue sufficient to meet all public needs and chiefly

from a protective tariff on imports, the revival of Secretary Blaine's reciprocity policy, the building up of American commerce, the protection of American citizens, the fostering of friendly feelings between the North and South, the proper checks to immigration, civil service reform, a firm and dignified foreign policy, and he urged arbitration as the true method of settling all international differences.

Having selected an able Cabinet the President called an extra session of Congress for March 15. The object of this session was to provide a tariff measure that would meet the running expenses of the government and pay the deficiency that had been accruing annually for several years previous. Such a bill was framed and enacted after long and earnest debate, and was followed by a slow but seemingly sure improvement in all the business interests throughout the country.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE—AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY—DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT'S AGED MOTHER—THE EVE OF MOMENTOUS EVENTS—THE EARLY HISTORY OF SPAIN—EXPULSION OF THE MOORS—FERDINAND AND ISABELLA—THE DUKE OF ALVA—LA NAVIDAD—PIZARRO—CORTES—GREED AND FEROCITY OF THE SPANIARDS—BALBOA—PONCE DE LEON—GOMEZ—DE SOTO—MENENDEZ—FOUNDING OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

The stripling who began his career as a boy soldier in the service of his country, who had been promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct, who was afterward honored by being repeatedly elected to Congress and the Gubernatorial chair of his native State, had now reached the highest office in the gift of his countrymen. He had advanced from the Tent to the White House.

One of the most admirable features of our system of government is the philosophy and good nature with which the result of a national election is received by the defeated party. There is no questioning, no anger, no ill will. It is the People who rule in this favored land, and their verdict is accepted as final. Should any disappointed leader attempt to organize a revolution, as is the custom after each election in many South American countries and elsewhere, he would not have a single supporter, and would be squelched before he could yawp a second time. The United States is the home of order and of law.

Although William Jennings Bryan and thousands of his friends had been hopeful of victory, that leader was

among the first of the throng to call upon President McKinley with his congratulations, during which there was a pleasant exchange of jest and reminiscences of the late struggle. To the credit of both of these gentlemen be it recorded that not once during the heated progress of the canvass did one of them utter a word personally against the other. Such political battles that are viewed with misgiving by many of the timid, really clear the atmosphere and make Americans understand one another better.

No President ever entered upon the duties of his responsible office with more general wishes for his success. "Give him a fair chance," said his political opponents; "let him be judged by what he accomplishes, for he is entitled to that test."

During the extra session of Congress, to which reference has been made, President McKinley, whose life, like that of his wife, had been shadowed by affliction, was called upon to bear another blow. His father had died several years before, but his revered mother was spared to him until she was well advanced toward four-score and ten. The affection between the venerable parent, weak in body, but strong in mind, and the stalwart son in the prime of his mental and physical vigor, was deep and tender. To her, he was still the "good boy" who had never caused her a pang, and upon whom she now leaned with a mutual affection, love and confidence that became more devoted as she passed down the decline of life.

The sorrowful message that she was at death's door, in the distant Canton home, sent the President thither by special train from his exacting duties in Washington, and it was an unspeakable consolation to him that as she hovered for a brief while on the verge of the Dark River, she was able to recognize his presence by a gentle

return of the warm pressure of his hand, which held hers until the spirit fled. The nation honors the strong man for his love to his mother and to his wife.

The administration that opened so promisingly, and to which all looked for a return of prosperity and tranquility, was destined to be the most stirring and exciting since the War for the Union. Momentous events were at hand, history was making, and soon the eyes of the civilized world were turned toward the western hemisphere, where one of the most important dramas of the century was enacted.

In order that the reader may understand the recent exciting incidents in which our country took a leading part for humanity some of the events of the past must be recalled.

Spain is the leper among nations. Her career for centuries has been one of oppression, treachery, blood and crime. No barbarians have been guilty of such perfidy and outrage, for which there was no shadow of palliation. Her deeds ought to have driven her centuries ago outside the pale of civilization, instead of allowing her to sit at the table with other peoples, who, whatever their faults, have won glory and were never guilty of a tithe of the abominations that have stained her past.

The history of Spain, like that of many other countries, is involved in the mists of antiquity. The people are a mixed race that have sprung from a greater variety of stocks than any other European nation. The country was the Spania, Hispania and Iberia of the Greeks, and was known to the Romans by the same names. It is believed to have been first inhabited by a distinct race called Iberians, upon whom a host of Celts descended from the Pyrenees. They blended and formed the mixed nation of the Celtiberians, who occupied chiefly the middle of the

peninsula, in the western districts of Lusitania and on the northern coasts, while the pure Iberian tribes were in the Pyrenees and along the eastern coast, with unmixed Celtic tribes in the northwest. In Andalusia was a numerous admixture of the Phœnician element, and on the southern and eastern coasts were Phœnician, Carthaginian, Rhodian and other colonies. The "Tarshish" mentioned in Scripture was on the southern coast, and was called Tartessus by the Greeks. Thither sailed the Phœnician merchantman in quest of the mineral riches of the district.

The early history of the peninsula was one series of wars, of too complicated a character to be dwelt upon in this place. The peninsula was conquered by the Romans, about two centuries before the birth of the Saviour, and erected into a Roman province. Ruling with an iron hand, the Romans brought peace and prosperity to the sorely devasted country. So vast and numerous were the improvements that for three centuries Spain was the richest province of the Roman Empire. Then came different conquests, desolating wars, first by the barbarous Alans, Vandals and Sueva, who swarmed through the Pyrenees and overran the peninsula (409 A. D.), then by the Visigoths, who conquered the Suevia and expelled the Goths and Vandals, and finally by the Arabs or Moors, who from the beginning of the eighth century governed the country by emirs appointed by the caliph of Damascus.

It took Spain seven hundred years to drive out the Moors, who were never thoroughly expelled from the country, for to-day there are 60,000, easily distinguishable by their tongue and other peculiarities.

The reader of history will recall that when Columbus was engaged upon his great voyages of discovery which resulted in the finding of a New World, the Spaniards

were still hammering away at the Moors. Regarding Columbus and the backing he received by Spain there has been a great deal of falsehood written.

In the first place, it must be remembered that Columbus, Americus Vespuccius, Verrazani and other discoverers and explorers were Italians, without a drop of Spanish blood in their veins. Ferdinand of Spain is credited with furnishing Columbus with the indispensable funds for his enterprise. Columbus spent seven years in begging for help from King Ferdinand and was refused. Then Queen Isabella offered to pledge her jewels, but she never did so, and did not contribute a single peseta, while the present Queen Isabella of Spain from her exile subscribed 3,000 pesetas to help perpetuate the torture of the starving Cubans.

King Ferdinand was a penurious, selfish ruler, who allowed his treasurer to pay a portion of the expense of the wonderful voyage, the remainder being furnished by the personal friends of Columbus. The credit that rightly belongs to Ferdinand is that which attaches to a speculator who pays a niggardly price to a great inventor for something which he is sure will bring him a fortune. He displayed his true Spanish character when later he lied to Columbus, did his utmost to cheat him of his just dues and allowed him to die, feeble, impoverished and broken hearted.

We would not attempt to sully the fair name of Isabella, whose chief fame rests upon an impulsive offer to put her jewels in pawn for the sake of getting something ten hundred thousand times as valuable, but who wouldn't have done the same if the chance were offered?

All the same, however, Spain was one of the most powerful nations on the globe at the time of the discovery of America, and she might have retained that proud position

but for her greed, her rapacity, her treachery, her lack of honor and her unpatriotic spirit. Those detestable qualities, inborn and inbred, were the seeds that brought her decay and decline to a fourth-rate place among the powers of the world.

The belief that the New World was teeming with gold sent swarms of adventurers across the ocean, to the neglect of their own vast mineral wealth. During the reign of the successor of Ferdinand (Charles I.) Mexico and Peru were added to the possessions of Spain, but she steadily declined in prosperity and power, which has continued to the present time, with one temporary revival under Charles III. (1759-88).

And what a record she made for herself in the New World! It was simply one long career of perfidy, ferocity, treachery, murder and every hideous crime of which human ingenuity is capable.

Let us take a rapid glance at the doings that concern our own country, omitting reference to the Duke of Alva or Alba, except to say that in the sixteenth century he presided over the "bloody council" in the Netherlands and boasted that he executed 18,000 men, and that there were other favorite sons who were equal exemplars of iniquity. On the first voyage of Columbus he left forty-three Spaniards to found the settlement of La Navidad (January 16, 1493), on one of the West India islands.

In that soft climate, with the trusting friendship of the gentle natives, with the rich soil and every favoring condition, the Spaniards, if they had possessed common sense, would have become prosperous, rich and happy; but the sails of the Nina had hardly dipped below the horizon when the miscreants began acting out their true nature. The Indians were treated with such hideous brutality that they came to believe their only hope was in

exterminating the monsters that had come among them. So they literally swarmed upon and overwhelmed them, and never ceased their work until every Spaniard was wiped out of existence.

Pizarro was of shameful birth, was a swineherd and did not know enough to write his name, but he conquered Peru, and to quote the words of an eminently fair historian:

"He was eminently selfish, perfidious and relentless. His conquest of Peru is a drama in every act of which there is bloodshed; but the drama is consistent at least to the end. Pizarro lived a life of violence and died a violent and bloody death."

Cortes conquered Mexico, displaying dash, bravery and enterprise, but marring his success by the usual treachery and cruelty that is inherent in his people.

Few persons comprehend the horrible crimes that without exception marked every attempt of the Spanish to explore and settle our own country. The all-controlling motive was greed. They were a mob of murderers, hunting for gold, and their chief amusement was in torturing and putting to death the natives who wished to be their friends. The chief whose tribe had furnished them with food and who accepted an invitation to join a Spanish officer at dinner was made prisoner and killed, with the refinement of torture shown by the Apaches to their white captives. The heavy armor and firearms of the invaders made them almost invulnerable against the spears and arrows of the Indians. If a Spaniard felt the need of a little bodily exercise, he obtained it by going out and slaying a few Indians, not caring whether they were men, women or innocent children. If one was unwilling to give up some tiny golden trinket, the white man obtained it by blowing out his brains. If the simple-hearted native

brought him food, the Spaniard gorged himself upon it and then thanked the smiling giver by running his sword through him or perforating him with a bullet.

Lest this statement may seem overdrawn, we give a single incident upon which there is no dispute among historians, and it may be accepted as a type of scores of others that marked the exploration of the New World by the Spanish.

Vasco Nunez de Balboa was a reckless profligate who, to escape his creditors, hid himself in a hogshead, after sneaking on board a vessel, and wasn't discovered by the indignant captain until too far out to sea to return and put him ashore. Still he would have made another Robinson Crusoe of him by leaving him on the first barren island sighted had not Balboa piteously begged off. The vessel was wrecked, and Balboa, who had been on the coast before, led the crew through the wilderness to an Indian village, where they were saved from starvation. Because of this exploit Balboa was made leader of the adventurers, who amused themselves by raiding the adjoining towns and killing the natives.

It was on one of these raids that an Indian told Balboa of a great sea that lay six days' journey to the westward, where gold was as abundant as the pebbles on the shore. The prospect of securing gold fired the Spaniards, who set out to hunt it under the guidance of several natives. There was considerable pleasant fighting on the road, in which the adventurers suffered no harm, because of their armor and superior weapons. It was in September, 1513, that the party reached a mountain from the top of which the native guides said the great sea could be seen. Balboa made his companions wait while he climbed the elevation for a sight of the wonderful body of water. They intently watched and saw him,

after gazing a few minutes, drop on his knees and thank God for the sight with which he had been favored. Well might he do so, for he was the first white man to look upon the Pacific Ocean.

More thanks to heaven were offered, formal possession was taken of the mightiest body of water on the globe in the name of Ferninand of Castile, and then what was the next step? Balboa ordered his men to fall upon all the natives they met and massacre them, sparing only those who purchased their lives by giving gold. And the fearful orders were carried out. Five years later Balboa was executed by command of the Spanish governor of Darien. It was this discovery that led to the conquests of Peru and Mexico, and the settlement of the western coast of our country, where to-day may be found numerous proofs of the visit of the Spaniards more than three and a half centuries ago.

Who has not heard of the voyage of Ponce de Leon to Florida and his idiotic search for the Fountain of Youth? He landed near the site of the present city of Fernandina and was the first governor within the present limits of the United States. Like all his predecessors and followers, he was frightfully cruel to the Indians, one of whom squared matters by driving an arrow into his breast that killed him. This was in 1521.

In 1525 Stephen Gomez, another Spanish adventurer, sailed along the Atlantic coast, but did nothing more than kidnap a number of Indians and take them home as slaves. Three years later Pamphilo Narvaez landed with a large expedition near Tampa Bay and started for the interior. The first thing he did was to commit a number of cruelties by which he made bitter enemies of the Indians, who destroyed the visitors, until only four were left. They managed after several years to work

their way to the Pacific coast, where they found friends who cared for them.

De Soto took a thousand men with him to Florida and followed in the footsteps of Narvaez. He displayed the same cruelty to the natives and reaped as he had sown. He discovered the Mississippi in 1541, and was buried in its waters some months later, while less than half of his company, gaunt, ragged and starving, finally emerged from the wilderness. The experience of Don Tristan de Luna, with an army of 1,500, who entered Florida in 1559, was so similar that the particulars need not be given.

The French planted a colony in Florida on the St. Johns in 1562. They treated the Indians well and were treated well by them. But a strong force of Spaniards, under Pedro Menendez, stealthily ascended the river in the night, attacked the French and killed and hanged one hundred and fifty, refusing tc give any quarter to the prisoners, though it was repeatedly offered to induce them to surrender. Most of those who fled were shipwrecked on Anastasia Island, whither Menendez pursued them, received their surrender and hanged all except one or two whom he thought would be useful to him.

And yet this unspeakable miscreant must be given the credit of having founded St. Augustine (1565), the first permanent European settlement within the present limits of the United States.

CHAPTER XII.

CUBA—ITS EARLY HISTORY—CRUELTIES OF THE SPANIARDS—FAILURES OF THE PLANS TO WREST CUBA FROM SPAIN—THE REBELLION OF 1868-78—THE REBELLION BEGUN IN 1895—THE LEADERS—SPAIN'S VAIN EFFORTS TO CONQUER THE PATRIOTS—SYMPATHY OF THE UNITED STATES—"BUTCHER WEYLER"—HIS INHUMAN COURSE AND ITS RESULTS—OUR DUTY.

We have glanced hastily over the infamous part taken by Spain in the settlement of the United States. At this time it will be of value to give a succinct account of her perfidious course concerning Cuba, the "Queen of the Antilles."

Cuba is 750 miles long, with an average width of 50 miles. In size it is larger than Ireland, less than England, and lacks but a few miles of the area of the State of Pennsylvania. It is mountainous at the southeast coast, where the Sierra Maestra attains an elevation in some places of a mile and a half, and extends from Cape de Cruz to Cape de Mayzi. The central portions contain rugged, hilly districts between Santa Clara and Puerto Principe, and also northwest of Trinidad, the remainder of the country consisting of undulating and mostly well-watered plains. Sugar is the principal product, but the finest tobacco in the world is grown.

Cuba was discovered by Columbus on his first voyage in 1492. He supposed it formed a part of the mainland of India, since, as is well known, the great navigator never suspected he had discovered a new continent. The conditions in the island were favorable to Spanish colonization,

and, by 1520, it became the base of all operations against Mexico. The Spaniards became enormously wealthy through the unpaid toil of the Indians, who were reduced to slavery.

The cruelties of the conquerors were so fearful that the Indians died by hundreds and thousands. The heart of Las Casas, the Roman Catholic apostle to the Indians, was so touched by their sufferings that he appealed to the home government to protect them from extermination. Las Casas was given authority, but despite his utmost efforts their numbers rapidly diminished. As the only means of saving them the humane missionary proposed to bring the sturdy, toughened negroes from St. Domingo to take the places of the Indians in the mines and cane fields. The colonists acted upon the suggestion and it was thus that negro slavery was introduced into Cuba.

Nothing short of death can extinguish the ferocious nature of a Spaniard, and the extermination of the native Cubans went on, while the atrocities perpetrated upon the tougher blacks so reduced their numbers that the slaves had to be recruited by importations from abroad. The Indians were finally killed off, and between that and the vigorous prosecution of the African slave trade the planters did not prosper. Prior to 1762 60,000 slaves had been brought into Cuba and they were landed at the rate of a thousand annually for the following twenty-five years, when there was a great increase. Careful statistical writers say that 335,000 slaves were brought into the country between 1817 and 1842, and during the following ten years it was 45,000. These figures, which are authentic, show the dreadful mortality that prevailed among those unfortunate people.

During the first quarter of the present century every

continental portion of Spanish America secured its independence. How was it that Cuba failed to do so?

Thousands of the Spaniards who remained loyal to the mother country were driven from the mainland and took refuge in Cuba and Porto Rico. Their sentiments and their capital and energy held the two islands immovable in loyalty.

Havana was captured in 1762 by a British armament, but was restored within the following year, and previous to that it was twice almost destroyed by the French. The rule of the island has always been characteristically Spanish. The head was a captain-general, who received his appointment from the home government and was in no way responsible to the people over whom he ruled.

When slavery prevailed in our country there was a strong desire throughout the South for the annexation of Cuba. Many plans were formed for wresting it from Spain. A number of filibustering expeditions went thither, but all came to naught. Propositions were made to Spain to sell, but she refused. In 1848 President Polk, through the American Minister at Madrid, and without any constitutional authority, offered $100,000,000 for the island, but the offer was rejected.

Spain, however, was notified more than once that the United States would not permit Cuba to be transferred to any nation except herself. In 1849, after the famous filibustering expedition under Lopez had failed, President Fillmore refused to unite with England and France in guaranteeing the posession of the island to Spain.

It was on October 9, 1854, that a piece of American diplomacy, anything but creditable to our country, was undertaken. James Buchanan, American Minister to England; John Y. Mason, Minister to France, and Pierre Soule, Minister to Spain, met at Ostend, Belgium, and

drew up the "Ostend Circular or Manifesto." This set forth that a sale of Cuba to the United States would be advantageous to both governments; but that if Spain refused to sell it was the duty of this country to "wrest it from her" rather than see it Africanized like San Domingo. Fortunately, the slavery question so occupied our own attention that this semi-official threat came to naught, for, as has been stated, the proceeding was nothing of which this country could feel proud.

Spain was involved in civil war and a revolution in 1868 resulting in the dethronement and exile of the coarse and corrupt Queen Isabella, and in the same year Cuba began her first real struggle for independence. The Madrid Ministry in 1870 decreed that every slave at the age of 60 should become free and all their offspring born after that date should be free. This decree was never enforced, for the "loyal party" in Cuba would not permit it. The fight for freedom went on for ten years and was often characterized by great cruelty. In the spring of 1878 Martinez Campos, through his military energy and the granting of compromises, succeeded in quelling the rebellion. He offered pardon to all rebels who laid down their arms and restoration of confiscated property.

Previous to this in 1870 our government tendered its good offices in behalf of peace and proposed the sale of the island to the Cubans. The offer, like all previous ones of parting with Cuba, was rejected by Spain. It required 100,000 soldiers and $700,000,000 to bring that first rebellion to a close.

As might have been anticipated Spain paid little or no regard to her pledges to Cuba, whose position became so intolerable that the people resolved to make one final effort to cast off the tyranny that ground them to the very dust.

The first step was taken February 24, 1895, when a number of representative Cubans who had come together joined in declaring themselves independent. At that time they had no organization, but it did not take them long to secure one. Thousands of patriots were thrilled by the call to risk their lives and all in the battle for liberty. They flocked to the standard of revolt, were drilled and disciplined by skilled officers, who speedily formed plans for prosecuting the campaign against the loyal troops, from whom they knew no mercy was to be expected. Their aim was to preserve free communication among themselves throughout the island, gradually working their way as near as possible to the city of Havana, where Spain had her firmest foothold.

The first forward step was taken on the 31st of March in the province of Santiago de Cuba, when General Antonio Maceo, his brother Jose, Crombet and Cebreco, all veterans tried by battle and fire, with twenty or more devoted followers, landed at Duaba, near Baracoa, and united with a larger number of patriots who were eagerly awaiting them. They raised the standard of revolt and the flames of insurrection spread like a prairie fire.

Less than two weeks later General Maximo Gomez and Jose Marti, with several friends, came ashore at the southeastern extremity of Cuba and, meeting Maceo, held a long consultation and agreed upon a plan of campaign, which was as follows:

General Maceo was to remain in the province of Santiago, while Gomez went to Camaguey as general-in-chief of the army. Fighting speedily opened and continued with scarcely an intermission until the momentous events of 1898. In a desperate conflict at Boca de los Rios, on the 19th of May, Marti was killed. The rebellion

had assumed such formidable proportions that by October there were 30,000 revolutionists in the field.

The western division occupied the province of Puerto Principe and was commanded by General Gomez, General Maceo having charge of the eastern division. The Spanish army, almost three times as numerous as that of the patriots, was under the command of Marshal Martinez de Campos, the best officer of Spain and the leader who brought the previous rebellion to a close. Unlike the majority of his countrymen he possessed traits of honor and believed in prosecuting war on civilized principles. He organized a plan of campaign that was the best possible, but he was unable to make any substantial headway against the insurgents, who retained the advantage in the fighting that followed.

To show the extent of the Cuban organization it may be said that when a meeting was held for the formation of a permanent government there were representatives from five of the six provinces into which the island is divided. This was in October, 1895, when Salvador Cisneros was made president; Carlos Ruloff, secretary of war; Maximo Gomez, general-in-chief, and Antonio Maceo, lieutenant-general.

In the vain effort to subdue the rebellion Spain sent nearly a quarter of a million soldiers to Cuba, to which were opposed less than 50,000 patriots, poorly armed but inspired by fervent patriotism. In the beginning of 1896 the Cuban army was divided into five corps, the first four of which operated in the provinces of Santiago, Puerto Principe, Los Villa and Matanzas, and the last, sometimes referred to as the Invading Army, acted in Havana and Pinar del Rio. The situation may be summed up by saying that the Spaniards held the seaports while the patriots controlled the rest of the island.

The war of necessity was cruel, for the insurgents were treated as if pirates and outlaws. Spain would have delighted to annihilate every man, woman and child that opposed her torturing rule, but dared not do so through fear of retaliation and the interference of the United States. The patriots burned their own plantations to prevent their enemies from gathering the products, and shrank from no sacrifice that could help their cause.

The American people cannot help feeling a profound sympathy for any people struggling for freedom, for it was through such struggles, such sufferings and such deaths that we won our liberty. Although our government spent an immense amount of money and employed a large force to compel a strict observance of neutrality, it was impossible to prevent some citizens from landing arms, munitions and volunteers on the Cuban coast, where the patriots sorely needed and were waiting for them. Public meetings were held in many cities and the speeches from leading citizens throbbed with pity for the handful of patriots fignting the worst government on the face of the earth.

Jose Marti founded a revolutionary party in the United States, composed of numerous clubs, whose presidents formed a council. The Cuban cigar makers and employees, numbering 18,000, contributed one-tenth of their wages and the product of one day's labor each week to the cause. In this manner $100,000 was gathered monthly.

The Cubans had no lack of advocates on the floor of Congress. Many insisted that belligerent rights should be granted them. The beneficent result of this would have been their elevation at once to the rank of a nation; they could borrow money through the issue of bonds; grant letters of marque; have a flag that would be recognized;

secure exchange of prisoners of war and humane treatment of their friends captured in battle, and, in brief, acquire a position that must bring independence.

Now, while this would have been a boon that would have made us all rejoice, it cannot be denied that there was reason in the claim that by international law the Cubans were not entitled to such recognition. It was necessary for them at first to establish a stable government, as capable of administering all the departments and details as was the Southern Confederacy at the outset of the civil war. Until this was done the United States, profound as was its sympathy for them, must wait.

Martinez de Campos, captain-general of Cuba, urged conciliatory measures upon his government, which responded by removing him from command and appointing General Valeriano Weyler in his place. Weyler had proven himself a merciless wretch during the rebellion of 1868-1878 and was, therefore, a man after Spain's own heart, one whom she delighted to honor, and to whose tigerish nature she was glad to intrust the lives of helpless old men, women and children.

Weyler's course in Cuba speedily won him the appropriate title of "Butcher." He was always afraid of exposing himself to the bullets or machetes of the enemy, though he sent many announcements home that the island had been pacified. He wrenched an enormous private fortune from his famishing soldiers, cheated his government and robbed the patriots. If any of his officers won a trifling victory he appropriated the honor to himself; he was continually making proclamations of what he had done and was about to do, and all were equally baseless of truth; he did not care how many of his own soldiers died of disease and wounds so long as he could gorge himself with spoils.

His most inhuman proceeding was his "reconcentrado" order. The reconcentrados of Cuba are the non-combatants. He commanded that all of them should come in from the country, where they were able to make a living for themselves, and herd in the cities, where the people were unable to provide them with food. The scenes that followed were like those in Armenia which horrified the world. Men, women and children wasted away and died. Babes were found mewling upon the famished breasts of their dead mothers; strong men became crazed from the want of food, shrank to tottering skeletons and lay down and breathed their last.

When the United States could bear it no longer she demanded the removal of Weyler, and Spain, who began faintly to read the handwriting on the wall, complied, supplanting him with General Ramon Blanco, who has proven himself a more merciful man. To save the perishing thousands, our Government sent immense quantities of food to the reconcentrados. Committees went thither to superintend the distribution, and Clara Barton, the head of that blessed organization for ameliorating the miseries resulting from war, the Red Cross Society, spent weeks and months on the afflicted island, doing all she could to save those in whom the spark of life had not yet been extinguished.

Despite everything that could be done the awful fact was established that more than two hundred thousand people were starved to death in Cuba during her last war for freedom, and all through the inhumanity of Spain.

Americans began to ask one another:

"How long shall this be permitted? Shall we stand acquitted on the great Judgment Day if, with our power to end this appalling crime, we still refuse to lift a hand to do so? These Cubans are at our doors, their moanings

may almost be heard across the narrow stretch of water that flows between their island and our mainland; they look to us for relief, but we close our ears; we stand mute, motionless, unheeding, while they perish before our very eyes; has not the time come for us to show to the world that the highest impulse that can nerve the arm of any government to smite is humanity?"

CHAPTER XIII.

DEATH OF GENERAL MACEO—THE CUBAN GOVERNMENT—CONSUL-GENERAL LEE—THE FIERCE FIGHTING IN CUBA—THE BLOWING UP OF THE MAINE—REPORT OF THE BOARD OF INQUIRY—TRYING POSITION OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY—HIS FAITHFULNESS TO DUTY—PATRIOTIC COURSE OF CONGRESS.

A startling blow to Cuban independence was struck on December 7, 1896, when General Antonio Maceo, second in command of the insurgent army, was killed. Dr. Zertucha, the confidential physician of Maceo, rode with him into ambush, when a volley was fired which killed Maceo and the young son of Gomez, who was a volunteer in the war. It was a fearful charge to make against Dr. Zertucha, but there is the best of reason to believe he deliberately betrayed Maceo and was the direct cause of his death. The physician was permitted to surrender, and he received the kindest of treatment from his captors. Being a full-blooded Spaniard his conduct was in keeping with the character of that people.

The Revolutionary Government of Cuba having been organized at Camaguey, September 19, 1895, this administration was elected, and installed at Yaza, October 20, 1897.

President, Bartolome Masso; Vice-President, Domingo Mendez Capote; Secretary of War, Jose B. Aleman; Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Andres Morendo de la Torre; Secretary of the Treasury, Ernesto Font Sterling; Secretary of the Interior, Manuel Ramos Silva; Assistant Secretary of War, Rafael de Cardenas; Assistant Secretary

of Foreign Affairs, Nicolas Alverdi; Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Saturnio Larling.

The General-in-Chief of the army in the field was Maximo Gomez; the Lieutenant-General was Calixto Garcia. The headquarters of the Cuban Junta in New York were at No. 56 New street, Manhattan Borough.

Jose Antonio Maceo was a mulatto, born in Santiago de Cuba in 1848. That he belonged to a fighting family is proven by the fact that his father and every one of his nine brothers were killed, one after the other, in the war for the independence of Cuba. This wonderful record equals that made by the "Fighting McCooks" in our own civil war.

General Maceo was of dauntless courage and great military ability. He took a leading part in the first struggle, and by his brilliant defeat of Weyler at Guimaro, in 1873, won the major-generalship. When living in Havana, Maceo dressed with exquisite taste, and was regarded as a sort of dandy, but in the field he shared the privations and hardships of the privates, and was greatly beloved by them. He never touched wine or played a game of cards, and was an admirable type of the patriots who have fought so long and well for their freedom.

No better appointment was ever made than when President Cleveland sent General Fitzhugh Lee, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, as Consul-General for the United States at Havana. He entered upon his official duties, June 3, 1896, and from the first displayed excellent tact and judgment, as well as perfect fearlessness in the discharge of his duties, which were of the most difficult nature. There was a widespread and intense hostility to Americans in Cuba, many of whom would have suffered imprisonment and death but for the courageous faithfulness of General Lee.

When President McKinley was inaugurated General Lee sent his resignation to him; but the President knew the value of such an officer too well to allow him to withdraw from his post at so critical a time. He requested him to remain, and his patriotism led him unhesitatingly to do so. His course in Havana won him the admiring gratitude of our Government and the whole American people.

Fighting in Cuba went on with bitter fierceness on both sides. The immense disadvantage of the insurgents lay in their lack of arms and ammunition. Many were armed with old, worn-out muskets, and hundreds had no weapons at all except the machete, with which they did deadly execution at close quarters, but they fought all the more bravely on that account. Being thoroughly acclimated, they suffered less from sickness during the unhealthful rainy season than the Spaniards, thousands of whom succumbed to fevers or disease.

The insurgents met the ferocious warfare of their enemies with warfare that was at times equally ferocious. Dynamite, ambuscade and fire were used because self-defense required their use. The most grotesque blunder that an enemy of Spain can make is to show her any generosity or chivalry in the conduct of a war against her. It is impossible to give a detailed account of the battles and skirmishes, nor would it be instructive to do so, for they were similar in their nature. Many a time the guns of the insurgents were heard in the streets of Havana and caused consternation in the metropolis of the country. Prisoners were taken almost within sight of the city. The Spanish commanders established "trochas," or dividing lines, which the patriots passed and repassed at will; the messages to the mother country announcing the pacification of the island were followed

by more savage fighting and the defeats of the royalist forces; reinforcements were repeatedly sent across the ocean, to be decimated by disease and the machetes of the revolutionists; Spanish officers grew rich while their soldiers starved; misery was everywhere, the saddest feature of it all being that the reconcentrados and helpless ones were the chief sufferers.

It is impossible to say how long this woeful condition would have lasted, for Spain was determined never to surrender her sovereignty over the island, and the patriots were equally resolute not to stop fighting until either all of them were killed or their independence was achieved. The fighting was mainly of a guerilla character, the royal forces holding the seaports while the insurgents were masters of the interior.

But all this was changed by the awful crime of February 15, 1898. The battleship Maine, while riding peacefully at anchor in the harbor of Havana, was blown up at night, and two hundred and sixty-six of her officers and crew hurled into eternity. The news when first received seemed too incredible for belief. The country was dazed, but when the whole appalling truth became known the nation was horrified and the civilized world shocked. Then an intensity of righteous wrath stirred the people to an almost irrestrainable degree, and they demanded that the crowning infamy should receive the sternest retribution.

And never was the self-poise and restraint of the American nation more impressively shown than in the days and weeks succeeding this horror. In his telegram announcing the calamity, Captain Sigsbee of the Maine asked for a suspension of judgment on the part of all until the truth should be known. His request was one with which compliance was hard, but it was just. President

McKinley's whole nature was stirred by the woeful tragedy that sent so many brave sailors to the bottom of the sea without a moment's warning; but that strong, all-controlling sense of justice restrained him from taking any rash step. No matter how great the provocation, he was determined to be just.

"If Spain is guilty of this crime, she shall be held to strict account, but first of all, let us make certain the guilt lies at her door," was the sentiment that guided him.

The most competent naval board of inquiry that could be secured was appointed and began an investigation into the loss of the battleship.

Their work was thorough and impartial. The friends of Spain insisted that the Maine was blown up from within, and that her officers and men were responsible for it.

While the Americans believed otherwise, there was enough uncertainty in the matter to lead them to suspend judgment as requested. The Board of Inquiry made its report on the 21st of March, and its conclusion was in the following words:

"The court finds that the loss of the Maine on the occasion named was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew of said vessel.

"In the opinion of the court the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines.

"The court has been unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons."

This finding established the truth of what had been

suspected from the first, but unfortunately the guilty parties could not be named. It seems strange that nothing more than a vague suspicion of the identity of the men who fired the mine could be obtained. It is not probable that the crime was directly instigated by the Spanish government, nor that General Blanco was involved (Consul-General Lee was positive on this point); but the criminals were the servants of Spain, and that country owed us the only reparation it was possible to make.

Anticipating the verdict of this impartial board, the Spanish authorities went through the farce of a pretended investigation. Several of their divers made a partial examination of the hull, and then coolly announced that the explosion had come from within, whereupon the home government, in the words of the country candidate for political honors, "hurled back our accusation with scorn."

President McKinley now found himself in the most trying situation conceivable. Behind him was the tempestuous wrath of the American nation clamoring for the punishment of the treacherous Spaniards, while, almost without exception, the call was equally loud for armed intervention in Cuba. While these two subjects were really distinct, resistless public sentiment would not permit them to remain so. The most effective punishment of Spain would be to wrest the "Queen of the Antilles" from her, and establish the struggling Cubans as their own masters.

But William McKinley could never lose sight of the momentous fact that he was President of the United States. Upon his shoulders rested a greater responsibility than upon any other man in the Western Hemisphere. He knew by personal experience what war is, and he dreaded it, as every right-thinking man dreads it; for it

means unnumbered deaths, desolated hearthstones, orphans, broken hearts and horrors beyond estimate. It is the last resort of a nation, and should never be employed until diplomacy, arbitration, argument and persuasion have been carried to the utmost limit. It is those who have never looked upon real war who are the first to advocate it, while those who have tasted its bitter cup are the last to favor it. It was the grim old hero, General Sherman, who described it in three forceful words: "War is hell."

And yet there are times when it is necessary, and if there ever was a justification for an appeal to arms it was to save the dying Cubans, to throttle the hideous government and fling it so far from the New World that it would never dare set foot upon its soil again.

It is at such times that the nation needs at its head one who is cool, calm, thoughtful, well-informed, deliberate, possessing not only a thorough knowledge of his countrymen, but above all, of the requirements of his exalted position, and a knowledge of the right course to pursue. President McKinley fully measured up to these transcendent requirements. He was an American, a soldier, a statesman, a patriot, but he held the helm of the Government, and it was his to steer it to shipwreck or into the deep, smooth waters of safety.

Congress will always have its impulsive, hot-headed members, who mean well, but who, fortunately for their country, generally remain in the minority. Could they have their way they would precipitate the United States into war upon trifling provocation, and bankrupt and ruin the nation. It is easy to allow one's self to be swept along with the current, but it takes a strong swimmer to face the other way and breast the stream with sturdy stroke.

"Oh, for a day of Andrew Jackson in the White House!" exclaimed one of these headlong patriots, in the course of a heated discussion.

Andrew Jackson was impulsive, courageous and regardless of consequences, when leading an armed force against the enemies of his country. He loved his friends and hated his enemies; he shrank from no step that he believed right, and yet when he sat in the President's chair none was more deliberate, cautious and considerate for the welfare of his country, when it was threatened by foreign complications. He consulted with the ablest advisers, and took each step with such care that he was certain of not being compelled to retreat.

President McKinley followed the same wise course. He had one of the ablest of Cabinets, including the brilliant Attorney-General Griggs, who had lately joined his council of constitutional advisers, and he advised with leading Democrats as well as members of his own political party. When the question of patriotism confronts us, we are all Republicans, Democrats, Populists, and whatever name is known in politics.

One of the wisest rules is never to take an important step without first "sleeping over it." The man who enters into a dispute with perfect control of his temper has already won half the battle. The United States is a great and powerful nation, and it can afford to be deliberate, for then it is sure of being right.

The Americans are pre-eminently a patient and long-suffering people. When the correspondent of the London Times made a tour of this country, just prior to the civil war, he wrote that we were a great nation, but lacked patriotism. He studied us on the eve of one of the mightiest struggles in history, apparently absorbed in business, and heedless of the clouds that were gathering

in the sky, but never was an observer more mistaken. All that he saw changed in the twinkling of an eye when the peal of the cannon firing upon Fort Sumter resounded through the land. In the North and South men flew to arms. The peaceful thousands were transformed on the instant into patriots clamoring for places in the ranks.

It is the good-natured man, the one slowest to anger, who is the most dangerous when roused by some irresistible provocation. If the Americans are patient and long-suffering, their indignation is the more to be feared. As has been said, when they are stirred into action it is high time for their enemies to stand from under.

The Senate, the most dignified branch of Congress, caught the war fever and shared it with the House. In the latter part of March resolutions were introduced into both branches recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans or their independence. The "peace at any price" policy as it was termed was denounced, and the independence of Cuba was demanded as the only reparation Spain could make for the Maine crime. In the Senate alone four resolutions of similar import were introduced on the same day. Amid the excitement, intensifying every hour, and the expressed impatience with the President's slowness, the situation was summed up by a leading paper in the following forceful words:

"The country has for its President a statesman whose personal bravery and warmth of human emotions no one would think of questioning, but whose calm determination to exhaust every possibility of peace with honor deserves from his country the highest respect.

"The country has a national Legislature patiently and loyally heeding the advice of the executive, although burning hot with the sentiment that becomes a country like

ours when in sight of a neighboring people struggling for liberty.

"The country has an army and navy alive with the national spirit, and ready for the performance of any duty that may be prescribed for them.

"And it has a people, spreading over forty-five States, whom the fearful trial of the Maine disaster has shaken neither in dignity nor in understanding, and who in their sorrow over the loss of the Maine and in their longing to see the United States play its part in succoring a maltreated American State, are more truly united and more intensely fired with a common patriotism than at any time since the making of the Constitution. Never since the beginning of their independence have Americans had occasion to be more proud and more hopeful of their country."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE ON THE CUBAN QUESTION—PROMPT ACTION OF CONGRESS—THE JOINT RESOLUTION SIGNED BY THE PRESIDENT—ULTIMATUM TO SPAIN—CHARACTERISTIC SPANISH TRICKERY.

At noon, April 11, President McKinley sent to Congress his message on the Cuban question. It was a lengthy and able document, in which in vigorous language he set forth the terrible effects of Spanish misrule in the island; recited the particulars of the Maine disaster, with the announcement that Spain wanted to arbitrate the matter or submit it to an impartial investigation, and finally the President asked for authority to intervene to stop the war in Cuba at his own discretion, and with that he turned the whole question over to Congress, holding himself ready promptly to obey its instructions.

The grounds for intervention were thus summed up:

First—In the cause of humanity, and to put an end to the barbarities, starvation and horrible miseries now existing there, and which the parties to the conflict are either unable or unwilling to stop or mitigate. It is no answer to say this is all in another country, belonging to another nation, and is therefore none of our business. It is specially our duty, for it is right at our door.

Second—We owe it to our citizens in Cuba to afford them that protection and indemnity for life and property which no government there can or will afford, and to that end to terminate the conditions that deprive them of legal protection.

Third—Right to intervene may be justified by the very serious injury to the commerce, trade and business of our people, and by the wanton destruction of property and devastation of the island.

Fourth (and which is of the most importance)—The present condition of affairs in Cuba is a constant menace to our peace, and entails upon this Government an enormous expense. With such a conflict waged for years in an island so near us, and with which our people have such trade and business relations—when the lives and liberty of our citizens are in constant danger, and their property and themselves ruined—when our trading vessels are liable to seizure and are seized at our very door by warships of a foreign nation, the expeditions of filibustering that we are powerless to prevent altogether, and the irritating questions and entanglements thus arising—all these and others that I need not mention, with the resulting strained relations, are a constant menace to our peace, and compel us to keep on a semi-war with a nation with which we are at peace.

Previous to this Congress had unanimously placed $50,000,000 at the disposal of the President to be used in preparing the country for war that nearly every one believed probable if not inevitable. The standing army of the United States comprises only about 25,000 officers and enlisted men, and the long term of peace had left the country in an unprepared condition for hostilities. There was lack of ammunition, of armaments and of men. The most vigorous preparations were set on foot; recruiting offices were opened; new cruisers and ships were bought, the preparation of others hurried, and the naval and war offices hummed with activity.

The most impressive feature of all this was the fervent spirit of patriotism that permeated the whole country.

Students at colleges asked by the hundreds the privilege of volunteering; thousands of veterans of the civil war demanded a place in the ranks; even men who had fought in the Texan war of independence sixty-two years before begged for a chance to aim and fire their guns for their country. One of these, a veteran of ninety, gave a war dance before his delighted friends, who carried him on their shoulders and cheered him to the echo.

There was less hurrah and demonstration in the South, but the war spirit was fully as intense as in the North. It being understood that General Fitzhugh Lee was to have an important command, the old Confederates applied by the thousands for a chance of serving under him. Had the Government issued a call for a million volunteers, more than that number would have rushed forward in response. It was a thrilling and sublime picture of American patriotism that wiped out forever the last vestige of feeling between the sections that had fought in the War for the Union.

In his message to Congress the President asked authority to take measures "to secure a full and final termination of hostilities between the government of Spain and the people of Cuba; to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations, insuring peace and tranquility, and the security of its citizens as well as our own, and finally requested authority to use the military and naval forces of the United States as may be necessary for these purposes."

Two days later the House of Representatives responded by giving the President all and more than he asked, and that, too, by the overwhelming majority of 322 to 19. Instead of granting him authority and power, the House resolution laid a command upon the Execu-

tive, who was "authorized and directed" to intervene and stop the war in Cuba. Declining to leave the time for such action indefinite, the House provided that the intervention should be "at once." Instead of authorizing intervention for the purpose of establishing a "stable government, capable of maintaining order and observing its international obligations," it directed him to establish "by the free action of Cuba a stable and independent government of their own." Moreover, he was authorized and empowered to use all our military and naval forces to carry out these purposes.

The usually ponderous Senate having swung into line quickly took the lead in patriotic legislation. On April 16, by a vote of 67 to 21, it passed a joint resolution which, leaving out of consideration its recognition of the existing republican government of Cuba, dropped the word "intervention" altogether and declared that the people of Cuba are and of right ought to be free and independent. It demanded the immediate relinquishment by Spain of its authority and government in the island, and the immediate withdrawal of its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters. Instead of "authorized and empowered," it "directed and empowered" the President to use our military and naval forces to expel Spain.

On April 18 the House accepted the terms of the Senate resolution in place of its own, with the single exception of the clause relating to the immediate recognition of the Masso provisional government.

This programme ended all possibility of further delay through further diplomatic negotiations, and instead of throwing upon the President the fearful responsibility of action that meant war, Cuban independence was recognized and Spain was notified to leave Cuba under penalty of being driven out.

The President signed the joint Cuban resolutions between eleven and twelve o'clock, April 20. The understanding was that the ultimatum to Spain, demanding that the Spanish troops be withdrawn from Cuba would be handed to the Spanish Ministry by Minister Woodford, our representative at Madrid, on the following morning. The following is the text of this important document:

"April 20, 1898.

"To Woodford, Minister, Madrid:

"You have been furnished with the text of a joint resolution voted by the Congress of the United States on the 19th inst.—approved to-day—in relation to the pacification of the Island of Cuba.

"In obedience to that act, the President directs you to immediately communicate to the Government of Spain said resolution, with the formal demand of the Government of the United States that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and goverment in the Island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

"In taking this step, the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people, under such free and independent government as they may establish.

"If, by the hour of noon on Saturday next, the 23d day of April, instant, there be not communicated to this Government by that of Spain a full and satisfactory response to this demand and resolution, whereby the ends of peace in Cuba shall be assured, the President will proceed, with-

out further notice, to use the power and authority enjoined and conferred upon him by the said joint resolution to such extent as may be necessary to carry the same into effect. SHERMAN."

Even in so grave a matter as this, Spain displayed her usual trickery and lack of honor. So soon as the President had signed the resolution, he notified Senor Polo y Bernabe, the Spanish Minister, who at once requested his passports, which were handed to him at his residence by an official of the State Department. He left Washington at seven o'clock the same evening, in a special car for Canada, well guarded by officers to prevent all possible annoyance.

Just before starting the Spanish Minister was asked a number of questions, his replies to which may be summed up thus:

"Spain has been humiliated to the last degree and will suffer no longer. She has exhausted every possible and honorable means to avert war and will not submit to any condition that attacks her sovereignty over her own country. The war will last till Spain shows her superiority over the United States. As to a revolution or civil war in my country, the Spaniards have enough patriotism to unite and defend their common country from the unjust attacks of the Yankees. They will raise no disturbance, because they know full well that the people of the United States base their hopes of success on a disruption of the kingdom, and the Spaniards will not give the Yankees the pleasure of seeing their predictions come true. As for Don Carlos (known as the pretender to the throne of Spain), he will take no advantage of this occasion to ...e the throne. The chief cause of the present condition ...airs is first, the insurgents, and, second, the adven-

turous spirit of the Yankees in taking the part of the rebels in Cuba against the mother country, and hoping thereby to enlarge their own country. But they will find they are mistaken. War might have been averted by the United States not mixing in affairs where she has no business, especially when it was a matter that concerned a friendly nation and one of its provinces. The outcome will be the final triumph and victory of the Spanish arms over the United States. Should the European powers intervene, I am confident they will uphold the Queen regent in defending the kingdom of Spain against the vile attacks of the United States."

"Butcher Weyler," as was to be expected, had his views to set forth. When he found three thousand miles of ocean between him and the United States, he became very brave and expressed the wish for an opportunity to chastise our President for his sentiments. He declared further that when our troops reached Cuba, the yellow fever would destroy half of them and the Spanish soldiers would "take care" of the rest.

The characteristic trick to which Spain resorted in this business was respecting the deliverance of our ultimatum by Minister Woodford to that country. It was cabled to Madrid in the English language, reaching there on Wednesday night, a copy was sent to the Spanish authorities, read by the members of the ministry and not delivered to Minister Woodford until the following morning. Before he had time to present it to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the government notified him that relations between the two governments had ceased. Consequently he was unable to submit his note, since he was merely an American citizen without any official standing at the Spanish court. No other nation in Christendom would have descended to so contemptible a trick.

While the Spanish Minister, after authorizing an insulting interview with a representative of the press, was escorted out of our country and protected from every annoyance, it was not so with the American Minister.

Since his passports were sent to him, before he could carry out the instructions of his Government, nothing was left for General Woodford to do except to take his departure. He notified President McKinley of the treatment he had received, sent a courteous note to Pio Gullon, Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, placed the interests of the United States in charge of the British Embassy, ordered all the other American consuls to leave the country immediately, and then set them the good example, having previously sent the members of his family away.

When the train on which General Woodford was a passenger reached Vallodolid, a mob surrounded it with furious cries of "Death to the Yankees!" smashed the windows and made desperate efforts to kill the ex-minister, he being rescued with great difficulty by the civil guard.

Upon reaching Tolosa, and while General Woodford was peacefully sleeping in his berth, his colored valet awoke him in great excitement with the news that a detective and a sergeant of the civil guard had boarded the train with the determination to remove his private secretary, on the charge that he was a Spanish subject. General Woodford confronted the policeman with an indignant protest, declaring that the secretary was a British citizen. The officers denied this, whereupon General Woodford refused to argue the matter further, and, placing himself in the doorway of his secretary's apartments, showed his American pluck by declaring that he would resist the capture of the secretary to the last. A fellow

passenger, at Woodford's request, warned the officers in Spanish that the minister had placed the secretary under the protection of the British flag and he would hold his station in front of his assistant's apartments until the Spanish frontier was crossed. No nation that flings its emblem to the breeze extends more effective protection to her citizens than Great Britain. It has been said that if an Englishman's ears are unwarrantably cuffed in a foreign country, the act is promptly followed by the arrival of a British squadron, with notice to the offender that his choice lies between making an apology and paying an indemnity, or being blown off the face of the earth. This paternal care of its subjects is one of the most admirable features of British rule. The Spanish officers, even in their fierce hatred of the secretary, who was of Spanish birth, knew better than to rouse the wrath of the English lion. They withdrew and Minister Woodford suffered no further molestation from his enemies.

CHAPTER XV.

SPAIN'S DEFIANT ACTION—THE CALMNESS OF THE PRESIDENT—PROMPT ACTION BY OUR GOVERNMENT—THE ANOMALOUS SITUATION—DECLARATION OF WAR BY CONGRESS.

In the ultimatum forwarded by our Government to Spain that country was given until the following Saturday at noon to return her answer, but, as has been shown, the trick of the Spanish ministry shut off all possibility of Minister Woodford delivering the ultimatum, while the sending to him of his passports was equivalent of itself to a declaration of war. It was established, therefore, that the discourteous act was Spain's defiant answer, and it was only throwing away important time to wait another hour.

President McKinley called a Cabinet meeting, at which the matter was discussed in all its bearings. They were able men who thus gathered to consider one of the most momentous questions that had ever come before them for consideration. The action of Spain was exasperating, and thousands of patriotic Americans throughout the country clamored for war. The slogan "Remember the Maine!" was angrily shouted from multitudes of throats, and was a fair expression of the sentiment of the people.

Nothing, however, could be more admirable than the calm poise of the President and his councillors. No matter how deep their feelings personally, they never forgot the interests of their native land, nor the fact that war should be the last resort of a nation, to be accepted when

all other resources have failed. The glory of battle thrills the nerves and stirs the blood, but there is always the inevitable background of death, wounds, sufferings and desolate hearthstones.

Of the President himself, a leading journal had these truthful words:

"'The wise man has said that 'He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' Under the masterful leadership of the President this nation has been slow to anger, and has well ruled his spirit. Having achieved those higher ends, it will not miss the lower. It will show itself mighty, and it will take the city of its foe."

At the Cabinet meeting to which reference has been made, it was agreed that Spain had given her reply to the ultimatum, and that there should be no more delay in carrying out the directions of Congress contained in the joint resolution approved by the President on the previous day (April 20). As quickly as possible, orders were sent to Captain Sampson, commander of the Atlantic squadron, to proceed at once to the blockade of the Cuban ports. The sailors who had been waiting "on edge" for weeks for the word, received it with cheers, and the gallant Sampson, soon to be promoted to the highest rank, was as delighted as his men to carry out his instructions. He headed for Cuba, capturing a Spanish merchantman on the way, and proceeded without delay to complete the investment of the most important portion of the island.

At the afternoon session of the Cabinet it was decided to blockade the Cuban ports, without any attack on the defenses of Havana; to blockade Manila and other places in the Philippine Islands by the Asiatic squadron under Commodore Dewey; to retain the flying squadron under Commander Schley at Hampton Roads until further or-

ders; to establish a base of supplies in Cuba by Captain Sampson's squadron, and to organize a military expedition to occupy this base within one week and to protect it from attack by Spanish troops.

War having been fairly launched, the President, agreeably to the provisions of the military bill passed by Congress, issued a call for 125,000 volunteers, the response to which was so enthusiastic that he could have had five time the number for the simple asking.

The President saw that the situation was an anomalous one. He and his associates knew that war was already in progress, but there had been no formal declaration of war. Congress by resolution had given the President authority to use the land and naval forces of the United States to drive Spain from the soil and waters of Cuba. It would seem that this was all the authority that could be needed, even to the extent of sending a fleet across the ocean to attack Spain itself, but the resolutions only directed him to compel Spain to relinquish control over Cuba. Whatever may have been the intention of Congress, that body had given no specific instructions to do anything else.

Always deliberate and determined to be right, the President decided to ask Congress for the broadest authority to use the land and naval forces of the United States against Spain, to secure which it was necessary that there should be a formal declaration of war against that country by Congress. On Monday, April 25, he sent the following communication to Congress:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America:

"I transmit to the Congress for its consideration and appropriate action copies of the correspondence recently

had with the representative of Spain in the United States, with the United States Minister at Madrid, and through the latter with the Government of Spain, showing the action taken under the joint resolution approved April 20, 1898, 'for the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the Government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and to withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters, and directing the President to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect.'

"Upon communicating to the Spanish Minister in Washington the demand which it became the duty of the Executive to address to the Government of Spain in obedience to said resolution, the Minister asked for his passports and withdrew. The United States Minister at Madrid was in turn notified by the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs that the withdrawal of the Spanish representative from the United States had terminated diplomatic relations between the two countries, and all official communications between their respective representatives ceased therewith. I commend to your especial attention the note addressed to the United States Minister at Madrid by the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs on the 21st inst., whereby the formal notification was conveyed. It will be perceived therefrom that the Government of Spain, having cognizance of the joint resolution of the United States Congress, and in view of the things which the President was thereby required and authorized to do, responds by treating the reasonable demands of this Government as measures of hostility, following with that instant and complete severance of relations by its actions which, by the usage of nations, accompanies an existent state of war between sovereign powers.

"The position of Spain being thus made known and the demands of the United States being denied with a complete rupture of intercourse by the act of Spain, I have been constrained, in exercise of the power and authority conferred upon me by the joint resolution aforesaid, to proclaim, under date of April 22, 1898, a blockade of certain ports of the north coast of Cuba, lying between Cardenas and Bahia Honda, and of the port of Cienfuegos on the south coast of Cuba, and further, in exercise of my constitutional powers, and using the authority conferred upon me by the act of Congress, approved April 22, 1898, to issue my proclamation dated April 23, 1898, calling forth volunteers in order to carry into effect the said resolution of April 20, 1898. Copies of these proclamations are hereunto appended.

"In view of the measures so taken, and with a view to the adoption of such other measures as may be necessary to enable me to carry out the expressed will of the Congress of the United States in the premises, I now recommend to your honorable body the adoption of a joint resolution declaring that a state of war exists between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain, and I urge speedy action thereon, to the end that the definition of the international status of the United States as a belligerent power may be made known, and the assertion of all its rights and the maintenance of all its duties in the conduct of a public war may be assured.

"WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

"Executive Mansion, Washington, April 25, 1898."

This message was accompanied by copies of the President's proclamation calling for troops and announcing the blockade of the Cuban ports, together with a statement of the circumstances attending the rupture of diplo-

matic relations with Spain by the handing of his passports to Minister Woodford at Madrid and to Minister Polo at Washington.

The message and documents were referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, which held a session at once and speedily reported the following bill:

"A bill declaring that war exists beteen the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain:

"Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled,

"First. That war be, and the same is hereby, declared to exist, and that war has existed since the 21st day of April, A. D. 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain.

"Second. That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such extent as may be necessary to carry this act into effect."

It is worth recording that the time occupied in receiving the report, reading the bill and declaring it passed was only one minute and forty-seven seconds. The vote was unanimous and was received with great applause. The bill was promptly sent to the Senate, from which a message was soon received announcing its passage without amendment. It took but a few minutes for Speaker Reed to sign it, when it was enrolled and sent to the Senate, here the Vice-President attached his signature and returned the bill to the House for presentation to the President, who, it hardly need be said, was as prompt as his predecessors in signing the important measure.

It perhaps was natural that the ardent friends in Con-

gress of Cuba should differ in some of their views over the best steps to be taken for her relief. Senator Turpie of Indiana unsuccessfully urged the committee to recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents. He offered an amendment to the same effect, when the bill was received in the Senate, supporting it with a speech in which he took the ground that the Cubans were Spanish subjects, and that the United States by declaring war against Spain and her dependencies declared war against the Cubans, for the reason that so long as their political status was not recognized, the United States was bound to recognize Cuba as a dependency of Spain, and make war upon it, regardless of the well-known divisions existing in that island as between loyal Spaniards and Cuban insurgents. Unless the United States recognized either the independence of the republic of Cuba or granted to the people of Cuba, then in arms against the Spanish Government, the rights of belligerents it could not, he insisted, under international law, make any distinction between the Spaniards who were loyal to their own and those who were in insurrection against their own. Because of this, the Senator thought there should be coupled with the declaration of war a recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents, thereby placing them upon such political footing that they could become allies of the United States.

Senator White of California could not see why there should be any declaration of war at all, since Spain by severing her diplomatic relations with the United States had practically declared war against this country. Mr. Allen of Nebraska offered an amendment fixing the date of the beginning of the war on February 15, the day of the blowing up of the Maine in Havana harbor, but Mr. Allen was convinced of his mistake when he was re-

minded that the two countries had been engaged in diplomatic negotiations since that date, a fact which made it absolutely impossible that there should have been war at that time. As has been already stated, none of the offered amendments was adopted, the bill being passed by a viva voce vote as received from the House.

CHAPTER XVI.

VARIOUS TERMS USED IN MILITARY AND NAVAL OPERATIONS—RELATIVE RANK AND PAY IN THE ARMY AND NAVY.

In giving a biography of President McKinley it is not our purpose to include a history of the war between the United States and Spain, but since the two are so intimately associated our work would be incomplete without an intelligent survey of one of the most important epochs in our history that is identified with his administration.

The war was responsible for a number of terms which many people understand but imperfectly; and it may be as well to give here some explanation of the more important of these. In the olden times, before the use of steam, a "ship of the line" was a man-of-war strong enough to take its place in the line of battle. The successor in modern times is the "battleship," which carries the largest guns and is heavily armored. Exclusive of armament the cost of each battleship is about $3,000,000. With the exception of the *Kearsarge,* each battleship is named after a State of the Union.

Second in fighting value is the "cruiser," whose speed is superior to that of the battleship. Each is named after some American city. An armored cruiser has side and deck armor, but it is not so strongly protected in that respect as a battleship. A protected cruiser has deck armor only, and an unprotected cruiser has no armor at all, though it may carry heavy guns. Among these are the transatlantic and Gulf "liners," chartered for naval service by our government.

A gunboat is small, of light draught, intended for gun

power, rather than speed. The name is applied to any small boat fitted up with one or more guns. The "composite gunboats" are a special class that were added to the navy.

The Monitor of the civil war received its name from Ericsson, its inventor, and boats of that character form the class known as monitors. They are of light draught, lie very low in the water and all are heavily armored. They carry on their deck one or two revolving turrets, containing one or more enormous guns. They are highly effective in harbor and coast operations, but at sea are clumsy and slow. The old Monitor foundered in a storm off Cape Hatteras, before the close of the war.

The name "ram" is descriptive of its character, its use being to butt the enemy's vessels. It is strong and fast, and in charging against a ship is capable, if a fair chance is offered, of crushing in its side. At present there is only one ram among the navies of the world; that is our Katahdin.

When the expression "converted vessel" is used it means one that has been altered and armed from a tug, merchantman, revenue cutter or something similar.

Much confusion results from the rating of a ship, which is not, as formerly, determined by the number of guns carried, but by the size of the vessel. It is of the first rate when its displacement is 5,000 tons or more; it is of the second rate when the displacement is between 3,000 and 5,000 tons; of the third rate when between 3,000 and 1,000 tons, while the fourth rate includes all below 1,000 tons. It will be remembered, therefore, that the rating of a ship does not include its absolute fighting value, but the relative importance of different vessels of the same type. It might easily happen that a cruiser of the second class would master in close battle one of the first class.

Many references are made to torpedo boats and destroyers. Our government not long ago purchased the right to use the Whitehead torpedo, the terrible weapon which has made the navies of other nations so powerful. This torpedo is a cylindrical steel instrument, several feet long, eighteen inches in diameter, the forward end pointed and the rear provided with fin-like rudders, to give it accuracy in flight. It weighs 835 pounds and has a forward compartment charged with 250 pounds of gun cotton, one of the most destructive explosives known.

The torpedo tube is in reality a gun, with the torpedo as a projectile, it being discharged by means of compressed air or a small charge of powder. It passes through the water instead of the air, and is driven by a propeller, set going by the act of discharge and worked by means of compressed air. It will dart through the water at high speed and with remarkable accuracy for a half mile, though its effective range is considered about a third of a mile. The depth of its flight is regulated by horizontal rudders. Sometimes the weapon is discharged below the water line, but generally above it. The instant it strikes a solid substance, like the side of a ship, the gun cotton explodes with awful force, spreading destruction and death in all directions. What a shock it must give a person on board a vessel to catch a glimpse of this horrible missile as it darts through the water, straight for the ship upon whose deck he is standing! The regular crew of a torpedo boat consists of sixteen men and four officers, but a few more are required on the larger boats. The service is of the most dangerous character conceivable, the method of attack being as follows:

The speed of the torpedo boat is the highest obtainable, approaching that of many railway trains, or thirty-eight miles an hour. The crew starts toward the vessel selected

for attack at the greatest speed until within torpedo range, when the boat swings around and fires the tubes from amidship or the stern, or from both in quick succession, and then bends every energy toward getting out of range. If the approach of the torpedo boat has been discovered by an enemy they concentrate their fire upon the destroyer from a distance of three or four miles and keep it up incessantly from their rapid-fire guns and all weapons that can be brought to bear. It seems scarcely possible for any torpedo boat to attack an enemy's vessel by daylight without being destroyed long before it comes within its own range. Dark nights, when the movements can be hidden, are the only time when there is a chance of success, and even then the officers and crew of the little boat literally take their lives in their hands. At the time of this writing no decisive test of the effectiveness of torpedo boats in actual warfare has been made.

It will be remembered that the vessels of all navies are provided with powerful searchlights, which turn sections of the darkest night into day. When ordinary watchfulness is used the approach of the frightful engine of destruction is almost certain to be detected. One well-planted shot will send it to the bottom, besides which the boat is exposed to destruction from the torpedo-boat destroyers of the enemy.

These craft are simply enlarged torpedo boats, possessing enormous speed and carrying several large guns. Their mission is to overtake and sink the torpedo boats. It would seem that the appalling peril that attends the management of a torpedo boat would make it hard to secure officers and crews, and yet the service, no doubt because of its fearful danger, is very attractive to the younger officers of the navy.

Our equipment of craft of this class has been very de-

fective as compared with the navies of other nations; but the Americans are the most inventive people in the world, and may be depended upon to revolutionize naval warfare should the need ever arise. One astonishing invention, following close upon the cessation of hostilities, was the submarine torpedo boat, the most noted of which is the *Plunger*, built in Baltimore from designs by the inventor, Mr. John P. Holland. It is eighty-five feet long, with a breadth of eleven and one-half feet and a displacement of 168 tons. It has made a number of successful trips entirely hidden under water, and no one can now doubt that the submarine boat will have an important part to play in coming naval conflicts.

And now, a word or two in explanation of the technical terms used in describing naval battles and movements. Thus, the "armament" of a vessel is often referred to. It means all the cannon on a ship, the weight and number of which decide the strength of a ship's armament. "Great guns" includes those of six-inch caliber or over. In all such the projectiles and the explosives are made up separately. The ordnance of less caliber has its projectile and explosive put up as one whole, and they are known as "rapid-fire guns." The gun which fires shot and shell by automatic mechanism, not using small arms ammunition, is a "machine-gun."

The name "armor" is sufficiently descriptive as applied to a war vessel. The steel wall, sometimes a foot and a half thick, built up from below and inclosing the lower half or more of the revolving turret, holding the heaviest guns of the ship, is known as the "barbette." It is designed not only to shield the turret, but to protect the turning gear of the turret.

When the battery of a ship is referred to, it means a

number of guns grouped together and so considered, and it also signifies the place where they are mounted.

A term often heard is the "conning tower" of a battleship. This is placed just forward and at the base of the steel military mast, with the pilot house directly over it. During battle, however, the latter is deserted for a safer one, the steerage room aft and well below. The conning tower, heavily armored, is intended specially for the commander, who from that post directs everything by means of telephones and speaking tubes connecting all parts of the ship. The place is hot and stuffy and looked upon with so much disfavor by our leading commanders that they will not make use of it during an engagement, preferring freedom of movement even though it is accompanied by dangerous exposure.

When the "displacement" of a vessel is referred to it means the weight of the water in tons displaced by the craft.

The rate of speed at sea is always reckoned at so many "knots." A knot is a nautical mile, which is about one-sixth more than a statute mile of 5,680 feet. Thus if a steamer attains a speed of eighteen knots an hour it is equivalent to about twenty-one ordinary miles.

The ships are provided with a certain number of troops, intended for military service at dockyards or on shipboard. They are simply soldiers on the water, and are known as "marines."

It may be interesting to know the corresponding ranks in the army and navy.

Army.	Navy.
Second Lieutenant.....	Ensign.
First Lieutenant.....	Lieutenant (Junior).
Captain.....	Lieutenant.
Major.....	Lieutenant-Commander.

Army.	Navy.
Lieutenant-Colonel	Commander.
Colonel	Captain.
Brigadier-General	Commodore.
Major-General	Rear-Admiral.
Lieutenant-General	Vice-Admiral.
General	Admiral.

The grades of lieutenant-general and general in the army and of vice-admiral and admiral in the navy have been abolished, but Congress can revive them at its pleasure.

The pay of army officers in active service is as follows:

	First 5 Years' Service.	After 5 Years' Service.	After 10 Years' Service.	After 15 Years' Service.	After 20 Yrs' S'vice.
Major-General	$7,500	.....	.....	.....	.....
Brigadier-General	5,500	.....	.....	.....	.....
Colonel	3,500	$3,850	$4,200	$4,500	$4,500
Lieutenant-Colonel	3,000	3,300	3,600	3,900	4,000
Major	2,500	2,750	3,000	3,250	3,500
Captain, mounted	2,000	2,200	2,400	2,600	2,800
Captain, not mounted	1,800	1,980	2,160	2,340	2,520
1st Lieutenant, mounted	1,600	1,760	1,920	2,080	2,240
1st Lieutenant, not mounted	1,500	1,650	1,800	1,950	2,100
2d Lieutenant, mounted	1,500	1,650	1,800	1,950	2,100
2d Lieutenant, not mounted	1,400	1,540	1,680	1,820	1,960

The pay of naval officers is:

	At sea.	On shore duty.	On leave or waiting orders.
Rear-Admirals	$6,000	$5,000	$4,000
Commodores	5,000	4,000	3,000
Captains	4,500	3,500	2,800
Commanders	3,500	3,000	2,300
Leiutenant-Commanders	2,800	2,400	2,000
Lieutenants	2,400	2,000	1,600
Lieutenants (Junior Grade)	1,800	1,500	1,200
Ensigns	1,200	1,000	800
Chaplains	2,500	2,000	1,600

The pay of the lieutenant-commanders, lieutenants and ensigns increases $200 per annum four years from date of commission, while that of the chaplains increases $300 per annum five years from date of commission.

CHAPTER XVII.

GUNNERY OF THE AMERICAN AND THE SPANISH SAILORS—THE FIRST FIGHT OF THE WAR—THE WONDERFUL CAPACITIES OF THE AMERICAN NATION—THE WORK DONE IN THIRTY DAYS—DISAPPOINTMENT REGARDING THE INSURGENTS.

The result of the war with Spain was assured from the beginning. That country is vastly our inferior in every respect. Although she has maintained an army ten times as large as ours in the field, our population greatly exceeds hers, and an American soldier is far superior to a Spanish one. Spain is bankrupt, while the United States possesses limitless resources; Spain is honeycombed with corruption from the throne to the lowest servant of the government; she is without a friend among the nations, while England, with her mighty and invincible fleet and boundless wealth, has been our friend from the first. Those nations who did not choose to express their friendship for us openly dared not offer Spain any help, for when the proposition was whispered England thundered, "Hands off!"

Since the war was begun on our part for the liberation of Cuba, it was appropriate that the first fight of the war should take place in the waters of the "Queen of the Antilles." The skill of the American gunners approaches the marvelous. It was their amazing expertness that humbled England in the war of 1812. This superiority is due, not only to the exceptional ingenuity and aptitude of our people, but to their rigid and continuous training. It costs a good many thousand dollars for a battleship to

drill her crews efficiently in gunnery, but the money is well expended, as has often been proven in battle. As has been well said, an American always hits what he aims at, while Spain, though provided with a large number of excellent battleships, with trained and brave officers, displays such a lack of skill as at times to resemble a burlesque. It was "Fighting Bob Evans" who, after watching their attempts at shooting, exclaimed in disgust:

"All they can hit is the water, and they'd miss that if there was any way of doing it!"

A demonstration of what the Americans can effect with their guns was given on Wednesday, April 27, when Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York, the monitor Puritan and the cruiser Cincinnati, gave some unpleasant attention to Matanzas, the large Cuban city fifty miles to the east of Havana. A couple of months previous its only defenses consisted of two old-fashioned forts near the entrance to the harbor, containing old guns that could bear no comparison with modern ordnance.

It did not require any extraordinary intelligence for the Spanish authorities to perceive the probability of war before it broke out, and they could not fail to note how inviting a target the place must prove to our fleets. Desperate efforts, therefore, were put forth to place the city in the strongest possible condition of defense. Hundreds of men worked like beavers for weeks, until it began to look as if the place in a short time would become as formidable as Havana itself. Not only were massive earthworks built, but the harbor was carefully mined. The instructions to the blockading fleet was not to fire upon any of the Spanish defenses unless first assailed. The well-founded rumors of a powerful Spanish fleet coming across the Atlantic made it necessary to keep all our battleships in good order to give them a fitting reception

On the other hand, it was self-evident that this "neutrality" was highly beneficial to the enemy, since it gave them time in which to complete their elaborate preparations for defense. Our own authorities, therefore, left much to the discretion of the naval commanders, and Admiral Sampson decided to learn the strength of the Matanzas defenses.

At first, the flagship started out to do her work alone. The Puritan and Cincinnati were in front of Matanzas, doing blockade duty, when the New York signaled what her intentions were, and, in response to orders, the other two fell in behind, officers and crew eagerly seizing the chance for doing a part of the business that had brought them to that part of the world.

Rubalcava is the most projecting point of Matanzas, and it was there the Spaniards had been building fortifications. It lies west of the harbor and about three miles out from the entrance. Next to this is Point Maya, some four miles from Point Rubalcava, on the east side of the harbor and directly at the entrance, four miles from Matanzas, which is at the head of the bay.

With the purpose of drawing the fire of the forts, the New York steamed up within range of the first of the fortifications. A few minutes later a big puff of smoke showed on Point Rubalcava, followed by the thundrous boom of a heavy gun and the screech of a shell, which plunged into the water a long way from the cruiser. Almost at the same moment, another puff issued from the east, near Point Maya, followed by the sullen roar, the scream of the shell, and its splash into the water, so far from the three warships that it was impossible to tell at which it was aimed.

However, the two shots were what the three craft were waiting for, and they now proceeded to business. The

huge 8-inch gun on the starboard side forward on the New York sent a shell toward Rubalcava. The huge missile curved over in the air and dropped squarely within the fortification, where, as it exploded, it sent the debris flying in all directions. The Puritan steamed up behind the New York and somewhat to the east, and the Cincinnati, which had remained some way out, headed directly toward the mouth of the harbor. Then the New York showed wonderful marksmanship, by planting three shells in succession within a few feet of the spot where the first had fallen.

Meanwhile the Puritan and Cincinnati gave their attention to Point Maya, each exhibiting the skill shown by the flagship. Not one of the shots fired missed, as was proven by the clouds of dust and pieces of masonry that were sent flying into the air. The three warships kept edging nearer, the Cincinnati and Puritan bestowing all their attention on Point Maya, while the New York attended to Point Rubalcava. When the first shot was fired, the ships were about 6,000 yards away, the distance gradually decreasing until one-half.

The New York used her guns, both starboard and port, and both forward and aft, the rapidity of her firing increasing to three shots a minute, with every one doing execution. The Puritan fired somewhat more slowly, the interval being about a minute between each shot. She had a greater distance to overcome, but not once did she miss.

The Cincinnati fired broadsides, all fearfully effective. The bombardment lasted about fifteen minutes when the admiral signaled to cease firing and back away. Then came the most striking exhibition of gunnery yet seen. The Puritan saw the puff made by the last shot fired from Rubalcava and aimed one of her 12-inch guns at the point,

with the result that she made a bull's eye. As the enormous missile described its immense parabola, the 1,000-pound shell struck the exact spot, smashed the cannon which was the target, and, plunging into the earthworks, exploded with terrific effect. As one of the spectators remarked, it looked as if all the visible portion of Cuba was blown skyward.

There may have been excellent fortifications there, but they existed no longer. The brief bombardment of the three warships had destroyed them. It was impossible to tell how many return shots were fired, but not one of them did any damage to the Americans. A couple, probably by accident, dropped in the vicinity of the New York, but none came near the Puritan or Cincinnati. After all, it is hardly warrantable to describe the affair as the first fight of the war.

President McKinley, as we have shown, had followed a wise course from the first. He was unwilling to plunge his country into hostilities until honor and patriotism left no other course open to him. Then he bent all his energies to making the war short, sharp and decisive. It was a tremendous task to change the nation from a people of peace to one of war, to raise the army six-fold, and virtually create a new navy. There was impatience expressed in some quarters over the slowness of operations, but those who understood the vast work to be performed had only words of praise for his success in the herculean task.

That such praise is deserved is proven by the fact that just thirty days after the war opened, Admiral Sampson's fleet had destroyed the defenses of San Juan del Puerto Rico, which, excepting Havana, was the most strongly fortified city in the West Indies, beside which it bombarded Cardenas, Matanzas, Mariel, Cienfugos and other

fortifications, and took thirty-nine prizes at sea, whose aggregate value was more than five million dollars. More glorious than all, Admiral Dewey won his victory at Manila, in some respects the most remarkable naval battle in the history of the American navy.

A striking fact is the demonstration that the United States is a warlike as well as a peaceful nation. Although a third of a century of quiet had brought us to a state of almost total unpreparedness, yet in the brief period named, the navy was double in strength and tonnage, without any perceptible effect upon the commercial or industrial condition of the country. Pressing matters with wise energy, the President caused the purchase, arming and equipping of forty-seven vessels, and added several thousand to the personnel of the navy, while the purchase and manufacture of arms, ammunition and projectiles assumed proportions almost beyond comprehension.

What nation engaged like ours in the pursuits of peace could in the space of thirty days, place 113,000 soldiers in the field, all having passed a severe surgical examination, and with each company armed and equipped, gathered at widely separated camps, and organized into brigades, divisions and corps, well supplied with rations and ready for the invasion of Cuba?

When the first passionate cry "Remember the Maine!" rang through the country, the ammunition for our coast defenses and men-of-war was barely enough to furnish three rounds apiece. Had it been England with whom we quarreled, she could have begun at Portland, Maine, and desolated the Atlantic and Gulf coast to the Rio Grande, but within the thirty days the armament of our ships and forts was doubled, every harbor on the Atlantic was mined and protected by torpedoes, and abundant ammunition was provided to meet every deficiency.

That a few mistakes were made was inevitable. One disappointment was regarding the strength of the Cuban insurgents. Of their bravery and patriotism there can be no doubt, for they have given too many proofs of it. The assertion was often made that if the United States would furnish these men with arms and ammunition, they would unaided expel their oppressors; but investigation brought to light the fact that the insurgents had no armies in the field, such as had been asserted by the friends of Cuba in Congress. General Gomez was at the head of only a few bands of guerillas, who lacked organization, discipline, arms, ammunition and equipments, while General Garcia was no better off.

The principal weapon of the insurgents is the machete, a long, sword-like knife originally intended for cutting cane and bushes, and in only one of the seven provinces was there a semblance of an organized government. President McKinley and his counsellors were compelled to admit that little was to be hoped from the insurgents as allies. Moreover, though the Cubans in this country contributed freely of their means to aid their brothers in the field, they showed no love for volunteering. Indeed, their indifference was disappointing, to use the mildest expression.

But our country needs the help of no nation or people to prosecute a war, no matter for what purpose. We had set out with the resolve to drive the most cruel and treacherous of tyrants from the soil of Cuba, and, after all, it was of no importance whether the insurgents fired a single shot as our allies. The work was certain to be done with a completeness that would never require a repetition.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PRESIDENT'S MILITARY NOMINATIONS—SKETCHES OF THE LEADERS—THE PHILIPPINES—ADMIRAL DEWEY'S GREAT VICTORY AT MANILA—HIS PROMOTION.

The statement regarding the conduct of President McKinley, made during the negotiations with Spain, remained true of him to the end. When war became inevitable, he acted with a vigor that was resistless. On the 4th of May he sent the following nominations to the Senate, all of which were confirmed without opposition:

To be Major-Generals—Brigadier-Generals Joseph C. Breckinridge, Elwell S. Otis, John J. Coppinger, William R. Shafter, William M. Graham, James F. Wade and Henry C. Merriam, and civilians James H. Wilson of Delaware, Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia, William J. Sewell of New Jersey, and Joseph H. Wheeler of Alabama.

To be Brigadier-Generals—Cols. Thomas M. Anderson, Fourteenth Infantry; Charles E. Compton, Fourth Cavalry; Abraham K. Arnold, First Cavalry; John S. Poland, Seventeenth Infantry; John C. Bates, Second Infantry; Andrew S. Burt, Twenty-fifth Infantry; Simon Snyder, Nineteenth Infantry; Hamilton S. Hawkins, Twentieth Infantry; Royal T. Frank, First Artillery; Jacob F. Kent, Twenty-fourth Infantry; Samuel S. Sumner, Sixth Cavalry; Francis L. Guenther, Fourth Artillery; Alexander C. H. Pennington, Second Artillery Guy V. Henry, Tenth Cavalry; John I. Rodgers, First Artillery; Louis H. Carpenter, Fifth Cavalry; Samuel B. M. Young, Third Cav-

alry; John M. Bacon, Eighth Cavalry; Edward B. Williston, Sixth Artillery. Lieutenant-Colonels—Henry W. Lawton, Inspector-General; George M. Randall, Eighth Infantry; Theodore Schwan, Assistant Adjutant-General; William Ludlow, Corps of Engineers; Adna R. Chaffee, Third Cavalry; George W. Davis, Fourteenth Infantry; Alfred E. Bates, Deputy Paymaster-General.

In addition, there were a large number of nominations for the Substinence Department, Pay Department, Ensigns in the navy, Assistant Engineers in the Navy, and Assistant Paymasters in the navy.

The nominations, like all made by President McKinley, were excellent. General Fitzhugh Lee was graduated from West Point in 1856, at the head of his class. He was one of the most brilliant officers of the Confederacy, in which he rose to the rank of major-general. He was afterward Congressman, Governor of Virginia and Consul-General at Havana, where his patriotism, gallantry and tact won the admiration of the whole country.

Joseph Wheeler was graduated from West Point in 1859. As a dashing Confederate cavalry leader, he ranked next to Stuart. When appointed to a command in the Spanish-American war, he was serving his seventh term as Congressman from the Eighth Alabama district.

James H. Wilson, of Delaware, was graduated from West Point July 1, 1860, and quickly proved himself one of the best cavalrymen produced by the Civil War. He was brevetted six times for gallant and meritorious service, and became a Major-General of Volunteers toward the close of hostilities. In a campaign of less than a month in Georgia, he captured five fortified cities, twenty-three stands of colors, 288 guns and 6,820 prisoners. It was a part of his force which captured Jefferson Davis, May 10, 1865.

William J. Sewell is an Irishman by birth, and did gallant service in the Civil War, rising to the rank of Major-General of Volunteers. He was serving his third term as United States Senator, which he declined to resign in deference to the wishes of the President and his friends.

Joseph G. Breckinridge was appointed to the army from Kentucky in April, 1862, and rose to the rank of Captain of the Second Artillery in 1874. Transferred to the Inspector-General's Department as Major in 1889, he became Brigadier-General and Inspector-General in the same year.

Elwell S. Otis, of New York, was appointed to the army from the New York Volunteers, and became a Brigadier-General in 1893.

John Coppinger is an Irishman and son-in-law of the late James G. Blaine. He became a Brigadier-General in 1885.

William R. Shafter, William M. Graham, James F. Wade and Henry C. Merriam are all on the active list of the army, but none is a graduate of West Point. All reached the rank of Brigadier-General in 1898.

Since we have given an account of the opening fight of the war, in Cuban waters, it is proper to refer to what was done on the other side of the globe.

The richest islands in the world are the Philippines, belonging to Spain. They lie southeast of Asia, and are the most northern group of the East Indian archipelago, extending almost north and south through fifteen degrees of latitude. The islands are of all sizes and forms, Luzon on the north being as large as the State of Ohio, and having a population of four millions. It is worth remembering that these islands were named in honor of Philip II., the tyrant over Holland and the husband of England's bloody Queen Mary.

The population of these islands, half of which are uninhabited, is estimated from 7,000,000 to twice that number. They are mainly Malay tribes, with a few of the aboriginal negritos, or dwarf negroes. There are many of mongrel blood, and, during late years, numerous Chinese have settled in the country. Not including the army, the pure Spaniards number barely 10,000.

Spain displayed her genius for misgovernment as strikingly in the Philippines as in Cuba, with the inevitable result of repeated insurrections. The leader in 1897-98 was Aguinaldo, a well-educated man of Spanish descent, who drew to his support most of the native tribes which were sullen and revengeful over the intolerable Spanish abuses.

Spain found the work of subjugation so difficult that, in November, 1897, she bought off the insurgent chiefs with $400,000 and profuse promises for reform. As in the case of Cuba, these pledges were violated, and the enraged leaders were ripe for another revolt when the attention of the United States was turned thither.

All the navies of the world could manœuvre in the beautiful bay of Manila on the west coast of Luzon. For hundreds of years the city has been the Spanish capital. Its population is a quarter of a million, and its commercial importance is great, being for Spain the centre of trade for the entire Pacific. In brief, Manila is the Philippines.

The shipping of nearly all nations is represented in Manila Bay, whose entrance is twelve miles wide, though ships practically use only two channels, one of which is five miles and the other two miles across. Twenty-six miles northeast of the entrance lies the city of Manila.

The fortifications were poor, and in April, 1898, the Spaniards sunk a number of mines in the harbor and an-

nounced that they were stringing torpedoes across the two channels.

In December, 1897, Commodore George Dewey was relieved as President of the Board of Inspection and Survey and assigned to the command of the Asiatic squadron. He had served gallantly under the grand old hero Farragut in the Civil War, and was known to have no superior in the navy.

The Asiatic squadron rendezvoused at Hong Kong, and in April was joined by the Baltimore. Hong Kong belonging to Great Britain, the American fleet, in accordance with the English proclamation of neutrality, was obliged to leave the port on the 27th of April, moving some thirty miles northward to Mirs Bay. There they were in Chinese jurisdiction, and completed their preparations for the attack upon Manila.

The American fleet under Dewey consisted of six fighting vessels and three tenders, as follows: Olympia (flagship), first-class protected cruiser, Captain Charles V. Gridley; Baltimore, protected cruiser, Captain N. M. Dyer; Raleigh, protected cruiser, Captain J. B. Coghlan; Boston, protected cruiser, Captain F. Wildes; Concord, gunboat, Commander A. S. Walker; Petrel, gunboat, Commander E. P. Wood. The fleet carried ten 8-inch guns, twenty-three 6-inch, twenty 5-inch and fifty-six guns of smaller calibre.

The Spanish fleet under Admiral Montijo was composed as follows, the first named being the flagship: Reina Marie Christina, steel cruiser; Castilla, steel cruiser; Velasco, steel cruiser; Don Antonio De Ulloa, small cruiser; Don Juan De Austria, small cruiser; Isla De Cuba, small cruiser; Isla De Luzon, small cruiser; General Lezo, gun-vessel; El Cano, gun-vessel; Marques Del Duero, dispatch boat.

The Spanish fleet was inferior to the American in number and caliber of guns, but it would seem that this advantage was more than counterbalanced by the shore batteries, the torpedoes at the harbor entrance and the mines inside the harbor.

Dewey left Mirs Bay on the afternoon of April 27, and at daylight on the 30th was off Cape Bolinao, about one hundred miles from Manila. An hour or so after midnight, Sunday morning, May 1, the Americans began forcing their way through the narrow north channel, where the Spaniards were confident that any fleet could be sunk by the batteres lining both shores. These were quickly ablaze with the fire of the frightened garrisons, but the fleet pushed steadily on, equally heedless of mines and torpedoes, the flagship in the lead, until all were safely within the harbor.

The battle of Manila began at six o'clock next morning. This is not the place to give a description of it, the particulars of which are doubtless familiar to the reader. Let it suffice to say that naval annals contain no record of such a victory. The Spanish fleet was annihilated with enormous loss of life, while not an American was killed! The wounded were eight in number, none being seriously hurt. Could any one doubt the overwhelming superiority of American marksmanship and skill after such an impressive demonstration as this?

The country was thrilled by the news, and Dewey and his officers and men were the heroes of the hour. Perhaps it was fortunate for them that they were compelled to remain on the other side of the world until the patriotic ardor of their countrymen had time to cool.

No people are so quick to recognize the reward of merit as our own. Hardly had the news of the great

victory arrived when President McKinley (May 9) sent the following message to Congress:

"To the Congress of the United States:

"On the 24th of April I directed the Secretary of the Navy to telegraph orders to Commodore George Dewey, of the United States Navy, commanding the Asiatic squadron, then lying in the port of Hong Kong, to proceed forthwith to the Philippine Islands, there to commence operations and engage the assembled Spanish fleet. Promptly obeying that order, the United States squadron, consisting of the flagship Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Boston, Concord and Petrel, with the revenue cutter McCulloch as an auxiliary dispatch boat, entered the harbor of Manila at daybreak on the 1st of May and immediately engaged the entire Spanish fleet of eleven ships, which were under the protection of the fire of the land force. After a stubborn fight, in which the enemy suffered great loss, their vessels were destroyed or completely disabled and the water battery at Cavité silenced. Of our brave officers and men not one was lost, and only eight injured, and those slightly. All of our ships escaped any serious danger.

"By the 4th of May Commodore Dewey had taken possession of the naval station at Cavité, destroying the fortifications there and at the entrance of the bay, paroling their garrisons. The waters of the bay are under his complete control. He has established hospitals within the American lines, where 250 of the Spanish sick and wounded are assisted and protected. The magnitude of this victory can hardly be measured by the ordinary standards of naval warfare. Outweighing any material advantage is the moral effect of the initial success. At this unsurpassed achievement the great heart of our na-

tion throbs, not with boasting or with greed of conquest, but with deep gratitude that this triumph has come in a just cause, and that by the grace of God an effective step has thus been taken toward the attainment of the wished-for peace.

"To those whose skill, courage and devotion have won the fight, to the gallant commander and the brave officers and men who aided him, our country owes an incalculable debt. Feeling as our people feel, and speaking in their name, I sent a message to Commodore Dewey, thanking him and his officers and men for their splendid achievement and overwhelming victory, and informing him that I had appointed him an Acting Rear Admiral.

"I now recommend that, following our national precedents and expressing the fervent gratitude of every patriotic heart, the thanks of Congress be given Acting Rear Admiral George Dewey of the United States Navy for highly distinguished conduct in conflict with the enemy, and to the officers and men under his command for their gallantry in the destruction of the enemy's fleet and the capture of the enemy's fortifications in the bay of Manila.

"WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

"Executive Mansion, May 9, 1898."

A joint resolution was unanimously passed tendering the thanks of Congress to Dewey, his officers and men of the squadron under his command, and the proper steps were taken by which the Commodore was speedily raised to the rank of Rear Admiral.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE EXPLOIT OF LIEUTENANT HOBSON—A FITTING RECOGNITION OF HIM AND OTHER HEROES BY PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

The records of the American navy contain no more daring deed than that of William B. Cushing, who during the civil war blew up the Confederate ram Albemarle. There has been nothing to equal the coolness and heroism of the young officer, but the nearest approach to it was the feat of Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, Assistant Naval Constructor, and seven men, in the early morning of June 3. The comrades of Lieutenant Hobson were Osborn Deignan, a coxswain of the Merrimac; George F. Phillips, a machinist of the Merrimac; John Kelly, a water tender of the Merrimac; George Charette, a gunner's mate of the flagship New York; Daniel Montague, a seaman of the cruiser Brooklyn; J. C. Murphy, a coxswain of the Iowa, and Randolph Clausen, a coxswain of the New York.

The Spanish fleet, which gave our authorities great concern, both before and after it sailed from Spain, finally ran into Santiago harbor, on the southern side of Cuba, where it was located by our own fleet. Since there was danger of its slipping out and escaping in the darkness or during a storm, a daring scheme was formed for bottling it up in the harbor, by sinking the Merrimac, a collier 338 feet in length, across the narrow entrance to the Bay of Santiago.

To do this the feat had to be accomplished under the

guns of the Spanish batteries that line the shores, and over the mines under the waters, which threatened instant death to all who took part in the desperate enterprise. Admiral Sampson had hardly arrived off Santiago and assumed command when Lieutenant Hobson asked for an interview with him. Hobson is a native of Alabama. He was born in 1870, and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1889, subsequently studying naval construction abroad.

Young Hobson laid before the Admiral his plan for imprisoning the enemy's fleet in Santiago harbor, and, like a real hero, he claimed the privilege of leading in the attempt. He proposed to take with him a volunteer crew of just the number sufficient to navigate the *Merrimac,* to strip the old ship of everything of value, and then, screened by the darkness, to run her to the narrowest part of the channel and sink her by explosions deep in her hold. When she was sinking, the crew were to jump overboard and swim for the torpedo-boat *Porter* and the steam launch from the *New York,* which were to lie close inshore for that purpose, while the fleet outside was to cover the work of the little launch and the *Porter.*

Admiral Sampson listened to the eloquent young officer, and was so impressed by his ingenuity and hope that he consented to let him try his plan. When volunteers were called for, after the dangerous nature of the enterprise was fully explained, it seemed as if the whole fleet were eager to claim the privilege. Randolph Clausen, a coxswain of the *New York,* was so determined to be one of the party that he refused to leave the *Merrimac,* where he was working, when all save the volunteers were ordered to join the flagship. On the *Brooklyn* alone 150 of the crew volunteered, and 140 on the *Texas* clamored to go with the party. When the crew first chosen were

obliged to wait a day because of the lateness in stripping the Merrimac, it was thought that the continuous strain had taken the edge off their effectiveness, and the party already named was selected.

Everything being in readiness, the start was made at 3 o'clock Friday morning. A full moon bathed the tranquil waters of the Caribbean Sea and the lights of the city twinkled in the distance. The single searchlight of the Morro lighthouse burned brilliantly. The Merrimac headed straight for the entrance, and had not advanced far when the flash of a single gun from Morro Castle was seen, but the report did not reach the fleet that was breathlessly watching the scene. Some of the warships opened upon the shore battery to divert their attention, but quickly detecting the approach of the Merrimac, the enemy directed a heavy fire upon her and she was struck several times. From some unknown cause no attempt was made by the Spaniards to explode the mines.

By the time the right point was reached, it seemed as if all the batteries had concentrated their fire upon the collier; but the marksmanship was as poor as on former occasions. The few shots that struck the ship did no special damage, while nearly all splashed in the water around her.

At the narrowest part of the channel anchor was dropped. The ship dragged considerably, because of her headway, but when checked swung broadside on to the channel. The life raft of the Merrimac had been prepared before starting and the torpedoes lay ready along the deck. The ship was provided with seven tranverse bulkheads and the torpedoes were so placed that they could be quickly anchored over the side, ten feet below the water line, and in such position that upon exploding every bulkhead would be shattered. This would make

the destruction so complete as to render it impossible ever to raise her.

Hobson and every man was prompt and cool, paying no attention to the shot and shell falling around them. Scarcely had the anchor gone down when the torpedoes were lowered over the side of the ship and every sea cock opened. The portholes, the Kingston valve and the injector valve were also opened. The inward flow of water was so great that the ship began going down before the second anchor was dropped. Then Hobson and his crew launched the life raft and dropped aboard of it, taking with them the wires that were to expode the torpedoes. All this time the fire from the batteries on shore was terrific, but the raft floated calmly with the current to a distance of 150 yards, when the contact was made and the explosion followed. There was a tremendous concussion, a huge mass of water was hurled into the air, and by the time it settled only the spars and top of the smokestacks of the Merrimac were visible sticking out of the water above the hull that rested on the bottom.

There was no possible escape for the party, for the batteries along shore would have riddled every man before he went a quarter of the distance. With the coolness shown from the first, they rowed to the Cristobal Colon, the flagship of the Spanish squadron, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

They had struck the enemy a severe blow, but Admiral Cervera was filled with admiration of their bravery. He treated them kindly, and some hours later sent a boat with a flag of truce to Admiral Sampson offering to exchange the prisoners for some of the Spaniards held at Atlanta. Admiral Sampson could not do this without consulting with Washington, after which the Spanish au-

thorities interposed obstacles, and the exchange was postponed for a long time.

The news of Hobson's exploit caused great enthusiasm throughout the country, for it recalled the most glorious days of the navy, in which Paul Jones, Decatur, Cushing, Farragut and others won immortal fame. It must be remembered that, taking into account the long, fiery gauntlet that had to be run to reach the spot for sinking the Merrimac, there seemed hardly one chance in a hundred of its getting to its destination; and yet if it stopped short, the whole mission would be a failure. Even as it was, it became known some time later that the channel was not effectually blocked, though that fact does not lessen the credit due to Hobson and his men.

As in the case of Dewey, the feeling was universal that the bravery of Hobson should receive fitting recognition from the government. No one was more anxious to reward the heroes than President McKinley, and he showed his accurate sense of the fitness of things by hesitating in the hope that Hobson would soon be exchanged, when his wishes could be consulted. It was easy to make a promotion that would be unsatisfactory to the officer, who, many believed, wished to enter the regular naval service.

The days passed without bringing the exchange of the American prisoners. Objections were continually interposed by the Spanish authorities until there seemed good ground for the belief that Cervera was afraid to set them free lest they carried with them valuable knowledge of the defenses of Santiago. Unwilling to defer the simple act of justice longer, the President sent the following message to Congress, June 27:

To the Congress of the United States:

On the morning of the 3d of June, 1898, Assistant Naval Constructor Richmond P. Hobson, United States Navy,

with a volunteer crew of seven, in charge of the partially dismantled collier Merrimac, entered the fortified harbor of Santiago, Cuba, for the purpose of sinking the collier in the narrowest portion of the channel, and thus interposing a serious obstacle to the egress of the Spanish fleet, which had recently entered that harbor. This enterprise, demanding coolness, judgment, and bravery amounting to heroism, was carried to successful execution in the face of a persistent fire from the hostile fleet, as well as from the fortifications on shore. Rear Admiral Sampson, Commander-in-Chief of our naval force in Cuban waters, in an official report dated "Off Santiago de Cuba, June 3, 1898," and addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, referring to Hobson's gallant exploit, says:

"As stated in a recent telegram, before coming here I decided to make the harbor entrance secure against the possibility of egress of the Spanish ships by obstructing the narrow part of the entrance by sinking a collier at that point. Upon calling upon Mr. Hobson for his professional opinion as to a sure method of sinking the ship, he manifested a most lively interest in the problem. After several days' consideration he presented a solution which he considered would insure the immediate sinking of the ship when she had reached the desired point in the channel. The plan contemplated a crew of only seven men and Mr. Hobson, who begged that it might be intrusted to him.

"As soon as I reached Santiago and had the collier to work upon, the details were commenced and diligently prosecuted, hoping to complete them in one day, as the moon and tide served best the first night after our arrival. Notwithstanding every effort, the hour of 4 o'clock in the morning arrived and the preparations were scarcely completed. After a careful inspection of the final prepara-

tions, I was forced to relinquish the plan for that morning, as dawn was breaking. Mr. Hobson begged to try it at all hazards.

"This morning proved more propitious, as a prompt start could be made. Nothing could have been more gallantly executed. Careful inspection of the harbor from this ship showed that the Merrimac had been sunk in the channel. I cannot myself too earnestly express my appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew. I venture to say that a more brave and daring thing has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albemarle."

The members of the crew who were with Mr. Hobson on this memorable occasion have already been rewarded for their services by advancement, which, under the provisions of law and regulation, the Secretary of the Navy was authorized to make, and the nomination to the Senate of Naval Cadet Powell, who, in a steam launch, followed the Merrimac on her perilous trip for the purpose of rescuing her force after the sinking of that vessel, to be advanced in rank to the grade of ensign, has been prepared and will be submitted.

Cushing, with whose gallant act in blowing up the ram Albemarle during the Civil War Admiral Sampson compares Mr. Hobson's sinking of the Merrimac, received the thanks of Congress, upon the recommendation of the President, by name, and was in consequence, under the provision of section 1,508 of the Revised Statutes, advanced one grade, such advancement embracing fifty-six numbers. The section cited applies, however, to line officers only, and Mr. Hobson, being a member of the staff of the navy, could not under its provisions be so advanced.

In considering the question of suitably rewarding Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson for his gallant conduct

on the occasion referred to, I have deemed it proper to address this message to you, with the recommendation that he receive the thanks of Congress, and, further, that he be transferred to the line of the navy and promoted to such position therein as the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, may determine.

Mr. Hobson's transfer from the Construction Corps to the line is fully warranted, he having received the necessary technical training as a graduate of the Naval Academy, where he stood No. 1 in his class, and such action is recommended, partly in deference to what is understood to be his own desire—although, he being now a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, no direct communication on the subject has been received from him—and partly for the reason that the abilities displayed by him at Santiago are of such a character as to indicate especial fitness for the duties of the line.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

The President showed his thoughtfulness by also recommending that the thanks of Congress should be extended to First Lieutenant Frank H. Newcomb of the revenue service, and that a gold medal of honor should be presented to him, and a silver medal to each of his crew for conspicuous bravery during the fight in the Bay of Cardenas on May 11, when the torpedo boat Winslow was disabled, her commander wounded and one of her officers and part of her crew killed. Naval Cadet Joseph W. Powell was advanced two numbers and made an Ensign in the navy for extraordinary heroism while in charge of the steam launch which accompanied the collier Merrimac for the purpose of rescuing her gallant leader and crew after the sinking of the old craft in Santiago channel.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO—PEACE PROTOCOL—OUR FLAG IN THE PHILIPPINES—THE YELLOW PERIL.

But the war was by no means over, though operations were now transferred from sea to shore. The first land battle of the war began on July 1, with General Lawton's division and General Bates' brigade (both of General Shafter's corps) on one side, and the Spanish forces, near Santiago de Cuba, on the other. The American troops advanced and took El Caney, with an estimated loss of nearly a thousand killed and wounded on the American side, and double that number on the Spanish side.

Shafter's forces pushed on and invested Santiago, and then demanded the surrender of the city before noon on July 5, under pain of bombarding the city. To this demand the Spanish commandant sent a peremptory refusal. Admiral Cervera, with his fleet of seven ships that had been bottled up in Santiago Harbor since May 19, made a bold attempt to escape from the harbor, passing around the sunken *Merrimac,* but it was a hopeless effort. The torpedo-boats *Furor* and *Pluton* were atttacked by the improvised American torpedo-boat *Gloucester* (formerly the yacht *Corsair*), and were destroyed by the shots from the rapid-firing guns. The cruisers *Infanta Maria Teresa, Almirante Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* were engaged as soon as they emerged from the harbor by the armored

cruiser *Brooklyn,* under Commodore Schley, the *Oregon,* the *Iowa* and the *Texas,* and after a few shots were exchanged the three Spanish cruisers were forced to run for the shore, where they were burned and blown up, within four miles of the entrance of the harbor. The cruiser *Cristobal Colon* kept on and hoped by her superior speed to escape, but the battleship *Oregon* and the cruiser *Brooklyn* chased and captured her about fifty miles from Santiago. Before the Americans boarded her the Spaniards opened all of the sea valves and threw the bonnets overboard, and this caused the ship to fill and sink. The *Brooklyn* and *Iowa* were struck half-a-dozen times, but no injury was done to any of the other American ships, and only one American was killed and three others wounded. The Spanish loss was six ships, three hundred killed, one hundred and fifty wounded and one thousand eight hundred taken prisoners. Admiral Cervera was slightly wounded, and with other Spanish officers was courteously received by Commander Richard Wainwright, of the *Gloucester,* who assigned a cabin for their accommodation. The prisoners were later sent to the United States to be kept under confinement. The cruiser *New York,* Admiral Sampson's flagship, was too far away at the time to take part in the sea fight.

On July 6, President McKinley issued a proclamation calling upon the American people to give thanks to God in the churches on the following Sunday for the victories achieved by the Navy and the Army, and recommending prayers be said for the return of peace.

Peace, indeed, seemed near at hand, and two days later official communications passed between Spain and the United States. Hobson and his seven associates were exchanged and Spain was anxious to discuss terms of peace. President McKinley, who had struggled valiantly

to avert the war, was now as determined that, since it had been forced upon the country, Spain should pay the full penalty, and to the advances of the enemy he replied that "only unconditional surrender would be accepted."

On July 17 the formal surrender of Santiago was made and the Stars and Stripes hoisted over the governor's palace in place of the Spanish flag. President McKinley issued, the following day, a proclamation unique in the annals of our country, a proclamation outlining the plan of government for that portion of the Province of Santiago in possession of the American troops.

Ten days later General Miles landed a force of soldiers at Guanica, Porto Rico, and after a skirmish with the Spaniards, the American flag was hoisted on Porto Rican soil.

After a lengthy discussion a protocol, providing for general armistice between Spain and the United States, was signed, and President McKinley issued the following proclamation:

"Whereas, By a protocol concluded and signed August 12, 1898, by William R. Day, Secretary of State of the United States, and His Excellency Jules Cambon, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Republic of France at Washington, respectively representing for this purpose the government of the United States and the government of Spain, the governments of the United States and Spain have formally agreed upon the terms on which negotiations for the establishment of peace between the two countries shall be undertaken; and,

"Whereas, It is in said protocol agreed that upon its conclusion and signature hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and that notice to that ef-

fect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces;

"Now, Therefore, I, William McKinley, President of the United States, do, in accordance with the stipulations of the protocol, declare and proclaim on the part of the United States a suspension of hostilities, and do hereby command that orders be immediately given through the proper channels to the commanders of the military and naval forces of the United States to abstain from all acts inconsistent with this proclamation."

The protocol was as follows:

1. That Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.

2. That Porto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies, and an island in the Ladrones, to be selected by the United States, shall be ceded to the latter.

3. That the United States will occupy and hold the city, bay and harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines.

4. That Cuba, Porto Rico and other Spanish islands in the West Indies shall be immediately evacuated, and that commissioners, to be appointed within ten days, shall, within thirty days from the signing of the protocol, meet at Havana and San Juan, respectively, to arrange and execute the details of the evacuation.

5. That the United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five commissioners to negotiate and conclude a treaty of peace. The commissioners are to meet at Paris not later than the first of October.

6. On the signing of the protocol hostilities will be suspended, and notice to that effect will be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

The Spanish Senate adopted the protocol on September 10, and the Queen Regent signed it on the following day.

The war was now at an end, although Aguinaldo, the leader of the Filipino insurgents, showed a tendency to become antagonistic.

President McKinley's proclamation of December 21, 1898, in which he declared that the treaty of peace gave to the United States the future control, disposition and government of the Philippines, and which assured to the Filipinos that the full measure of individual rights and liberties would be theirs, was published throughout the Philippines on January 5, 1899. Two days afterward Aguinaldo issued a manifesto declaring that he had never agreed to recognize the sovereignty of the Americans, and insisting that he returned to the Philippines on an American warship solely to conquer the Spaniards and win independence. He solemnly protested against the intrusion of the American government, and called upon all his followers to work together with force to obtain absolute independence.

On February 6 President McKinley directed that an ultimatum be sent to the insurgents, commanding them to evacuate Iloilo before the evening of February 11, under penalty of bombardment and assault. The day came, the bombardment took place, the insurgents fired the native part of the city and withdrew, and the American flag was raised over the second port of the Philippine islands.

Fighting of a desultory character continued for many months, Aguinaldo being driven into the interior and continuing to exercise control over his somewhat doubtful followers. It was left for General Funston to capture the insurgent chief, long after hostilities had for all practical purposes ceased; and that the capture was accomplished

by means of a stratagem does not detract from, but rather adds to the glory of the incident.

These were surely stirring times alike for the ruler and the man in the street; but through the days of stress President McKinley stood the embodiment of strength, lending his voice wherever a word would hasten the cessation of hostilities, and quick to spy the heroism of the soldiers and sailors who were sacrificing their lives for their country's sake.

Was it to be wondered at that this man of power was again the people's choice for President in 1900?

But not alone in Spanish matters was President McKinley to be tried. The Boxer movement, which had broken out in October, 1899, gave evidence of terminating in a gigantic struggle between China and the European powers. The restraining hand of President McKinley averted that terrible possibility. Saner judgments prevailed when the ministers of the various nations discussed the problem. Something, however, had to be done, and done quickly, since the reign of terror had already begun for the foreign missionaries and native Christians, hundreds of the latter being tortured to death. The President saw that the moment had come for armed intervention, and felt that a sharp encounter without delay would effectually quell the uprising and restore peace in the Far East.

On June 27, 1900, the Ninth United States Infantry started from Manila, and, landing at Taku July 8, proceeded to join sixteen thousand foreign troops at Tien-Tsin, who were opposed by a Chinese force exceeding fifty thousand. On July 13 Tien-Tsin was assaulted, and the following morning the Chinese were driven out.

General Adna R. Chaffee, who had been ordered to command the American forces in China, left San Fran-

cisco July 3, with eight troops of the Sixth Cavalry, arriving at Taku July 28, where he was joined by Reilly's Battery of the Fifth Artillery and two battalions of the Fourteenth Infantry from Manila. With this force he immediately proceeded to Tien-Tsin, when with Reilly's Battery and the Ninth and Fourteenth Regiments he promptly moved with the allied army to the relief of Peking, assisting in the capture of Pei-Tsang, August 5; Yang-Tsun, August 6, and Ho-Si-Wu, August 9.

Early in the morning of August 14 the Americans, Russians and Japanese began an assault on the east wall of Peking. The American flag was the first raised on top of the wall, the Russians being the first to enter the Tartar City. The British, attacking at the south, found little resistance, and profiting by the concentration of the Chinese against the Japanese and Americans, were the first troops to reach the legations, the Americans arriving two hours later, at five o'clock in the evening, after losing six killed, including Captain Reilly, and thirty wounded.

The legations were put under a virtual state of blockade on June 13, when the local authorities ceased any show of preserving order in the city. On that day the chancellor of the Japanese legation was murdered by the mob, and five days later, the legations having been given twenty-four hours to leave the capital, Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, was assassinated by armed Chinese officials, while on his way to the Foreign Office to insist upon imperial protection. On June 20 the bombardment of the legations by Chinese troops began and lasted until July 16, artillery and rifle fire being incessant during that period. The temporary cessation on that day was due to the arrival in Peking of a cipher message from Secretary Hay, which was delivered to Minister Conger under a flag of truce. Desultory firing was re-

sumed several days later, after the legations had been revictualed by imperial command, but no serious attempt was made to carry the foreign positions.

By sentence of court-martial, Ting-Yung, acting Viceroy of Chi-Li, and several generals and other officials, were shot.

President McKinley was anxious for a speedy cessation of hostilities, and peace proposals were soon drafted. It was not, however, till late in October, 1900, that a definite agreement was arrived at. The German Imperial Chancellor's formal announcement in the Reichstag was that the powers had decided upon the following as the basis of their demands upon China:

1. China shall erect a monument to Baron von Ketteler on the site where he was murdered and send an Imperial Prince to Germany to convey an apology. She shall inflict the death penalty upon eleven princes and officials, already named, and suspend provincial examinations for five years where the outrages occurred.

2. In future all officials failing to prevent anti-foreign outrages within their jurisdiction shall be dismissed and punished.

3. Indemnity shall be paid to states, corporations and individuals. The Tsung-li-Yamen shall be abolished and its functions vested in a foreign minister. Rational intercourse shall be permitted with the emperor, as in civilized countries.

4. The forts at Taku and the other forts on the coast of Chi-Li shall be razed, and the importation of arms and war material prohibited.

5. Permanent legation guards shall be maintained, and also guards of communication between Peking and the sea.

6. Imperial proclamations shall be posted for two years throughout the empire suppressing Boxers.

7. Indemnity is to include compensation for Chinese who suffered through being employed by foreigners, but not compensation for native Christians.

8. China shall erect expiatory monuments in every foreign or international burial ground where the graves have been profaned.

9. The Chinese government shall undertake to enter upon negotiations for such changes in existing treaties regarding trade and navigation as the foreign governments deem advisable, and with reference to other matters having in view the facilitation of commercial relations.

China grumbled a good deal at the terms, but finally, after slight modification, they were accepted, and the huge, unwieldy Middle Kingdom relapsed into placidity.

President McKinley, in his annual message to Congress, December 3, 1900, made the following statement of the principles which animated the government of the United States in dealing with the situation in China:

"The policy of the government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly powers by treaty and international law, and safeguard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese empire.

"Faithful to those professions which, as it proved, reflected the views and purposes of the other co-operating governments, all our efforts have been directed toward ending the anomalous situation in China by negotiations for a settlement at the earliest possible moment. As soon

as the sacred duty of relieving our legation and its defendants was accomplished, we withdrew from active hostilities, leaving our legation under an adequate guard in Peking as a channel of negotiations and settlement—a course adopted by others of the interested powers."

CHAPTER XXI.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY'S SECOND TERM—INAUGURAL ADDRESS—A MEMORABLE TOUR—MRS. M'KINLEY'S ILLNESS.

It was fitting that in the platform of the Republican party, adopted at Philadelphia, June 20, 1900, the following tribute should be paid to President McKinley:

"We indorse the administration of William McKinley. Its acts have been established in wisdom and in patriotism, and at home and abroad it has distinctly elevated and extended the influence of the American nation. Walking untried paths and facing unforeseen responsibilities, President McKinley has been in every situation the true American patriot and the upright statesman, clear in vision, strong in judgment, firm in action, always inspiring and deserving the confidence of his countrymen."

Referring to President McKinley's attitude in the Spanish war, the Republican platform contained the following appreciation:

"In accepting by the treaty of Paris the just responsibility of our victories in the Spanish war, the President and the Senate won the undoubted approval of the American people. No other course was possible than to destroy Spain's sovereignty throughout the Western Indies and in the Philippine Islands. That course created our responsibility before the world, and with the unorganized population whom our intervention had freed from Spain to provide for, the maintenance of law and order, and for

the establishment of good government, and for the performance of international obligations."

In the election of 1900 William Jennings Bryan represented the Democrats, with Adlai E. Stevenson as Vice-President. The Republicans nominated William McKinley for a second term, with Theodore Roosevelt as Vice-President. Mr. Bryan secured 6,374,397 votes, Mr. McKinley's popular vote outnumbering his Democratic opponent's by 832,280, and William McKinley was again declared President.

For his Cabinet officers the President chose: Secretary of State, John Hay; Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage; Secretary of War, Elihu Root; Attorney-General, John W. Griggs, succeeded by Philander C. Knox; Postmaster-General, Charles E. Smith; Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long; Secretary of the Interior, Ethan A. Hitchcock; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson.

In his inaugural address on March 4, 1901, President McKinley said:

"Intrusted by the people for a second time with the office of President, I enter upon its administration appreciating the great responsibilities which attach to this renewed honor and commission, promising unreserved devotion on my part to their faithful discharge, and reverently invoking for my guidance the direction and favor of Almighty God.

"I should shrink from the duties this day assumed if I did not feel that in their performance I should have the co-operation of the wise and patriotic men of all parties. It encourages me for the great task which I now undertake to believe that those who voluntarily committed to me the trust imposed upon the Chief Executive of the Republic will give to me generous support in my duties

'to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States,' and to 'care that the laws be faithfully executed.'

"The national purpose is indicated through a national election. It is the constitutional method of ascertaining the public will. When once it is registered, it is a law to us all, and faithful observance should follow its decrees. Strong hearts and helpful hands are needed, and, fortunately, we have them in every part of our beloved country. We are reunited. Sectionalism has disappeared. Division on public questions can no longer be traced by the war maps of 1861. These old differences less and less disturb the judgment. Existing problems demand the thought and quicken the conscience of the country, and the responsibility for their presence, as well as for their righteous settlement, rests upon us all—no more upon me than upon you."

This was ever President McKinley's way, to endeavor to ascertain the opinion of the people, and then to act upon it. It was part of his creed that without popular approval our statesmen can do nothing; with it they can do almost anything.

Respecting Cuban interests President McKinley said:

"The principles which led to our intervention require that the fundamental law upon which the new government rests should be adopted to secure a government capable of performing the duties and discharging the functions of a separate nation, of observing its international obligations, of protecting life and property, insuring order, safety and liberty, and conforming to the established and historical policy of the United States in its relation to Cuba.

"The peace which we are pledged to leave to the Cuban people must carry with it the guarantees of permanence.

We became sponsors for the pacification of the island, and we remain accountable to the Cubans, no less than to our own country and people, for the reconstruction of Cuba as a free commonwealth, on abiding foundations of right, justice, liberty and assured order. Our enfranchisement of the people will not be completed until free Cuba shall be a reality, not a name; a perfect entity, not a hasty experiment bearing within itself the elements of failure."

On the twenty-ninth of April President McKinley began what was to be his last great tour through the country, a tour that was to take him over ten thousand miles of our country and give him a chance to grip the friendly hands of admiring citizens from Maine to California. Of the details of that memorable tour it is not necessary here to speak. He was greeted everywhere with enthusiasm, and at every station *en route* crowds of people had collected to catch a glimpse of their idol, to see his kindly smile and to listen to his grave utterances on questions of the hour. The President's tour was, however, unexpectedly interrupted. Mrs. McKinley, who had been one of the party, took sick and was quietly taken to San Francisco two days ahead of time, in the hope that she might regain her strength. She did, indeed, rally, and President McKinley was able to keep some of his engagements. It was seen, however, that her health had suffered considerably, and the most distinguished physicians were called in. The people, not only of America, but of all nations, hastened to express their sympathy with the President, and he laughingly told Mrs. McKinley when, some weeks later, she had fully recovered, that he had "no idea he had had so many good friends on earth till she took sick." Gradually the President's wife recovered, and the party returned to Wash-

ington. The journey east had not been accomplished without fears, and many of the newspapers candidly told their readers that the first lady in the land had not long to live. Arrived at the capital, almost the first bulletin issued by the physicians in charge, after examination, was the following:

"Mrs. McKinley is recovering from the fatigue of the trip. The illness from which she was suffering in San Francisco still continues, though in less intense form. She is still feeble and cannot be considered out of danger. Her progress will, no doubt, be slow, but improvement is looked for.

"P. M. Rixey, M. D.
"George M. Sternberg, M. D.
"W. W. Johnston, M. D."

The doctors were right. In a few days Mrs. McKinley had so far improved that she was able to go outdoors. The bulletins continued to be couched in still brighter terms, and at last the great heart of the President was gladdened by the news that his wife was now "quite herself again and a healthier woman than when she left on the ten-thousand-mile trip."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT—ANARCHY AND ITS TEACHER—EMMA GOLDMAN'S ARREST.

Cuba and the Philippines slowly settled down into their proper positions; the Chinese question was settled, or at least hidden under an international agreement; the country was prosperous; the people well contented with themselves and their President, when, from out the azure sky fell a bolt that shocked the whole world. How shall one tell the story of that awful wrong?

President McKinley had spent the August of 1901 at his old home in Canton, Ohio, and on September 4 he visited Buffalo at the invitation of the directors of the Pan-American Exposition, then in progress. The following day he gave his last message to the people.

He appealed for fraternal relations everywhere, but maintained that "friendly rivalry was the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity." Then he proceeded to indicate how near the nations of the earth stood to one another by the effacing of distances through modern inventions, instancing the time taken in making General Jackson, in New Orleans, acquainted with the fact that the war with England had ceased, and the present conditions where General Miles, in Porto Rico, was able, by means of the military telegraph, to stop his army on the fighting line with the message that

the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. For a moment President McKinley dwelt upon the unexampled prosperity of the country, and then urged the people in this time of marvelous business energy to look to the future and so strengthen the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems that we might be ready for any storm or strain.

He little guessed the storm and strain that would follow in one short day. But no premonition clouded the President's brow. His hopes were high as he uttered the final words of his speech; words that while heard only within the precincts of the Exposition, were caught up and echoed in every civilized country under the sun.

"Let us ever remember," he said, "that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come, not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but, more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence and friendship which will deepen and endure. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."

When the cheering was over, and the President and his wife had driven to the home of Mr. Milburn, President of the Exposition, Mr. McKinley said to his friends: "Now, I want one day's rest. To-morrow I want to take Mrs. McKinley to the Falls for a breathing spell."

"Yes, but the reception!" demurred Secretary Cortelyou.

"Ah! I must not be late for that," said President McKinley, and his eyes glistened as he pictured the thou-

sands who wanted to shake hands with the Chief Executive. "Never fear," he added, "a glimpse of the cataract will do us good, and I can keep my engagement as well."

So to Niagara President and Mrs. McKinley went. The date was September 6. The day Friday—an ominous day, the day on which President Lincoln was shot, Friday, April 14, 1865; the day on which President Garfield was shot, Friday, July 2, 1881, and the day on which it was destined that President McKinley should be the victim of yet another assassin's bullet.

So in the highest spirits the President and Mrs. McKinley went to Niagara, spent the morning there, and traveled back to Buffalo by special train, reaching the Exposition about half-past three o'clock.

Mr. Milburn was the first to welcome back the travelers, and after sending Mrs. McKinley to his home, he accompanied the President to the Temple of Music, where it had been arranged a public reception was to be held.

"It was worth coming to Buffalo for this," exclaimed President McKinley, as a great shout went up from thirty thousand throats when his carriage was driven in front of the building. Then the shout merged into the national air, led by the great organ in the Temple. Heads were bared as the President made his way through the throng and so into the building. At one end of the auditorium a platform had been raised for the Presidential party. Thither Mr. McKinley was conducted and the reception commenced. The people were permitted to enter one door, pass by the President, and emerge at the opposite side of the building. Mr. Milburn, the Exposition President, took up his position on the left of Mr. McKinley, Secretary Cortelyou being on the right. Several secret service men were in the vicinity. The procession was

conducted in as orderly a manner as possible; but it was almost impossible to keep the crowds in line. Once, during a kind of blockade around the platform, one old man was pushed aside and was being hurried to the outer door, when the President caught sight of him, and, reaching out over the heads of the others, he called out: "Your hand, sir; your hand," and the next moment the old man's hand was in that of the President. So one after another the throng passed. Presently a colored man, by name Parker, elbowed his way forward. He was a tall, powerful fellow, and his grip made the President wince. Turning from him was seen in contrast a young man of twenty-eight, with prominent nose, arched eyebrows, protruding ears and an oval face deathly white. His right hand was bound in a handkerchief, and President McKinley, eying pityingly the apparently-wounded hand, leaned down as if to shake the man's left hand. Then, above the patter of feet in the hall, a pistol shot rang out, then another. A great gasp went up from the people; the pale young man was in the arms of the powerful negro, and a smoking weapon protruded through the handkerchief bound round his right hand. The first bullet passed through President McKinley's stomach and lodged in the back; the second struck a button on his waistcoat and glanced therefrom, making an abrasion on the sternum. Parker, the colored man, was the first to fling himself upon the assailant. Detective Foster got there almost as soon, and fearing that a third bullet might be fired, he wrenched the pistol from the man and struck him a blow full in the face. There was a dead quiet for a moment as the people saw the President stagger, then fall weakly into the arms of his secretary. Next moment confusion reigned. A wild rush was made for the young man who had fired the shots. The entrance door was in-

stantly closed, and the guards began to drive the people out by the exit. But this was difficult, for the crowd was now infuriated beyond measure, and threatened to tear the assailant limb from limb. A private of the artillery corps was within an inch of driving his bayonet sword home, had not Detective Ireland interfered.

President McKinley looked round dazedly after the shots were fired, then, as a few drops of blood spurted out on his waistcoat, a spasm of agony passed across his face. "Am I shot?" he whispered; and a detective who supported him, replied: "I'm afraid you are, Mr. President." He was placed carefully in a chair, and his collar removed. Secretary Cortelyou, seeing the President's lips move tremulously, bent down and heard his chief say: "Cortelyou, be careful. Tell Mrs. McKinley gently." Valiant soul! His first thought was for his beloved wife who not long before had been near the portals of death.

The police and detectives, by a clever ruse and quick work, removed the assassin. President McKinley, as he saw him carried away, muttered feebly: "God forgive him; what have I done to him?" In a few minutes the automobile ambulance arrived, and the President was removed to the Exposition hospital. The assassin fired his bullet at 4.12 in the afternoon of that eventful sixth of September; at 4.35 the nation's President lay upon the operating table.

In that first terrible hour, when he believed that he was about to die, the President turned his thoughts heavenward and bore himself like a sturdy Christian.

When he was lifted on the operating table, one of the physicians said:

"Mr. President, we intend to cut into you at once. We

allowed one President to die, but we don't intend to lose you."

"I am in your hands," murmured the President.

The doctors began to administer ether.

The President opened his eyes and saw that he was about to enter a sleep from which he might never awake. He turned his eyes sorrowfully upon the little group. Then he closed his lips. His face was suddenly lit by a tender smile. His soul came into his countenance. The wan lips moved.

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done."

The voice was soft and clear. The tears rolled down Dr. Mynter's face. The President raised his chest and sighed. His lips moved once more.

"Thy will be done."

The President's eyelids fluttered faintly, and then they were stilled. He had passed into unconsciousness.

When his clothing was removed, one of the bullets fell to the floor. It was found that the second bullet had passed through both walls of the stomach. A search for the missile failed to locate it, and it was concluded that it had been lost in the thick lumbar muscles. The opening was closed, and at 6.50 the anæsthetic was discontinued, the operation lasting an hour and ten minutes. President McKinley was then removed to the residence of Mr. Milburn, and placed in charge of the following staff of physicians: P. M. Rixey, M. D. Mann, R. E. Park, Herman Mynter and Eugene Wasdin. Later on Dr. Charles McBurney, of New York, was added to the number.

Meanwhile, the assassin had given his name as Nieman, and as Nieman he had been branded a villain from sea to sea by the countless newspapers that recorded the foul deed. But the man's name was not Nieman. It was Czolgosz—Leon Czolgosz. He was a Pole, aged twenty-

eight; his home had been at Cleveland, Ohio, where his parents were found to be honest, hard-working people. They were horrified when told of their son's atrocious crime, and said they could not understand how, much less explain why, he had done the deed.

The confession of Czolgosz was: "I am an Anarchist. I did my duty." More than this he would not say, neither to his captors nor to the two men appointed to represent him at his trial. On the way from the Temple of Music he once was heard to mutter: "If it hadn't been for that lecture of Emma Goldman's that set me on fire, I wouldn't be here now. It set me thinking so my head nearly split with pain. No matter, I've done something heroic for the cause." It is supposed that Emma Goldman's doctrine that all rulers should be exterminated had taken hold of Leon Czolgosz and swept him forward to the fearful crime.

The police at once set out on the trail of the woman Goldman, and a few days later she was arrested in Chicago. A week after she was released on bail, and a preliminary trial showed that there was no evidence on which to convict.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BULLETINS FROM THE DEATHBED OF THE PRESIDENT—NEARING THE END.

The story of the President's health, as told in bulletins by the attending physicians, is as follows:

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

10.40 P. M.—The President is rallying satisfactorily and is resting comfortably. 10.15 P. M., temperature, 100.4 degrees; pulse, 124; respiration, 24.

P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
R. E. PARK,
HERMAN MYNTER,
EUGENE WASDIN.

Signed by George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

1 A. M.—The President is free from pain and resting well. Temperature, 100.2; pulse, 120; respiration, 24.

6 A. M.—The President has passed a good night; temperature, 102; pulse, 110; respiration, 24.

P. M. RIXEY,
ROSWELL PARK.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

9 A. M.—The President passed a fairly comfortable night and no serious symptoms have developed. Pulse, 146; temperature, 102; respiration, 24.

P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
ROSWELL PARK,
HERMAN MYNTER,
EUGENE WASDIN.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

12 Noon.—There is no decided change in the President's condition since last bulletin. Pulse, 136; temperature, 102; respiration, 28.

P. M. RIXEY, M. D.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

3.30 P. M.—The President continues to rest quietly; no change for the worse. Pulse, 140; temperature, 102; respiration, 24.

P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
ROSWELL PARK,
HERMAN MYNTER,
EUGENE WASDIN.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

6.30 P. M.—There is no change for the worse since last bulletin. Pulse, 130; temperature, 102.5; respiration, 29.

P. M. RIXEY, M. D.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

9.30 P. M.—Conditions continue much the same. The President responds well to medication. Pulse, 132; tem-

perature, 102.5; respiration, 25. All temperatures reported are taken in the rectum. The physicians in attendance wish to say that they are too busily engaged to reply to individual telegrams.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

3.20 A. M.—The President has passed a fairly good night. Pulse, 122; temperature, 102.4 degrees; respiration, 24.

Herman Mynter,
P. M. Rixey.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

9 A. M.—The President passed a good night, and his condition this morning is quite encouraging. His mind is clear, and he is resting well. Wound dressed at 8.30, and found in very satisfactory condition. There is no indication of peritonitis. Pulse, 132; temperature, 102.8; respiration, 24.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

12 Noon.—The improvement in the President's con-

dition has continued since last bulletin. Pulse, 128; temperature, 101 degrees; respiration, 27.

P. M. RIXEY.

Dr. McBurney is here, and will meet the President's physicians in consultation at 3 o'clock.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

4 P. M.—The President, since the last bulletin, has slept quietly, four hours altogether since 9 o'clock. His condition is satisfactory to all the physicians present. Pulse, 128; temperature, 101; respiration, 28.

P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN,
ROSWELL PARK,
HERMAN MYNTER,
EUGENE WASDIN,
CHARLES MCBURNEY.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

(This bulletin was issued just forty-eight hours after the President was shot, and was regarded as of the most favorable character.)

9 P. M.—The President is resting comfortably, and there is no special change since the last bulletin. Pulse, 130; temperature, 101.6; respiration, 30.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

6 A. M.—The President passed a somewhat restless night, sleeping fairly well. General condition unchanged. Pulse, 120; temperature, 101; respiration, 28.

P. M. RIXEY,
M. D. MANN.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, Secretary to the President.

9.20 A. M.—The President's condition is becoming more and more satisfactory. Untoward incidents are less likely to occur. Pulse, 122; temperature, 100.8 degrees; respiration, 28.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

3 P. M.—The President's condition steadily improves, and he is comfortable without pain or unfavorable symptoms. Bowel and kidney functions normally performed. Pulse, 113; temperature, 101; respiration, 26.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

9.30 P. M.—The President's condition continues favorable. Pulse, 112; temperature, 101; respiration, 27.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10.

7 A. M.—The President has passed the most comfortable night since the attempt on his life. Pulse, 118; temperature, 100.4; respiration, 28.

P. M. Rixey,
Roswell Park.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

9 A. M.—The President's condition this morning is eminently satisfactory to his physicians. If no complications arise, a rapid convalescence may be expected. Pulse, 104; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 26. This temperature is taken by mouth and should be read about one degree higher by rectum.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

3.20 P. M.—There is no change since this morning's favorable bulletin. Pulse, 110; temperature, 100; respiration, 28.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President

10.30 P. M.—The condition of the President is un-

changed in all important particulars. His temperature is 100.6, pulse 114, respiration 28.

When the operation was done on Friday last it was noted that the bullet had carried with it a short distance beneath the skin a fragment of the President's coat. This foreign material was, of course, removed; but a slight irritation of the tissues was produced, the evidence of which has appeared only to-night.

It has been necessary, on account of this slight disturbance, to remove a few stitches and partially open the skin wound. This incident cannot give rise to other complications, but it is communicated to the public, as the surgeons in attendance wish to make their bulletins entirely frank. In consequence of this separation of the edges of the surface wound, the healing of the same will be somewhat delayed. The President is now well enough to begin to take nourishment by the mouth in the form of pure beef juice.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

6 A. M.—The President has passed a very comfortable night. Pulse, 120; temperature, 100.2; respiration, 26.

P. M. Rixey,
Eugene Wasdin.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

9 A. M.—The President rested comfortably during the

night. Decided benefit has followed the dressing of the wound made last night. His stomach tolerates the beef juice well, and it is taken with great satisfaction. His condition this morning is excellent. Pulse, 116; temperature, 100.2.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

3.30 P. M.—The President continues to gain, and the wound is becoming more healthy. The nourishment taken into the stomach is being gradually increased. Pulse, 120; temperature, 100.2.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

10 P. M.—The President's condition continues favorable. Blood count corroborates clinical evidence of absence of any blood poisoning. He is able to take more nourishment and relish it. Pulse, 120; temperature, 100.4.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

9.30 A. M.—The President has spent a quiet and restful night and has taken much nourishment. He feels better this morning than at any time. He has taken a little solid food this morning and relished it. Pulse, 120; temperature, 100.2 degrees.

P. M. Rixey,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin,
M. D. Mann,
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

3 P. M.—The President's condition is very much the same as this morning. His only complaint is of fatigue. He continues to take a sufficient amount of food. Pulse, 126; temperature, 100.2 degrees.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

8.30 P. M.—The President's condition this evening is not quite so good. His food has not agreed with him and has been stopped. Excretion has not yet been properly established. The kidneys are acting well. His pulse is not satisfactory, but has improved in the last two hours. The wound is doing well. He is resting quietly. Temperature, 100.2; pulse, 128.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter.

George B. Cortelyou, Secretary to the President.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PRESIDENT'S LAST WORDS—HOW THE END CAME—THE SCENE IN THE DEATH CHAMBER.

In the early hours of Friday morning the scenes about Milburn House were dramatic. Lights burned dimly in all the windows. A flag hung out over the doorway, nailed at full mast, and destined so to remain even when the spirit of William McKinley forsook his mortal body. Across the street the soldiers passed up and down. Newspaper men darted to and fro in the tents and election booths that had been erected for their use. Correspondents and telegraph operators were making the wires throb with the dread tidings, while behind the ropes stretched across the approaches a multitude of people waited in agonizing silence.

At 9.30 Friday morning a bulletin contained the welcome news that the President's condition had somewhat improved. There was a better response to stimulation. At 12.30 the patient was sleeping quietly, his condition unchanged. A bulletin published at 2.30 in the afternoon stated: "The President has more than held his own since morning, and his condition justifies the expectation of further improvement. He is better than yesterday at this time." An hour and a half later a further bulletin announced "only a very slight improvement." At 5 o'clock the physicians could not disguise the fact that the President's end was approaching. He was suffering extreme

prostration. Oxygen was given, but there was little response to the stimulation. At 7 o'clock he whispered a request that Mrs. McKinley might be brought in. The dying husband's face lighted up as he saw his life-companion bending over him. The others who were in the room retired, for they could not bear to witness that heart-breaking scene. From the chamber there came the sound of convulsive sobbing, and the strong men who waited in the corridor sobbed in sympathy. When Mrs. McKinley was led away and the doctors returned, their patient lay back on the pillows, his eyes fixed on the ceiling and a look of peace on his face. His lips were moving slightly, and Dr. Mann, coming close to the bedside, heard the President murmur the words:

" * * * all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

For half an hour the President remained quiet, breathing softly. The skill of the physicians had reached its limit. All that could be done had been done. and there was nothing left but to await the coming of the dread messenger. Dr. Mann, who was watching his patient narrowly, saw the eyes look round vacantly and the lips tremble. He bent his head and caught the last conscious utterance of William McKinley, and at once reduced it to writing. It was a dying message:

"Good-by. All, good-by. It is God's way. His will be done."

Soon afterward he lapsed into unconsciousness, and did not rally again. His heart-beats came more and more faintly. His extremities chilled. It was only a question of a little time. As the hours passed the President's life slowly slipped away.

About 2 o'clock on Saturday morning Dr. Rixey noted

the unmistakable signs of dissolution, and the immediate members of the family were summoned to the bedside. Mrs. McKinley was asleep, and it was deemed desirable not to awaken her for the last moments of anguish.

Silently and sadly the members of the family entered the room. They stood about the foot and sides of the bed where the great man's life was ebbing away.

Five minutes passed, then six, seven, eight——

Now Dr. Rixey bent forward, and then one of his hands was raised as if in warning. The fluttering heart was just going to rest. A moment more and Dr. Rixey straightened up, and, with choking voice, said: "The President is dead."

The announcement of the news to those waiting below was postponed until the members of the family had withdrawn. Through Secretary Cortelyou the waiting newspaper men recieved the notification. There was the keenest excitement on the broad avenue, but there was no semblance of disorder.

Those present at the time of the President's death were: Secretary George B. Cortelyou, Mrs. and Miss Barber and Miss Duncan, William M. Duncan, a nephew; Charles G. Dawes, the Controller of the Currency; F. M. Osborne, a cousin; Colonel Webb C. Hayes, John Barber, a nephew; Colonel W. C. Brown, the business partner of Abner McKinley; Dr. P. M. Rixey, the family physician, and six nurses and attendants. In an adjoining room sat the physicians, including Drs. McBurney, Wasdin, Park, Stockton and Mynter.

With the momentary excitement incident upon the announcement at an end, the entire scene became one of unmistakable and deep mourning. As if nature lent its aid to the grieving crowds, a dense fog settled like a pall over the city. The Milburn house became a tomb of silence.

Lights—not extinguished—were dimmed; visitors were denied admittance, and the mourning family and their more intimate friends were speedily left alone with their distinguished dead.

The military guard was augmented immediately upon the announcement. The waiting crowds melted away rapidly, giving expression with tearful words to the great sorrow they felt. Within a brief space of time the newspaper men, the police, the sentries of the guard, and those whose duties kept them abroad were the only persons in evidence within the immediate vicinity.

CHAPTER XXV.

BORNE TO THE CAPITAL—LYING IN STATE IN WASHINGTON—"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Vice-President Roosevelt was then at a hunting-camp in the Adirondacks. He had been at the bedside of the President earlier in the week, but the hopes of recovery were so high he did not deem it necessary to remain. Friday morning at six o'clock he started from the Tahawas Club—thirty-five miles north of the railroad and telegraphic facilities, and ten miles beyond a private telegraph line—on a hunting trip through the forests. On receipt of the dispatches stating that President McKinley's condition was critical, a dozen mounted mountaineers were immediately started in search of him. It was not, however, till five o'clock Friday evening that he was located.

He was stunned by the news, but lost no time in galloping to the nearest station, where a special train conveyed him to Buffalo. He reached the city, to find it in mourning, and its flags at half-mast. In the house of his friend, Ansley Wilcox, Theodore Roosevelt took the oath of President on Saturday, September 15, 1901, after which he said:

"In this hour of deep and national bereavement I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace, prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

Almost the first act of the new President was to issue the following proclamation:

"A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down by a crime committed not only against the Chief Magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving subject. The President crowned a life of the largest love for his fellows and earnest endeavor for their welfare by a death met with Christian fortitude. Both the way he lived and the way he met his death will remain forever a precious heritage for the people. It is meet as a nation that we express abiding love and reverence for his life, and deep sorrow for his untimely death. Therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, appoint Thursday, the 19th inst., the day upon which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting-place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. I earnestly recommend the people to assemble in their respective places of worship and bow down in submission to the will of the Almighty, and pay out of their full hearts their homage of love and reverence to a great and good President. Death has smitten the nation with bitter grief. In witness thereof, ROOSEVELT."

A similar proclamation was issued by the Governors of every State.

An autopsy was held on the remains of Mr. McKinley, and the following report was issued Saturday evening:

The bullet which struck over the breastbone did not pass through the skin, and did little harm. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach, near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly

closed by the stitches, but the tissues around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach, the bullet passed through the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet has not yet been found.

There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from the gangrene, which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet. Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment, and was the direct result of the bullet wound.

(Signed.)

HARVEY D. GAYLORD, M. D.
HERMAN G. MATZINGER, M. D.
P. M. RIXEY, M. D.
MATTHEW D. MANN, M. D.
HERMAN MYNTER, M. D.
ROSWELL PARK, M. D.
EUGENE WASDIN, M. D.
CHARLES G. STOCKTON, M. D.
EDWARD G. JANEWAY, M. D.
W. W. JOHNSON, M. D.
W. P. KENDALL, Surgeon U. S. A.
CHARLES CARY, M. D.
EDWARD L. MUNSON, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.
HERMANUS L. BAER, M. D.

All day Sunday the remains of the dead President lay in state in the City Hall at Buffalo, after simple and beautiful services had been held at the Milburn house. Mon-

day morning a special train left Buffalo at 7.46, conveying Mr. McKinley's body to Washington. The funeral train consisted of seven Pullman cars, with inter-communication, and was drawn by two locomotives. Behind the engines were two drawing-room cars for members of the press. Behind these were a dining-car and a car intended for Senators, and another for Mr. Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet. The next was occupied by Mrs. McKinley. Last of all came an observation car at the end of the train, in which the body was placed between the windows, so that it could be seen by the people as the train passed. The railway men on the train were all picked men, and a pilot engine ran fifteen minutes in advance to clear the line. Only the engines and the observation car were shrouded in black, the other carriages being undraped. The coffin, completely covered by a beautiful silk flag, lay on a raised bier. Two sheaves of wheat were crossed above the dead President's breast, while a white dove, with wings outstretched, seemed to be rising from the head of the coffin. The coffin was partly hidden by an exquisite floral design of red and white buds in the form of the American flag and the French colors, a tribute from the Franco-American Society. At the foot of the coffin stood a soldier, while a sailor was at the head. The lid was closed. The proceedings were witnessed by great masses of people, and in the vicinity of the station windows and roofs of houses, the roofs of street cars and yards were black with people, all heads being uncovered. The train stopped only at Olean, Sunbury, Harrisburg, York and Baltimore, to change engines. There were masses of people at the stations at those places, while at all the other stations and along the line thousands, including school children, were gathered. The train literally ran between two lines of people. Bells were tolling along the

entire route. The train slowed down at every station to allow the people a better view of the coffin. Each town had chosen some distinct way of doing honor to the dead. At Lockhaven young girls strewed flowers before the train. Before arriving at Olean the widow of the late President expressed the wish to sit for a time beside the coffin. Dr. Rixey was at first averse to permitting this, fearing that it would tax her strength, but she pleaded so earnestly that he reluctantly consented.

Mrs. McKinley all through bore herself as a brave woman whose faith in a just Providence was undisturbed. Not even when, after the heart of her husband had ceased to beat, and the news was broken to her gently that the President was dead, did she give way to her keen anguish. There were no tears in her eyes, only a tightening of the drawn lips, and a clinching of the hands.

At the national capital the remains of President McKinley lay for the last time in the White House Monday night. Mrs. McKinley occupied her old room—full of bitter-sweet reflections. Next day a solemn procession passed up Pennsylvania avenue to the Capitol. The escort consisted of regular soldiers, sailors and marines, the National Guard of the District of Columbia, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Loyal Legion and similar bodies, civic organizations, representatives of all branches of the national Government and the Governors of a number of States, with their staffs. The streets were thronged with people, who were kept in position by wire cables stretched along the entire route. Many eyes were wet with tears as, in profound silence, the remains, resting on a plain black hearse, drawn by six sable horses in black draperies and trailing tassels, with a groom at the head of each, passed in a fine, drizzling rain to the Capitol, which was reached at 10.35.

The catafalque which bore the body of President McKinley had carried also the remains of President Lincoln and President Garfield. The scene in the Capitol when the coffin was placed on the catafalque was one of great solemnity. Looking down upon the coffin of the murdered President were statues of Jefferson, Hamilton, Lincoln and Grant. Among the wreaths placed upon the coffin was a beautiful one from the army in the Philippines. The choir was furnished by the late President's own church, the Metropolitan Methodist Church, which sang with touching pathos Newman's immortal hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light." The Rev. Dr. Naylor, pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, delivered a brief and impressive invocation.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"ALL THE WORLD AT HIS FUNERAL"—BACK TO THE OLD HOME—LAST SCENE OF ALL.

Tuesday night the dead President was borne by special train to his old home in Canton, Ohio, there to lie in state among his neighbors and townsmen. All through that long night, as the train sped on in the darkness, evidences of grief were at hand in the tolling of bells and the little groups of mourning people that stood on the way stations to watch all that was left of the President go by. Here and there flickering fires burned in the darkness like funeral pyres. Hundreds of miners, with flaring lamps on their hats, clustered in long lines near the rails, as if to light the dead man on his way. As the train neared Canton on Wednesday morning, mile by mile, the approach was marked by growing evidences of deep personal affliction. Flags that had often waved McKinley welcome were now lowered in sorrow. Farmers and country folk generally seemed to have suspended work altogether; the schools were dismissed and the entire population was ranged along the track in sorrowful silence. The straining faces showed that the people took this mournful homecoming as a personal bereavement, which had entered into each home, and it was as though fathers, and mothers, and sisters were watching for a glimpse of the casket that held their own loved one.

Here groups of school children had collected great

pyramids of wild flowers, which were heaped upon white cloth at the roadside. As the train passed, these myriad blooms, gathered in tender sorrow, were cast in the path of the funeral car.

At another point hundreds of aged veterans of the war were ranged in line, bare-headed and with furled flags. Thousands of men in their working clothes, grimed with toil and mute with an honest sorrow, clustered in front of great industrial establishments to watch the passing of the martyred President.

The entire population of the little city and thousands from all over Ohio, the full strength of the National Guard of the State, eight regiments, three batteries of artillery, one battalion of engineers, five thousand men in all; the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and a Justice of the Supreme Court, representing the three branches of the State Government, were at the station to receive the remains at noon.

The only house without a touch of mourning drapery in all this sorrow-stricken city, strange as it may seem, was the old familiar McKinley cottage, on North Market street, to which so many distinguished men in the country made pilgrimage in the days that are gone. The blinds were drawn, but there was no outward token of the blow that had robbed it of its most precious possession.

There was not even a bow of crape upon the door when the stricken widow was carried by Abner McKinley and Dr. Rixey through it into the darkened home from which the light for her had flown forever. Only the hitching-post at the curb in front of the residence had been swathed in black by the citizens.

From the station the body was escorted to the City Hall to lie in state. Throughout the afternoon the human tide pressed steadily by the bier four abreast and without a

moment's halt. In the five hours that the body lay in state thirty thousand people viewed it.

At six o'clock, though there were thousands of persons in line, the doors were closed to the public and preparations made for removing the body immediately to the McKinley residence. Canton Commandery of the G. A. R. acted as escort and there was no following.

Arrived at the house, the escort formed in line in the street, presenting arms while the coffin, borne by the body-bearers, was taken into the house.

All night long floral offerings continued to arrive, and when at one o'clock Thursday afternoon the funeral procession started from the McKinley home, the collection of flowers was undoubtedly the most beautiful ever witnessed at the funeral of a great man. It included tributes sent by the direction of European monarchs, South American rulers, governors of the British Colonies, Australia and Canada, from the Emperor of Japan—in fact, from the four quarters of the globe had come instructions for the adornment of the bier. These tokens, however, were buried by the huge masses of floral tributes sent by our own people.

The services were very simple at the little stone Methodist Church, which had been draped with ribbons of black and white silk.

A beautiful portrait of the dead President, the gilt frame hidden by crape, looked down upon the chancel rails and toward the altar, covered with orchids, roses and lilies. The funeral *cortége* reached the church at twenty minutes to two, preceded by the solemn strains of the immortal hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," exquisitely rendered by a military band, which formed the advance guard of the procession. The troops deployed, and took up positions on both sides of the entrance doors, while President

Roosevelt, the members of the Cabinet and a throng of naval and military officers and other dignitaries left their carriages and awaited the arrival of the coffin. This was lifted from the bier and carried up the aisle to the chancel by bluejackets, who were followed closely by the members of the family of the deceased, President Roosevelt, the Cabinet Ministers and their guard of honor. As soon as the coffin passed the threshold of the church the organ pealed forth the mournful notes of Beethoven's "Funeral March," and while the chief mourners were taking their places a quartet of female voices rendered a beautiful anthem. The Rev. Dr. Milligan, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, prayed that God would give them strength to bear their calamity with patience, in fullest confidence that ultimately the Almighty's wisdom would stand revealed.

Rev. Dr. Hall, of the Lutheran Church, next read the Twenty-third Psalm, and the Rev. Dr. Harbuck read the first lesson, from Corinthians xv., 41. After the choir had sung "Lead, Kindly Light," the Rev. Dr. Manchester endeavored to speak, but the words would hardly come, for the murdered President was his dearest friend. Tears fell from his eyes, and at times he sobbed openly.

Bishop Joyce delivered a short prayer, and the choir sang the favorite hymn of the deceased, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," in which the congregation joined. Many broke down completely, tears streaming from hundreds of eyes.

After the benediction the bluejackets bore the coffin to the little ivy-clad vault in the cemetery, almost buried beneath thousands of wreaths, the tributes of a mourning world. President Roosevelt, the members of the Cabinet and the relatives stood around the vault while the coffin was placed in a casket of polished cedar. The Rev. Dr.

Manchester then said a few words of prayer, and Bishop Joyce read from the Scriptures, concluding with the familiar invocation "Earth to earth." At the moment that the throng of people stood at the door of the tomb in the little cemetery, the bounding activities of America paused in solemn hush. The rocket flight of express trains was arrested on plain and mountain, the screws of steamships ceased to throb, the tireless murmur of the bustling trolley was stilled. It was a simple service, and yet the most impressive the world has ever seen. For, besides the few thousands that followed President McKinley to the grave eighty million Americans stood reverently in spirit with them, and all the nations of earth bowed in sympathy. The boy who had slept years before in a tent, with the sound of cannon in his ears, now found a resting-place in a martyr's tomb.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE DOOM OF THE ASSASSIN—THE NEW PRESIDENT'S CAREER—"FOLLOWING THE POLICY OF M'KINLEY."

And what of the assassin? There was no unnecessary delay in bringing Leon Czolgosz to trial, showing conclusively that the administration of law can be made prompt and effective. Unfortunately there are too many cases on record where long delays have occurred by determined efforts to postpone trials in the hope that important witnesses may not appear. In the trial at Buffalo the selection of a jury was made without undue haste, yet in a reasonable time. There were no wranglings over legal technicalities. The pleadings of the lawyers were clear, brief and to the point. Nor during the trial were there any evidences of vindictiveness. It was an application of the law in its majesty and impartiality. The accused was impassive throughout. At the beginning he pleaded guilty and was indifferent whether he should have counsel or not. The Bar Association wisely concluded, in the interest of justice, that the culprit should be defended and named two of their distinguished members for appointment. In accordance with this resolution the court appointed Judges Titus and Lewis to defend the prisoner. Their task was an ungrateful one. They would have preferred to be excused, but at the call of duty they did their best to vindicate the fairness of the law and do what they could to aid the accused. They

were powerless to render him any effective help. He had from the first confessed his crime, which had been committed in the presence of a crowd of witnesses. The only possible plea was that of insanity, but no expert was found to declare him insane, and so from the first the man was doomed. Nevertheless the trial was proceeded with in regular fashion, with the result that a verdict of murder—murder in the first degree, that is, with premeditation and intent to kill—was delivered. When asked in court if he had anything to say in extenuation of his crime he reiterated the statement he made from the first that he alone was responsible for the act that ended in the death of President McKinley. The assassin, unlike most of his kind, made no theatrical display of bravado and indulged in no wild tirade when he had an opportunity to speak. From that moment till his crime met its just punishment by electrocution he remained sullen and uncommunicative. He maintained that he had done his duty; yet no one could doubt that he was impressed with the enormity of his crime.

* * * * * * *

A word or two may not be out of place respecting the man who was so unexpectedly called upon to occupy the Presidential chair, and for certain details given here I am indebted to Mr. Clemens' little volume dealing with the life of the new President.*

Theodore Roosevelt was graduated from Harvard in 1880, and after extending his travel in Europe he returned to this country, studied law for a few months, and then plunged at once into the maelstrom of municipal politics. He was elected in 1881 an Assemblyman from the Twenty-first Assembly District. In one year Mr.

*"Life of Theodore Roosevelt: Our New President." By Will M. Clemens. Street & Smith, Publishers.

Roosevelt was known all over the country as a new power in the Albany halls of legislation.

In 1884 Mr. Roosevelt went to Chicago as chairman of the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention. He opposed the nomination of Blaine, but when Mr. Blaine became the Republican choice, Mr. Roosevelt fell into line and worked for the party candidate's success.

The next two years of the President's life bore unexpected fruit. They made him an author, paved his way for appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and undoubtedly suggested to him the formation of the famous Regiment of Rough Riders. After retirement from the Legislature Mr. Roosevelt went each summer to the ranch he had purchased in the Bad Lands of North Dakota. He became there an expert rider of the vicious horse, and gained a reputation as a courageous man, an indefatigable hunter of big game, and a sportsman of ability. There he became intimately acquainted with the ranchman, rustlers, and cow punchers, who subsequently formed the nucleus of the regiment of Rough Riders.

In 1886 Mr. Roosevelt was again in the turmoil of New York City politics. Henry George was a candidate for Mayor. Abram S. Hewitt was the nominee of the Democrats. Mr. Roosevelt was put in the field by the Repubicans. Mr. Hewitt won.

President Harrison in 1889 appointed Mr. Roosevelt United States Civil Service Commissioner. He was a firm believer in the competitive merit system, and put his ideas in force at once. President Cleveland retained him in office, although Mr. Roosevelt resigned in 1895 to become president of the New York Board of Police Commissioners.

The Police Department had just been exposed as cor-

rupt to such an extent that many felt that only reorganization would work any radical improvement. The Roosevelt police *régime* is remembered yet in the Police Department as one of the ablest the department ever knew. Under Mr. Roosevelt the morale of the force became higher than it has ever been since, and the efficiency of the men advanced in proportion. Mr. Roosevelt began by saying what he meant. He told the police to be honest, and that if they were not they would suffer for it, and that if they were, they would not be persecuted therefor by any individual or political party.

Within a month after taking office Mr. Roosevelt was at once the best-hated and the best-liked man in New York. He determined that the law requiring Sunday closing of saloons must be enforced. He enforced it. This act aroused much criticism from press and people, but it effectually stopped the police blackmail of saloon-keepers.

President McKinley nominated Mr. Roosevelt on April 6, 1897, to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy. When actual hostilities with Spain began Mr. Roosevelt resigned his post in the Navy Department, returned to the Bad Lands and organized a regiment of rough riders.

Mr. Roosevelt was a member of the National Guard from 1884 to 1888, being a member of the Eighth Regiment, and though for a time he was a captain, he did not think his experience was sufficient to qualify him to command a regiment, and so when the Rough Riders were organized he declined to become colonel. He became the second in command. Dr. Leonard Wood of the regular army was made colonel.

The history of Roosevelt and his Rough Riders during the Santiago campaign is too well known to be repeated. After Guasimas and San Juan Hill, Colonel Wood was

made a brigadier general and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt the regiment's colonel. After the campaign was over Colonel Roosevelt returned to the United States the idol of the country. He found himself already talked of for the gubernatorial nomination of this State. Not until he was a private citizen again, on September 15, would he talk politics. He then entered into the campaign with his customary vigor and impetuosity, and was, after nomination at Saratoga by the Republican convention, on September 27, 1898, elected Governor of the State of New York over Augustus Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate, by 17,786 votes.

From the Governor's chair to the Vice-Presidency was but a step, although an unwilling one, for Mr. Roosevelt. He was nominated at Philadelphia June 21, 1900, for the second highest office in the gift of the people of the United States. Mr. Roosevelt was unwilling to have his name presented to the convention, declaring that he did not desire the nomination. The popular demand for his nomination was so great that he finally was forced to yield to the delegates' desire and accept the nomination.

Since Mr. McKinley's death, Theodore Roosevelt, as President of the United States, has conducted himself with dignity, and has won the esteem of the American people. At the very beginning of his Presidential career he captured the hearts of his countrymen by the simple statement: "It shall be my aim to continue unbroken the policy of President McKinley." He felt that the path the martyred President had trod was the right one; and who shall say his judgment was at fault?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WILLIAM M'KINLEY'S PREDECESSORS—A LIST WITHOUT PARALLEL IN HISTORY.

We have had twenty-five presidents since we became a nation, and it may safely be said that no country that has existed since the world began can show such a number of rulers, immediately succeeding one another, who approached them in true greatness and worth. Of the whole list there has not been one against whose personal integrity the slightest charge could be brought, nor one who was corrupt, dishonest or in any way unworthy. All were men like ourselves, with their faults and frailties, but they were honest, truthful, able and patriotic, and they placed their country's welfare above every earthly consideration.

At the name of Washington we all bow our heads, feeling that every word of praise and admiration that we can utter fell from millions of lips before we were born, and that to-day, as a century ago, the whole world does homage to the immortal Father of his Country, whose fame is secure through the remotest ages to come.

John Adams, born in Massachusetts in 1735, and died in 1826, was a member of the first and second Congress, and nominated Washington as commander-in-chief of the patriot army. He secured the adoption of the Declaration of Independence and was said to have the clearest head and firmest heart of any man in Congress. He was

quick tempered and somewhat of an egotist, but as time passed he was recognized as a man of exalted worth and spotless integrity, and he and Jefferson, who had once quarreled, grew to be warm friends to the close of their lives, which, by a wonderful coincidence, took place nearly at the same hour on the 4th of July, exactly fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Thomas Jefferson, born in 1743, in Virginia, and died as above stated, was the greatest scholar that ever occupied the President's chair. He was an excellent musician, a fine horseman and hunter, and, because of his profound wisdom, was called "the Sage of Monticello." While not an eloquent speaker, he wielded a master pen, as was proven by his authorship of the Declaration of Independence. He was the founder of the present Democratic party, was of simple tastes, disliked display, and though rich, dressed as plainly as a Quaker. Extremely liked by the "common people," he never lost that popularity and won the respect of political opponents as well as friends. He died poor in money, but rich in the loving respect of his countrymen.

James Madison, born in Virginia in 1751, and died in 1836, did a great deal to secure the adoption of the Constitution, and was the leader of his party until he left Congress in 1797. He was not a brilliant statesman, but he possessed intense application, was learned, had a wonderful memory, and it was said that when he finished speaking upon any subject "nothing remained to be said." He was simple, modest, courteous and of such spotless character that the striking tribute was paid to him at his death: "It was his rare good fortune to have a whole nation for his friends."

James Monroe, born in Virginia in 1758, and died in

1831, distinguished himself as a soldier during the Revolution under Washington, and while serving as a Minister to France secured the purchase of Louisiana. But for the curious incident already recorded, Monroe would have been chosen unanimously to the presidency at his second election. He was not a profound statesman, but he was careful, prudent and patriotic to the core. After serving his country faithfully, he, too, died on the 4th of July.

John Quincy Adams, son of the second President, was born in Massachusetts in 1767, and died in 1848. He was learned and served his country in several offices abroad before becoming President. It was his fortune, or rather misfortune, to be strongly opposed in politics while in office, but all opposition was purely political. Two years after the end of his term he was elected to Congress, where he labored untiringly until he was stricken with death while on the floor of the House. His great ability won for him the title of "the Old Man Eloquent." The fame of this remarkable man was greater at his death than at any period of his life, and he was the recognized champion of popular rights.

Andrew Jackson, born in North Carolina in 1767, and died in 1845, was one of our greatest Presidents. He fought in the Revolution when a boy and became one of the most successful of our military leaders. The only victory that amounted to anything on land in the War of 1812 was won by Jackson at New Orleans, after peace had been declared, but of course before the news reached this country. He was fiery tempered, obstinate to the last degree, filled with burning patriotism, impatient of opposition, full of intense friendships and equally intense hates, of dauntless personal courage, the chivalrous friend of woman, of pure private life, honest in every

fibre of his nature, and a man whose popularity among his admiring countrymen will never wane.

Martin Van Buren, born in New York in 1782, and died in 1862, was so adroit a politician that he was known as the "Wizard." Jackson brought about Van Buren's election as his successor, and his administration suffered because of the oppressive hard times of 1837, though they were really the result of Jackson's imperious course. Van Buren was not popular, but his personal record was as blameless as that of those who preceded him.

William Henry Harrison, born in Virginia in 1773, and died in 1841, made so brilliant a military reputation in the War of 1812 that his admiring countrymen elected him to the Presidency. He was bluff, honest and straightforward, dying so soon after his inauguration that he was not given time to impress his policy upon the country. Had he been spared to do so, he could not have added to the esteem in which he was already held by those who knew of his great services in the field.

John Tyler was also a Virginian, born in 1790, and died in 1862. Differing with the policy of the party that had elected him to the Vice-Presidency, he was severely blamed, though none doubted his conscientiousness and personal integrity.

James K. Polk, of Tennessee, born in 1795, and died in 1849, was President during our war with Mexico, and although he united the dissensions in his party, some of the acts of his administration weakened his popularity. He had proven his ability by a long term in Congress and by the governorship of Tennessee. He died three months after his retirement from office, with no charge affecting his honor from his most bitter political opponent.

Zachary Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready," was an-

other soldier whose military achievements made him President. He was a fine officer, who received the first brevet given in the American army, and was the popular hero of the Mexican War; but he was so little of a politician that he had not cast a vote in forty years. Conscious of his inferiority in statecraft, he selected an able Cabinet, but soon died, honored and respected for his many virtues and unsullied patriotism.

Millard Fillmore, born in 1800, in New York, and died in 1874, succeeded Taylor. His industry, integrity and practical ability made him a safe and useful President, though when he signed the Fugitive Slave Law he signed away most of his popularity in the North.

Franklin Pierce, born in New Hampshire in 1804, and died in 1869, was hardly known outside his native State, when, to end a prolonged contest in the national convention, he was brought forward as the "dark horse," who carried off the prize. So far he was the only President who retained his Cabinet without change throughout his administration. He was not brilliant, but was able, honest and patriotic.

James Buchanan, born in Pennsylvania in 1791, and died in 1868, was our first bachelor President, and after attaining manhood, seemed hardly ever to be out of public office, a fact which establishes his great ability. He showed timidity on the verge of the great Civil War, but the sincerity and purity of his intentions cannot be questioned.

Abraham Lincoln, born in Kentucky in 1809, and assassinated in 1865, stands next to Washington in the nobility and true greatness of his character. Of quaint wit, immense good nature, unquestioned statesmanship, womanly tenderness of heart, a broad charity and a genius of the highest order, he was called upon to bear the

heaviest burden ever carried on the shoulders of one man. His was the marvelous intuition of doing the right thing at the right time, and when he fell by the hand of the assassin the South lost its truest friend. The fame of the martyr President will grow brighter as the years and centuries come and go.

Andrew Johnson, born in North Carolina in 1808, and died in 1875, was so hated by the secessionists in Tennessee that a mob attempted to take him from a railway train and lynch him. He met them unflinchingly, revolver in hand, and defied them. This proved his personal courage, but he frittered away his popularity when he became President and was impeached, escaping conviction by one vote. The charges against him were purely political, and he was stubborn and hot-headed, but sincere and honest.

General Ulysses S. Grant, born in Ohio in 1822, and died in 1885, was the hero of the war for the Union, and one of the foremost military captains of the age. He will always remain enshrined in the loving gratitude of his countrymen, who in honoring him to the fullest extent, would have done still more had it been possible, for all felt that too much gratitude could not be shown the patriot who had saved the Union from death.

Rutherford B. Hayes, born in Ohio in 1822, and died in 1893, was a gallant soldier of the Civil War, a Congressman and Governor of his native State. Of good ability and excellent attainments, it is unfortunate that his title to the Presidency must always remain clouded.

James A. Garfield, born in Ohio in 1831, was the second martyr President, having been shot by a half-crazy miscreant in 1881. He displayed such marked military ability in the Civil War that he was commissioned major-general. He was wise and prudent, frank, generous and

unassuming, and many of his most devoted friends were among his political opponents. His learning and oratorical ability were of a high order, and had his life been spared he must have won a high rank among the illustrious occupants of the White House.

Chester A. Arthur, born in Vermont in 1830, and died in 1886, possessed good ability, though he cannot rank among our great Presidents.

Grover Cleveland, born in New Jersey in 1837, proved his independence, self-reliance, patriotism and devotion to the interests of his country, which he always placed above party, thereby commanding the confidence and respect of the best citizens of the republic.

Benjamin Harrison, also born in Ohio, the second "mother of Presidents," in 1833, was a gallant soldier in the war for the Union, an able lawyer and the best off-hand speaker that has ever been President. When he went out of office, his leading opponent said: "His administration has been able, dignified, thoroughly American and untainted by the first breath of scandal."

Then comes William McKinley, who played his difficult part in the Cuban trouble—a part that called for the highest qualities of statesmanship—and played it with conspicuous success; the man who led us to take up the white man's burden and spread the blessings of civilized government and extend the bounds of freedom; and who was basely shot down by a deluded anarchist.

And finally, Theodore Roosevelt, the latest in the line of American Presidents.

There is the list! Where in the world can its equal be found?

And the whole world remains mute.

THE END.

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