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DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN
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GEORGE RAYWOOD DEVITT, M. A.
MANAGING EDITOR

THIRTY VOLUMES

VOLUME THREE

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

"*Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other*"
BURKE: Letters on a Regicide Peace

"*Children have more need of models than of critics*"
JOUBERT: Pensées

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

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

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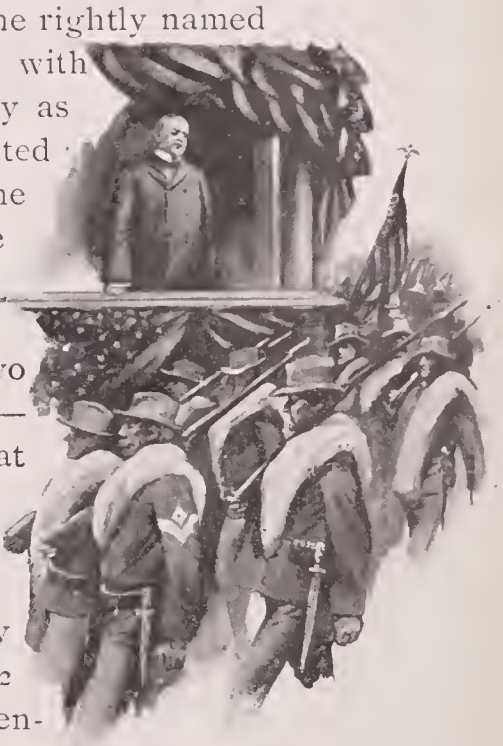
VIGNETTE HALF-TONES

Nobody left him offended or discouraged; he committed himself to nobody and he largely increased his knowledge of the difficult subject he had in hand. The principles of his new tariff bill, as he finally settled them, were, the largest possible list of free raw materials for use in domestic manufacture and exported to a foreign country, revenue duties upon articles of luxury and such as did not severely or largely compete with domestic manufactures, prohibitory duties on such as did, and the admission of agriculture to the direct benefits of protection by substantial duties on farm produce, which came in large quantities from Canada, in addition to the tobacco leaf which came from many parts of the world.

As a protective tariff which did not increase prices to the consumer would be a delusion to the producer, McKinley confronted the inevitable increase with two propositions — the general prosperity which would make the enhanced cost unfelt by the greater number, and the domestic competition, which, by improved processes, methods and apparatus would constantly tend to lower cost. On the lines indicated, the McKinley tariff bill passed the House of Representatives, May 21, 1890, and McKinley was worn but happy. It emerged from the Senate four months later, and was not then the McKinley bill other than in name. Better information had enabled the Senate to improve it in some particulars, but the important changes were for the benefit of special interests, to which the Senate is particularly susceptible; the Senate, as a body, being composed of abler men than the rightly named lower house, and its members naturally in close touch with great financial and commercial interests. Substantially as the Senate had altered the bill, it passed into law; it created consternation abroad, and caused resentment at home by the severe rise in price of the necessaries of life on the eve of a congressional election. The Republicans were reduced to the paltry number of eighty-eight in a House of three hundred and thirty-two members, and McKinley was defeated in his district — although this may be fairly attributed to the fact that it had been "gerrymandered" against him.



McKinley insisted that the tariff act would come out all right, and, a year later, he was elected Governor of Ohio by a majority of more than twenty thousand, on the issue of the McKinley tariff. In 1892 he was chairman of the national Republican convention at Minneapolis, and one hundred and eighty-two delegates, who would not vote for the renomination of President Harrison, cast complimentary votes for him. Harrison was defeated at

the election, and a year later McKinley was reëlected governor by a majority of eighty thousand votes. Harrison's defeat and McKinley's astounding success placed the latter far in the lead as the next Republican candidate for the presidency. His only serious rival was Thomas B. Reed, a man of more originality and intellect, but cynical and not a favorite with public men. The interests of McKinley were skillfully and powerfully supported against Reed, whose supposed exceptional ability caused many outside the political class to desire him in the White House. He was believed to be sound on the money question, an important matter in the East, while McKinley, who tried always to be simply a good Republican, had coquetted with the silver question, like other western Republicans, and had made some strong bimetallic speeches. Long before the date of the convention, McKinley's managers proclaimed him "the advance agent of prosperity," and started for him a popular cry of "Bill McKinley and the McKinley Bill."

McKinley's nomination on the first ballot was sure before the convention met, but there was a great contest over the platform. The nominee's managers, with an eye to sentiment in the far West, fought for a "straddle" on the silver question and a beating of the big drum for protection. The Eastern delegates, however, forced into the platform a declaration for the gold standard and the candidate took up the new parable gracefully, and as an orthodox addition to the Republican stock of principles. It was still the intention to keep the tariff question at the front, but the surprising nomination of Bryan by the Democratic convention, on practically an exclusive platform of "sixteen to one," upset all calculations, and, long before election day, the tariff was forgotten by all not directly interested in it. Beginning his happily phrased front-porch speeches to visiting delegations at Canton, on the tariff and prosperity, McKinley was gradually forced to put the gold standard in front and to talk about it like a veteran. Bryan's whirlwind campaign against the "cross of gold," upon which all who thought themselves ill used and deserving were to be crucified by "the money power" — a specter as old as the presidency of Washington and the financial measures of Hamilton — put money in the foremost place in politics, as in most of the rest of earthly concerns. On the money question, McKinley was enthusiastically and decisively elected — party lines being broken by the non-partisan issue — and, in the third year of his presidency, he signed a bill fixing the gold standard, as happily as though he had been anticipating the pleasure these many years.

McKinley was a little past his fifty-fourth year when he became President. From his youth up, he had been a good and exemplary

man, in every relation and station in life. Honest, sincere, truthful, sociable, companionable, desiring to live and to let live, he had troops of friends and not an enemy; abundance of praise and not a note of detraction. Never remarkable, he had ever been capable, from the time when, a frail lad, he had shouldered a Union musket, to those later years of his own tariff bill, the governorship, and the little speeches at Canton. He came as the ideal President of Bryce's "American Commonwealth," for we have it upon the authority of that eminent commentator that a genius in the White House would be a bull in a china shop. A bull in a china shop McKinley resolved not to be, the keynote of his administrative policy being to work with Congress and to make Congress work with him. Fourteen years in Congress left him in no mood to treat that great constitutional body with disrespect, and his personal feeling was that, taking one Congress with another, the legislative department was not unworthy of regard, and, for public national purposes, was the most reliable exponent of the average and therefore prevalent popular sentiment. Applying the live-and-let-live principle to his relations with Congress, he became the most powerful President since Lincoln.

McKinley began his first administration courageously. He instantly called Congress together, assumed that he and Congress had been elected on the issue of high protection, and called for a tariff at once protective and productive. It was a large order, but the committee on ways and means did its best. The Senate mangled the bill less than usual, partly under the restraining influence of the President; and the abounding prosperity of the country, after the mills had been opened instead of the mints, brought in much revenue, paid by those who could best afford it. The extraordinary growth of trusts had made some of the tariff duties instruments of oppression, but the same public spirit that throttled slavery and secession, and brought in civil service reform and the secret ballot, may be depended upon to strangle the trusts if they turn out to be the hydra-headed monsters they have been painted.

The Spanish war was not McKinley's war, but it was surely the war of Congress and the people, and McKinley had not the historic prestige of Grant to enable him to hold Congress in leash, as Grant did at the time of the "Virginius" episode. Unwillingly as he went into it, he gave his heart and soul to it, and, from first to last, was the most important figure in it, which is not to be said of any other war President. The war was well conducted, was uniformly and speedily successful, and was tempered by a generous feeling and conduct not characteristic of war, but always characteristic of McKinley. To his kindly nature it was given to speak such words in the South as gave to the term "United States" almost a new meaning.

It would not be within the intent of this article to seek to pass final judgment upon such unfinished and controversial questions as those relating to Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands. But so far as McKinley is concerned, he has not turned back upon the record of his whole life in trying to be right and to do right. Past his fifty-eighth year when he entered upon his second term, it is impossible to conceive of him as departing from the sincere and upright course he has all his life pursued. Despite the independent influences of Bryan's reappearance, and a national prosperity that McKinley doubtless helped, but did not create, nothing can be more certain than that his renomination and reëlection in 1900 were evidence of a popular conviction that, taken altogether, his first administration had been honorable and successful. Being still with us, and probably destined to affect our country and its interests for some years ahead, some account of him, as he now is (1901), may be appropriate.

The President is a well-built man, and kindly years have rounded his figure in shapely and impressive proportion. Alert in movement, he steps off with a brisk yet firm tread, and carries himself rather jauntily. His many years of public life have mellowed in him two qualities highly useful for his present situation — urbanity and dignity. He bears himself well, and never permits any of his company to suspect that he wishes himself alone or somewhere else. He may be tired, or anxious, or out of sorts, but no bruskness or indifference of manner is permitted to betray it. He has that instinctive reserve by which a public man, who takes political life sincerely, is guarded from becoming common to the multitude, and from inviting a degree of familiarity and importunity that could end only unpleasantly for both sides.

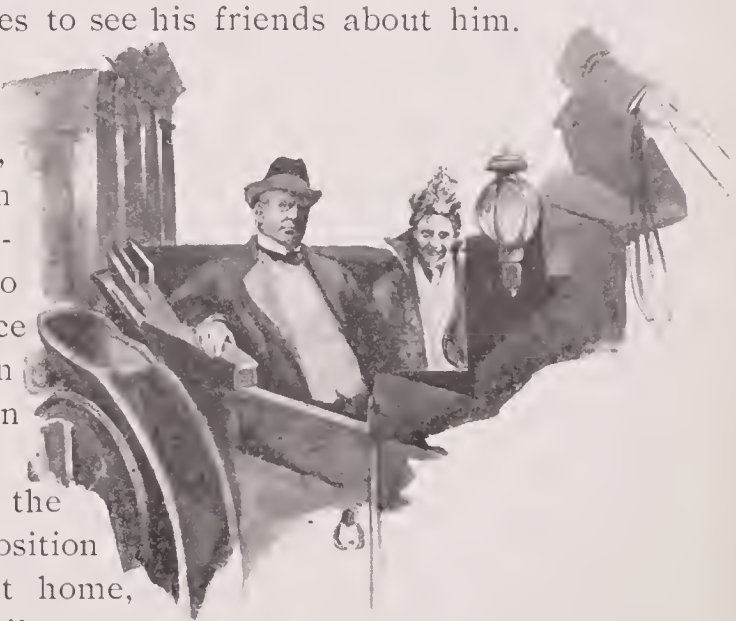
Lifelong habits of temperance and industry have given the President a good constitution. He is a strong man, physically speaking; able for his work, and doing it in a steady, cheerful and interested way. Fretful at his task, he never is, nor does he spoil an interval of real recreation by carrying into it the image of his briefly interrupted affairs. He is methodically industrious, not given to flitting from one to another of his employments, and careful not to waste time and effort over trifles. One of his serviceable qualities is the power to turn from the matter in hand to another, calling for immediate action, to give his whole attention to it, and, having completed it, to return with tranquil mind to his interrupted affairs. Those in political and

official life, talk much of the President's capacity for business and his thoroughness in passing upon it. The President works much, and works well, because he happens to be well fitted, by nature and habit, for working that way.

A man of sound physique, contented disposition and well-ordered life, President McKinley never found it necessary to adopt a fixed régime for the preservation of his health. An airing is the simple measure of his ordinary requirements. He is an easy-tempered man, of cheerful and sunny disposition, and hopeful and even optimistic temperament. With some of the features of Napoleon, he has a touch of the fatalism of that man of destiny.

McKinley makes of his Cabinet a real executive council. In this he has followed the earliest of examples — that of Washington; and here it may be interesting to note that one of President McKinley's habitual preparations for the duties of his place has been, and is, a careful study of the acts and utterances of his predecessors. Wisdom, he says, lies in accumulated knowledge; and what a former President well or happily may have done or said, in a situation akin to his own, he is glad to lay hold upon, as a valuable precedent in shaping his own speech or action. His is a talking as well as a working Cabinet, and to its discussions the President — with a quarter of a century of public life and service behind him; deeply read in political history; cool and deliberate in reflection; careful to have the facts fully and correctly before him; and with the lawyer's habit of arraying and balancing the opposite considerations — brings much beyond the mere supremacy of his rank and office.

McKinley is a sociable man and likes to see his friends about him. As an ingrained home-keeping man, he prefers to have his friends with him rather than to be himself a visitor. This, too, enables him to be all the more with Mrs. McKinley, a matter supremely important to the happiness of both. So the White House is usually a lively place during the customary social hours — in the best sense an example of American domestic and social life.



Fresh air and exercise are almost the only promoters of the President's disposition for outdoor life. He can be happy at home, even without guests or visitors. Like many another man of large and public affairs, he is fond of dipping into a good novel, or of reading through the latest book that holds the

popular interest, when opportunity serves. Poetry is also a favorite, as one might guess from his ready command of a wide range of apt quotations. He likes the pathetic and the martial, rather than the didactic or humorous type. But his true literary tastes focus upon political history, and in the political history of our own country he is almost a specialist. His literary ambition goes no farther than the desire to express in sufficiently clear and elevated language his necessary contributions to the national collection of state papers. In one way and another, President McKinley keeps abreast with the best thought and utterance of his time, in all that goes to the intellectual endowment of a cultivated, practical man. The simple habits and tastes of the President extend to his table. He is sparing in diet, and not fond of a profusion of dishes. A good cigar is an esteemed luxury, and as to that, he follows a self-imposed moderation.

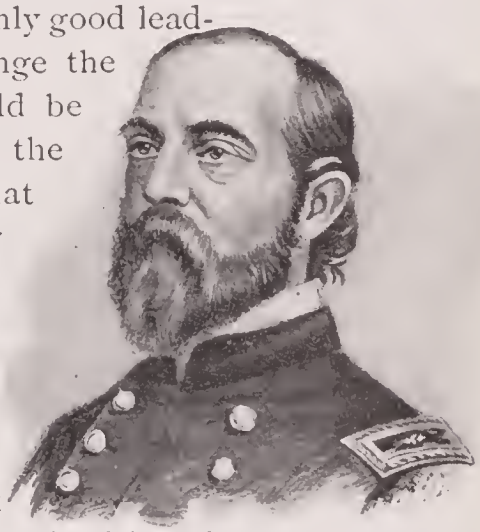
In the important matter of appointments to office, the President is willing that men, active in politics, should recommend and urge other men of like activity, if the latter are of fit character and attainment, and give promise of being efficient and faithful public servants. The right, and even the duty, of senators and representatives to present claims of their constituents for public places, is recognized.

A characteristic of McKinley is that he continually grows up to the opportunities of his time and place. He never lacks a fitting word at the right moment, nor betrays hesitancy in dealing with a grave situation. Neither speaking nor acting in haste at any time, he speaks with readiness, and with epigrammatic force and directness, usually giving his auditors something to talk and think about at the moment, and making many a permanent contribution to the brevities of our political literature. He is equally felicitous in the many short messages of compliment or condolence that the custom of his office requires him to send to persons of prominence, abroad or at home, and which habitually come from his own pen. His messages to Congress, and his public addresses since his elevation to the presidency, rank him high among public men of the day. The power to say and do well the things that he has already well said and done as President, results from the union of blended force and moderation; of perfect sincerity, enlightened by good taste. Americans like what they term "a well-balanced man." The phrase is not an exalted one, but it sums up the respected and useful man of affairs, and it presents to us a fair portrait of McKinley.

GEORGE GORDON MEADE

Who won the great victory at Gettysburg.

THE first two years of the Civil War were, on both sides, the period of organization and experiment. They were productive of little in the way of tangible results, except the formation of armies, composed of men inured to hardship, tempered in the fire of battle, and blended into compact bodies which needed only good leadership to accomplish feats of arms that would challenge the world. It was evident from the first that there would be no lack of soldierly qualities in the men composing the "rank and file"; it was the question of commanders that gave to the directing authorities the greatest anxiety and perplexity. Up to the middle of the year 1863, neither side had gained any advantage in the East. There had been much desperate fighting, and a prodigious number of men had suffered death or mutilation, but the hostile armies occupied practically the same relative positions that they did at the outbreak of the war in 1861; the camps of the Union army still fringed the banks of the Potomac.



Goaded by the constant cry "On to Richmond!" from the impatient people of the North, the army again and again had marched against the enemy, under McClellan, and Pope, and Burnside, and Hooker, successively. Great battles had been fought, but each had only added to the long, mournful record of defeat and disaster. We should, perhaps, except Antietam, in September, 1862, when McClellan beat back the tide of Confederate invasion; but the losses were about equal, the result was wholly inconclusive, and Lee marched back without hindrance to his old position in Virginia. But Lee had on the credit side of his ledger, in the account with his Maryland campaign, eleven thousand Union prisoners and a vast quantity of cannon and other spoil taken at Harper's Ferry. Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, the Seven Days' Battles on the Peninsula, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville — all had resulted in undeniable Confederate victories. Generally speaking, in these fierce conflicts the Union army largely outnumbered its adversary, and this fact added to the constantly increasing bitterness of defeat. It is true that the Confederates usually

fought on the defensive, which fact partially compensated for minority of numbers, but the conclusion is irresistible, as well as logical, that the painful lack of success on the Union side was due to inefficient leadership. The authorities at Richmond were fortunate in finding, a year earlier than did those at Washington, a commander who could command. The quest was long for a leader who could cope successfully with Robert E. Lee. That great soldier found his match at Gettysburg — "the high-water mark of the rebellion" — and with that battle will ever be inseparably connected the name of the Union commander, General George Gordon Meade.

Probably few persons know that Meade was born in Spain, though he was not a Spaniard. His father, a Pennsylvanian, was at that time, 1815, naval agent of the United States at Cadiz, to which post he had been appointed by President Madison. After he had received a good education, young Meade entered the Military Academy at West Point, from which he was graduated in 1835. He was commissioned a second lieutenant of artillery and at once went into active service in the Seminole War, in Florida. At the end of the year, he resigned and entered the profession of civil engineering. In this he showed remarkable skill and efficiency. For six years he was employed by the United States Government. He made an elaborate survey of the mouths of the Mississippi, which led to great and important improvements. He also surveyed the northern boundary line of Texas and the northeastern line between the United States and Canada. In 1842 he was reappointed to the army, as a lieutenant of topographical engineers. During the Mexican War, he distinguished himself while serving on staff duty with General Taylor, and afterward with General Scott, at Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma and Monterey. In 1856 he reached the rank of captain. The four years preceding the Civil War he spent in a geodetic survey of the Great Lakes. This duty was performed with such thoroughness and skill that it added largely to his reputation as a scientific engineer. Then the tocsin of war sounded, and the largest field of military activity and usefulness was opened to Meade. The man was then but a captain, who, two years later, was to win undying renown amid the thunders of Gettysburg.

During the first four months of the war, the services of Meade were in minor positions and of small moment. But his capacity was recognized and in August, 1861, he was commissioned a brigadier-general of volunteers. He was assigned to the command of a brigade in that splendid body of troops known as the Pennsylvania Reserves, which formed part of the Army of the Potomac. His coolness and gallantry were conspicuous in the battles of the Peninsular campaign, in 1862. At Glendale he received a severe wound, which disabled

him for several weeks. But before it had entirely healed, he was again in the saddle, now riding at the head of a division. He participated in the campaign against Lee in Maryland and won fresh laurels by his excellent conduct at South Mountain and Antietam. At the last-named battle he succeeded to the command of the First corps, when General Hooker was wounded, and gave abundant proof of his ability to command a large body of men. In recognition of his faithful and efficient service, he was promoted to the rank of major-general in November, 1862. When Hooker resumed the command of the First corps, Meade returned to his division, which he led with great gallantry in the desperate assaults at Fredericksburg. He was then permanently assigned to the command of the Fifth corps, and in this capacity took part in the battle of Chancellorsville. General Hooker, who at this time commanded the Army of the Potomac, was greatly impressed with the sagacity and technical skill shown by General Meade, in suggestions which he made when his chief called him in consultation. Hooker failed to win the battle, although he had nearly twice as many men as Lee, and his defeated army was driven back to the line of the Potomac.

Then followed one of the most momentous campaigns of the war, which culminated in the mighty conflict at Gettysburg. Undaunted by the failure of his advance into Maryland, ten months before, General Lee was strongly inclined to try once more the experiment of carrying the war into the enemy's country. The authorities at Richmond were no less eager than Lee for a chance to strike the enemy, but were timorous and apprehensive of the result. They finally yielded to the judgment of Lee, and in June the army was put in motion toward the Potomac. Lee made a wide detour to the westward, behind the curtain of his cavalry, around the right flank of the Union army. It was of the highest importance that he should make the utmost possible progress upon his bold adventure before his plan should be disclosed to the Union commander. So adroitly did he conduct his movements, that not until he was crossing the Potomac, far to the northwestward of Washington, did Hooker even know that his adversary had left his Virginia camps. A small but noisy picket line, which remained till the last moment, had, by its activity, completely deceived the Union army and kept it in ignorance of the impending irruption.

It was near the end of June, 1863, when the quick march of the Confederate columns into Pennsylvania created an excessive panic at Washington and throughout the North. The situation was one to justify the gravest alarm, for at the moment there was nothing to prevent Lee from moving directly upon Harrisburg, or any other point toward which he might direct his army. Under orders from the War

Office at Washington, General Hooker instantly broke camp and started the seven corps of his army. They moved rapidly, by widely separated routes, with orders to draw together at a designated point in Pennsylvania. It so happened that it now became General Lee's turn to be ignorant of what his antagonist was doing. He had directed General Stuart, who commanded his cavalry, to cover the Confederate right flank after the passage of the Potomac, and by means of scouts to watch closely the movements of Hooker — for he knew that the greatest activity would follow the discovery of his advance. Stuart preferred to go upon one of his favorite "raids," and Lee, consenting to this plan, saw him no more until the last day of the battle.

During the march of the Union army to meet the invader, General Hooker antagonized the authorities at Washington. He was irritated by orders that were confusing and conflicting, and in some cases contrary to his judgment. Somewhat imperious and headstrong, he showed a disposition to have his own way. Matters came to such a pass that on June 28, at a most critical stage of the campaign, and upon the eve of battle, Hooker asked to be relieved of his command. It was a most inauspicious time to make a change of commanders, but Hooker had alienated the confidence and the friendship of many of his subordinates, and had so impaired his usefulness that it was deemed wise to grant his request. He was asked whom he could recommend as his successor, and he answered, "General Meade."

It was not without fear and trembling that the order was issued directing Meade to assume the command, for the emergency was grave and momentous. Meade's course during two years in the field had inspired the largest confidence in his ability as a subordinate, but he was wholly untried in the vastly greater and more responsible position as leader of an army of a hundred thousand men. True patriot that he was, Meade accepted the appointment, though it was much against his wish to do so. He feared his incapacity to meet the requirements of the occasion, particularly in view of the fact that he was to take the command at a moment of supreme importance, and of the greatest disadvantage to himself. He knew nothing of the details of Hooker's plan of the campaign. He did not even know where all the corps of the army then were. It was a crucial test, such as few men have been called to face, and it is to the infinite credit of Meade that he assumed the burden so cheerfully and bore it so well.

That a great battle must be fought was inevitable; where it would take place would be determined by circumstances. The place was fixed by an accidental and unforeseen collision at Gettysburg, July 1, between a body of Union cavalry, under General Buford, and a division of Confederate infantry, which was a part of the corps of

General A. P. Hill. Buford promptly engaged the enemy, meanwhile sending information to General Reynolds who, with the First Union corps, was near at hand. Reynolds marched his troops to the scene with all speed, other divisions of the Confederate army arrived, and the issue was joined. Desperate fighting began at once. Early in the action General Reynolds, a most gallant and capable officer, fell in immediate death. The Eleventh and Twelfth corps of the Union army came upon the field two or three hours later. They were roughly handled, and several brigades crumbled before the onslaughts of the enemy and fled in confusion. Above five thousand men fell into the hands of the Confederates as prisoners. Thus, in the fighting of the first day, the advantage was largely with the Confederates. About two-fifths of each army had been engaged. Neither General Meade nor General Lee had expected to fight at Gettysburg, and neither was there when the battle began. Lee arrived in the afternoon, but Meade did not reach the scene of action till past midnight. Couriers had conveyed orders to the scattered corps of both armies, and during the night all of these arrived, by the greatest exertion. The rapid, all-night march of Meade's Sixth corps was excessively arduous and exhausting.

Fighting was renewed on the following day and was of the most furious and sanguinary character. The world's wars have presented few such fierce and stubborn conflicts as that which took place for the possession of a high, rocky knoll called "Little Round Top." It was secured by the Union troops, and the position proved a most valuable one. On the scene of this desperate encounter, the dead and dying — the blue and the gray closely intermingled — almost covered the ground, and the rocks were red with the blood of the slain.

During the two days, both armies had suffered great losses, but the morning of the third day saw them still confronting each other, officers and men alike animated by a spirit of dauntless courage. The main line of the Union army was upon a stretch of high land known as Cemetery Ridge; that of the Confederates was on Seminary Ridge, nearly parallel to the first named, and something more than a mile distant.

The feature of the last day's fighting was the famous charge directly on the Union position on Cemetery Ridge, made by Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps. This division was composed wholly of Virginia troops — the very flower of the Confederate army. The charging line was formed near the foot of Seminary Ridge, and, under the constantly increasing fire from the Union artillery and musketry, dashed across the valley and up the slope that was swept by the hostile guns. No braver charge was ever made by soldiers. They reached the crest

and actually tore their way through the Union line. But after a short, sharp struggle, those who had leaped the works were overpowered, and the human wave, which had been beaten into spray, receded into the valley. Three-fourths of those who had sprung at the command, "Forward!" were dead, wounded or captive. Pickett escaped unharmed, but all of his three brigade commanders were stricken down, two of them fatally.

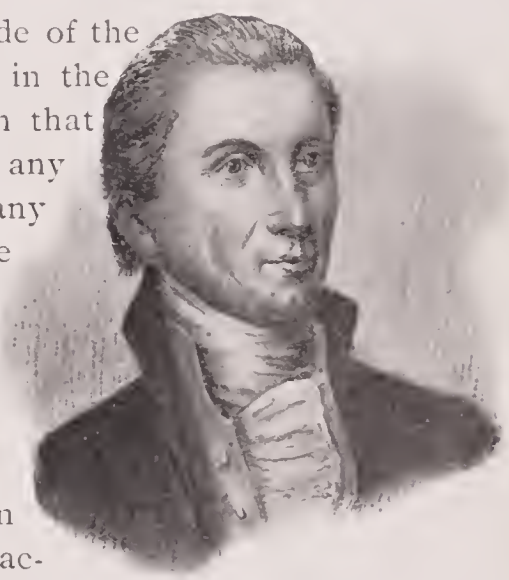
The charge of Pickett was Lee's forlorn hope, and with its failure, he gave up the fight. That night he began the withdrawal of his shattered battalions. He drew back to the Potomac, which he found a raging flood, in consequence of copious rains. After serious trouble, he succeeded in laying a pontoon bridge, by which his army passed safely into Virginia. It is true that the Union army was bruised and sore from buffeting the storm of battle, but it was no more so than Lee's, and it was much stronger in numbers. Military critics agree that had Meade shown more enterprise after the battle, and followed Lee to the river, he might have achieved even much greater results. But the country had been delivered from a great peril, and neither the government nor the people were disposed to be critical. It was an inexpressible relief to know that the Confederate battle-flags no longer fluttered in Pennsylvania, and General Meade was loaded with compliments, congratulations and honors. Three thousand were killed on the Union side at Gettysburg; the wounded and the prisoners carried the loss above twenty thousand. The loss of the Confederates was nearly as great.

General Meade continued to command the Army of the Potomac until its disbandment after the war. During the great campaign of 1864–65 he was subordinate to Grant, who was the field commander-in-chief, but to the last he had the entire confidence of his chief, who found him always wise in council, prompt in obedience, skillful in execution and devoted in loyalty. For his victory at Gettysburg, Meade received the thanks of Congress and was made a brigadier-general in the regular army. After the war, he was in command of the military division of the Atlantic until his death, November 6, 1872. Philadelphia erected in Fairmount Park a colossal equestrian statue to honor his memory.

JAMES MONROE

Author of the famous doctrine, "Hands off!"

So long as the American republic endures, the "Monroe Doctrine" will remain an essential principle of our foreign policy. Since its assertion by President Monroe, it has grown with our national growth, and it is now as firmly fixed in the minds and hearts of the American people as the love of liberty or the unity of the states. The Monroe Doctrine is an announcement of the attitude of the United States with respect to foreign interference in the affairs of this continent. It contains the declaration that the United States will regard the attempt of any European nation to extend its sovereignty to any part of this hemisphere as "dangerous to our peace and safety." This is the language of diplomacy, but since its utterance, European dynasties have risen and fallen and European ministries have come and gone, yet no one has failed to grasp its meaning. It has been sneeringly said by unfriendly critics that the Monroe Doctrine has no place in international law; that is to say, it is not legally accepted abroad, and this is true. But it is very much "accepted" by the American people, who will defend it by force of arms whenever and wherever that be necessary. It is quite sufficient, therefore, that the Americans, themselves, accept it. The country that opposes it will first carefully count the cost, for active opposition to the Monroe Doctrine means war — war with the United States — and this is a thing not lightly to be undertaken by any country or combination of countries.



What is known as the Monroe Doctrine, appears in two separate passages in Monroe's annual message to Congress, in 1823. At the time it was written, the "Holy Alliance" had been formed to suppress liberal ideas of government and constitutional reforms abroad. It was conceived by the Emperor of Russia, and its other members were the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, these three being the most autocratic rulers of Europe. The Holy Alliance had been a silent but interested spectator of the revolt of the Spanish colonies in South America. Its influence, if exerted for Spain, would

reduce the budding republics again to dependencies, and this the liberty-loving Americans could not view unmoved. The spectacle presented by the South American colonists, in throwing off the yoke of Spain, had appealed strongly to our sympathies. The American government had not recognized their independence until it had been fairly won, but it could not be a passive witness of the effort to destroy their well-earned freedom. Moreover, the fewer monarchal institutions there were on this continent, the better it would be for the United States. The time had come, in Monroe's opinion, when European governments should understand our position, and he defined it in his message.

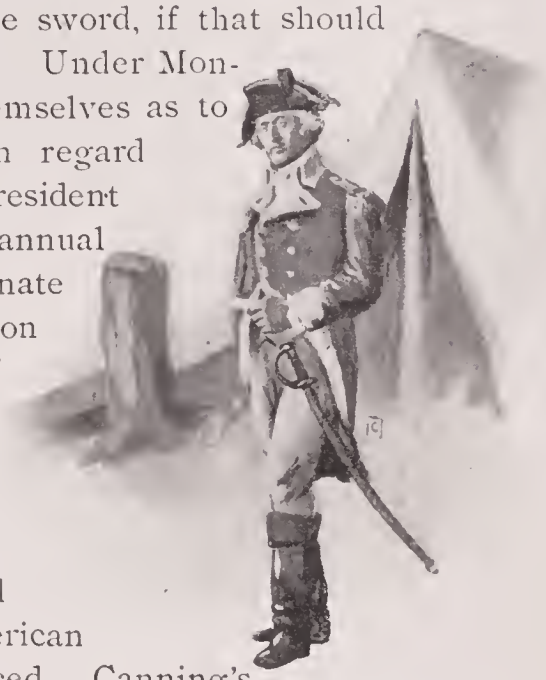
"The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained," he began, "are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

Farther along, he referred to the difference between the political systems of the allied powers and that of America, saying:—

"We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power, we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. . . . Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early stage of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same, which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers. . . . But in regard to these continents, circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the allied powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness, nor can anyone believe that our Southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference."

The announcement of this policy occasioned no surprise in America. The idea of independence from foreign sovereignty was at the beginning of our national life. For more than thirty years, the importance of complete separation of American and European affairs had pressed itself upon the attention of public men. We were rapidly growing in

wealth and in population. We had given Great Britain, on two occasions, a taste of our quality, and had shown ourselves in war, as in peace, to be worthy descendants of the Anglo-Saxon stock. We had made our country an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all climes. Entire independence of Europe was necessary to our continued existence, and we were determined to preserve by the sword, if that should be necessary, what we had gained by the sword. Under Monroe's administration, events had so shaped themselves as to demand some statement of our position with regard to both South America and Europe, and the President embraced the opportunity presented by his annual message to make it. The occasion was a fortunate one, for it was coincident with a conviction on the part of Canning, the British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, that the Holy Alliance had become a menace to Europe, and it was on information obtained by him, and confidentially communicated to the American government, that the Holy Alliance was endeavoring to find some way of helping Spain against her American colonies, that the Monroe Doctrine was announced. Canning's reward lay in the rapid decline of the influence of the Holy Alliance in Europe, after the open and severe check it had received from the United States. At this time Monroe was sixty-five years old and nearing the close of his second term. He was in the full flush of his intellectual and physical powers, and we may well pause for a moment to study the man and his career.



Monroe was one of the Virginia gentry. He was descended from a family of Scotch cavaliers, but his parents were Virginians and he represented the aristocratic and ruling class. He was born in 1758, in a part of the Old Dominion, famous as the birthplace of noted men. It was near Washington's home, and in the same peninsula in which Madison first saw the light. Monroe came on the scene not many years before the Stamp Act, and, under the influence that surrounded him, he became imbued with the love of civil liberty. He enlisted in the continental army, leaving college before graduation, and was commissioned lieutenant in a Virginia regiment. He took part in several important engagements, and was wounded at Trenton while gallantly leading a charge.

It is Monroe, the statesman, rather than Monroe, the soldier, in whom we are interested. His military career was not brilliant, but it was satisfactory, and Washington described him as a "brave, active and sensible officer." The assignment of duties took him out of the line

of regular promotion, and he left the service, disappointed that fate had dealt so unkindly with him. Under other circumstances he might have won distinction as a general officer, for in after years he combined for some weeks the duties of Secretary of State and Secretary of War, and history tells us that in his administration of the war office, after the earlier disasters of the War of 1812, he showed unusual energy, vigor and determination, and that he appears at that time "in his best aspect."

It was Monroe's good fortune to reach the presidency by successive steps, and these experiences smoothed many rough places in the rocky road that every chief magistrate, from Washington to McKinley, has trod. He had been by turns a member of the Virginia assembly, three times a member of the Continental Congress, United States Senator, ambassador to three European powers, and Secretary of State, and had filled each station creditably. It seems a little strange to us, at this late day, that Monroe and Patrick Henry, he of the "Give me liberty or give me death" oration, should have opposed, in the Virginia convention, the adoption of the Federal Constitution, yet Monroe's fear that it would precipitate complications between the national and state authorities, and that a President once elected might be elected indefinitely, was shared by many thoughtful men. The dreaded conflict did come, but not until the grave had closed over him and his two great colleagues, Marshall and Madison, who strenuously favored adoption.

In the Senate, where Virginia sent him a little later, Monroe was conspicuous only for his opposition to Washington's administration, and for the obstacles that he put in the way of the firm establishment of the new government. He was particularly hostile to Hamilton, whom he personally disliked, and he opposed Hamilton's efforts to establish the national finances on a sound basis. Looking back over the century and more that separates us from that time, one sees the two men sharply contrasted. They were nearly of an age, and neither was thirty-five years old. Each had had a creditable army career, but Hamilton's was the more brilliant. Monroe was a senator and Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury. Monroe had little constructive ability and his tendencies were largely destructive; for he was a disciple and follower of Jefferson, and filled with his prejudices. Hamilton was the most constructive statesman of that or any other day. He could make presidents, but he could not be elected President, and his useful life was ended at forty-seven by Burr. To Monroe came the presidency quite as a matter of course, and as a fitting crown to a long and honorable, if somewhat commonplace, career. Their lives furnish an interesting study. Hamilton was dashing and brilliant,

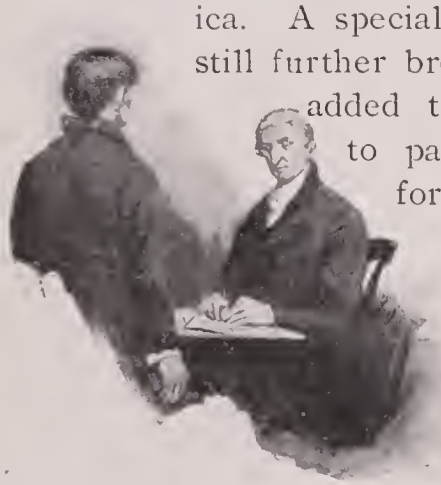
Monroe distrustful and cautious. Yet the slower-moving man gained the presidency which passed the other by. This is the unwritten law of American politics, that the presidency is won by the soldier whose successes dazzle the popular imagination, or by the statesman of respectable abilities and the fewest enemies. Few, indeed, are the instances where the ablest party leader wins the prize. From the time that Jefferson, acknowledged leader of the anti-Federalist party, placed Monroe beside himself as next to his great lieutenant, Madison, the eye of Monroe was fixed upon the presidency. That it became so early fixed was not an unalloyed blessing, for though it gave him an objective point and made his career steady and consistent, it disposed him toward narrow and ungenerous judgments upon some of his contemporaries, whose standing and ambitions might possibly be leading them toward his own desired goal.

After Monroe had been four years in the Senate, Washington sent him as minister to France. In this, as in all his official acts, Washington showed his large-mindedness, for Monroe had been an acrid critic of the administration and had stubbornly opposed its policies. He was not Washington's personal choice, for Washington had little reason then to love Monroe, and less reason later, but our relations with France were strained almost to breaking, and it was hoped that Monroe, an ardent sympathizer with the revolution, might lessen the tension. Monroe was very young for a mission so important, and he had had no diplomatic training. Small wonder then that his enthusiasm should have got the better of his judgment when he presented his credentials to the convention, and that he should have uttered such sentiments, and in other ways so comported himself, as to be sharply criticized at home and sternly rebuked by the Secretary of State. He was finally recalled, and upon his return to America he published a defense of his conduct. This was to some extent a reflection on Washington, and it aroused the indignation of Washington's friends, who quickly resented it. The attacks of the Federalists added greatly to Monroe's popularity at home, and he was rewarded with the governorship of Virginia.

After a few years, Jefferson being President, Monroe went a second time to France, and on this occasion he negotiated a treaty for the purchase of Louisiana, which gave us an unobstructed outlet to the Gulf, and a new territory larger than the thirteen colonies and their western possessions. The Louisiana purchase, as it has since been known, was the crowning act of Jefferson's administration, and it established him as the original expansionist. Jefferson is very properly credited with this achievement, for he had long seen the advantage to the West of our control of the Mississippi. He had in Monroe

a zealous and experienced representative. From the time of his first mission to France, Monroe had shown this government how important it was that the Mississippi should run "unvexed to the sea," as Lincoln afterward happily phrased it, and we can believe that he set out upon his voyage filled with pleasurable anticipations of success. Livingston, the resident representative at Paris, cordially coöperated with Monroe, and in thirty days the bargain was made. Napoleon wanted money to fight England, and we wanted the territory to complete our continental possessions. There was the usual amount of diplomatic fencing, but the plenipotentiaries got on well together, and when Napoleon signed the treaty he said that he had "given to England a maritime rival which will sooner or later humble her pride." The price paid was sixteen million dollars, an insignificant sum measured by the importance of the transaction.

Monroe was not so successful in England, where he was next accredited, and where he sought to negotiate a treaty against the impressment of our seamen, and for a money indemnity to Americans for losses incurred in the seizure of their goods and vessels. Yet he won the offer of a treaty more liberal than the Jay treaty; and he gained additional experience and favorably impressed the officials of the British foreign office. He had gone to London, distrustful of England and strongly in sympathy with France. A short residence there convinced him that England was more republican than monarchal, and that France was more monarchal than republican. He lived to see France again a monarchy and England, notwithstanding its form of government, as free in all essentials as his beloved America. A special mission to Spain and association with her leading men still further broadened Monroe's mental and intellectual horizon, and added to his knowledge of men and things. And so it came to pass that he returned to America acknowledged as its foremost diplomat, and learned beyond most of his compeers in international affairs.



In a career covering a period of forty years, the inspiration of all Monroe's public acts was found in the sentiment that America belonged to the Americans, or, as the phrase is now understood, "America for Americans." It inspired his efforts in youth for independence from Great Britain; for the free navigation of the Mississippi; for the purchase of Louisiana and Florida; for the War of 1812 when self-respect could no longer brook Great Britain's abuse of neutral rights, and for the promulgation of the "Doctrine" regarding the nations on this hemisphere, the most notable of all his acts. He was President long enough to see his favorite statesman, John Quincy

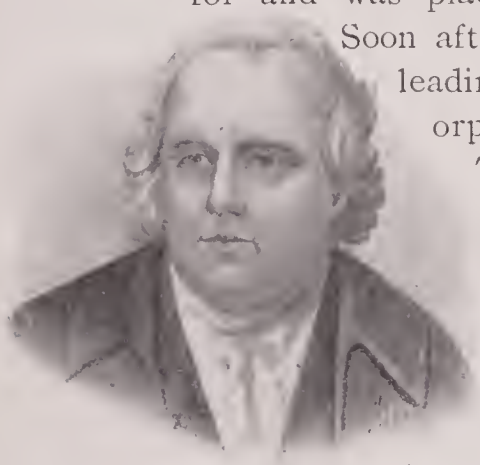
Adams, an original Federalist, unite with Clay in laying the foundations of the Whig party, while Crawford and Calhoun, and afterward Jackson, remodeled the original section of Jefferson's Republicans into the Democratic party.

Monroe was the last of the "Virginia dynasty," consisting of Jefferson, Madison and himself. He was inferior both to Jefferson and Madison as a statesman, and was a man of less elevated character than either. He had become a disciple of Jefferson while a law student in Jefferson's office, and, as already said, his public career was largely influenced by Jefferson, who retained to the last an affectionate interest in him. Historians tell us that Monroe was scrupulously honest, but honesty in public men of real rank is not so rare a virtue as to call for special mention. We look for honesty in men holding places of trust, as we look for courage in a soldier, and the exceptions are few. Monroe's honesty, therefore, is a mere incident of a career at no time brilliant, but at all times respectable, and which would have been more distinguished had he not pointed so long and so anxiously toward the presidency. He refused to appoint his relatives to office, and for this he deserves much of a long-suffering people. Latter day statesmen, who read the lives of the fathers for the enlightenment they contain, could profit by Monroe's example. During the Spanish-American War, as in the War of 1812, though in a less degree in the Mexican and Civil wars, many men, high in official life, sought and obtained army commissions for their sons and nephews, to the exclusion, frequently, of better men without influence.

Benton tells us that Monroe "had none of the mental qualities that dazzle and astonish mankind, but he had a discretion that seldom permitted a mistake; an integrity that looked always to the public good; a firmness of will that carried him resolutely upon his object; a diligence that mastered every subject, and a perseverance that yielded to no obstacle." He has suffered by comparison, not alone with Jefferson and Madison, but with Washington, Marshall and Hamilton; yet his life was so interwoven with theirs, and he was so much a part of the early history of the nation, that to recall one is to recall all. Aside from this, he will long be remembered for his vigorous Americanism — for he was one of the most American of American Presidents — and this is a good place to leave him.

ROBERT MORRIS

The financier of the Revolutionary War.



THE father of Robert Morris was a Liverpool merchant, who came to America and settled at Oxford, Maryland, leaving his son Robert, who was born in Lancashire, England, in 1734, in the care of his grandmother. When thirteen years old, Robert was sent for and was placed under the charge of a teacher in Philadelphia. Soon afterward, he entered the counting room of one of the leading merchants of that city. At fifteen, he was left an orphan. In 1754 he entered into partnership with Thomas Willing, son of his employer. At the time of the Revolution, his firm was one of the most extensive commercial houses of Philadelphia, but he signed the non-importation agreement of 1765, and was a vigorous and determined opponent of the Stamp Act.

As a delegate to the second Continental Congress, he was chairman of the secret committee to procure arms and ammunition, and served on the ways and means, naval and other committees. A shrewd and successful business man, he became conspicuous in the discussion of questions relating to the restriction and regulation of trade. At first he opposed the Declaration of Independence as premature, but he yielded his objection and became one of its signers. When Congress adjourned to Baltimore, Mr. Morris remained in Philadelphia, as one of the committee on finance, and sent to General Washington funds borrowed on his own security, by the assistance of which Washington was able to conduct the operations which resulted in the victory at Trenton. Morris was a member of the conference committee which visited Washington at his headquarters, in 1778, and was then placed at the head of the committee on finance.

In 1779 charges of fraudulent transactions were brought against the firm of Willing & Morris, of which Robert Morris was a member, and they were investigated by Congress. This inquiry disclosed the fact that the commercial business of the government, transacted by authority of the secret committee, under cover of the name of the firm,

had been characterized by the most scrupulous integrity, and that there was not the slightest foundation for the charges. In 1780 Morris, with a few others, organized the Bank of Philadelphia, the first extensive financial institution in the United States, heading the stock subscription list himself with £10,000. A year later he gave "the first vehement impulse toward the consolidation of the federal union" by the creation of the Bank of North America, which, in six months after it opened, had loaned to the United States government the sum of $400,000, and had released it from its subscription of $200,000.

In 1781, as superintendent of finance, he was at the helm during the most trying period of the war. In accepting the office, Mr. Morris spoke these patriotic words, that deserve immortality: "The United States may command everything I have, except my integrity." He became the indorser of the government, even at the risk of the paper being protested. He, himself, supplied to the starving troops thousands of barrels of flour and large quantities of lead for bullets. To General Greene, in the South, he sent funds by means of a secret agent, at a time when that general was penniless. When General Washington was about to start from the North to begin operations against Cornwallis, at Yorktown, Mr. Morris equipped and provisioned his army, by issuing his own notes to the amount of $1,400,000. Not only was every shilling of his property at one time loaned to the government, but pledges of his personal credit and money borrowed from friends were also staked upon the issue. He threw into circulation at various times his obligations to the amount of $580,000, and they were accepted at par as cash, when the money of the government was so depreciated as to be almost worthless.

While Morris kept the army alive, after 1871 he was also in charge of the finances of the navy. He was in favor of a continental army and a continental marine, and opposed the state armies, because the former was cheaper. In consequence of the tardiness of the states in meeting the requirements of Congress, there was no punctuality in honoring Mr. Morris's financial engagements, and after repeated entreaties, he tendered his resignation, which was ordered by Congress to be kept secret. At the urgent request of Congress, he continued in office until May, 1784, when he finally withdrew as superintendent of finance, assuring the people that he would be personally responsible for all liabilities which he had assumed for the government.

In 1786 Mr. Morris was elected to Congress, and secured the recharter of the Bank of North America. He was also a member of the constitutional convention, and was the first United States Senator elected from Pennsylvania, in 1789. President Washington offered him the Cabinet position of Secretary of the Treasury, on account of his

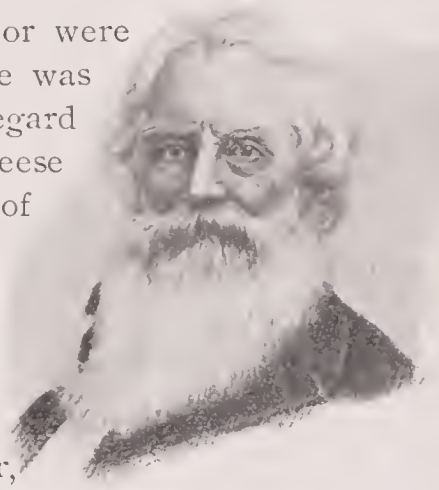
knowledge, skill and experience as a financier. Morris declined the office, however, and urged the appointment of Alexander Hamilton.

Mr. Morris afterward engaged in trade with the East Indies and China and sent the first ships to the port of Canton. Heavy speculation in land subsequently destroyed his large fortune, and he was actually imprisoned four years for debt, in the old Walnut Street prison, Philadelphia. Every reader of American history would wish that this act of the law could have been blotted out, for to Robert Morris Americans owed and still owe, for his financial aid in the time of sorest need, as much as to the negotiations of Benjamin Franklin or even to the arms of Washington. Gouverneur Morris, his business partner, though not a relative, left a bequest to Mrs. Robert Morris, which supported her husband's declining days, until his death, in 1806. It was a pathetic ending of the life of one who had rendered such signal service to his country; and had given such abounding proof of his loyalty and devotion.

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE

Who started the click of the telegraph.

No longer ago than the early seventies, a familiar figure in the city of New York was that of a venerable gentleman who was almost daily seen about the telegraph building, corner of Broadway and Dey streets. He was tall and of slender build, but erect and graceful in carriage, despite his eighty years. His features were attractive, even to strangers; to those who knew him, or were told his name and what he had done for mankind, he was an object of more than ordinary interest, and of regard akin to reverence. That man was Samuel Finley Breese Morse, one of the world's great benefactors, inventor of the magnetic telegraph. He was the first to find a practical application for the electric current — that mysterious yet mighty force of nature — and make it the useful servant of man.



Within the last two decades of the nineteenth century, and within the memory of those who in this year, 1901, are just passing the line that marks the entrance into manhood and womanhood, the development of electrical science, and of the use of electricity for light, power and other purposes, has been nothing less than amazing. Morse fixed the attention of the world to the fact that electricity could be made subservient to the human will. This set other men to thinking, and the wonderful results of later years were the natural sequence. The direct achievement of Morse revolutionized the means of communication. It brought the ends of the earth together by the annihilation of space and time. At the same instant that a message is put upon the wire, its words are being written as the letters are clicked to the practiced ear of the operator, ten thousand miles away.

A troubled life was that of Morse, but he lived a third of a century after success had been gained, to receive large pecuniary reward, and to find himself one of the great men, not alone of his day, but of all time. The system of telegraphy which he perfected is used exclusively in this country and it will probably continue to be the leading system of the world. Of more than one hundred devices that have been made to supersede it, not one has done so, and it is

employed on ninety-five per cent of all the lines in America and in Europe.

Electricity, as a force, was known before Morse was born, but he it was who utilized the crude conceptions of the earlier scientists and made it the medium to convey and register thought. Morse was forty-one years old before the plan of the recording telegraph filled his mind. He was fifty-two when Congress authorized the construction of the first telegraph line, between Washington and Baltimore. The intervening period was one of great discouragement. He was so pinched by poverty that at times he was upon the verge of starvation. But neither discouragement nor the keen sufferings of penury could subdue his courage, and with success came such honors as are given to few men.

The subject of this sketch was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791, the son of Jedediah Morse, a clergyman. His school advantages during boyhood were limited, but he was bright and apt to learn and in mental attainments was in advance of most lads of his years. At the age of fifteen he was fitted to enter Yale College, from which he was graduated at nineteen, in 1810. He improved well the opportunities which he enjoyed at Yale. Among these it was his privilege to attend the lectures of Professor Silliman and other celebrated scientists on chemistry, galvanism, electricity and kindred subjects. He profited much by these lectures. They sowed in his mind the seed which, more than twenty years later, sprang up and brought forth fruit "an hundredfold."

It was not science, however, that claimed his attention and directed his effort upon his graduation. He possessed a remarkable talent for painting, and spent several years in London studying that art under the best masters. He became one of the foremost of American artists. He was commissioned by the corporation of New York to paint a portrait of Lafayette, then in this country, and was later one of the founders and the first president of the National Academy of Design. During the years from 1826 to 1829 he lived in New York, pursuing his vocation, but his success was not commensurate with his ambition. Poverty, so often the lot of genius, pressed him sorely and continually, preparing him, unconsciously, for the more severe trials through which he was yet to pass. After a time, the tide of ill fortune turned. His sittings increased and the most eminent New Yorkers gave him commissions. Success but stimulated him to greater effort. He resolved to perfect his art in Italy, and thither he journeyed at twenty-eight, remaining abroad three years.

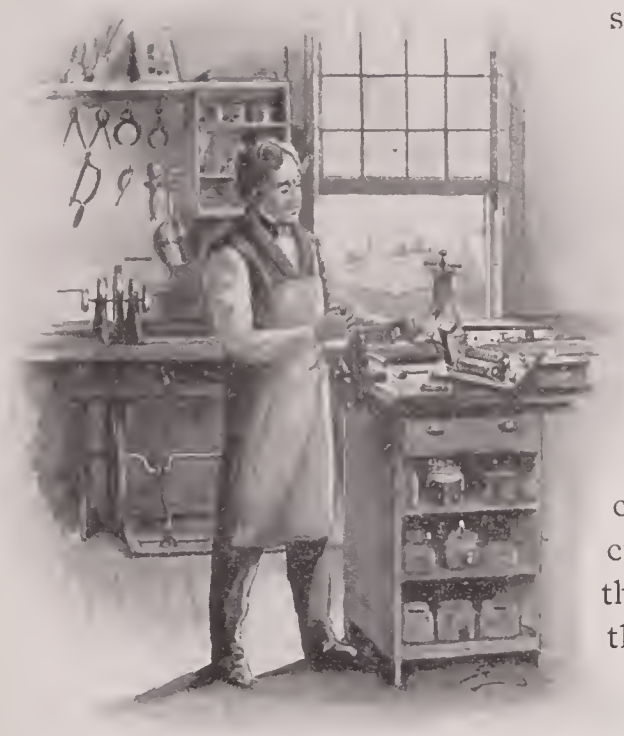
Before his return to America, Morse spent a brief time in Paris. While there, he was thrown into the company of scientific men, from whom he learned of recent experiments by Ampère with the electro-magnet. The interest in this subject, which long had been smoldering in the mind of Morse, was kindled into a flame. The opinion was expressed to him, based upon the experiments of Benjamin Franklin and Ampère, that electricity would pass instantaneously over any length of wire. Morse then said, "If it will go ten miles without stopping, I can make it go around the globe." Immediately it occurred to Morse that if the presence of electricity could be made visible in any desired part of the circuit, it would not be difficult to construct a system of signs by which intelligence could be instantly transmitted. The thought thus conceived took strong hold of his mind in the leisure that the homeward voyage afforded, and before landing he had planned such a system, with mechanical devices to carry it into effect.

From this hour began a struggle that lasted twelve years, "a struggle," in the words of his biographer, "more severe, heroic and triumphant than any other which the annals of invention furnish, for the warning and encouragement of genius." Absorbed in the one idea of a recording telegraph, yet wholly depending upon the brush for the necessaries of life, it became impossible to pursue his art with that enthusiasm and industry essential to success. Nor could he perfect his invention while he continued painting.

His situation was desperate. The father of three young children, now motherless, his pecuniary means exhausted by his residence in Europe, he was at his wit's end. He had visions of a telegraph that should bring the ends of the earth into instant intercourse. Thoughts of fame came to him by day and by night, kindling his ambition and nerving him to greater exertion. He was poor, and believed that wealth, as well as usefulness and fame, was within his reach. It was the old story repeated, and to be repeated, of genius contending with poverty. He knew what rapid progress the world was making in science and art; the idea that he had started might spread like electricity itself, far and wide; the danger was great that some one else, with more time and means, would seize the thought, reduce it to practice and present it to the world, while he was brooding over it in melancholy indecision and helplessness. His letters to friends in former years had frequently indicated a tendency to despondency. He was now sinking very low. The apprehension that he might not complete his work filled him, at times, with anguish.

After patient, persistent and long-continued effort, through much privation and suffering, Morse perfected his invention and took it to Washington. A bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars for an

experimental line between Washington and Baltimore, to test its practicability, was introduced in the House of Representatives. Four weary years elapsed before it was passed. To a man of his delicate sensibilities, the coldness and neglect of Congress were well nigh unbearable. Day by day he stood at his instrument, meekly and sometimes tearfully exhibiting it. Many scoffed covertly, if not openly, declaring the scheme to be but the vagary of a madman. His coarsest critics were among public men whose anti-progressive spirit and lack of discernment long delayed the passage of the momentous measure.



There were others, however, who gave him cordial and energetic support. Their names should be written in letters of gold, that all men may know them. First was the commissioner of patents, Ellsworth, of Connecticut, whose state is credited with more patents than any other. Of members of the House, there were Seymour, of Connecticut; Kennedy, of Maryland; Mason, of Ohio; Wallsee, of Indiana; Ferris and Boardman, of New York; Holmes, of South Carolina; and Aycrigg of New Jersey.

A favorable report from the commerce committee, to which the bill had been referred, brought it before the House in the last fortnight of the session, eleven years after the plan of telegraphy had dawned upon its inventor's mind. The debate that followed is not preserved in the journals of the day or in the official reports. It is well, perhaps, that it is not, for nothing less creditable to the intelligence of the American Congress has been recorded. One facetious gentleman, Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, said that the science of Mesmerism should not be overlooked, and proposed that one-half of the appropriation be applied to its development. Mr. Houston, of Texas, another heavy wit, thought that Millerism should be included. After a short discussion, the bill was passed by a vote of eighty-nine yeas to eighty-three nays, the yeas having but a beggarly majority of six. Seventy-six of the eighty-nine affirmative votes were cast by members from the North, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Connecticut, Maine and Massachusetts contributing the major part.

The bill was yet to pass the Senate, where opposition was strong. On the last day of the session, March 3, 1842, Morse spent the afternoon and evening in the Senate chamber. As the hours drew toward midnight, there seemed little chance of reaching his bill before

adjournment. Thoroughly disheartened by the prospect of failure, when success had almost been won, Morse retired to his hotel and arranged to leave Washington the following day. As he entered the breakfast room next morning, he was told that a young lady awaited him in the parlor. It was Miss Annie G. Ellsworth, daughter of the patent commissioner, who met him with smiling face.

"I have come to congratulate you," she said.

"Upon what?" asked Morse.

"Why, upon the passage of your bill, to be sure."

"You must be mistaken, for I left the Senate at a late hour and it then seemed certain that it would not be taken up."

"Indeed, I am not mistaken," replied Miss Ellsworth. "Father remained until the close of the session, and your bill was the very last that was acted upon. It was passed and I begged permission to convey the good news to you."

Almost overcome by his emotions of pleasure, Morse grasped her hand warmly and said, "For your reward, you shall send the first message over the line."

"I shall hold you to your promise — Remember!" she said in playful earnestness.

At this time Ezra Cornell, of New York, became associated with Professor Morse, and rendered valuable assistance in pushing forward the work of construction, which was begun at the Washington end. The first plan was the insulation of an underground wire by a sheathing of cotton, saturated with gum shellac, and its insertion in a leaden tube. After much labor, and the expenditure of many thousand dollars, this was found impracticable and was abandoned. Haste was necessary, for the time limit fixed in the bill had been nearly reached. It was determined to string the wire upon poles, with glass insulators at the points of contact, the plan being the same as that now in general use. The work was pushed with energy and the line between Washington and Baltimore was soon finished. During the progress of the enterprise, experimental messages were sent from time to time over the completed part of the line, and these dispelled all doubt of success. One of these messages conveyed to Washington the news of the nomination of Henry Clay for the presidency, by the Whig national convention, in session at Baltimore. The news was carried by railway train to the terminus of the finished line and there put upon the wire. When the messengers who had gone by the train reached Washington, they were greatly surprised to learn that the tidings had been correctly received by telegraph an hour earlier.

The line was in working order between the two cities by the end of April, 1844. It was clearly demonstrated, by many tests, that it

would fully meet all expectations. May 24 was appointed for a public exhibition and a formal opening of the first practical telegraph line in the world. The occasion was one of absorbing interest to scientific men, a large number of whom, from many points, assembled, some at Washington and others at Baltimore, to witness the trial and its result. The general public, attracted through curiosity, more than filled the chambers of the Supreme Court, to which the Washington end of the wire was conducted. Professor Vail had been stationed at the other end of the line, which terminated at Mount Clare, in Baltimore.

One may, perhaps, faintly imagine the intensity of emotion that filled the throbbing breast of Morse, as the moment drew near when he was to find the fruition of his hope — hope long deferred that had so often "made the heart sick." He did not forget his promise to Miss Ellsworth, and, when all was ready, she was summoned to the instrument. The words of the message were: "What hath God wrought!" selected by her, at the suggestion of her mother, from the Bible — Numbers xxiii: 23. Within the space of a minute, the words were returned from Baltimore by Mr. Vail. Success was perfect, and tears of joy streamed from the eyes of Morse as his friends crowded about him and overwhelmed him with congratulations. The strip of paper which bears the telegraphic characters of the first message was presented by Professor Morse to Congressman Seymour, of Connecticut, in token of his firm friendship and support, and is treasured in the Hartfort museum as a valued memento of the time.

Two days later, the Democratic national convention met in Baltimore and nominated as its candidates, James K. Polk, of Tennessee, for President, and Silas Wright, then a Senator from New York, for Vice-president. A telegram — to use the accepted word of later years — was immediately sent to Morse at Washington and by him conveyed to the Senate chamber. A few minutes later the convention at Baltimore was astonished beyond measure to receive a dispatch from Mr. Wright, declining the nomination. The delegates had not yet been able to grasp the idea of instantaneous communication between remote points, and they refused to accept the message as authentic. So incredulous were they, that they voted a recess until word could be received from Mr. Wright, by the slow method of the past, which, only, they believed to be trustworthy. It was the beginning of a revolution; the mark of a new epoch in the history of the world.

At its next session, Congress appropriated eight thousand dollars for the operation of the line, placing it under the supervision of the postmaster-general. The receipts for the first week varied from

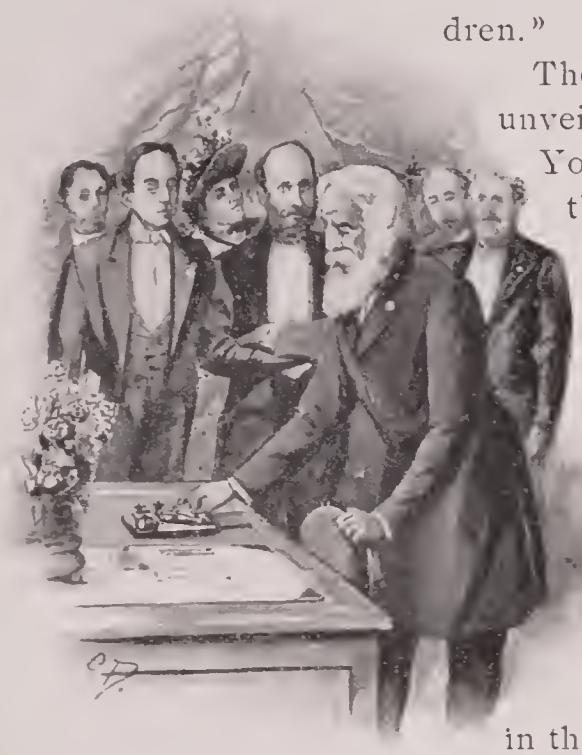
twelve and a half cents to one dollar and thirty-two cents per day. Morse offered the patent to the government for one hundred thousand dollars. The subject was discussed in the report of the Postmaster-general, Mr. Cave Johnson, the witty gentleman who had proposed that one-half of the appropriation of thirty thousand dollars should be expended in the interest of Mesmerism. Albeit the experiment had succeeded to the admiration of mankind, Mr. Johnson, still incredulous, reported that the operation of the telegraph between Washington and Baltimore had not satisfied him that its revenue, under any rate of postage that could be adopted, would equal the expenditure, and the offer, fortunately for Morse, was rejected. Left to development by private enterprise, the telegraph became as familiar as the mail, and by many as commonly used. It has reached the remotest parts of the earth, and commerce and business are so adjusted to it that its destruction, if such a thing were possible, would be deemed a calamity too appalling to contemplate.

The Morse patent passed under the control of the Magnetic Telegraph Company, by which lines were rapidly extended in every direction. Great annoyance was suffered by reason of the attempts of other inventors and other construction companies to trench upon the rights of Morse. There were many infringements upon his patent, which led to long and vexatious lawsuits. At length, however, Morse's rights were upheld and protected by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. Thereafter, the system was developed with a rapidity that was marvelous. The Morse telegraph was adopted by the nations of Europe, and high honors were conferred upon its inventor.

The submarine telegraph cable, connecting America and Europe, followed. As early as 1842, Morse had experimented with a submerged wire between Castle Garden and Governor's Island, New York. The energetic efforts of Cyrus W. Field — backed by his own large means, and by other wealthy men whose confidence was inspired by that of Field — were at length rewarded after three costly attempts, covering a period of twelve years, and a cable was laid over the ocean's bed, uniting the two continents. Now almost every country in the world is touched by the magic wire.

In 1871 a bronze statue of Samuel F. B. Morse was erected in Central Park, New York. Upon it is engraved the first message that went, on that eventful day, from Washington to Baltimore. The unveiling of the statue was made the occasion of a great official and popular demonstration in honor of him whose work it commemorates. In the evening of that day, Morse was invited to meet the gentlemen who had formed the reception committee. By a concerted arrangement, all the wires in the United States were connected with an instrument in

the committee room. Professor Morse, amidst the loud acclaim of the company, sent greetings to the telegraphic fraternity everywhere. He struck the "sounder" with his name, when the operator added: "Thus the father of the telegraph bids farewell to his children." He was then eighty years of age.



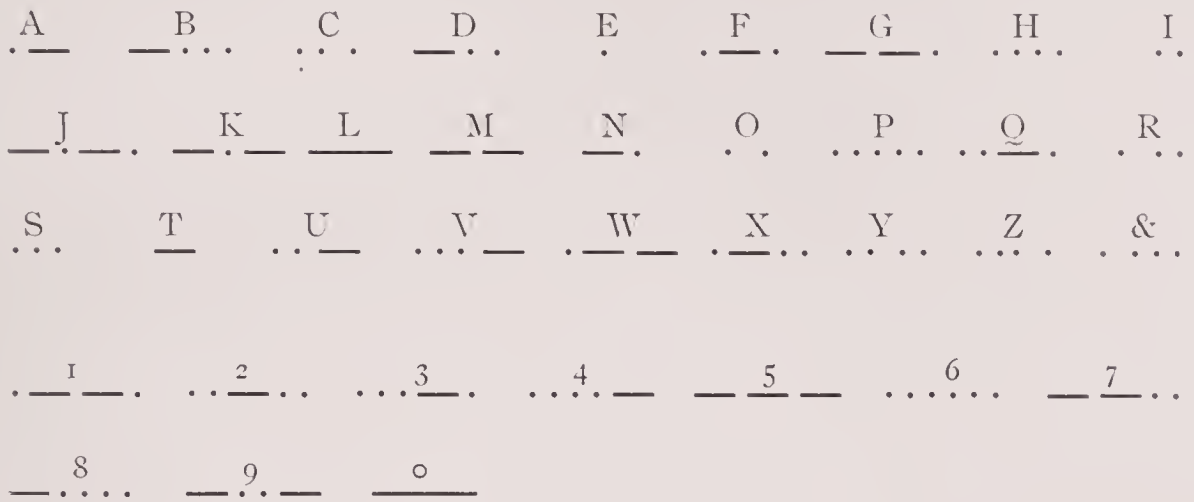
The last public appearance of Morse was at the unveiling of a statue of Benjamin Franklin, in New York, in 1872. He asked, and was cordially given, the privilege of drawing the veil from the statue. At the close of his long life, he thought it fitting that he should perform this service, "for," he said, "the one conducted the lightning safely from the sky, the other conducted it beneath the ocean, from continent to continent; the one tamed the lightning, the other made it to minister to human needs and human progress." A few days later,—April, 1872, —Professor Morse was seized by a sudden illness and soon passed away.

During the latter half of the century, telegraphy in the United States has had a phenomenal growth. In 1867 the Western Union Company, the greatest telegraph corporation in the world, had 85,000 miles of wire and 2,500 offices. The number of messages handled was 6,000,000, and the gross receipts were $6,500,000 or about $1.05 per message. As the business expanded, the tolls decreased until the average amount now received by the Western Union is 31 cents. At present it operates 1,000,000 miles of wire; the number of offices has increased to 23,000, and during the year 1900 the company handled 63,000,000 messages, for which it received $24,758,000, leaving $6,165,000 as the profit of the year. This is exclusive of the business done by the Postal Telegraph Company, another strong corporation, and of the messages sent by cable to foreign countries.

Dead and forgotten are the narrow politicians who mocked and derided Morse. Dead and forgotten are the needy adventurers and greedy capitalists who sought to steal his well-earned laurels. Morse, too, has passed away, but every pole that bears aloft the shining strands of steel, bringing all the world into closer touch, is a monument to his work. His memory will be fresh and green so long as human hearts beat in sympathy with struggling genius, and courage, fortitude and character command the admiration of the world.

More than half a century has passed since Morse invented the telegraph, and the instruments used in transmission have greatly improved,

but it is a curious circumstance that his alphabet remains absolutely unchanged. Nothing superior to it has been found. It is as follows: —

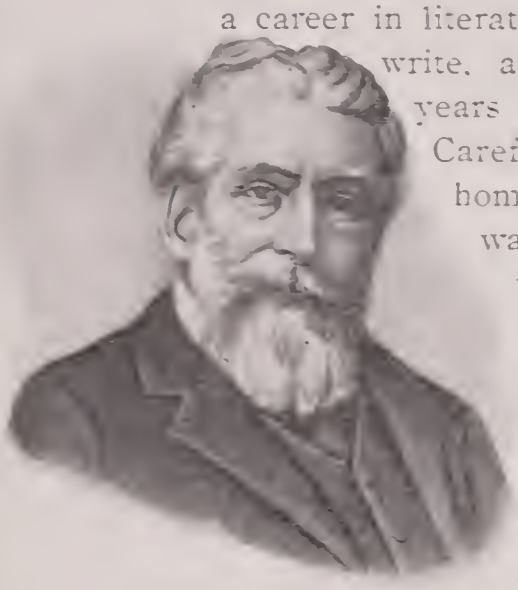


The English alphabet differs from the American in having no "space" letters; c, o, r, y and z being letters of that character. Space letters are the usual cause of telegraphic errors, for, if not carefully sent, they are easily mistaken for other letters. This will be seen by comparing the letters c and s. C is two dots, a space and a dot (.. .); s is three dots (...). Carelessly written, the letter c sounds exactly like s, and only experienced operators would know the difference. To avoid such errors, careful receiving operators copy a few words behind, and not close up to the sender. When characters are "blind," the context usually shows what is meant; yet not always.

It may interest the curious to know that, in manipulating the key, each operator has a style peculiar to himself. There is as much individuality in telegraphy as in penmanship, and one is as easily distinguished as the other. Some operators strike the letters so distinctly that their "sending" is, to the initiated, as plain as the words on this page. Others run the letters together with so little effort at legibility, that mistakes are to be prevented only by the receiver's vigilance. An operator seldom changes his style of "sending." Two men who had worked the same wire in America would telegraphically know each other, if they should suddenly "meet" on a wire in the wilds of Africa.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

An American who wrote European history.



THIS distinguished man of letters, who gave to the world that series of matchless volumes which embrace the early history of the "Low Countries" of Europe, was born in Dorchester — now a part of Boston — Massachusetts, in 1814. He gave early promise of a career in literature. While but a lad he showed a disposition to write, and some of his productions before he was twelve years old, were worthy of one far beyond his years. Careful attention was given to his education, both at home and in school, and at the early age of thirteen he was able to enter Harvard University, from which he was graduated four years later. He then went to Germany, where he spent two years at the University of Göttingen. He devoted another year to travel, chiefly in Italy, when, at the age of twenty, he returned to America. At the end of three years more he had studied law and had been admitted to the bar, and had married.

Young Motley had studied law to gratify his father, but the literary instinct prevailed and he made little attempt to practice at the bar. In 1839 he published his first book. It was a story entitled "Morton's Hope: or Memoirs of a Young Provincial." It did not take the world by storm: it scored a moderate success — just enough to gratify his friends and to encourage him to further effort. In 1841 he was appointed secretary of the United States legation at the Russian capital. He accepted the position and entered upon its duties, but the atmosphere of St. Petersburg and his surroundings there proved to be uncongenial, and after a few months he resigned. At this time he fully resolved to enter the field of literature. For some years his writing was irregular and desultory. He attempted no ambitious work, but confined his efforts to historical and critical essays. These, which seem to have been written for practice, while he was preparing himself for more pretentious undertakings, were published from time to time in the "North American Review." They evinced much care in their preparation and great facility of expression, and brought their author into favorable notice. In 1849 he ventured to

publish another novel — "Merry Mount: A Romance of the Massachusetts Colony." It does not appear that this volume added greatly to his fame; it was soon laid on the shelf and was lost to sight under the dust of years.

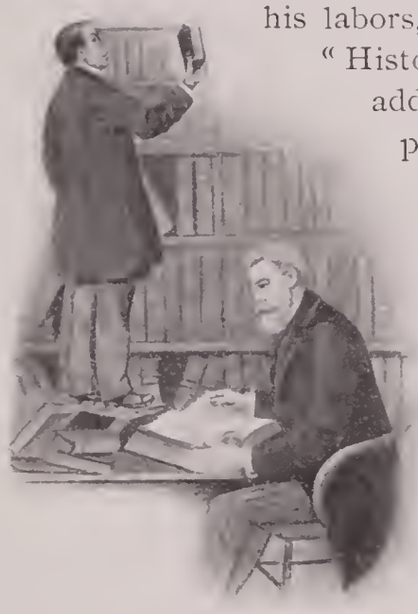
Three years prior to this time, Motley had conceived the project of writing a history of Holland. He had spent much time and labor in collecting material for such a work from sources which America afforded, but these proved insufficient to supply his needs. A residence in Europe, during the progress of this enterprise, seemed necessary and he removed thither in 1851. He spent five years of unremitting toil and research before his first work was placed in the hands of the printer. A large part of this time he passed at Berlin, Dresden, Brussels, The Hague and other places, in a laborious search through the state papers, documents and letters of three centuries ago. Everywhere he was given willing assistance in his quest. All the public archives pertaining to that period were placed at his disposal and every facility for the prosecution of so desirable a work was cheerfully afforded. Those were busy years for Motley. When not engaged in the search for facts, he was absorbed in examining his mass of material with careful scrutiny, arranging it for use, and perfecting the plan of his history. He wisely determined that he would not begin to write until the preparatory work had been thoroughly done — and this, in such an enterprise, is far greater than that of actual composition and writing.

When Motley was ready to write he wrote rapidly, and in 1856 he published the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," in three volumes. The literary world had long been in a state of expectancy and the issue of this work awakened the keenest interest. Its theme had been neglected by historical writers, and had proved to Motley not only an inviting but a fruitful one. No other writer had attempted so full and exhaustive a work as that which he had undertaken. There was the greatest curiosity to see how well he had improved his opportunity. In the interest shown throughout the civilized world, the only parallel is afforded by the publication of Prescott's Spanish histories, a few years before. As soon as the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" came from the press, it was eagerly seized by critics and reviewers in every part of America and Europe. Rarely has a verdict been so unanimously sincere and warm in its commendation. In this respect the parallel with Prescott is continued. There were none but words of praise for Motley's volumes, and the highest honors that words can bestow were lavished upon their author. He who scanned the work for the purpose of criticism, in a fault-finding sense, found himself wholly disarmed. On every page there was abundant evidence of the

patient labor and scrupulous care which the author had bestowed upon it; and of the strict impartiality and discrimination with which he had passed judgment upon the characters and lives of those whose public acts form the warp and woof of his narrative.

Motley's pure simplicity of style and his singularly felicitous phrasing, give to his works a charm that is rare outside the realm of fiction. The reader finds none of the proverbial "dryness" of history, but instead he is led from page to page by an interest that becomes fascination, as he reads the story of those days long gone. The thoroughness of Motley's work may be understood from the fact that the three volumes of the "Dutch Republic" cover a period of but twenty-nine years. It begins at the abdication of Emperor Charles the Fifth, in 1555, when the republican idea in the minds of the people of the "Low Countries" began to assert itself as an aggressive force. It covers the public career of William, Prince of Orange, surnamed "the Silent," and ends with the assassination of that great and good man, in 1584. He is one of the strong characters of history, and no romance is more thrilling and absorbing than the story of his life and death as told by Motley in this work. A high tribute to the historical and literary value of the "Dutch Republic" was its immediate translation into various languages of Europe and its rapid sale in all civilized countries.

The signal success which had rewarded the historian was the greatest possible incentive to pursue to its end the plan which he had formed many years before. With renewed zeal Motley resumed his labors, and devoted twelve years to the four volumes of the "History of the United Netherlands." These involved much additional research. He was riding on the crest of the popular wave, and there was a strong temptation to hurry his new enterprise, before the wave should recede. A person less conscientious, and with less thoroughness of habit, might have yielded to this temptation, but Motley was not for an instant beguiled from his purpose that there should be no abatement of painstaking care. He searched and delved and gleaned with tireless energy and patience. Wherever he went he was overwhelmed with compliments for what he had already done, but these, though pleasant to him, did not turn his head, or divert him from his work. Princes, potentates and distinguished men of all classes did him honor and gave him all the assistance in their power in the further prosecution of his labors.



In 1860 Motley published volumes I and II of the "United Netherlands," while volumes III and IV did not appear until 1868.

This work was reeeived with all the eordiality that might have been expeeted. It was eharacterized by the same fidelity, fairness, grace of style and warm, sympathetic spirit that had marked his former produetion. The high expeetation that had been awakened by the "Dutch Republie" was fully realized in the "United Netherlands," and their author was the objeet of laudations that were almost extravagant in their enthusiasm. The period eovered by the latter is from the death of William the Silent to the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

The long interval between the publication of the first two and the last two volumes of the "United Netherlands" is explained by the faet that from 1861 to 1867 Mr. Motley held the position of United States minister at the eourt of Austria. Volumes III and IV were written during hours of leisure from the diseharge of diplomatic duties. In 1869 Motley was appointed minister to England by President Grant, but he was reealled in the following year. He then applied himself to the completion of his historical labors, and in 1874 published the last of the series — "John of Barneveld," in two volumes. This work narrates the life, and more than forty years of service for his eountry, of the Bismarck of the Netherlands — the prime minister, or "advocate," as he was called — who, in his old age, was beheaded on the scaffold because he had been a champion of the people. It is a pathetie story, which touehes the sympathetie emotions, and few can read its elosing chapters without moistened eyes. The complete series of nine volumes has been aeeorded a plaee among the world's best literature.

It has been said that no man should attempt to write the history of his own eountry. This, no doubt, has some foree, for it is based on the theory that every intelligent man, in every eountry, must, of neeessity, have a partisan or sectional bias whieh robs him of that perfect impartiality which is so essential to the true historian. At all events, the fact has been established that no histories better than those of Preseott and Motley have yet been written. Both these authors were Americans, and both found their themes in the old world. Their countrymen are proud of the name and fame which they aehieved in the field of letters.

Motley did not live long to enjoy the success that he had won. Soon after the publication of "John of Barneveld," his health showed symptoms of impairment. A general breakdown of the physical system followed. Medieal skill was of no avail, and death wrote "The end," May 29, 1877. It is a eurious eoincidence that Motley was born at Dorehester, Massachusetts, and died at Dorehester, England.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

IN THE Capitol at Washington, at the head of the stairway leading to the Senate floor, is a striking painting which always commands attention. It shows a fierce naval engagement in progress. In the foreground is a rowboat in which stands, proudly erect, a young officer, waving his sword, as his gallant crew push him over the waters. To understand it, we must know that this defiant young officer, with uncovered head, has just left his disabled flagship to transfer his flag to another vessel. Amid the terrible fire from three hostile ships, though loving arms are trying to pull him down into the boat for safety, his handsome form is the enemy's target. A few minutes later, lusty cheers from the survivors of the "Lawrence" ring out as they see their loved commander passing up the ladder of the "Niagara." One hour later that same officer sends a message across the waters of Lake Erie in words that thrill all Americans with joy — words that have been written and rewritten in the hearts of millions of school children: "We have met the enemy and they are ours!"

That young officer was Oliver Hazard Perry, who by his gallant action on Lake Erie won a place of renown in the halls of the Nation's Capitol, while his heroic action has been made a living lesson to future generations. Born in 1785, he was the son of Christopher Raymond Perry, who had fought on land and sea during the Revolution. His mother, Sarah Alexander, of Scottish ancestry, was a descendant of the noted Wallace family, of Scotland. She prepared young Perry to command by teaching him to obey. Perry began his naval career as a midshipman on board the "General Greene," a vessel built by his father. After a cruise on the frigate "John Adams," against the pirates of the Mediterranean, Perry, who had risen to the rank of lieutenant, commanded a flotilla of gunboats at Newport during the embargo of 1807.

When the war of 1812 broke out, the United States had no naval force on the lakes. The surrender of General Hull, commanding the

United States forces at Detroit, had carried with it all her available vessels, and had made the English navy master of the great chain of inland waters. It became necessary, therefore, to create a lake squadron, and Lieutenant Perry was appointed master-commander to superintend its building and outfit. The difficulties of creating a navy in the wilderness can scarcely be conceived. The trees were standing in the woods, but that was all. Shipbuilders, sailors, naval stores, guns and ammunition, were all to be transported by land, in wagons, and over bad roads, a distance of more than four hundred miles, either from Albany by way of Buffalo, or from Philadelphia by way of Pittsburg. Perry's superior officer, Commodore Chauncey, had never seen a naval battle, while his antagonist, Commodore Barclay, was a veteran of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar.

Against such odds, Perry set his genius to work. It was immediately developed in the selection of Port Erie for his shipyard. There a peninsula, extending a considerable distance into the lake, encircled the harbor. Captain Barclay's heavy ships could not pass the bar, for the water was but six feet deep. The point was also defensible by gunboats and by the militia stationed there. While the ships were on the stocks, the British navy kept watch, but could not enter the harbor. By August, 1813, Perry had eight vessels ready for service, two of which, the "Lawrence" and the "Niagara," of five hundred tons each, drew more water than the bar afforded. Since the English fleet could not get in, how were Perry's two heavy vessels to get out? His genius again solved the problem. He placed large scows on both sides of these ships, filled them with water so that they sank to the edge, then attached them to the ships by strong pieces of timber, and pumped out the water. The scows thus buoyed up the ships, enabling them to pass the bar in safety. This operation was performed in sight of the enemy. With his fleet of nine vessels and fifty-four guns, Perry then sailed for the head of Lake Erie, whither the British fleet had gone, to give battle to the enemy.

At sunrise on the morning of September 10, 1813, the British squadron, which had been lying at Malden, Canada, was seen bearing down upon Perry. Commodore Barclay's flagship "Detroit," carrying nineteen long guns, was in the lead, followed by the "Queen Charlotte," with seventeen guns, and four smaller vessels, the fleet carrying in all sixty-three guns. Perry signaled his officers to the deck of the "Lawrence," and gave orders for a line of battle. He brought out his union jack, a blue flag upon which was inscribed in white letters the motto of the American navy, "Don't give up the ship!" At the sight of the dying words of Captain Lawrence, the crews broke into enthusiastic cheers. As the officers were about leaving to prepare for action,

Perry told them that it was his intention to bring the enemy to close quarters, and he could not advise them better than in the words of Lord Nelson: "If you lay your enemy close alongside, you cannot be out of place." Perry's object was to beat to the windward of the islands, which lay between him and the enemy, and thus gain the weather gauge, but the wind was baffling and Perry ordered his sailing master to wear ship and run to the leeward of the islands. "Then we'll have to engage the enemy from the leeward," exclaimed Taylor. "I don't care — to windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day!" was Perry's instant response. The wind having suddenly veered to the southeast, bearing the squadron clear of the islands, Perry was enabled to keep the weather gauge.

In awful silence, the opposing squadrons approached each other. Perry went around the deck, from gun to gun, greeting with a cheerful word the captain of each: "Well, boys, are you ready?" "All ready, your honor," was the reply, as they touched their tarpaulins. At fifteen minutes after eleven o'clock, a bugle blast sounded from the "Detroit," and loud cheers burst from all the English crews, as a tremendous fire was opened on the "Lawrence," which the latter, from the shortness of her guns, had to endure for some forty minutes without being able to return a shot. Perry did not wait for the other ships to come up, but kept on his course so determinedly that the enemy thought he intended to grapple and board. At twelve o'clock, having gained a more favorable position, the "Lawrence" opened fire, but her short guns still did little harm, while the long pieces of the British fleet pierced her sides in all directions, for it was the enemy's plan to destroy the commander's ship. Seeing the hazard of his position, Perry signaled his other vessels to follow, and put on all sail for the purpose of closing with the enemy.

The tremendous fire to which he was exposed soon cut away every brace and bowline of the "Lawrence" and she became unmanageable. The other vessels were unable to get up. Throughout all this scene of horror, the utmost order prevailed. The "Lawrence" had become a mere wreck. Her deck was strewn with the dead and wounded, her guns were dismounted, she could do no more service. Leaving her in charge of Lieutenant Yarnall, Perry hauled down his union jack and, taking it under his arm, ordered a boat to put him on board of the "Niagara." He passed the line of the enemy, still standing in his boat, waving his sword and cheering his men. He arrived safely, and tremendous huzzas rent the air as his ensign was again unfurled aloft. Even the survivors of the crew of the "Lawrence" sent up three lusty cheers. Captain Elliott, of the "Niagara," gave up the command to Perry and went to bring up the gunboats.

Giving the signal for close action, the smaller vessels came to the front, and Perry laid the "Niagara" alongside of Commodore Barclay's flagship. Perry's fire was so destructive that the enemy's men had to run below. His smaller vessels poured in grape and canister, and for a time the combat was furious. At last the "Queen Charlotte," having lost her captain and all her principal officers, ran foul of the Detroit, rendering the guns useless, and the two ships were now compelled to sustain the concentrated fire from Perry's fleet. The flag of Captain Barclay was soon struck, followed by that of the "Queen Charlotte" and the other vessels in quick succession. One, only, attempted to escape, but was quickly captured. Thus, after a battle of three hours, every vessel of England's proud squadron was in possession of the victorious Perry, now master of Lake Erie. It was on the deck of the "Niagara," about four o'clock, that he wrote General Harrison the immortal message: —

"We have met the enemy and they are ours: two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours, with great respect and esteem,

"O. H. Perry."

Perry next visited the shattered remains of the "Lawrence" and there received the surrender of the British fleet. The deck was slippery with blood, and the groans of the wounded were most harrowing. Those who could walk approached their commander with tears in their eyes and with outstretched arms of welcome. The bodies of the sailors who had been slain, of both sides, were committed to the lake immediately after the action. The next day, at an opening on the margin of the bay, the dead officers, side by side, were laid to rest. The crews of both fleets united in the ceremony. The autumnal stillness, the procession of boats, the oars keeping exact time with the solemn dirge, the mournful waving of the flags, the sound of the minute guns, the wild aspect of the place, all were in marked contrast to the terrible conflict of the preceding day and formed a scene most solemn and impressive.

Congress voted Perry thanks and a gold medal. Later, he was at the defense of Baltimore, and in 1815 commanded the "Java" in the Mediterranean squadron. He died of yellow fever at Port Spain, Trinidad, in 1819, at the age of thirty-four. His remains were brought home and buried at Newport, where the state of Rhode Island erected a granite obelisk to his memory. In the city of Cleveland, Ohio, stands a beautiful marble statue of Perry. It was erected by the citizens of

Cleveland and vicinity, to commemorate the victory and to honor the man who won it. In person, Commodore Perry was tall, well-proportioned, graceful in bearing, intellectual and refined.

Foreign nations which had belittled the pretensions of the United States to carrying on an ocean warfare with the proud "Mistress of the Seas," were more than astonished when it was learned that every British ship had struck her colors to a youth of twenty-eight years, commanding a rough-and-ready squadron just out of the woods around Lake Erie. The honor of that victory is due to the genius, the inspiration and the personal gallantry of that young officer, who had never before seen a naval engagement. His adroit transfer from the "Lawrence" to the "Niagara," is thus related by Lossing: —

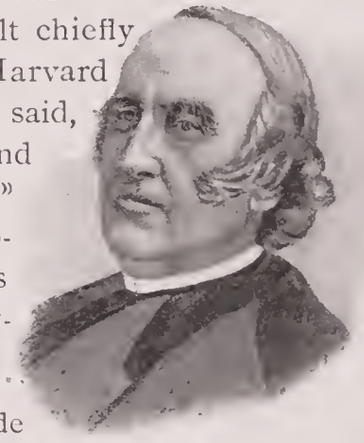
"The 'Niagara' had lagged behind — the swift, staunch, well-manned 'Niagara.' She did not come to the relief of the helpless and severely wounded 'Lawrence,' but Perry went to her, an exploit at that hour of peril, one of the most gallant on record. So certain did he feel of ultimate triumph, and of having occasion to receive guests, that he exchanged his sailor's suit for the uniform of his rank. Leaving the gallant and thrice wounded Yarnall in charge of the 'Lawrence,' the colors of which were still flying, he entered a boat with his little brother and four stout seamen, and standing erect, with the pennant and battle flag half folded around him, he pushed off for the 'Niagara,' half a mile distant. The hero, now so conspicuous, was made a general mark for the missiles of his antagonists. Barclay knew that if the man who had fought the 'Lawrence' so bravely reached the 'Niagara,' the British squadron would be in great danger of defeat. For fifteen minutes, during Perry's fearful voyage in the open boat, the great and little guns of the British, by Barclay's order, were brought to bear on him, but he received no harm. Oars were splintered, bullets traversed the boat and the oarsmen were covered with spray caused by the fall of round shot near the boat, but not a person was hurt. Perry sprang upon the 'Niagara,' took command, bore down upon the British and broke their line. The next movement in the solemn drama was the reception of the British officers, the expected guests, who delivered to him their swords. All were treated with great courtesy and kindness."

This victory had much to do with bringing the war to an end, for it led to the breaking up of the Indian confederacy and the recovery of all the territory lost by Hull's surrender. The name Put-in-Bay was given to the haven where Perry's fleet "put in" after the action, and Put-in-Bay Island to the bit of land, surrounded by the waters of Lake Erie, the picturesque shore of which forms the harbor.

WENDELL PHILLIPS

A life consecrated to human liberty.

THE Phillips family came to America in the "Arabella," the next ship after the "Mayflower." There was a clergyman and teacher in every generation. Wendell was born at Boston in 1811, and graduated from Harvard in 1831. During his college days he gave no sign of the course that was to make his name famous. He was a member of the "Gentlemen's Club," and his mind dwelt chiefly upon English history. After he had graduated from Harvard Law School, and had been admitted to the bar, he said, "If clients do not come, I will throw myself heart and soul into some good cause and devote my life to it." The cause came in the form of the Abolitionist society, which he joined and helped to build up. James Russell Lowell has marked his course in the following stanza: —



"He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose:
He saw God stand upon the weaker side;
Many were there who made great haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords:
He scorned their gifts of fame and power and gold,
And underneath their soft and flowery words
Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part.
Fanatic, named, and fool, yet well content
So that he could be nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the widespread vein of endless good."

In 1836, in Boston, gentlemen of property marched through the streets determined to break up antislavery meetings and mob the Abolitionists. They found William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips saw them drag him, almost naked, through the streets, with a rope around his waist, with which they threatened to hang him. This fate was averted by the mayor, who threw Garrison into jail and locked him up. From that moment, Phillips espoused the cause of Garrison,

but not until the murder of Elijah Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois, in 1837, did he become conspicuous. William Ellery Channing had called a meeting in Boston to consider the murder of Lovejoy. It was held in the daytime, because mob violence was threatened in case of an assemblage at night. At that meeting, James L. Austin, attorney-general of the state, delivered a eulogy upon the murderers of Lovejoy, comparing them to the patriots of the Revolution, and declaring that Lovejoy "died as the fool dieth." Wendell Phillips had not intended to speak, but when the audience called and the chairman beckoned him forward, he leaped to the platform and confronted the raging multitude. His easy attitude, his calm dignity, the classic beauty of his face, challenged attention. In quiet tones he began his terrible arraignment of the attorney-general. "When I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Lovejoy — a clergyman, killed at Alton, Illinois, for espousing the principles of antislavery and in defense of the printing press — when I heard those murderers placed side by side with Otis and Hancock and Quincy Adams," said Mr. Phillips, pointing to their portraits on the wall, "I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead. For the sentiments that he had uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of the Puritans, and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up."

Mr. Phillips's words condemned assassination as a political method and vindicated free speech. They carried the audience by storm. He ascended the platform as a handsome young gentleman of Boston, representing one of her first families; he descended, recognized as one of her foremost orators. There was a demand for the retraction of his words, but it did not come, and thenceforth his voice was for the cause of the Abolitionists. He accepted Garrison's creed, that slavery was a sin, not to be compromised; that the Constitution was a compact with death; that the church was bloodguilty in seeking to find apology for it, and that slavery ought to be immediately abolished.

Garrison had founded this school, but Phillips was its chief apostle and gave it power. The masses could not break away from Wendell Phillips. Even though they hated him, they listened for hours, spellbound. There was a fascination which fixed their attention and his brilliant oratory was absolutely irresistible. Mr. Phillips was also in favor of equal rights for men and women. In 1840 he represented the Abolitionists of Massachusetts in the world's antislavery convention in London, where he pleaded for the admission of women, though he failed to secure it.

When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Phillips was foremost in proclaiming the right and the authority of the President, under the laws

of war, to free the slaves in the revolted states; and when the President had so done, Mr. Phillips sustained him with all the power of his eloquence. Thousands of Abolitionists, who had refrained from joining the army for saving the Union because slavery was to be continued, now enlisted. In 1864 Mr. Phillips, who was somewhat erratic at times, opposed the renomination of Mr. Lincoln, while Mr. Garrison favored it. In 1865 these two great leaders differed also upon the question of continuing the antislavery society. Garrison was ready to disband it, but Phillips contended that its work was unfinished until the freedmen had the right to vote. Mr. Phillips's views were endorsed and he succeeded Garrison as its president, and so remained until 1870. He continued to speak for the rights of women and to plead the cause of temperance. His tribute to William Lloyd Garrison was an able and touching eulogy. His last public appearance was in 1883, and the following year he died, at his home in Boston.

The life of Mr. Phillips, up to the close of the Civil War, was a stormy one, scarcely less so than that of his friend and coadjutor, William Lloyd Garrison. Both were conscientious, aggressive and fearless, and their energies were consecrated to a principle in which they believed — the inherent wrong of human slavery. It was by the earnest, persistent agitation of such men that the popular conscience was quickened and aroused to that activity which culminated in the war and in the death of slavery. Mr. Phillips was an enthusiast — intense in thought and word and action. "I will be heard!" said Garrison in the first issue of "The Liberator"; and this determination was also the pole-star that directed the course of Mr. Phillips. He *was* heard, because he compelled men to hear him, in spite of scoffs, sneers, vituperation and actual personal violence. He lived to see the triumph of freedom for man, black as well as white, for which he had so long and valiantly battled.

FRANKLIN PIERCE

A soldier and statesman from the Granite State.

FRANKLIN PIERCE, fourteenth President, came of a good New England yeoman stock, and was a son of one of the heroes of the Revolution. He was born, November 23, 1804, at Hillsborough, New Hampshire. His father was General Benjamin Pierce, an officer of the Continental army under Washington, and was governor of New Hampshire in 1827–29. Pierce was graduated from Bowdoin College, in 1824, after which he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1827. His first appearance as a pleader gave no indication of the oratorical ability that he developed later. Indeed, he had to admit, himself, that it was a "flat failure." But he was not discouraged. "I shall plead again," he told his friends, "and if I lose in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases, I shall plead the thousandth, if a client will intrust it to me, and the time shall come when my appearance in this court will not be a mortification to myself and my friends."

In 1833 he was elected to Congress as a Democrat, and in 1835 he was reëlected. During his term he rendered valuable service on the judiciary committee. He was chosen United States Senator, in 1837, but resigned in 1838, and went to live at Concord, where he resumed the practice of law. He was the youngest member of the Senate during the time he served in that body, as he was just barely past the age of eligibility. He favored the annexation of Texas from the beginning of the movement, and in doing so gave great offense to the feeling in New England. When the call for volunteers for the war with Mexico was issued, he was one of the earliest to enroll. In 1846 he joined, as a private, the first volunteer company raised in Concord, but on the passage of the bill by Congress for the organization of the army, he was appointed colonel of the Ninth Regiment. Shortly afterward he was made a brigadier-general During the war he had little opportunity to display any remarkable qualities of leadership, but he distinguished himself by great personal bravery and physical endurance of a high order. His first detail was to report to

General Scott at Pueblo. On the way, he had several sharp engagements with guerillas, but joined Scott on August 7.

At the battle of Contreras, he was thrown from his horse and was badly injured, but he continued through the action at the head of his brigade. At Churubusco, while leading his men against the enemy, he fell fainting from his wounds and injuries, and, though advised by his superior officer to quit the field, he refused to do so as long as his brigade remained in action. His war service made him popular, and General Scott appointed him one of the commissioners to arrange for an armistice. At the conclusion of the war he returned to his home at Concord and resumed the practice of law. In the same year he declined an appointment as attorney-general, and also a nomination for governor, offered him by the Democrats.

After a dramatic scene in the convention hall at Baltimore, in 1852, Franklin Pierce was chosen as the Democratic candidate for the presidency. The convention had taken thirty-five ballots without a decision. On the thirty-sixth ballot the name of Franklin Pierce was introduced. The convention was "stampeded," and he received two hundred and eighty-two votes to eleven for all others. At the ensuing election he carried, against General Winfield Scott, all the states except Massachusetts, Vermont, Kentucky and Tennessee. In the electoral college, Pierce had two hundred and fifty-four votes and Scott forty-two.

Pierce was inaugurated President, March 4, 1853. His inaugural address outlined the policy of his administration in clear terms. From the beginning of his political career, he had opposed all anti-slavery legislation, and in his address he declared forcefully that slavery was legally and constitutionally right; and insisted that the fugitive slave law should be enforced. The policy announced in this speech, and carried out through his term, was one that had lasting results. It helped to consolidate the antislavery feeling of the country and so had much to do with bringing on the Civil War.

The progress of the nation during the presidency of Pierce is illustrated in the record of his administration. The dispute with the government of Mexico regarding the boundary line, resulted in the acquisition to Arizona of the territory south of the Gila River, known as the "Gadsden Purchase." The exploration of the route for a telegraph and a railway from the Mississippi to the Pacific was begun. A serious difficulty on the fishery question with Great Britain was amicably settled, and a treaty establishing reciprocity was made on June 5, 1854. The Missouri Compromise was abrogated, and a bill creating the territories of Kansas and Nebraska was passed in both houses and signed by the President.

On Oetober 18, 1854, was issued the famous Ostend Manifesto. Soulé, Mason and Buehanan, the American ministers to Spain, Franee and England, respeetively, met at Ostend, Belgium, for the purpose of promoting negotiations with Spain for the purchase of Cuba by the United States. The manifesto declared that as Spanish oppression in Cuba was sueh that Cuba would speedily resort to arms to free herself, the United States should offer Spain a sum not exeeeding $120,000,000 for the island. In the event of refusal by Spain, America would be justified in wresting the island from her. The President, mueh to the diseontent of Minister Soulé, did not aet upon the adviee. The first treaty ever made with Japan by the United States was signed at Kanazawa, March 31, 1854. It provided for "peace, amity and eommeree" between the two countries, and by its provisions the ports of Hakodadi and Simoda were opened to American shipping.

Throughout his administration, President Pieree lost no opportunity to declare, by word and aet, his proslavery convictions. One Anthony Burns, arrested as a fugitive slave, in Boston, was, by the order of the President, taken in a revenue eutter to Norfolk, Virginia, and was there delivered to his master. Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War in Mr. Pieree's Cabinet, and a strong friendship existed between the two men. Their views on the slavery question were mueh alike. President Pierce dismissed the British Minister at Washington and the English Consuls at New York, Philadelphia and Cineinnati for eomplicity in illegally enlisting in the United States recruits for the Crimea.

At the Democratic convention held at Cineinnati, in 1856, the name of Franklin Pierce was presented for renomination, but it was withdrawn on the fifteenth ballot and James Buchanan was ehosen. At the expiration of his presidential term, Pierce returned to his home in Concord, New Hampshire, and again practieed law, appearing but seldom in polities. His few public utterances were in support of his conviction that the South was being wronged by the anti-slavery element in the North. In 1863, at a publie meeting at Concord, he made a strong speeeh expressing sympathy with the "coereed" South. He died at his home in Concord, October 8, 1869.

Franklin Pierce was a statesman with many enemies in publie life. The bitterness of a bitter period was vented upon him. Rightly or wrongly, he strenuously upheld the prineiples by whieh he was guided, and seemed to care little for the invectives of his opponents. In private life no personality was more winning, no nature more open

and gentle. It was to this fascination of manner, rather than to the possession of any special gifts of mind, that he owed the greater measure of his success. His generosity and kindness of heart won him friends on all sides, and his bravery and soldierly qualities displayed during the Mexican War were treasured up in his favor. He had all his life shown a fondness for military affairs. During his college years he studied military tactics and was an officer of the school cadets.

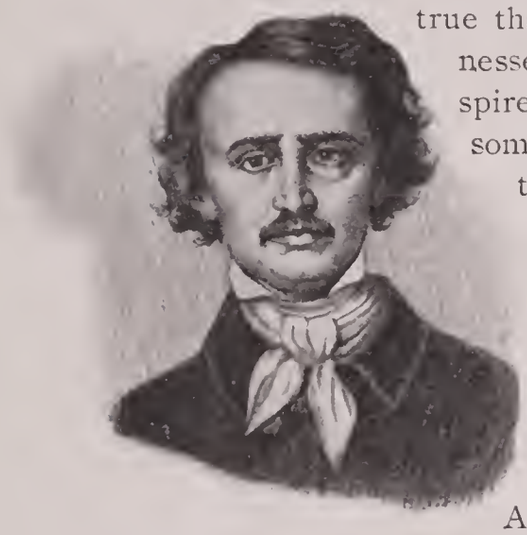
He vigorously opposed the appropriation for the establishment of the West Point Military Academy, on the ground that it would be an aristocratic institution and against public policy. After his experience in the Mexican War, however, he acknowledged that he had been mistaken and admitted the necessity for the existence of the Academy.

Pierce was fortunate in his biographer. Nathaniel Hawthorne was his schoolmate and lifelong companion, and he undertook the task of writing the statesman's life, although he had no sympathy with his politics. The book was a sincere testimony to the deep affection existing between the men. Longfellow was another of the schoolmates of Pierce. It was to President Pierce that Hawthorne owed his appointment as consul at Liverpool, in 1853. Mr. Pierce, although the possessor of a large and remunerative law practice, died comparatively poor. His honesty was conspicuous, and his enemies were never able to accuse him of any aim or purpose, during his public life, to advance his personal interests.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Author of "The Raven"—brilliant, weak, unfortunate.

SOMEONE has said: "It would be well for all poets, perhaps, if nothing more were known of their lives than what they infuse into their poetry." This sweeping assertion is not just to many of the sweetest singers the world has known, whose poetry was but the reflex of the purity of their characters and lives. But it is lamentably true that in some cases too close a knowledge of the weaknesses, follies and errors of persons who were inspired by the spirit of poesy, cannot but impair, in some degree, the fragrance of their songs. Of all the poets whose lives have been a puzzle and a mystery to the world, there is none more difficult to understand than Edgar Allan Poe. One writer has characterized his life as a "long, unheroic tragedy." It was really a succession of tragedies, of which he, himself, was both the author and the victim. The careers of Shelley and Byron furnish close parallels to that of Poe. All were endowed with rare and brilliant genius, and their poetry can never be wrested from its enduring place in literature. All died under forty years of age, after lives that had been swept by storms of reckless passion, and marked by a disregard of law, human and divine.



Edgar Poe was born in Boston, in January, 1809. His father was the son of a distinguished officer of the continental army during the Revolutionary War, and was educated for the law; but he became enamored of Elizabeth Arnold, a beautiful English actress, married her, and abandoned his profession for the stage. The home of the Poe family was in Baltimore, but, at the time of Edgar's birth, his parents were members of a theatrical company then playing in Boston. The couple led a wandering life, and died within a short time of each other, leaving three small children, entirely destitute. Edgar, the second child, was remarkably bright and handsome, and was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy, childless citizen of Richmond, Virginia. The boy then took the middle name of "Allan," from his foster father. He was bright to a remarkable degree, and great care

was bestowed on his education. At an early age, however, he showed a tendency to "wildness" and to throw off restraint.

He entered the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, where, though he was always at the head of his classes, he led such a reckless and dissolute life that he was expelled on account of his profligacy. He had gambled heavily, and when he left the college he was deeply in debt. Mr. Allan, though he had been liberal in his allowance, refused to pay the debts which had been incurred at the gaming table. Young Poe, thereupon, after writing an abusive letter to his benefactor, ran away, with the avowed purpose of joining the Greeks, who were then struggling against the Turks for their independence. He did not reach Greece, but, after a year of fortune and misfortune — chiefly the latter — while wandering over Europe, he appeared in St. Petersburg, in extreme destitution, and in police custody for violation of good order. The American minister secured his release and sent him home to Richmond. Mr. Allan received him kindly and secured his appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Here he applied himself energetically to his studies for a time, but relapsed into habits of dissipation and, at the end of ten months, was expelled in disgrace. Poe returned to Richmond, and again he received nothing but kindness at the hands of Mr. Allan, but his conduct was such that Allan was obliged to turn him from his house and forbid him entrance. Mr. Allan died soon afterward, but in his will he made no mention of the wayward youth.

Thrown upon his own resources, Poe resolved to devote himself to literature. He had published a small volume of poems soon after leaving West Point, when he was twenty. It contained nothing notable. Among the poems were some that flashed with beauty and betokened genius, but most of them were but the crude attempts of youth at verse-making. Fickle as the changing wind, after one or two fruitless attempts to earn a livelihood at writing for newspapers and magazines, he suddenly enlisted as a private in the army, only to desert soon afterward. The publisher of a literary journal in Baltimore offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best tale in prose, and the same sum for the best poem. Poe entered the competition and won both prizes, by the unanimous decision of the committee. John P. Kennedy, the novelist, who was one of the committee, made the acquaintance of the young author and became greatly interested in him. Poe was in a condition of abject poverty and greatly in need of the assistance which was extended to him by his new-found friend. Kennedy furnished him means for his present needs and procured for him a situation as editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger" at Richmond. For a short time, Poe devoted himself to his duties with

zeal and industry, and wrote many tales, poems and reviews which attracted much attention, but his habits of dissipation again mastered him and, after a quarrel with the publisher, he was dismissed. While in Richmond he married Virginia Clemm, his cousin, a very young girl, who was as destitute of means as himself, and as illy fitted to buffet the waves of adverse fortune.

With his child-wife, Poe went, in 1837, to New York, where he earned a small and precarious living by writing for newspapers and magazines. The unique originality of his matter gave it a ready market, and, had he not been weighted down by his vicious habits, he would have risen rapidly to fame and fortune. The possibilities of such a genius as he possessed would have been almost without limit. At this time he published one of his tales, "The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym," which brought him much praise, but little money. Then he edited the "Gentleman's Magazine," in Philadelphia, for a year; but at the end of that time it was the same sad story — dissipation, a quarrel with his employer, and loss of position. Another year he edited "Graham's Magazine," but again he forfeited his place by reason of his habits. During all these years, he had repeatedly made spasmodic efforts to reform, but he was utterly lacking in moral principle and in the power of self-control. It seemed that Nature had impoverished herself in endowing him with such brilliancy of genius, and had nothing left to bestow upon his moral nature.

While in Philadelphia, Poe published "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," in two volumes. These stories were in the same wild, weird, gruesome vein that ran through nearly all of his writings, both prose and poetry. He next returned to New York, where, in 1845, he published in the "American Review" his greatest poem, "The Raven." In the realm of fantastic literature, this has a fixed place — without a peer. Nothing else approaches it in originality of conception, and in the smoothly flowing cadence of its versification. The appearance of such a poem could not pass unnoticed. For a time it was upon every lip, and was copied into almost every periodical in the country. It was seized upon in Europe and its author was pronounced a genius of the highest order. Poe became at once a literary lion and his writings were eagerly sought by publishers. He became connected with the "Broadway Journal," a weekly publication, as one of its editors, but it was not long before the inevitable quarrel with his associate created a rupture and Poe was once more adrift.

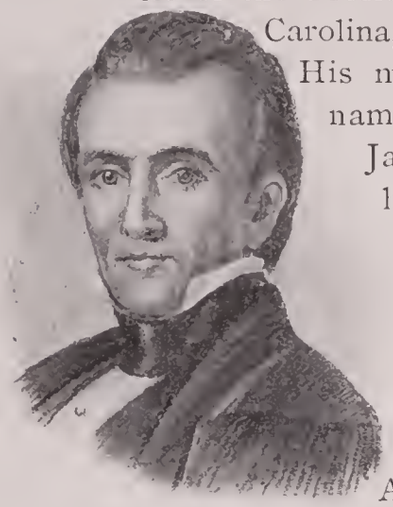
In 1847 Poe's wife died, after a sadly wrecked life. He soon formed another attachment, the object of which was a woman of Rhode Island, of much literary ability. An engagement followed, but he suddenly changed his mind, and, to disentangle himself, he visited her

home and conducted himself in such a manner that the match was immediately broken. It was to this lady that Poe addressed his beautiful poem of sentiment, "Annabel Lee." Then Poe went again to Richmond, where he gained the affections of an estimable lady of good family and fortune. The day for their marriage was fixed, and Poe started for New York, intending to spend a brief period in fulfilling a literary engagement. He had written to his friends that at last he had a prospect of happiness; the "Lost Lenore" was found. On his way to New York he unfortunately stopped at Baltimore, which had been his boyhood home, and where he had many acquaintances. He stepped into a hotel for refreshment and met some of his former companions. They invited him to drink with them; he yielded and was lost. He spent the night in revelry, wandered the streets in a condition bordering on insanity, exposed to a severe storm, and the next morning was found lying upon the ground in a dying condition, the result of a night's excesses and the beating of the elements. He was removed to a hospital where he died, in a few hours, at the age of thirty-eight. It was a pitiful ending of a life that had, in such generous measure, the elements of success, but which was wrecked and wasted by indulgence of appetite. Poe might have been a star to shine with refulgence in the literary sky; he was but a meteor, that flashed brilliantly for a moment and then went out in darkness.

The writings of Poe are not large in bulk. The wonder is that even so much could have been produced in the few years of such a life. His poems — those that have escaped oblivion — are comprised in one small volume. In his choice of themes, and in his treatment of them, he was original and bold to audacity. Notwithstanding his rare facility in verse making, Poe wrote much more in prose than in poetry. His tales partake, even more than his poems, of the grotesque and unnatural; yet he works out his ideas with such exceeding ingenuity and adroitness that things which are utterly contradictory and impossible are made to appear rational and natural. In literary sleight-of-hand, he is without a rival. Among the most remarkable of his strange prose writings, are "The Gold-Bug," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Purloined Letter" and "A Descent into the Maelstrom."

JAMES KNOX POLK

Who did much to bring on the war with Mexico.



THE eleventh President of the United States was descended from an honorable and patriotic ancestry. The family name was originally Polluck, but was shortened to Polk. The first of the name, a Scotch-Irishman, came to this country about the year 1700. An uncle of the President was the author of the famous Mecklenburg, North Carolina, declaration of independence, passed in May, 1775. His maternal grandfather, James Knox, for whom he was named, was a captain in the war of the Revolution. James was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, November 2, 1795. When he was eleven years of age, his father, who was for those days a fairly prosperous farmer, removed his family to what is known as the Duck River District of Tennessee. To the duties of farming he added those of surveyor, for the services of an accurate surveyor are always in demand in a rapidly growing frontier community. As the boy never had robust health, the work of the farm, and the frequent and prolonged surveying trips with his father, were the best possible means of prolonging his life. He was early sent to school, but his health failed. He was then placed in a store, but he had no taste for commercial pursuits and this was abandoned. Finally, his father secured for him a private tutor, and he was enabled to enter the sophomore class of the University of North Carolina. He took a high stand for scholarship and was, in 1818, graduated with the highest honors of the class.

He went at once into the law office of Felix Grundy, who at that time stood at the head of the bar in Tennessee. On the completion of his studies, he established his office at Columbia, Tennessee. He sprang at once into an astonishing success and attracted attention from all parts of the state. He shortly began to make "stump" speeches, and these gave him additional fame. His method as a political speaker was entirely different from the prevailing habit of the day, for he appealed chiefly to the reason, and his efforts were models of cogent logic. In 1823 he was chosen to the Legislature, in which he served for two years. His most notable legislative act was to secure the

passage of a law forbidding dueling. What gave special interest to this law was the fact that he lived in the heart of the dueling district, where all men, from the highest down, were in the habit of settling their differences on the "field of honor."

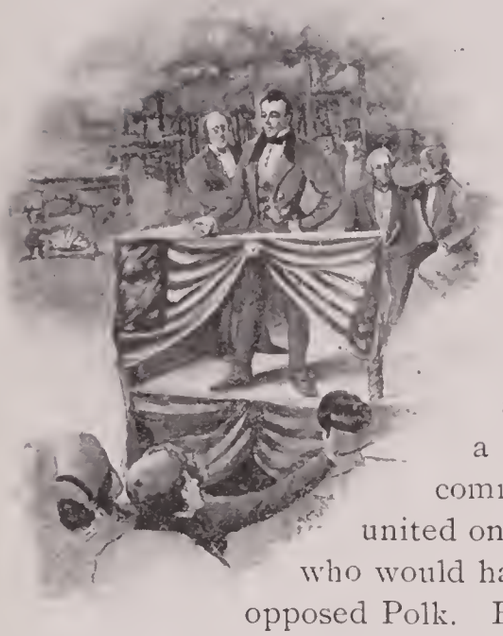
In 1825 Polk was elected to Congress, and was continuously reelected for fourteen years, when he voluntarily withdrew. His maiden speech was in support of a proposed amendment to the Constitution, providing that the President and Vice-president should be elected by the direct votes of the people, instead of by an electoral college. This speech was so able that it placed the new member at once in the front rank of debaters, which place he held during the whole of his legislative experience. Politically, he was an ardent antagonist of the administration of John Quincy Adams, as, later, he became a zealous and efficient supporter of that of Andrew Jackson. When he was a member of the ways and means committee, he aroused no little excitement among his friends by a minority report hostile to the United States national bank; for the bank had many supporters in Nashville, the capital of his own state.

In 1833 Polk was advanced to the chairmanship of the committee on ways and means, which made him the leader of the dominant party in the House. In 1835 he was elected Speaker, and was twice reelected. Though the period of his legislative experience was one of great excitement and bitterness, through it all he held the esteem of opponents and friends alike. While he was Speaker, more appeals were taken from his decisions than had ever fallen to the lot of any previous occupant of the chair, but in every instance his decision was sustained. At the close of his service as Speaker, the various parties in the House expressed their feeling in a unanimous vote of thanks. He had opposed all federal legislation for internal improvements, the protective tariff and the national bank, but he held the unqualified respect of his associates.

In 1839 he withdrew from Congress to be a candidate for governor of Tennessee, and was elected. At the next election, in 1841, the political whirlwind connected with the presidential campaign of William Henry Harrison, the previous year, swept over the state of Tennessee, as it swept over many other states, and Polk was defeated for governor. A similar defeat occurred at the next election, two years later, so that he was out of office for four years.

As the presidential election drew near, it was plain that it would be of great interest and importance. Henry Clay was certain to be the nominee of the Whigs, and Van Buren was in the lead among the Democrats. The Democratic convention was to assemble at Baltimore in May, 1844. The burning question of the time was the

annexation of Texas. About a month before the convention, some citizens of Cincinnati wrote to Polk asking his opinion on the subject. He replied:—



"I have no hesitation in declaring that I am in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas. . . . The proof is fair and satisfactory to my own mind that Texas once constituted a part of the territory of the United States. . . . The country now called Texas was, in 1819, most unwisely ceded away."

This emphatic utterance contrasted strongly with Van Buren's hesitating phrases on the same subject, and had its influence at the convention. Van Buren had a majority of the convention at Baltimore, but could not command the necessary two-thirds vote. All factions finally united on Polk, who was nominated. The Whigs nominated Clay, who would have been elected had he polled the full vote of those who opposed Polk. But New York state gave her vote to James G. Birney, the Abolitionist, and Ohio gave a plurality for Polk. Thus, by hostility to Van Buren on the one side, and hostility to Clay on the other, Polk became President. From the letter above quoted, it will be seen that one of the issues of the campaign was the annexation of Texas. Tyler, who was then President, was desirous of making a record, and, taking time by the forelock, he managed to secure the annexation, two days before the expiration of his term of office. Thus Polk missed the first honor he had coveted for his administration.

The most important event of Polk's presidency was the Mexican War. Though Texas was a part of the territory of the United States, there was a dispute as to the western boundary. There was a strip of land, about one hundred miles wide, lying between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers, claimed by both countries. The cheaper and more reasonable way of settling such a dispute is by negotiation, arbitration or purchase. The more expensive but more popular way is by war. The President chose the warlike method. He sent General Taylor with an army to occupy the disputed territory. On the twenty-ninth of December, 1845, Texas was admitted as a state, but this did not settle the question of the boundary. General Taylor advanced to the neighborhood of the Mexican army, and it is not surprising that this resulted in open hostilities. Battles were fought at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in both of which the Americans were victorious over the Mexicans, who greatly outnumbered them. This made the victory "glorious." Then the President communicated this to Congress declaring that Mexican troops had at last shed the blood of

American citizens on American soil, and asking for a declaration of war and an appropriation of $10,000,000 to carry it on. The war came to a successful close and peace was declared February 2, 1848.

The territory of our country was much enlarged during Polk's term of office. New Mexico and California were acquired, and Texas, Iowa and Wisconsin were admitted to the Union. The boundary of Oregon was settled. The Americans had made large claims along the Pacific coast, demanding all the land as far north as the line of the Russian possessions, or the extreme southern point of Alaska. Their alliterative war cry was "Fifty-four forty or fight." But the acquisition of the immense tracts of land in the West and Southwest, which followed the Mexican War, so far appeased the public greed for domain, that the Oregon boundary was settled by compromise at the 49th parallel of latitude. Other important acts characterized this administration. One was the reorganization of the financial methods of the government and the establishment of an independent treasury system. By this the revenues of the government are collected in specie and without the aid of banks. It was this administration, too, that created the important department of the interior.

As Polk's term of office drew to a close, he held consistently to his preëlection determination not to be a candidate for a second term. Had he been a candidate, and been reëlected, he could hardly have benefited by it. He died June 19, 1849, at his home near Nashville. His friends, who were many, held him in the highest esteem. George Bancroft, the eminent historian, paid the following tribute: —

"His administration, viewed from the standpoint of results, was, perhaps, the greatest in our national history, certainly one of the greatest. He succeeded because he insisted on being its center, and in overruling and guiding all his secretaries to act so as to produce unity and harmony. Those who study his administration will acknowledge how sincere and successful were his efforts, as did those who were contemporary with him."

George M. Dallas, who served with Polk as Vice-president, and who must have known him somewhat intimately, testifies that he was "temperate but not unsocial, industrious but accessible, punctual but patient, moral without austerity, and devotional though not bigoted."

DAVID DIXON PORTER

He added luster to the American navy.

Up to the end of the nineteenth century, but three men had reached the full grade of admiral in the navy of the United States. This rank, like those of lieutenant-general and general in the army, is not attained in the regular order of promotion. It is only bestowed as a recognition of service of extraordinary merit. In each case an act of Congress is necessary to revive the grade, which again lapses on the death of the person elevated to the position. David G. Farragut was the first admiral and George Dewey was the third. The second was the subject of this sketch, who was born in Chester, Pennsylvania, in 1813. David Dixon Porter was one of six sons, four of whom were officers in the army or the navy of the United States. He came of a family which was noteworthy for the fact that through five generations it had served its country on the ocean. His father, Commodore David Porter, was on the frigate "Philadelphia" when she was captured by the Tripolitans, and was imprisoned till the close of hostilities. Afterward, during the last war with England, he commanded the "Essex," his famous career in which made him a popular hero. In an encounter with the British sloop of war "Alert," he compelled his adversary to strike his colors in seven minutes. From such stock sprang the future admiral, who was born while his father was cruising in the "Essex." It is worthy of note that one of the midshipmen on the "Essex" was David Glasgow Farragut, then eleven years old.

The younger Porter took to the water at an early age. He went on board his father's vessel when he was ten years old, and at fourteen he was a midshipman. Then began a service of sixty-two years in the United States navy, which, for effective and brilliant achievement, it is difficult to parallel in the annals of naval warfare. While yet a mere boy he was taken prisoner, during the early trouble with Spain, and was held in confinement at Havana. He served twelve years on the Mediterranean and in the United States coast survey.

In 1841 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant and ordered to duty in Brazilian waters. The Mexican War, 1846–48, gave him an opportunity to show of what stuff he was made. He participated in every conflict along the coast, and manifested a dash, determination and courage that marked him for future distinction. After the close of the war, he was on furlough for four years and commanded mail steamers plying between New York and the Isthmus of Darien.

The Civil War opened to Porter a field for the exercise of his capabilities to the largest degree. No man, whatever his natural endowments, could have accomplished what Porter and Farragut did, unless he had been prepared by a course of special training. It is a singular coincidence that both of these — the only men who reached the rank of admiral until Dewey won it at Manila — trod the deck under the eye of the elder Porter, who was the father of one and had adopted the other — Farragut — when the latter was an orphan of nine years. The fatherless boy was treated by the commodore as one of his own sons and served with him throughout the War of 1812–14.

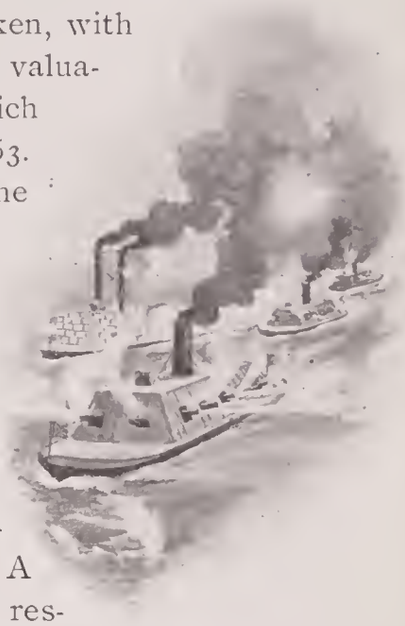
At the outbreak of the Civil War, Porter, then a lieutenant, was in command of the steamer "Powhatan," and was at once ordered to Fort Pickens, Florida, where he was engaged in some of the earliest operations of the war. He was then sent on a chase after the Confederate cruiser "Sumter," which, under the command of Admiral Raphael Semmes, was preying on the commerce of the North. Porter steamed more than ten thousand miles, but was not able to catch the elusive object of his quest. After his return from this long cruise, Porter was attached to the gulf blockading squadron and was stationed at the mouth of the Mississippi. While engaged in this duty, he conceived the idea that a fleet could ascend the river, "run" Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which were popularly believed to effectually bar the passage, and capture New Orleans, the chief commercial city of the South. At this time he was called to Washington, and laid his plan before Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy. It was received with favor, and after careful consideration, it was determined to make the attempt. The command of the expedition was offered to Porter, but he suggested and urged that the enterprise be placed in the hands of Commodore Farragut. The latter was of Southern birth, and the Washington authorities did not yet feel that they could safely put their trust in him. Porter convinced them of his devoted loyalty, and was sent to New York, where Farragut then was, to offer the command to him. Porter and Farragut talked over the subject thoroughly and Farragut said, "I will undertake it if you will go along with me." Porter readily agreed to this, and in the development of the plan he was given the command of an auxiliary mortar fleet.

This comprised twenty-one schooners, each of which carried a 13-inch mortar, convoyed by five war steamers. Farragut, with a powerful fleet of the best vessels in the navy, was in chief command. There was also a large coöperating land force, under General Benjamin F. Butler. No cost or effort was spared to promote the success of the momentous enterprise.

The entire fleet, including the transports bearing the troops of General Butler, sailed from Hampton Roads early in February, 1862. At the middle of April, the operations were actively begun. To prepare the way for the attempt of Farragut to pass the forts, Porter bombarded them continuously for six days and nights with his mortar fleet. Nearly seventeen thousand 13-inch shells were fired, which fell within and around the forts. They did much damage, though they did not seriously impair the armament. Then followed the famous river combat, the successful running of the forts by Farragut, and the immediate surrender of the city of New Orleans. After Farragut had passed up the river, Porter continued his bombardment of the forts and they were closely invested from the land side by General Butler. After four days they were surrendered to Porter, with their garrisons as prisoners of war. The enterprise was one of great magnitude, and its magnificent success, far-reaching in its results, electrified the loyal people of the nation. Honors were abundantly bestowed upon both Farragut and Porter, in which full recognition was given to the latter for the conception of the scheme and for his able and gallant assistance in its execution. The loss of New Orleans, and of the control of the Mississippi River — which was made complete a year later by the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson — was a blow from which the Confederacy did not and could not recover. It bisected the territory of the South and entirely cut off the vast productive region west of the river, embracing the states of Louisiana, Texas, Missouri and Arkansas, whose boundless supplies of meat and bread were indispensable to the proper subsistence of the great Confederate armies of the East.

For more than two years after the capture of New Orleans, Porter served with great distinction on the Mississippi River and its tributaries. With his mortar fleet, he accompanied Farragut up the river, engaging and passing the forts at Port Hudson and Vicksburg. During the remainder of the year 1862, he was constantly engaged in patrolling the rivers, capturing or destroying hostile vessels, and preventing the transportation of supplies from west to east by the Confederates. In September Farragut returned to New Orleans, again running the batteries, and Porter was assigned to the command of the Mississippi squadron, with the rank of acting rear-admiral. In January, 1863, he ascended the Arkansas River with a strong naval force,

and coöperated with General McClernand and General Sherman in the reduction of Arkansas Post, a strongly fortified point below Little Rock, the Arkansas capital. Porter's fire was so effectual as to silence the guns of the fort and it was assaulted and taken, with all its garrison, by the land forces. Porter was a most valuable coadjutor of General Grant in the operations which resulted in the capture of Vicksburg, April–July, 1863. On the night of April 16, Porter ran his fleet past the Vicksburg batteries. Every ship was struck but not one was seriously damaged. During the siege of the Confederate stronghold, Porter's ships were in active and constant service. For his distinguished efficiency and intrepidity, he received the thanks of Congress and was promoted to the full rank of rear-admiral.



During the spring of 1864, Rear-admiral Porter coöperated with General Banks in the Red River expedition, in command of a flotilla of heavy gunboats. A sketch of this expedition, its disastrous result and the rescue of Porter's fleet from otherwise certain capture and destruction, by a marvelous enterprise conceived and carried out by Lieutenant-colonel Bailey, of Wisconsin, is given in the biography of General Nathaniel Prentiss Banks, in this volume. In the autumn of that year Porter was ordered to the command of the North Atlantic blockading squadron. In December he personally directed the naval operations against Fort Fisher, the principal defense of Wilmington, North Carolina, in conjunction with General Butler, who, with a strong force of troops, was chief in command. With thirty-five vessels, Porter delivered a terrific bombardment, which almost wholly silenced the guns of the fort. Butler deemed it inadvisable to assault, and abandoned the enterprise. Porter asked permission to renew the attack, and so great was his confidence, that two weeks later another attempt was made, under the command of General Alfred Howe Terry. Porter's fleet was augmented to forty-four vessels, which for many hours pelted the fort with shot and shell. After one of the most furious bombardments in naval history, General Terry sounded his bugles, the soldiers sprang forward, and the work was quickly captured. During the last days of the Confederacy, Porter operated on the James River, against Richmond. After the city had been evacuated by the Confederates, Porter accompanied President Lincoln on his ride through the streets of the fallen capital.

When, after the war, the grades of general and lieutenant-general were conferred upon Grant and Sherman, the corresponding grades of admiral and vice-admiral were awarded to Farragut and Porter.

Admiral Farragut died in 1870, and Porter was then elevated to that rank, in recognition of his exalted patriotism, valor and devotion. Porter practically began and ended the service of the navy in the Civil War. He fired the first gun at Pensacola, Florida, April 17, 1861, and almost the last gun at Richmond, at the end of March, in 1865. No other name is more fully identified with the operations of the navy, during the whole of the four years of the conflict between the North and the South. After the war, Porter was for four years at the head of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and performed a valuable service in building up that institution. He resigned in 1869, but continued on special duty in connection with naval affairs until 1890, so that he did not wholly relinquish his public duties until he was seventy-seven years of age. He died at his home in Washington, February 13, 1891. At the age of thirty-nine, he married a daughter of Commodore Patterson, who commanded the naval forces at the battle of New Orleans, in 1815. He had four sons, three of whom entered the military or naval service of the United States.

Admiral Porter was a gifted writer and won high commendation for his literary work. His most pretentious effort was the "History of the Navy in the War of the Rebellion," which is a recognized authority. He also wrote a life of his father, Commodore David Porter, and a volume of "Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War," which is a most pleasing and entertaining work. He entered the realm of fiction and wrote "Harry Martine" and "Allen Dare and Robert le Diable." The latter was dramatized and successfully produced on the stage.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

How a man without eyes wrote history.

In the front rank of American literary men, stands William H. Prescott, the historian. No other writer has told so faithfully and so well the fascinating and romantic story of Spain's conquests in the New World, and of the reigns of the most famous of Spanish sovereigns. His volumes, so singularly attractive in their literary charm, and so trustworthy for their historical fidelity, are recognized, the world over, as without a peer in the field which they cover. The life and labors of Prescott present a most striking illustration of the pursuit of a purpose under difficulties that would seem to be baffling in their magnitude. When a young man, he lost one eye by an accident, and the sight of the other soon became so much impaired, that he could only use it a very small part of each day. Much of the time he was almost totally blind. Yet, in spite of this sore affliction, so great an obstacle to literary effort, by patient and unremitting toil, he conquered adverse fortune and produced the works that brought him an enduring fame.

Prescott was descended from old Puritan stock. He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796. He acquired a fair education as a boy in the schools of his native town, and afterward this was supplemented by a course of study in Boston, to which place his parents removed in 1808. When a lad, he had a passion for mimic warfare and for the narration of original stories, which indicated the bent of his mind. It is also recorded of him that he had "a healthy aversion to persistent work." This he overcame later in life, by a most rigorous course of self-discipline; had he not done so, his books would have been forever unwritten. Young Prescott was given the privilege of access to the books in the Boston Athenæum, and he made good use of the opportunity for reading thus afforded him. In 1811 he went to Harvard College, and here, when he had but fairly entered upon his course of study, he met with the accident that so nearly blighted his life. At the boarding-hall, a fellow-student playfully flung at random a hard piece of bread. He intended no mischief, but the flying frag-

ment struck squarely upon the left eye of Prescott. Such was the violence of the blow, that the sight of the injured organ was entirely destroyed. He was soon able, however, to resume his studies, and graduated with honor in 1814. He then began the study of law in his father's office. The following year, his remaining eye was attacked with violent inflammation, a direct sympathetic effect of the injury to the other. The malady refused to yield to treatment, and the gravest fears were entertained that he would become totally blind. It was determined that he should go to the Azores for the winter, in the hope that he might find relief in careful treatment and in the sea air. He spent several months at St. Michael's, chiefly confined to a darkened room. At this time he began that process of severe mental training which enabled him, when he began his literary labors, to compose and retain in his mind long passages for subsequent dictation. His sight was but little improved, and, during the ensuing summer, he visited England, France and Italy, where he had the advantage of the best medical skill. He was informed that there was no hope of restoring the injured eye, and that the preservation of the sight of the other would depend largely on the maintenance of his general health.

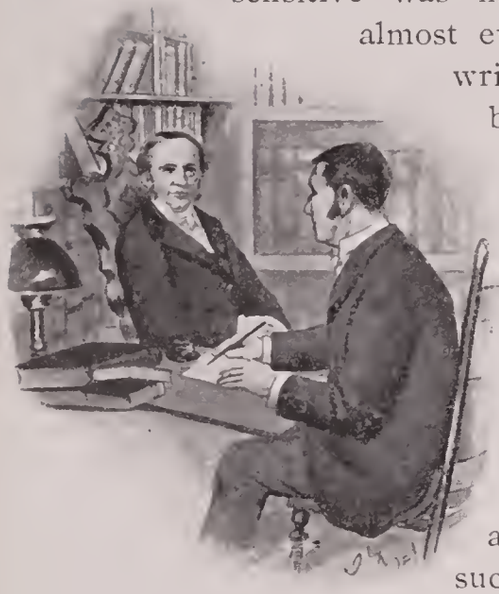
When Prescott returned home, he abandoned his law study, for it was clear that to pursue it was no longer possible. On the advice of his physicians, he made no attempt to use his sight for a time. Fortunately, he was surrounded by loving friends who read aloud to him several hours of each day. As he listened, he was constantly training his mind and memory, and gradually the purpose was developed to devote his life to literature. He had already done some desultory writing, which pleased his friends and gave promise of future success. At the age of twenty-four, he married Susan Amory. The union was a singularly happy one. His wife was his inseparable and devoted companion, and her intelligent assistance was most helpful to him in his historical labors. Prescott was fully resolved that he would do well whatever he undertook, and that he would not engage in any specific work until he was thoroughly equipped for its requirements. For three or four years longer, he continued his preparatory training, by reading or listening to others, by much exercise of thought, and by irregular writing of essays, reviews, etc., by way of practice. His efforts were especially directed to the quickening of certain faculties of mind, the acute exercise of which would, in large measure, compensate for his impairment of sight. He had always before him the strong possibility of absolute blindness. Bravely and cheerfully he labored to prepare himself for this, determined that even so grievous a calamity as that which darkened his life with its shadow, should not bar his way. The

history of human achievement presents few instances of such systematic and sustained effort to overcome adverse conditions. Examples like this justify the belief that the old proverb from the Latin, "Labor conquers all things," is much more than a figure of speech.

In 1824 Mr. Prescott became interested in Spanish history and literature — and this opened before him his life work. The fascination of the theme was irresistible, and drew him on until his whole nature was engaged. It seemed to him — and such, indeed, was the fact — that this particular and most inviting field had been but scantily cultivated by historians. He resolved to plow and sow, persuaded that, in the fullness of time, he would also reap. From this time forward every thought, every energy of mind and body, was applied to the task which he had undertaken. Happily, he had ample means at his command, by which he was enabled to travel, for much of this was necessary for the collection of material before he could write. In his journeyings he was accompanied by one or more friends, whose assistance was indispensable in searching the dim and musty archives of centuries ago. For this work he dared not hazard his own imperfect and precarious sight, and it was almost entirely done by others, under his direction. It was most fortunate that there were those of his family connection who, not only were qualified for the work, but were so circumstanced that they were able to devote to it their time and labor. But for their aid, the long, patient search would have been impossible. At this time his one eye was so weak and diseased that he was only permitted to use it at brief, intermittent periods. He was embarrassed in his work to a degree that was excessive, — for none could do it as well as himself, — and one less resolute would have given up in despair. He found that traveling affected his sight unfavorably, and his journeys were made only with great difficulty, and often with much suffering. During these months and years of incessant labor, he was obliged to depend very largely upon his devoted friends, who stood faithfully by him to the last. And all these harassing conditions, this lifelong burden of sore affliction, resulted from the trivial act of carelessly flinging a crust of bread!

Material for Prescott's work was gathered from the early archives of the United States, and in Mexico, Peru, Spain, Portugal, Italy and England. How great the undertaking was, magnified beyond measure by the circumstances under which it was accomplished, can scarcely be conceived; and the patient, toilsome effort and the tenacity of purpose that carried it through, must ever command, not less the wonder than the admiration of mankind. Through it all, Prescott's mind was ever actively engaged in sifting, grouping and arranging in systematic order for use, the great mass of data which came into his possession.

Much of this was fragmentary and obscure, and much of doubtful authenticity, enveloped in the haze of legendary lore. To separate the wheat from the chaff, required the keenest discernment and the most careful discrimination. By the time he was ready to begin his writing, he had the matter well digested, and his work clearly laid out in his mind. He worked seated in his study, which was lined on two sides with books. To favor his impaired vision, the room was darkened by green screens and curtains of blue muslin. So acutely sensitive was his eye that these required to be readjusted with almost every cloud that passed across the sky. Much of the writing was done by an amanuensis, at his dictation, but occasionally, for short periods, he was able to write with his own hand, assisted by an instrument called the noctograph,—a writing frame for the blind, by which the hand is enabled to trace across the sheet in regular lines. In this way he jotted down heads and brief notes, which, as they were read to him in turn, he mastered in his mind, shaping the sentences and arranging their sequence, ready for final dictation. The proficiency which he attained in this was a marvel to those about him. Incredible as it may seem, it is related of him that he acquired such power of mind and memory, that he was able to carry therein, matter, in an almost perfect state of composition, sufficient to make sixty printed pages of one of his volumes. His mind was always at work. When he walked or drove, he was thinking,—arranging, perfecting, polishing,—and when his matter was dictated it was so complete in form, so graceful in expression, that rarely was a word changed in the revision. It will be readily understood, however, that the work progressed more slowly than under usual circumstances, by reason of the difficulties which Mr. Prescott was obliged to overcome.



Prescott's first work—"History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," in three volumes—was published in 1838, when the historian was forty-two years of age. It met with immediate and most gratifying success, not only in America, but in Europe. From an obscure reviewer and essayist, its author was suddenly elevated to the first rank of contemporaneous historians. Daniel Webster likened him to "a comet that blazed out, unheralded, in full splendor." American, British and Continental reviewers commended the work in the highest terms, and with a unanimity almost without precedent. The warm reception accorded to "Ferdinand and Isabella" fixed permanently the literary standing of its author, and determined his subsequent course.

His early purpose had been to enter the general field of literature, but he now resolved to devote himself entirely to history, and in the particular field which he had so successfully entered. He immediately began work on the "Conquest of Mexico," to which he gave five years of hard labor. The reading public had eagerly awaited its publication, and it was received with a cordiality that rose to enthusiasm. The careful methods which the author had adopted bore abundant fruit. The verdict of the critics was emphatic in its approval, and plaudits, without stint, were bestowed upon the man who, through great tribulation, had produced such a work. The "Conquest of Peru" naturally followed, and, within three months, Prescott began to break ground for this. It was finished within four years and added much to his already high reputation. While engaged on the "Conquest of Peru," he suffered a great grief by the death of his father, between whom and himself there was an attachment that was unusually close, even for such a relationship. His feeble eyesight was further impaired, and its total loss was seriously threatened. He was only permitted to use his eye a few minutes at a time, in all not exceeding one hour in each day.

During the last twelve years of his life, Prescott wrote his "History of the Reign of Philip the Second," of Spain, in three volumes. Although this work is complete as far as it goes, the theme was not finished, according to the plan of the author; his sudden death prevented its consummation. Meanwhile, however, he had revised and enlarged Robertson's "Charles the Fifth," and the three volumes of this excellent history are usually included in the works of Prescott, which comprise, in all, fifteen volumes. Prescott's life and labors ended simultaneously. He had been in his usual health and actively engaged in work. On January 27, 1859, he was stricken with apoplexy, and died a few hours later.

ISRAEL PUTNAM

A type of the sturdy Revolutionary patriots.

"Old Put," as he was popularly known in his time, was one of the rugged, lion-hearted characters of the Revolutionary period — a type of the colonial patriots who cast off the yoke of the mother country and laid their all upon the altar of liberty. Putnam was past fifty-seven years of age, when, in 1775, while plowing in his field, at Pomfret, Connecticut, news of the battle of Lexington reached him. He left his plow in the furrow, turned loose his oxen, mounted a horse and rode sixty-eight miles to Boston, to join the Continental army. He did not seek preferment, but offered to take a musket, or to do duty in any capacity in which he could best serve his country. But he had had a large military experience in the earlier wars and was made a general. He served four years and then paralysis compelled him to quit the field. He was one of the bravest among the brave, and a true patriot, never a self-seeker. Tarbox, his biographer, says of him: —

"General Putnam, with his high and patriotic impulses, and with his merit, ability, native originality and bold leadership, carved out a large domain for himself in American history. But he never stopped to fence it in and call it his own. He left it open and unprotected for others to forage upon and make out of it reputations for themselves as best they could."

Putnam was born in January, 1718, in Salem, Massachusetts, in the days of the witchcraft delusion. He was eleventh in a family of twelve children. One of his sisters was accused of witchcraft and fled to the woods to escape her persecutors. After she had spent a night in a swamp, she was rescued by friends, who protected her from violence. It was amid such surroundings that Israel spent his boyhood days. At the age of twenty, he married Hannah Pope, who was seventeen. They were happily mated, and their long domestic life was an ideal one. Putnam was rough in his intercourse with men, but his heart was tender, warm and true, and, in the precincts of his home, he was gentle and affectionate. In his young days he had been afforded

little opportunity for education, and when he arrived at man's estate, his mental acquirements were below the average. Under a published portrait of the sturdy general is a facsimile of his autograph, in which his first name is written "Isreal." He seems to have followed the usual pronunciation rather than the proper orthography.

No sketch of Israel Putnam would be complete without the famous wolf story. The incident which it has preserved occurred while he was a young man, soon after he had removed, with his wife, to Pomfret, Connecticut. In the early days, wolves greatly annoyed the settlers by committing depredations upon their flocks and herds, and not infrequently attacking human beings. As the settlements grew, the people engaged in constant warfare with the wolves, and this resulted in gradual extermination. At the time in question, it was believed that there was but one wolf left in Pomfret. This was a particularly large and savage one, and by night it ranged and ravaged the neighborhood, killing sheep, pigs, and fowls. Children were so much afraid of the wolf that they feared to go to school or to drive home the cows, while lonely women lived in trembling and terror. Putnam had on his farm fine flocks of sheep and goats, and one morning he found that seventy of them had been killed or maimed during the previous night — without question the work of that terrible wolf. Putnam was exasperated almost beyond measure, and determined that the animal's forays should cease. A light snow had fallen, which made it easy to track the wolf to his hiding-place. Putnam at once organized a hunt, himself leading the party. The tracks were followed to a region of rocky hills, where they disappeared at the entrance to a cave. Probably this discovery would have ended the quest, so far as the others were concerned, but Putnam threw off his coat and waistcoat and declared his purpose to enter the cave and bring the matter to a conclusion. The interior of the cave showed a precipitous descent, and after a rope had been tied around Putnam's body, he seized a flaming torch and directed his companions to "lower away." Soon he discerned the glaring eyeballs of the savage beast, which was cowering in a corner of the cavern. One well-directed shot was enough. The intrepid hunter seized a leg of the dead wolf, gave the signal, and man and wolf were drawn out together. This exploit gave to Putnam, throughout that region, a mighty fame for courage and prowess.

Putnam was actively engaged during the French and Indian wars, serving as a captain, with distinguished gallantry. In 1758 he was taken prisoner by the Indians, at whose hands he suffered severe tortures. These left upon his body scars which he carried to his grave. He barely escaped being put to death, and was finally exchanged. In

1764 the war ended and Putnam returned to his home, having reached the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

After eleven years of quiet life upon his farm, Putnam was aroused by the tocsin of the Revolutionary War. Of his quick response, mention has already been made. In the hasty organization of the colonial volunteers, he was made third brigadier-general of the Connecticut troops. In that capacity he at once took the field. His service in the Indian wars had given him a high reputation as a commander of courage and capacity, and a strong effort was made to induce him to enter the British army. He was offered a commission as major-general and a large sum of money if he would remain loyal to the crown, but he spurned the offer and threw his whole heart and soul into the patriot cause. He was one of the commanders at Bunker Hill, and his conduct there was just what might have been expected of him. He had been under fire before, and his personal bravery was an inspiration to the raw volunteers who faced the trained "redcoats" on that historic field. In the organization of the Continental army, Putnam was commissioned a major-general and placed fourth on the list in rank. He was in almost constant field service, always alert, active, prompt, vigorous and courageous.

In 1778 occurred the famous dash on horseback down the stone steps, an incident that will be forever linked with the name of Putnam. He had gone out with a small force on a reconnoitering expedition and had unexpectedly encountered a largely superior body of British soldiers, commanded by General Tryon. Putnam saw at a glance that if he attempted to fight he would be overpowered, and cast about for means of instant escape. Just at hand was a deep ravine, and leading down the steep declivity was a succession of rude stone steps, which had been built for the use of persons on foot who might pass that way. Calling to his men to scatter and save themselves, "Old Put" plunged the spurs into the flanks of his horse and dashed down the steps. A volley from the British muskets passed harmlessly above him, except one bullet which went through his cap. The chances would seem to have been ten to one that horse and rider would roll together to the bottom, but the sure-footed animal kept his feet, made the descent in safety, and dashed away at a furious gallop, quickly carrying his rider out of danger. This exploit has been a favorite theme of poet and painter. No doubt both have taken advantage of the license which is permitted to pen and brush, and have embellished the scene, in verse and on the canvas; but the main facts are historically true. It is not difficult to believe the story, because it is in perfect harmony with the character

and habit of Putnam. It is needless to say that the British did not follow him in his mad flight. General Tryon made graceful acknowledgment of Putnam's gallantry by sending him a new cap, to replace the one which the bullet had spoiled.

In 1779, while yet on active duty in the field, General Putnam was smitten with paralysis and was entirely disabled for further service. It was with the keenest regret that he relinquished his command and sheathed his sword for the last time. From the first he had never, for a moment, doubted the final success of the patriot cause, and he had hoped, notwithstanding his advanced years, that it might be his privilege to ride at the head of his troops until independence had been achieved. He was removed to his home, where he clung to life, in a partially helpless condition, for eleven years. He lived long enough to rejoice in the triumph of liberty, and to see the new republic, with George Washington as its President, well started on its wondrous career. He died in 1790, at the age of seventy-two.

Putnam's life in the Revolutionary army was not free from sore trials. He suffered much at times from the jealousies and bickerings that unfortunately prevailed among the officers high in rank, and which, in no small degree, impaired the usefulness of many. But Putnam's patriotism was of the purest and loftiest kind. He ignored himself, and cared only for his country and her cause.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED

Who brought a new parliamentary era in Congress.

To be Speaker of the House of Representatives means an exercise of power second only to that of the President of the United States. To hold down to intelligent work the discordant elements of contending parties, requires not only a perfect knowledge of parliamentary law, but unerring judgment and, at times, inflexible firmness, even to the iron will of an autocrat. In the Fifty-first Congress, members of the political minority of the House entered upon a policy of resistance and obstruction, by refusing to vote when their names were called, in order to break a quorum, thus to prevent the passage of measures that were obnoxious to them. Thomas Brackett Reed, who had just been placed in the Speaker's chair by the dominant party, ruled that members should be counted as present, whether or not they chose to exercise their privilege of voting, and for that ruling he was denounced as "The Czar." Yet, under the ruling of Mr. Reed, Congress transacted the business of the country, and the long-established custom of "filibustering," so called, by which a minority could block the wheels of legislation for days and weeks, was nearly abolished.

The practice of filibustering could have no standing, either in law or in common sense, but by long usage and sufferance, it had become so firmly established that it could only be uprooted by the most severe and stringent means. The only plausible excuse that could be given for the filibuster was that it enabled a minority to prevent vicious legislation. The truth is, however, that it was oftenest employed to gain a political end. There were many ways of filibustering, or "killing time," and in different Congresses they had been resorted to alike by members of all parties. The method most commonly practiced was the simple one already alluded to, that of refusing to respond to a call of the roll upon a question. A hundred or two hundred members, sitting under the very eye of the Speaker, were considered theoretically absent, according to a convenient parliamentary fiction, if they did not answer when their names were called. If the number of actually recorded votes was less than half of the entire membership, there

was "no quorum," and no business could be done. The utter absurdity of such a situation will be clearly seen when the fact is stated that, again and again, with perhaps a hundred members above a quorum in their seats, the House found itself with or without a quorum alternately, half a dozen times in as many half hours, as the obstructionists voted or refrained from voting. When, for instance, a bill was put upon its passage, and the silence of the minority left the House without a quorum, nothing could be done except to order a "call of the House." This is simply a call of the roll to disclose the presence or absence of members. To this call, everybody would respond with a cheerful "Here!" and the clerk's footing would show, perhaps, three-quarters of all the members present. Then another vote would be taken on the bill, during which the filibusters would remain eloquently silent, with the same result as before. Then another call of the House, a quorum; another yea-and nay-vote, no quorum.

And so it would go in ceaseless round, for hours and days and sometimes weeks — for there was no time limit to the possibilities of such a contest; it was purely a question of patience and endurance between the contending forces. Sometimes the majority would refuse to adjourn, and the House would be in continuous session for twenty, thirty or forty hours. At all times of the night, when a "call of the House" showed less than a quorum actually present, the sergeant-at-arms and his deputies were sent out in quest of absentees. At their homes or their lodgings, members were aroused from slumber and commanded in the name of the United States of America to appear forthwith at the bar of the House, under the pains and penalties in such cases made and provided. As soon as there was a quorum present, the round of filibustering was resumed. To the public, these exhibitions appeared — as, indeed, they were — farcical in the extreme, mere child's play, wholly unworthy of such a body. For great statesmen to so deport themselves seemed "the height of the ridiculous." Yet these scenes were repeated, year after year, for more than half a century. On one occasion a single man — Mr. Weaver, of Iowa — held the House in the grasp of his hand for nearly a week, during which time it did absolutely nothing. His immediate following was small and not sufficient to "break a quorum" by declining to vote so that he was compelled to employ other means, such as to demand the reading in full of very long bills, reports or other documents, to compel a vote by yeas and nays on even the most trivial questions — each roll call requiring thirty minutes — and other time-consuming methods, while three hundred men sat in feeble helplessness.

The struggle over the adoption of the "Reed rules," during the session of 1889–90, was one of the most notable contests in the

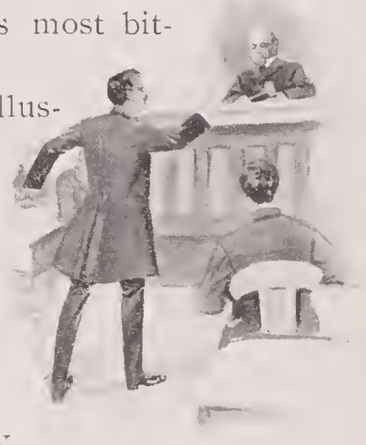
history of Congress. The party in power had but a very small majority in the House, and could not expect the daily attendance of enough of its own members to maintain a quorum for the transaction of business. It was well understood that at this session a number of important measures, more or less political in nature and purpose, would be introduced, and the powerful minority, under able and shrewd leadership, was fully prepared to resist to the uttermost. It was clear to the leaders of the dominant party that little business would be done by that Congress unless the fangs of the filibusters could be drawn. It was determined to do this, on the twofold ground that it was in the interest of the public welfare and a party necessity.

The assertion may safely be made that no other member of that House was so well equipped to wield the gavel during those stormy sessions as Thomas B. Reed. His selection for Speaker was most fortunate — and this may be said without disparagement to the excellent gentlemen who were his competitors for that position of honor and power. During those weeks of unexampled turbulence and party strife, Mr. Reed seemed always to know just what to do and how to do it. His strength was not impaired by a single mistake; he made no ruling that he was obliged to revoke. His judgment and his courage were often put to severe test, but not once were they found wanting.

The struggle began very soon after the organization of the House. The new rules were only adopted after a fight which was prolonged for more than three weeks, and Speaker Reed found it necessary to apply in advance the principle of "counting a quorum." He did this at the first attempt to filibuster. The roll had been called for a yea-and-nay vote, and the members of the opposition had sat in silence, as others, on both sides of the House, had so often done before. The clerk's tally-sheet showed the number who had voted to be a dozen or so less than a quorum. The Speaker scanned the chamber, and in his blandest tones called the names of fifteen or twenty "silent" gentlemen whom he saw before him, and directed the clerk to record them as present, to make a legal quorum. Instantly the House was in an uproar. Most of those who had been thus "counted" against their will, sprang to their feet and denounced the action of the Speaker in unmeasured terms. Gentlemen on the other side rose to defend the chair, and the wordy battle was waged fast and furious, while the Speaker rapped in vain for order.

There were scores of similar scenes during the next few weeks. At times the House was in a state of confusion and excitement that defied description — a dozen members talking at once, each trying to make himself heard above the others; a hundred more striding along

the aisles and eddying around the different speakers, at the centers of excitement. Often the chamber was transformed into a literal bedlam. Men, who were usually staid and dignified, were swept entirely off their feet by the storm of partisan rancor and passion. Many harsh and bitter words were spoken, and twice members on the floor came to blows. Several times the Speaker found it necessary to direct the sergeant-at-arms to compel disorderly members to take their seats. It seems scarcely possible that such scenes could occur in such a body as the Congress of the United States. Throughout the long, bitter struggle, Speaker Reed never relaxed for an instant — never receded an inch. Unvexed by the raillery, irony and denunciation that were constantly hurled at him, he sat calm and unmoved, a veritable Ajax, as he defied the lightnings and thunders of wrath that played about him, extorting the admiration even of his most bitter adversaries.



Mr. Reed's bearing during this trying time is well illustrated by an incident which occurred. One day Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee, — whose quiver was always full of sharp-pointed arrows, — was assailing the Speaker with keen sarcasm, and spoke of him as one "who, like Providence,

'Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'"

Instantly Mr. Sawyer, of New York, of Mr. Reed's party, leaped to his feet, and, as he pointed to the Speaker, recited the other two lines of the verse, which begins a well-known hymn: —

"He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

A tempest of laughter and applause swept over the chamber, greatly to the confusion of Mr. Enloe.

When the opposition members found that they could not prevent the Speaker from "counting" them when present, they took to absenting themselves, in the flesh as well as in the spirit, and for several days the seats on that side of the chamber were almost entirely vacant. The majority party was only able to adopt the "Reed rules" by securing, through extraordinary effort, a full quorum of its own members. Such was the emergency that two members who were seriously ill insisted upon being taken to the Capitol in carriages, from which they were borne, — one of them lying upon a cot, — to the hall of the House, where they cast their votes, while the uproarious applause of their party friends gave tribute to their pluck. As soon as the new rules had been adopted, the House proceeded to "do business." In

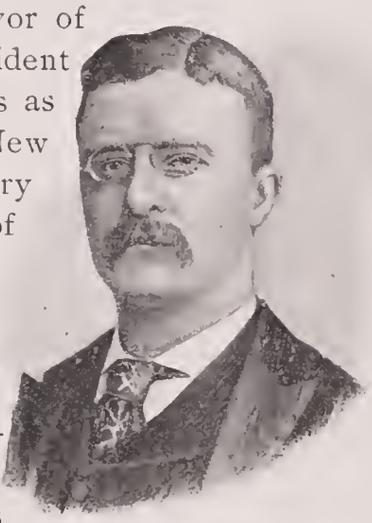
several Congresses thereafter, the opposite party controlled the House, but the "Reed rules" were adopted, which fact gave to Mr. Reed the largest and fullest vindication. There still are, and always will be, minor methods by which advantage may be taken of parliamentary technicalities to cause brief delays. The machinery of legislation may thus be clogged, but it cannot be stopped for days and weeks; the greatly increased power of the Speaker under the new regime enables him to clear away the obstructions and let the wheels go round.

Mr. Reed was born at Portland, Maine, in 1839. He was admitted to the bar in 1865. He became active in politics, and in 1877 was elected to the lower House of Congress, in which body he served continuously for more than twenty years. He sat for six years in the Speaker's chair, and the judgment of history will rank him as the peer of any of the long line of distinguished men who have filled that position. While upon the floor, he was a leader in debate, and always commanded attention, for everybody wanted to hear him. His portly form, full round face and commanding presence made him a unique figure, while his singularly clear reasoning, his apt and clever way of "putting things," his indifference to criticism, his droll, ready wit and keen repartee, invested his speeches, at all times and places, with a charm that few were able to resist. To these may be added the inimitable "Yankee" twang in his voice, which he knows how to use with irresistible effect. When speaking in the heat of excited debate, his voice is harsh and piercing. During the fight in Congress over the rules, some one compared it to "a buzz saw tearing through a pine knot," and the simile is a good one. In 1899 Mr. Reed voluntarily retired from Congress, and entered upon the practice of law in New York. He is a pungent writer and has been for years a much-sought contributor to current periodical literature.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A "Rough Rider," twentieth century statesman.

A conspicuous and unique figure in the progressive politics and civilization that mark the beginning of the twentieth century, is Theodore Roosevelt, of New York. Few men, indeed, have made within so short a time such an extended and brilliant record in public life. Three years a member of the New York legislature, a leader of his party in state politics, candidate for mayor of the city of New York, six years in Washington as president of the United States civil service commission, two years as president of the board of police commissioners of New York City, again in Washington as assistant Secretary of the Navy, prominent in the war with Spain as leader of the "Rough Riders," governor of the state of New York for two years, then Vice-president of the United States — and he was only forty-two when elected to the eminent position last named. It would seem that all these, within a period of eighteen years, would have compassed the limit of possible human effort, and yet Mr. Roosevelt has found time to write half a score of books, besides many newspaper and magazine articles on current political and economic subjects, and has spent months at a time in western ranch life and in hunting "big game" in the mountain fastnesses of the "Rockies." With a tireless and inexhaustible energy of mind and body, that is almost marvelous, he has performed the arduous and exacting duties of his "strenuous" life, and the strain, instead of impairing his mental and physical powers, seems but to have strengthened and made more intense their vigor and vitality. He is almost an ideal type of American manhood. His fearless conduct, in many ways, has made him, particularly to the younger generation, a popular idol, and everywhere he is familiarly known as "Teddy."



Mr. Roosevelt was born in New York, in 1858. He came of an old Knickerbocker family, prominent for many generations in the history of Manhattan Island. The stock was noted for its instincts of freedom and patriotism and its uprightness of conduct. Theodore was prepared for college by private teachers and graduated at Harvard

in 1880. While at college, he was noted for his good scholarship and for the hearty zeal with which he engaged in athletic sports. Thus mind and body were trained together for the active life which destiny had in store for him. He spent a year in travel, at the same time continuing his studies. He took an especial interest in the purification of political and official life and the general extension of civil service rules to all public servants. He was an intimate friend and associate of George William Curtis, who was one of the ablest champions of civil service reform. Mr. Roosevelt soon found opportunity for a practical application of his ideas. At the age of twenty-four, he was elected a member of the New York legislature and introduced the first civil service reform bill ever presented to that body. It was passed in 1883, about the same time that a similar measure was passed by the Congress of the United States. He represented the best element in politics, and advanced rapidly to leadership. In 1884 he was chairman of the New York delegation in the Republican national convention. Two years later he accepted a nomination as candidate for mayor of New York City, on an independent ticket and a "good government" platform. He was indorsed by the Republican party and received a large vote, but was defeated.

In 1889 President Harrison appointed Mr. Roosevelt a member of the United States civil service commission, and he served six years as president of that board. He resigned to become president of the board of police commissioners of New York City. Here he found a wide field for reformatory effort and with characteristic zeal entered upon the work of reorganization. His administration was marked by a vigorous and relentless enforcement of all laws and ordinances, especially those relating to the liquor traffic, gambling and the suppression of vice. He incurred alike the commendation of all lovers of order and good morals, and the hostility of the large criminal and disorderly class of the great city. By this time his courage, energy and high administrative ability had brought him into national prominence, and in 1897 President McKinley called him to the position of assistant Secretary of the Navy. To him was largely due the splendid condition of the naval establishment when the Spanish-American War began. Soon after he entered upon his duties, he asked for eight hundred thousand dollars, and later for five hundred thousand more, to be expended in naval target practice. By many, this was declared to be a reckless and extravagant waste of money, but the result at Manila and Santiago silenced the critics and abundantly justified Mr. Roosevelt. It was he that suggested the assignment of Commodore Dewey to the command of the Asiatic squadron, and again his keen perception and excellent judgment were shown.

When the war cloud began to thicken, Mr. Roosevelt determined to go to the field. It was earnestly desired that he would remain in his position at Washington, for the duties of which he had a peculiar fitness, but his attack of "war fever" was in its most malignant form, and nothing could dissuade him from his purpose. For some time before war was declared, Mr. Roosevelt had judged, from the trend of events, that hostilities were inevitable, and he had been busily engaged in making preliminary arrangements for raising a body of troops. Formerly, he had spent much time in the far West, where he owned a ranch. He had mingled freely with the ranchmen, cowboys and hunters, and had entered into their sports and their free-and-easy life with the keenest zest. He had come among them as a "tenderfoot" from the East, but it did not take him long to win not only their respect, but their affectionate admiration. His fame extended among them far beyond the limits of his large personal acquaintance. With his first thought of "going to war," Mr. Roosevelt's heart went out to the western cowboys, in whom he discerned the true mettle that marks the soldier. He conceived the idea of forming a cavalry regiment, to consist chiefly of these rovers of the plains — hardy ranchers, hunters and frontiersmen, men of courage and endurance, who had spent their lives out of doors and on the backs of their horses.

As soon as the bugle blast called to arms, Mr. Roosevelt sent his resignation to the President, who accepted it, and at once authorized him to raise a regiment of volunteer cavalry,— for the subject had been thoroughly talked over between the President and himself. The seed which had been sown by his correspondence brought forth an immediate and abounding crop. No sooner had he issued his call than he was deluged, almost overwhelmed, with applications for enlistment. These very soon reached to many times the maximum number, and he could have raised five regiments as easily as one. From the multitude of applicants the best were selected, men of perfect health and physique, and whose courage — "sand," to use an expressive army word — could not be doubted. The men underwent a rigid examination, the major part of them by Roosevelt in person, and the abundance of material from which to choose afforded the largest liberty of selection. It may fairly be questioned whether, in all the armies of history, so fine a body of volunteers was ever formed. Although the "cowboy" element was greatly predominant, the membership of the regiment was not confined to that active and enterprising class. Roosevelt had a wide personal acquaintance throughout the country, and from every section came the most urgent appeals from young men for permission to join the "Rough Riders." Many

of these applications were from college students and men in professional life, including sons of wealthy and distinguished families. These men sought no preferment; they wanted to go just as privates, to share the hardships, the dangers and the glory which they believed were in store for Roosevelt and his men. So it was that in this distinctive organization, whose record justified the highest expectations, the college-bred youth and the unlettered cowboy rode side by side; the heir to millions and the rough outcast from society slept under the same blanket. Roosevelt was proud of his men — as proud as they were of him. The rendezvous of the regiment was at San Antonio, Texas, where the organization was effected and horses and equipments were receeived. At the urgent solicitation of Roosevelt, Dr. Leonard Wood, one of his most intimate friends, was commissioned colonel, while Roosevelt, by his own choice, contented himself with the position of lieutenant-colonel. From the outset, the regiment of "Rough Riders" was an object of universal and intense popular interest.

The days were diligently devoted to instruction and drill. The men were ardent and ambitious to the last degree, and yielded readily to the requirements of strict military diseipline. The rough men of the frontier, who had hitherto known little of restraint, were as tractable as children in their eagerness to become soldiers worthy of their leader, and of the fame that the regiment had gained even before it had left its camp. As soon as it had been determined to send a land

foree to Cuba, although not a tenth of the volunteers could go, Roosevelt appealed so earnestly that a part of the regiment was attaehed to the army of General Shafter. The horses could not be taken for laek of sufficient transportation, but the men were more than eager to go and serve as infantry. One battalion — four companies — of the "Rough Riders," accompanied by Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-colonel Roosevelt, embarked at Tampa, Florida, on the fifteenth of June. In due time it arrived and bore a conspicuous and honorable part in the operations that resulted in the fall of Santiago and the surrender of its garrison as prisoners of war. On July 1, Lieutenant-colonel Roosevelt distinguished himself by leading the charge of the "Rough Riders" and the Ninth cavalry up San Juan hill. The "Rough Riders" suffered severely, two captains — Capron and O'Neill, both most gallant and intrepid offieers — being among the slain. Roosevelt shared all the hardships and dangers of his men, and they eame to regard him with an affection that rose almost to idolatry. In July, Wood was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general and Roosevelt to that of

colonel. The troops suffered much from miasmatic diseases, resulting from exposure to the tropical heat in the rainy season. There was loud complaint of insufficient supplies of medicines and food, and of the bad character of the meat that formed an important part of the ration. Colonel Roosevelt was the author of the famous "Round-robin." This was a vigorous statement to the Washington authorities, which set forth the condition of the soldiers in Cuba, criticized the commissary and medical departments, and urged that for sanitary reasons the troops be returned to the United States at the earliest possible day. This paper was signed by a large number of officers, the signatures being in such form that they radiated from a center like the spokes of a wheel. This equalized the responsibility for the document, which, strictly construed, was in violation of military usage and discipline. It proved speedily effective, and the volunteers, as soon as they could be spared, were sent to a great convalescent camp on Long Island.

In September, very soon after his return from Cuba, Colonel Roosevelt was nominated by the Republican state convention for governor of New York, and was elected. His administration was eminently satisfactory, and in 1900 he was nominated for Vice-president, on the ticket with William McKinley. He was elected by an overwhelming majority, and was inaugurated March 4, 1901.

Mr. Roosevelt is a fluent, vigorous and graceful writer, with a singular clearness and felicity of expression. His historical work is characterized by accuracy, breadth and fairness. Among his well-known books are "Hunting Tales of a Ranchman," "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," "Naval War of 1812," "Life of Thomas H. Benton," "Life of Gouverneur Morris," "History of the City of New York," "Essays on Practical Politics," "Imperial History of the British Navy" (in collaboration with Capt. A. T. Mahan), "Hero Tales from American History" (joint authorship with Henry Cabot Lodge). His most ambitious work is "The Winning of the West," in four volumes — a history, delightfully told, of the acquirement by the United States of the territory west of the Alleghanies. His last work, "The Rough Riders," is, as its title indicates, a narrative of the organization and service of that famous regiment. No more thrilling book has been published in recent years. Mr. Roosevelt has a charming home at Oyster Bay, Long Island. His first wife was Miss Alice Lee, of Boston, who lived but two years after their marriage. In 1886 he married Miss Carow, of New York. They have six children, of whom four are sons.

WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS

A general whom all his soldiers loved.

"Old Rosey," as he was familiarly called by his soldiers, was one of the generals of the Civil War who was not afraid to fight. Conspicuous for his personal courage, at critical moments he dashed into the vortex of battle to encourage his hard-pressed men, wholly regardless of danger. At Stone River, as he galloped across a field which was swept by musketry and artillery, a cannon ball took off the head of Colonel Garesché, his chief of staff, who rode by his side. That Rosecrans was a capable commander, was clearly shown on many well-fought fields during the first two years of the war. In the latter part of 1863, at Chickamauga, he passed into a shadow from which he did not emerge. At the crisis of the battle, he committed an error of judgment, owing to a misapprehension of existing facts and conditions, which the authorities at Washington could not overlook, and he was soon afterward relieved of his command. He was sent to an unimportant field of duty and disappeared from public view. His checkered military career is a striking example of a high and well-earned reputation unmade by one fatal error. But Rosecrans will always be remembered with gratitude for what he did while he was in the saddle; and time has softened the harsh judgment that, in the day of stress, was passed upon him when his defeated army, saved from rout by the sturdy valor of General Thomas, withdrew from the bloody field of Chickamauga and planted itself for the defense of Chattanooga.

William Starke Rosecrans was born in Kingston, Ohio, in 1819. He graduated at West Point in 1842, but resigned from the army in 1854, his rank then being a first lieutenant of engineers. At the beginning of the Civil War, he volunteered as an aid to General McClellan, who was organizing the volunteer forces of Ohio. Very soon, however, he was commissioned a brigadier-general and ordered to western Virginia. He defeated the Confederates at Rich Mountain and Carnifex Ferry and in several minor engagements. He displayed great capacity and energy, and succeeded to the command of

the Department of Ohio when McClellan was called to the Army of the Potomac.

In the spring of 1862, General Rosecrans held a subordinate command, under General Halleck, during the siege of Corinth, Mississippi. After the evacuation of that place by the Confederates, Halleck's army was broken up and Rosecrans was placed in command in northern Mississippi. Here, in the autumn of that year, he won signal victories at Iuka and Corinth, over the Confederates commanded by Van Dorn and Price. His defense of Corinth was especially notable, and he became at once an object of popular applause. Just at this time the War Office at Washington was looking for one to take the place of General Buell, whose operations with the Army of the Ohio, in Kentucky, had been far from satisfactory. Rosecrans seemed to meet the requirements, and in October, 1862, he relieved Buell. He reorganized his army into three corps, changed its name to the Army of the Cumberland, and on the day after Christmas his bugles sounded the advance from Nashville, where the troops had been quartered for some weeks. His corps commanders were McCook, the right; Thomas, the center; Crittenden, the left. He had about forty thousand men.

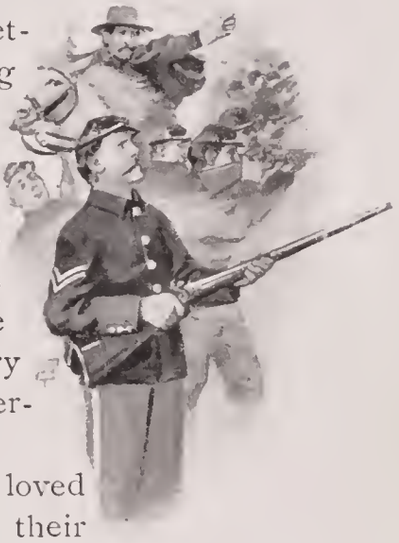
The objective point was Murfreesboro, thirty miles to the southeastward, where lay the Confederate army, of about equal strength, commanded by General Bragg. The advance was stoutly resisted at times, but the enemy was steadily pushed backward, and on December 30, the embattled lines confronted each other on the banks of Stone River, within a mile of Murfreesboro. Both armies were ready to fight, and at once. Each commander determined to attack his adversary at dawn, and the two plans were precisely alike — that is, each was to assail his enemy's right flank and endeavor to roll it back upon the center and left. At daylight, on December 31, the troops of Rosecrans were in motion to attack, but Bragg had started a little earlier and was the first to strike. He had massed two-fifths of his army against the extreme Union right, where the ground was covered with a dense cedar thicket, and fell upon McCook with the greatest fury. McCook's position was faulty, and unquestionably there had been a lack of prudence in guarding against surprise. Many of the soldiers were at breakfast, and artillery horses were not yet harnessed, when the Confederate wave dashed upon the flank. Panic and rout were inevitable. Two of McCook's divisions were quickly broken into fragments and swept from the field. More than three thousand prisoners and twenty cannon were carried away by the enemy. The remaining division of McCook was commanded by General Sheridan, and his magnificent fight,— in which all of his three brigade commanders were slain and half his soldiers were killed or wounded,—

gave time for Rosecrans to summon the troops of Crittenden from the left and establish a new line, which successfully resisted the fierce assaults of the Confederates. On January 2, the Confederate commander made one more attempt to break the Union line, but the attack was repulsed and resulted in nothing but a cruel sacrifice of life and limb. During the night of the third, Bragg evacuated Murfreesboro and drew away to the southeast.

For nearly six months Rosecrans lay inactive at Murfreesboro. Large reinforcements more than made good the heavy losses he had sustained at Stone River, and the Washington authorities became exceedingly impatient at the long period of inaction. For months they had urged another forward movement, with constantly increasing persistence and warmth. Rosecrans would not advance until he had a sufficient force of cavalry, which the War Department had been slow to supply. At the middle of June, the army broke camp and entered upon the brief but brilliant Tullahoma campaign. Bragg was most handsomely maneuvered out of his strong position in the mountains and fell back across the Tennessee River to Chattanooga.

After a few weeks of rest, Rosecrans again commanded "Forward!" He threw his three corps across the Tennessee simultaneously at three points, without opposition. His well-planned movements forced the Confederates to abandon Chattanooga, early in September; the mighty struggle for its permanent possession was to take place a few days later. Bragg's army had been augmented from every available source, even to the sending of Longstreet with two divisions from Lee's Virginia army, and its strength was ten thousand greater than that of the Union force. The issue was joined on September 19, and during that and the following day was fought one of the most bloody and stubbornly-contested battles of the war. The fighting of the first day resulted in little advantage to either side. The battle was renewed on Sunday, the twentieth, with the utmost determination. About noon an order from General Rosecrans, carelessly worded by the staff officer who reduced it to writing, and misinterpreted by the general to whom it was addressed, caused the quick withdrawal of a division from the line. Before the gap could be closed, the Confederates poured through, with results that were disastrous and nearly fatal. A large part of McCook's corps — the same that had been so badly broken at Stone River — was crushed and driven in dire confusion from the field, losing heavily in prisoners and guns. As chance would have it, General Rosecrans was at this moment in rear of McCook, and when the broken battalions came streaming back in hopeless rout, he leaped to the conclusion that the whole army had been defeated. Acting upon this belief, he galloped back to Chattanooga, twelve miles distant, for the

purpose of doing whatever could be done to defend that place, and prevent his demoralized soldiers from being captured or driven into the Tennessee River. This no doubt would have been the best thing for Rosecrans to do, had his assumption that the army had been routed proved to be correct. But he had been mistaken. Twenty-five thousand brave men, bravely led, still remained in compact form, under General Thomas, beating back the fierce assaults of the enemy. They stayed there, inspired by the matchless example of the "Rock of Chickamauga," and until the setting of the sun they held the Confederates at bay. During that night and the following day the army was safely withdrawn to Chattanooga. Rosecrans was held to have been gravely at fault in quitting the field, and he was relieved of the command of the Army of the Cumberland; his successor was General Thomas. Rosecrans was ordered to Missouri, where he conducted with credit some minor operations against General Price, but the country took little note of his service there, by reason of the overshadowing importance of events elsewhere.

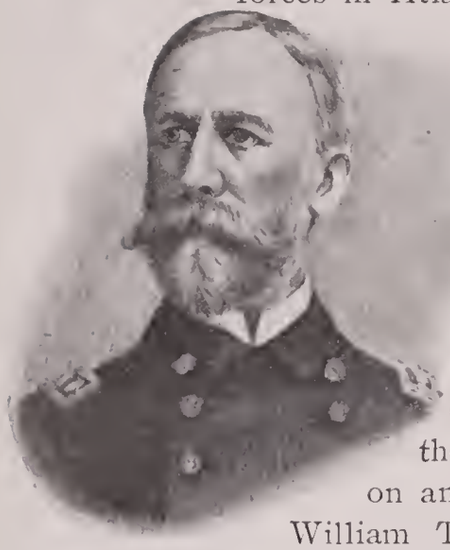


Rosecrans was greatly endeared to his soldiers. They loved him for his genial good nature and his constant care for their needs; they admired him for his courage, his perfect fearlessness under fire. At Stone River he dashed along the line shouting: "Aim low, boys; give them a blizzard at their shins!"—and the soldiers yelled with enthusiasm as they loaded and fired with desperate energy.

General Rosecrans resigned from the army in 1876 and retired to the home of his family in California. He served four years in Congress and eight years as register of the United States Treasury. In 1889, tardy recognition was given him for his services during the war. Then seventy years of age, he was reappointed a brigadier-general and placed on the retired list. He died at Los Angeles, in 1898, in his eightieth year.

WILLIAM THOMAS SAMPSON

The record of "a life on the ocean wave."



IN THE story of the brief war between the United States and Spain, during the spring and summer of 1898, the name of Rear-Admiral Sampson will always be conspicuous. He was, subject to the orders of the President, chief in command of the American naval forces in Atlantic waters. He had much to do with planning and executing the operations that resulted in the total destruction of the Spanish power on the sea, and the great upward leap of the United States to a commanding position among the nations of the earth. The story which tells how the fleets of Spain were swept from the seas almost in a day, is as strange as the wondrous tale of Aladdin, and the changes that were wrought would seem to have been possible only by the aid of magic. History was made, and the map of the earth was changed, with marvelous rapidity during those months from April to August, while the world looked on and wondered.

William T. Sampson was born in Palmyra, New York, in 1840. When seventeen years old, he was appointed a cadet in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was a good student, ambitious to excel, and graduated with credit in 1861. The Civil War had just begun, and a wide field was thus opened for practice in the art of war, on land and sea. From the academy, young Sampson was ordered into immediate service, beginning with the Potomac fleet. The ships were chiefly occupied with blockade and patrol duty, and there was very little actual fighting, for the Confederates had practically no vessels with which to give battle. In 1862 Sampson was commissioned a lieutenant and transferred to the Gulf squadron, where the dull daily and nightly round of watching the ports was varied now and then by the chase of a blockade-runner. In 1863 he was ordered on shore duty for a year, as instructor at the Annapolis academy, but in 1864 he was again afloat, as executive officer of the "Patapsco," which was attached to the South Atlantic squadron. He was on this vessel when she participated in the attack on Charleston, South Carolina, in January, 1865. While passing between Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie, she

was destroyed by a torpedo. Sampson, who was in command of the ship, was blown overboard, but was not seriously injured, and sustained himself by swimming until rescued by a picket-boat.

After the war, Sampson served for a time on the European station, and then at the Naval Academy, the head of the department of natural philosophy. He was then ordered to the command of the "Congress" and sent on a special mission to Greenland, with coal and other supplies for the "Polaris," with which Captain Hall was engaged in Arctic exploration. From 1876 to 1878 Sampson was again at the Naval Academy, at the head of the department of physics and chemistry. Himself a thorough student, and with intellectual gifts and attainments of a high order, he was well equipped for teaching, and his services at Annapolis were in the largest degree successful. From the Academy, he was sent with a party of scientists to Wyoming, to observe an eclipse of the sun. Thenceforward, until the breaking out of the war with Spain, he was engaged in various duties, on sea and shore.

On the seventeenth of February, 1898, two days after the sinking of the battleship "Maine," in the harbor of Havana, Sampson, now a commodore, was appointed chairman of a board to inquire into the cause of that tragic event, which stirred to their profoundest depths the emotions of the American people. The board met at Havana and a month was occupied in the investigation. A vast amount of testimony was taken,— much of it conflicting and contradictory,— covering the whole subject, from both the American and Spanish points of view. In brief, the report set forth that the "Maine" had been destroyed by the explosion of a submarine torpedo or mine, but declined to express an opinion fixing the responsibility for the act of setting off the explosive agent. At all events, it is beyond question that the destruction of the vessel, with a loss of more than two hundred lives, struck the blow that severed the tightly strained relations between the two countries, and precipitated the war, that followed two months later.

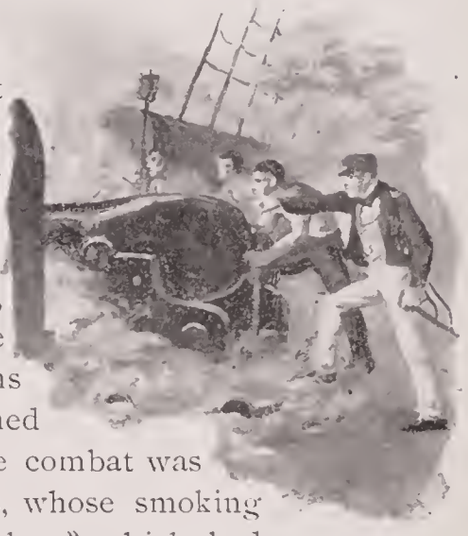
With the first appearance of the war cloud, Commodore Dewey had been dispatched to command the squadron on the Asiatic station. Commodore Sampson, designated as acting rear-admiral, was assigned to command in the waters around Cuba, which, it was easy to foresee, would be the storm center. Before war was actually declared, he was directed to assemble a powerful fleet at Key West, Florida. He acted with great energy and promptness, and when the United States Minister at Madrid was given his passports and the tocsin was sounded, he was ready for immediate operations. His first duty was to establish a blockade at Havana and other principal ports of Cuba,

in accordance with the proclamation of the President. Gunboats, monitors and other craft were stationed for this service, while the admiral retained a mobilized squadron, composed of battleships, cruisers and auxiliary vessels, for active duty wherever emergency might require. In the early part of May, he sailed with this squadron to the eastward of Cuba and around the island of Porto Rico. He stopped at San Juan, the principal port of the latter, long enough to engage the Spanish forts in a sharp action, but without definite result. Then he continued his voyage, with the occasional chase of a Spanish gunboat, along the southern coast of Cuba, to a point near the eastern end.

At this time a great ferment was caused by the appearance, and almost immediately the sudden disappearance, of the Spanish fleet of fighting ships, commanded by Admiral Cervera, which, it was known, had sailed from Spain some time before. After crossing the Atlantic, it had coaled at a Central American port and sailed thence for Cuban waters. It had been reported at various points and then had passed out of sight as completely as though it had gone to the bottom of the sea. Along the entire Atlantic coast, there was a keen apprehension of danger, for it was feared that Cervera might, at any hour, appear at Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York or Boston and levy tribute or inflict incalculable damage with his guns. All of the Atlantic and Gulf harbors were mined, and Sampson and Schley — the latter commanding a separate "flying squadron" — were sailing about in eager quest of tidings of the Spanish fugitive. It was believed that the latter was not strong enough to justify him in giving battle, and that he would endeavor to evade the main body of the American fleet.

As days passed, and the hostile fleet was not reported at any point north of the Antilles, the belief became fixed that Cervera had taken refuge in one of the Cuban ports. Sampson was strongly of the opinion that he was in the harbor of Cienfuegos, and directed Schley to establish a blockade there with his squadron. At Washington, the belief was fixed that Cervera was at Santiago, and a "hurry" order from the President sent Schley to that place with all speed. Schley ascertained beyond question, by the aid of a trusty scout, that the Spanish vessels were there. Sampson, with all his fighting force, at once joined Schley and assumed the command. With so great a fleet of powerful ships, it was not difficult to establish a blockade through which Cervera, with his four ships, and two auxiliary vessels, could not hope to break. The capture of the Spanish ships seemed to be only a question of time, the length of which would depend on the success of the operations of the land forces against Santiago. These were soon in progress under the direction of General Shafter, with a command of some thirty thousand men.

The blockade continued nearly six weeks. During all this time, Acting Rear-admiral Sampson was in personal command, with his headquarters on the cruiser "New York," which was his flagship. The sudden irruption of the Spanish squadron, and the battle which immediately ensued on the third of July, are described in the sketch of Rear-admiral Schley, who chanced to be in actual personal command during the action, owing to the temporary absence of Sampson. The latter had gone with his flagship to Siboney, for a conference with General Shafter. It was believed at the time, and it is probably true, that the Spanish sentries had observed the departure of the "New York," and had reported the fact to Admiral Cervera, whereupon the latter determined to leave the harbor and make the attempt — a forlorn hope at best — to break through the blockading line, during the absence of one of the swiftest of the American ships. As soon as the thunder of the guns reached the ears of Sampson at Siboney, he hastened back with all possible speed; but when he arrived, the combat was ended, so far as concerned five of the Spanish ships, whose smoking wrecks strewed the shore. The chase after the "Colon," which had escaped to the westward, was in progress, but the fugitive and the pursuers were then twenty miles away. Sampson steamed after them, but could not overtake them until the "Colon" had run upon the rocks and had struck her colors.



An unfortunate controversy arose, and was long continued, between the friends of Sampson and Schley, respectively, over the award of honors for the wondrous victory. The friends of Sampson were not disposed to concede to Schley as much credit as the adherents of the latter felt to be his just due, and much unnecessary warmth was engendered. The matter even found its way into Congress, where the champions of both these gallant commanders engaged in heated debate over their respective merits. It was an unseemly quarrel and never should have been begun. On that historic day at Santiago, there was glory enough to "go around," from the highest officer down to the men who, stripped to the buff, fed the furnace fires, or oiled the joints of those mighty fighting machines. Sampson and Schley were both promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, and both deserved it. The honors of that day belong equally to Sampson, chief in command, whose temporary absence was in the direct line of his duty, and to Schley, who, as next in rank, assumed the command and directed the battle, magnificent in its success. Dewey, Sampson and Schley are the naval trinity of 1898. Time cannot dim the luster of their achievements.

WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY

His laurels, won at Santiago, will not fade.

THIS is one of the imperishable names of history. The world cannot forget that mighty naval combat at Santiago, on the southern coast of Cuba, where the six fighting ships of Admiral Cervera's fleet were burned, sunk or beached, and their crews killed, wounded or captured. This battle virtually ended the war with Spain, which had been declared but a little more than two months before, and which had been begun amid the thunder of Dewey's guns at Manila. Schley was not the fixed commander of the American fleet at Santiago, but when the Spanish ships steamed out of the harbor, Commodore Sampson was miles away, whither he had been called on official business, and the battle was fought under the immediate personal direction of the next officer in rank — Winfield Scott Schley. The very skies above were yet reëchoing the acclaim with which the wondering and admiring nations had greeted the achievement of Dewey, and the officers and "jackies" of the squadron in Caribbean waters — the men on the bridge and on the quarter-deck, in the maintop, in the turret and in the engine room — had before them an example, to emulate which urged them to their utmost endeavor and filled their breasts with the flame of patriotic enthusiasm. How well they acquitted themselves on that immortal day was abundantly attested by the battered and blackened wrecks that strewed the Cuban shore. Santiago was the complement of Manila. Dewey's exploit came first and so surprised the world. After that, the result at Santiago did not create astonishment, for it was expected; but the people of all nations, none the less, paid fitting tribute to the valor and steadiness of officers and men — their skill in handling the ships and in serving the guns. Manila sent the American flag to the peak; Santiago nailed it there.

Winfield Scott Schley was born in Maryland, in 1839. As a boy he evinced a fondness for the sea, and the chief desire of his early years was gratified when, at the age of seventeen, he was appointed to a cadetship in the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He graduated in 1860, just in time to find immediately active service in the Civil War.

During the first two years of the war he was attached to the Gulf blockading squadron. There was little fighting for the vessels to do; month in and month out they rode at anchor or cruised along the coast, watching the harbors and ports to prevent the egress or ingress of Confederate vessels. It was a lazy, uneventful life, irksome to one who longed to participate actively in the stirring events of the time; who desired an opportunity to show his mettle. In 1864 Schley was transferred to the gunboat "Wateree," of the Pacific squadron. He had gone up one grade and was now a lieutenant. He distinguished himself, in 1865, for his coolness, bravery and efficieney, during an insurrection of Chinese coolies in the Middle Chincha Islands. The same year he rendered important serviee which brought him into official notice, at San Salvador, whither his vessel had been ordered for the protection of American interests during a revolution which was in progress there. In 1866 he was promoted to the grade of lieutenant-commander and spent two years as instructor at the Naval Academy. Three years of service on the China station followed. In June, 1871, Sehley was a participant in some sharp fighting which resulted in the capture of the Korean forts. He led the assaulting column of marines and his gallantry abundantly proved the stuff of which he was made. Again on shore duty, Schley spent three years more at the Naval Academy, his work as an instructor being of a high order. He was made a commander in 1874, and thereafter for ten years his service was chiefly of a routine character, with no opportunity for mark-making.

In 1884 Commander Schley was selected for a most important duty — one which required the highest nautical skill, judgment and intrepidity. He was sent to the relief of the Greely Arctic Expedition. Two relief expeditions which had preceded him had entirely failed of their object. He found Greely and those that remained of his party, on the verge of death from starvation. Some had already died, and those who yet lived were subsisting on the most meager daily allowance of food. Schley brought them home, and the whole civilized world was generous in the bestowal of its plaudits for his intrepid conduct. He was officially commended in the most exalted terms; the Maryland legislature voted him thanks and a gold watch; the Massachusetts Humane Society presented him a handsome gold medal.

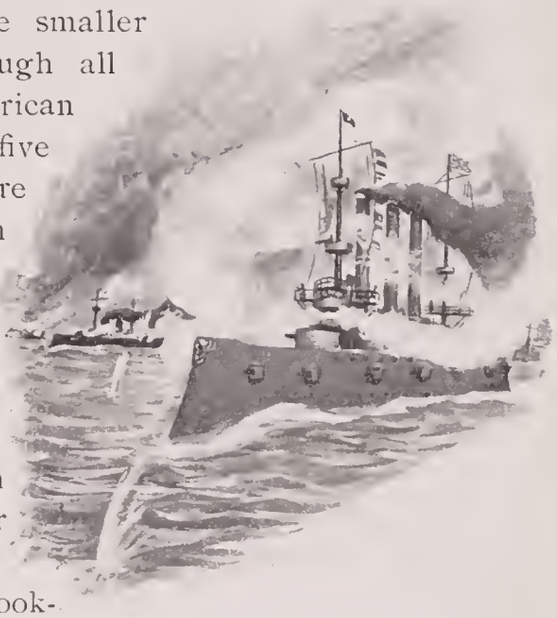
The war with Spain, in 1898, opened to Schley the door to fame. He had been promoted to the rank of commodore in February of that year, and was in command of the cruiser "New York." Just before war was declared he was transferred to the "Brooklyn." At the outbreak of hostilities he was placed in command of the "Flying Squadron." This was composed of fast vessels, and was intended to move

rapidly to any point where it might be needed. On May 19 he was ordered by Commodore Sampson, chief in command of the naval forces, to blockade the Cuban port of Cienfuegos. It was believed that the formidable Spanish fleet, commanded by Admiral Cervera, which had recently arrived in Cuban waters, had taken refuge in that port. The Spanish fighting ships had disappeared and the anxiety at Washington to fix their whereabouts was excessive. Sampson was confident that they were at Cienfuegos, while at Washington the belief was strong that Cervera had sought shelter in the land-locked harbor of Santiago. Sampson was overruled, and an order from the Navy Department directed Schley to sail with all speed to Santiago. He arrived there near the end of May and closely blockaded the narrow outlet. A daring scout, Lieutenant Victor Blue, with the aid of a disguise, reached a point overlooking the harbor and made the discovery, of paramount importance, that Cervera's fleet was there. Then Sampson was ordered thither in haste, with all the naval force at his command. Schley had with him none of the heavy battleships, and it was feared that he had not sufficient weight of metal to cope successfully with Cervera, should the latter sail out of the harbor and give him battle. Then followed the blockade of nearly six weeks. Commodore Sampson arrived and assumed command. He gathered a mighty force of battleships and cruisers, and every moment, night and day, watchful eyes were fixed upon the harbor entrance. Meanwhile, the land forces arrived and, under the command of General Shafter, drew around the city of Santiago a line dotted with the battleflags which bore the stars and stripes.

At 8:45 o'clock on the morning of July 3, Commodore Sampson, with his flagship, the cruiser "New York," steamed away to Siboney to meet an official engagement with General Shafter, for a conference in regard to pending operations. An hour later, the lookout sentries on the blockading vessels discovered the foremost of the Spanish fleet, under full steam in the narrow channel, rapidly approaching the open sea. Behind her, in procession, came the others. Instantly every vessel in the American fleet presented a scene of the greatest conceivable activity. Officers flew to their posts and every man of those matchless crews was in his place in an instant, ready for battle. In the absence of Sampson, the command devolved upon Schley.

The fighting was fast and furious. The big battleships — the "Oregon," "Iowa," "Indiana," "Texas" and "Massachusetts" — closed in and hurled their mighty projectiles against the Spanish ships, with immediate and deadly results. The enemy made vigorous response, but few of the shots took effect. It was clearly proved that the gunnery of the trained, intelligent American crews was immeasurably

superior to that of the Spaniards. The fugitive squadron, the purpose of which was, if possible, to escape, was composed of four first-class fighting ships — the "Maria Teresa," which was Cervera's flag-ship, "Almirante Oquendo," "Vizcaya" and "Christobal Colon" — and the "Pluton" and "Furor," of the smaller class known as torpedo-boat destroyers. Through all these the great shot and shell from the American guns plunged and tore their way. Within fifty-five minutes the "Vizcaya" and the "Oquendo" were in flames on the beach to the westward, — for in that direction the escape had been attempted, — the "Teresa" had gone to the bottom, and Admiral Cervera and part of the crew had been rescued from the water by boats from the American ships, and the "Pluton" and "Furor" had sunk, carrying down most of those on board. Only the "Colon" remained afloat. For a time she escaped the missiles and sped along the coast at her utmost possible speed. The "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" gave chase. The race continued three or four hours, and was one of the most exciting episodes in the history of naval warfare. The "Colon" did its utmost to "show her heels" to her pursuers, and the "Oregon" and "Brooklyn," under forced draft, fairly leaped through the water in their eagerness to overhaul their prey. A shot, unluckily for the "Colon," disabled her machinery, and the race was lost. Her head was turned to the shore and she was run aground. The men were ordered to save themselves as best they might. It was Manila over again; not one of the Spanish vessels escaped destruction.



After the war, Schley was promoted to rear-admiral in recognition of his services. He was a member of the Porto Rican military commission, to arrange for the evacuation by the Spanish forces and the transfer of the government to the United States, and made an able and exhaustive report on the condition of the island and its people. Schley was received with great enthusiasm by the people of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Chicago and other cities. He was presented with a magnificent jeweled sword by citizens of Philadelphia, another by the Royal Arcanum, at Carnegie Hall, New York, and citizens of Maryland gave him a superb gold medal set with jewels.

RAPHAEL SEMMES

He scoured the seas and burned "Yankee" ships.

BEFORE the Civil War, the influence of sea power had never been studied or expounded in the recent and brilliant manner of our own Captain Mahan, whose writings have deeply affected the marine policy of the great nations. Yet, looking back upon the Civil War situation, it would seem that the lack of naval power by the Confederacy had foredoomed it to failure, even if other circumstances had been more favorable than they proved to the cause of secession. The defensive position of the South was strong, but the Confederacy needed egress and ingress over sea, to provide the means for making its power of defense efficient and enduring. Had there been no effective blockade, or had there been naval force enough to keep one good port safely open, the Southern armies might have been spared those wasting campaigns northward, that had no other result than to hasten the fall of the Confederacy; and there would have been a fairer chance of tiring out the North. The naval administration at Richmond has suffered much obloquy since the war, at the hands of Southern writers, but its feebleness was probably due more to want of means than to lack of efficiency.

The South was not so largely represented in the navy as in the army before the war, and a larger proportion of Southern navy than of army officers adhered to the cause of the Union. Nevertheless, there was a good deal of hard and handsome work done by those who did espouse the Southern cause, and, now that the nation is reunited, there can be nothing but pleasure in contemplating the credit of their zeal and devotion reflected upon their nursing mother, the old navy of the United States. In their work for the South, they lacked nearly everything — shipbuilding and engine plants, proper armaments and equipments, and not least, perhaps, the material for a supply of skilled and disciplined seamen. They toiled and fought, and often they died, hopelessly; but, in life and death alike, they preserved, with their brethren of the Union navy, the honor of the naval profession.

The early exploits of the "Merrimac," which ended with her defeat by the little "Monitor," the commerce-destroying voyage of the "Alabama" and her battle to the death with the "Kearsarge," are about all that is popularly known of the doings of the Confederate navy. Such operations as those of the cruisers against the merchant shipping of the North are often regarded as a species of piracy, instead of legitimate and important acts of belligerency, and very few have heard of those rude submarine boats — the "Little Davids" — in which crew after crew was drowned in the effort to accomplish something against the powerful Federal blockaders.

The naval poverty of the Confederacy is illustrated by the squadron provided, after more than three years of warfare, for the defense of the harbor of Mobile, its most important port after New Orleans had been captured. This consisted of the ironclad ram "Tennessee" and three converted side-wheel wooden gunboats, carrying in all twenty-two guns, large and small, and four hundred and seventy officers and men; the whole squadron being outclassed by such Federal ships as the "Hartford" and the "Brooklyn." Popular naval history, however, regards not the construction of war ships, but their destructive performances, for which reason Raphael Semmes remains the great figure of the Confederate navy.

Semmes was in his fifty-second year when the Civil War broke out, and, as far back as the Mexican War, had commanded the brig "Somers" in the blockade of Vera Cruz. At the time he resigned to join the Southern cause, as a citizen of Alabama, he had been, for nearly two years, secretary of the lighthouse board at Washington, under Professor Joseph Henry. He was learned and scientific, and a trifle eccentric. In the navy he was an authority upon international law, for he had a thorough legal education and had been regularly admitted to the bar. He was a man of striking appearance, with a determined expression, knit brows, searching eyes, hair brushed defiantly up from the forehead, a fierce-looking, turned-up mustache and a twisted "imperial." His face was suggestive of that fiery Union general, Kearny, who had, however, more regular features and a calmer look. The fierceness of Semmes was all on the outside, for he was a gentle-hearted man.

During May, 1861, the alteration of the Gulf steamer "Habana" into the cruiser "Sumter" was concluded at New Orleans. Semmes was appointed to the command, got his vessel fitted out and manned, and, near the beginning of July, made a daring escape past the steam frigate "Brooklyn," and kept the sea for six months, capturing seventeen prizes. In January, 1862, the "Sumter" put into Gibraltar, where, as the British neutrality laws permitted neither refit nor increase of

force, she was paid off, laid up and eventually sold. Semmes was wanted for the command of a better ship, that the Confederate naval agent at Liverpool was having built expressly for a cruiser.

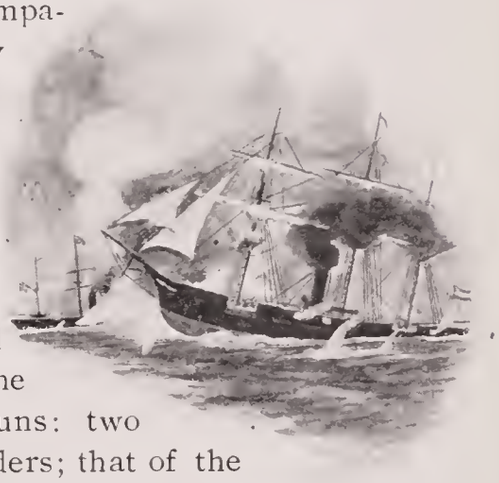
By means of his secret service fund, the United States Minister at London secured early much detailed information of the building of the "Alabama," which he laid before the British government. But the transaction had been skillfully covered by the intervention of English representatives of the Confederate naval agent, and the character and purpose of the vessel as a merchantman was persistently maintained, so that it was not until July 29, 1862, that the law officers of the Crown were convinced that the building of the vessel was in violation of the neutrality laws, and advised her immediate seizure. Probably with a suspicion of what was coming, that very day the vessel steamed down the Mersey on a trial trip, from which she did not return. She went directly to the Azores, where Semmes and the other officers were awaiting her, together with a transport containing her battery, small arms, and ammunition and stores; and off one of the islands, but on the high seas, the armament and stores were transferred to the new cruiser. On a beautiful Sunday morning, August 24, 1862, the Confederate States ship "Alabama" was formally placed in commission, her colors were broken out, on the Atlantic ocean, which nobody owned, and eighty men from the two vessels then in her company enlisted in the Confederate navy, as the beginning of a crew.

The cruise of the "Alabama" lasted two months short of two years. She was expressly built and intended as a commerce destroyer, — still a favorite type of war ship, — and as such was the most successful in naval history.

Semmes had intended to lie off Sandy Hook, where his captures might have been enormous, but an autumn gale near the Newfoundland coast shook the "Alabama" so badly that he ran down to the Caribbean Sea for smoother weather. Here he learned of the Federal expedition against Galveston, and planned a night attack on the transports by passing into the harbor through the convoy of war ships, compelled to anchor on the outer bar. But the "Alabama" was sighted by the war ships, and, on the supposition that she was merely a blockade-running merchant ship, she was pursued far out to sea by the "Hatteras," a converted river steamer, greatly her inferior in fighting power. The "Alabama" had no difficulty in sinking the "Hatteras" in a fight of a quarter of an hour, and, in the darkness of night, was enabled, by quick work with the boats, to take all the survivors from the sinking ship and give them a sailor's welcome on board the conquering vessel.

Coaling at Kingston, Jamaica, the "Alabama" proceeded to the South Atlantic, thence over to the Cape of Good Hope, thence into the Indian Ocean and the China Sea, and back over the same route. By this time she had paralyzed the American merchant service. Ships lay idle in home or foreign ports, or were transferred to a foreign flag. The naval administration at Washington commissioned a number of fast cruisers to run down the "Alabama." She had been at sea nearly two years, and on June 11, 1864, entered the French port of Cherbourg, where her request for docking and repairs was referred to Paris. Action there was slow on account of the obligations of neutrality, and, meantime, the United States sloop of war "Kearsarge," Captain John A. Winslow, one of her pursuers, entered the harbor. Without waiting for docking or repairs, Semmes sent word to the captain of the "Kearsarge" that he would go outside and fight him as soon as he had taken in coal.

The battle opened at 11:10 o'clock on Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, at a distance of six or seven miles from the French shore, it having been Captain Winslow's purpose to draw his enemy as far out to sea as possible, to prevent him from running back inside the three-mile limit, established by international law, if the battle should go against him. It was fitting that in going out to meet the "Kearsarge," the "Alabama" should have been accompanied by a French ironclad and by the English yacht "Deerhound." The sympathies of many French and English people were openly enlisted on the Southern side, and the strong moral support of his friends doubtless afforded Semmes great encouragement. In size, armament and complement of men, the combatants were as nearly equal, perhaps, as could have been possible. Most of the "Alabama's" crew were Englishmen, and the gunners were admitted to have been picked from her Majesty's gunnery ship "Excellent." The battery of the "Kearsarge" consisted of seven guns: two 11-inch, one 30-pounder rifle, and four light 32-pounders; that of the "Alabama" consisted of eight guns — one heavy 68-pounder of 9,000 pounds weight, one 100-pounder rifle, and six heavy 32-pounders. In the engagement, the "Alabama" fought seven guns and the "Kearsarge" five. The "Alabama" began hostilities by firing a broadside while the ships were about a mile apart, and an hour and a half later she went to the bottom. A long-range fight would be favorable to the "Alabama" and a short one to the "Kearsarge," and the latter had her way, owing to Winslow's cleverness in forcing his enemy off shore and out to sea.



So the action was fought with the ships from a quarter to a half mile distant from each other, both steaming around a common circle, and watched by thousands on the shore. A 100-pound shell from the "Alabama" lodged in the stern post of the "Kearsarge," shaking her from stem to stern, and would have ended the fight had it exploded, but a defective fuse saved the Union vessel. The "Alabama's" fatal wound was inflicted fifty minutes after the fight began, by one of the low-aimed 11-inch shells that tore a great hole in the side of the Confederate vessel, causing her to careen as the water rushed in and put out the furnace fires. After a vain attempt to make the French coast, the white flag was shown and a boat was sent to the "Kearsarge" to report the sinking state of the vessel.

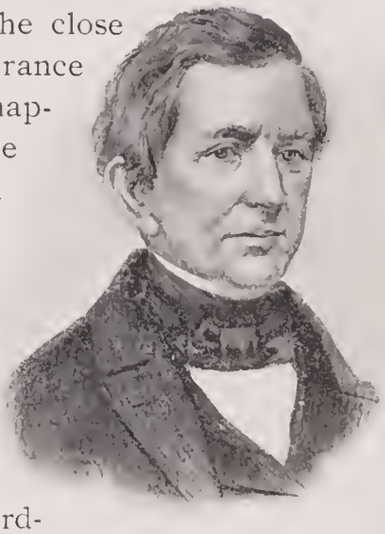
Probably from the strain of the short, but severe action, the commander of the Federal ship did not take those prompt measures for the rescue of his imperiled enemies habitual to English-speaking naval men. He hailed the British steam yacht "Deerhound," that had been watching the fight and had now come up under the stern of the "Kearsarge," and asked the commander to do what he could to help the men of the sinking ship. He inadvertently omitted to steam the "Kearsarge" up among the drowning men, though his two boats were at last sent to the rescue. The British yacht did much of the rescue work and naturally took those she saved, including Semmes, with her to England. The complaints made by the captain of the "Kearsarge," because they were not brought to him as prisoners, gave great offense in England, and much annoyance to the Navy Department at Washington, which did not share its gallant subordinate's illusion that the neutral British yacht had become a tender to his vessel. The "Alabama" was bravely fought, and the victor as bravely and with more skill. Good as the mixed crew of the "Alabama" was, the native crew of the "Kearsarge" was better.

Semmes made his way home, and was promoted to the grade of rear-admiral. In February, 1865, he succeeded to the command of the James River squadron, defending the water approach to Richmond. He kept the Federal gunboats below and his squadron in good order till Richmond fell, when he destroyed his vessels, made his way to Danville, the new and momentary capital, and thence to North Carolina, where he was included in the surrender of Johnston's army. He died in Mobile in 1877, a month before his sixty-eighth birthday, after twelve years of honorable and industrious poverty. Less than forty years after the great fight in the English Channel, the names of the old "Kearsarge" and "Alabama," and the memories of their captains, Winslow and Semmes, were revived in two of the finest battleships that the world has ever seen.

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

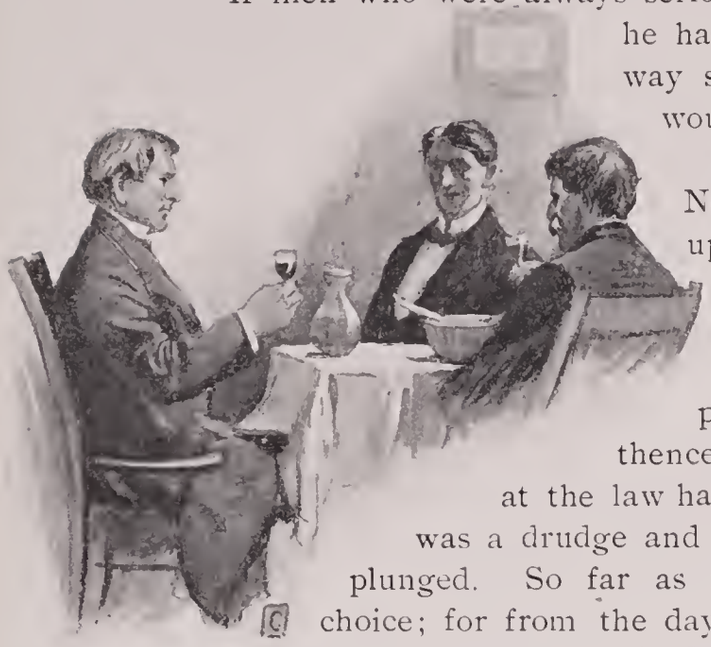
A great statesman of the war period.

"THE jaunty Secretary of State"—so a newspaper article of Lincoln's time styled William H. Seward, and the phrase fitted him exactly. There were some bad hours during the Civil War, but nothing in Mr. Seward's speech, manner or official or social doings ever showed them. With him the business of life was to live, and he lived his days as they came, able to say at the close of each that he had lived, and had therefore taken assurance of the morrow, which might not come. "Whatever happens, I have had my whack," said Lord Chief-justice Cockburn, reminiscent of the good time that had been his before the wigs and robes of crown offices and judgeships began to sit heavily upon him; and when he and Seward cronied together, during the latter's visit to London in their later years, the summing up would have answered for both. "It will all be over within ninety days," was Seward's confident assurance to a foreign minister, who called upon him in the midst of the warlike turmoil following the bombardment of Fort Sumter, in search of authentic points for a dispatch to his government. Though the war dragged along for four years, there was never a time when Seward was not ready to convince himself, and willing to convince others, that it would "all be over within ninety days."



Seward's fondness and aptitude for the pleasures of life served the country well in his conduct of its foreign affairs. They brought him into the best personal relations with the foreign envoys accredited to Washington, whose representations to their governments naturally received some color from the agreeable and confident impressions acquired from himself; they helped him to gain time when time was needed, and they smoothed some difficulties that otherwise would not have been smoothed. Popular attention was so fixed upon matters at home during the war, that to this day little is generally known of the great and serious part that fell to Seward in the preservation of the Union, and how well he played it, despite his being a gentleman at ease. Indeed, it was because he was at ease with himself and the

rest of the world, that he was able to play the part that fell to him. If men who were always serious could not always take him seriously, he had the advantage in doing in a happy way serious work, that all their seriousness would have left undone.



Mr. Seward was born May 16, 1801, in New York state. He was well brought up and well educated, and at nineteen had graduated well from college. He received a good professional training for the law, and at twenty-two began practice at Auburn, which remained thenceforth his home. He could have done well at the law had he been earnest about it, but the law was a drudge and politics a delight, and into politics he plunged. So far as fitness was concerned, it was a happy choice; for from the days of Burr to Van Buren the Democratic party in the state of New York had been organized with such consummate skill and managed with such admirable discipline, that it became the political model for the Union, and called upon the Whigs of the Empire State for their highest shrewdness and ability to rival their alert and powerful enemy. To this necessity for craft and capacity Seward owed his early rise. At twenty-nine he was elected to the senate of New York, a body distinguished for the character and ability of its members. He was but thirty-three years old when he received the Whig nomination for governor, then regarded as the greatest office except the presidency, and, although unsuccessful, he held his own so well with the party during the campaign and the interval that, four years later, in 1838, he was renominated and was elected. During his term as governor was formed that famous triumvirate, consisting of Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley and himself, that so powerfully influenced the politics of New York and of the Union in the Whig interest, and from which Greeley, years afterward, broke away in an abusive letter to Seward, accusing him and Weed of selfishness, ingratitude and treachery.

After leaving the governorship, in 1842, Seward remained for some time out of office, successfully practicing his profession, and recognized as the head of the Whig party in the state, which was practically managed by Weed, with Greeley as the journalistic crusader. During this interval of private life, the slavery question became prominent by reason of Southern designs to add the immense territory of Texas to the domain of the Union for slavery purposes. This agitated the Northern Whigs, who were willing to leave slavery alone, but desired

no further extension of it. Conforming to the popular feeling of his party, Seward took an antislavery attitude, and in a speech at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1848, he denounced slavery as an aristocratic institution, humiliating to labor, which was the true foundation of a democratic republic. This was giving to the antislavery movement a political basis which the crusade of the Abolitionists, who attacked slavery on moral and religious grounds, had not supplied. The speech excited great interest, North and South. Its adroit appeal to the feelings of workingmen and small farmers took effect, and it sent Seward to the United States Senate, in 1849, by an election in the New York legislature that was triumphal in the vote and in the enthusiasm, and was a defiance to slavery. He entered the Senate as a Whig, of course, but his antislavery bias made him distasteful to both proslavery and conservative Whigs, including Clay and Webster, the national leaders of the party, whose compromise measures of 1850, including the severe fugitive slave act, he would not support. Fillmore, the Vice-president, also from New York, was on the slavery side, but President Taylor, a Southern man, had been against the compromise, and had given Seward control of the patronage of the general government in New York, to the exclusion of Fillmore and his friends, who became anti-administration men. Taylor's death brought Fillmore to the presidency and this shut out Seward and his section of the party.

Clay, Webster and the Whig party were now all dead and gone, and Seward, Sumner, Chase and Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, became the leaders in the Senate of the new Republican party; devoted, among other things, to the purpose of putting slavery where the public mind could rest in the certainty of its ultimate extinction, a keynote struck by Abraham Lincoln while a Free-Soil Whig in Illinois. The new party held its first presidential convention at Philadelphia, in 1856, the year of its organization, and Seward, as an antislavery pioneer and leader, was in the minds of the delegates for a unanimous nomination. But Seward deemed the movement for a new party to be premature, so long as a chance remained for reorganizing the Whig party on antislavery lines; and, believing that in its young enthusiasm it would be more successful in making a noise than in winning votes, he emphatically declined what he considered the doubtful honor of a nomination. Chase was the next choice, but he had been so recently an active Democrat that he was objectionable to the late Whigs in his own state. John C. Fremont, of California, was nominated because he was already the choice of the Free-Soil element of the lately powerful "Know-nothing" party. As it turned out, the new party was much stronger than Seward suspected, and had he been the candidate he would almost surely have been elected. The campaign in

the North was most enthusiastic, and Fremont being an unknown quantity in politics, the party cry became "Fremont and Jessie" — the latter, his wife, and an object of popular worship in the West, being a daughter of Thomas H. Benton, for thirty years a United States Senator from Missouri, and famous in Jackson's time as "Old Bullion." The party was beaten, but the defeat was one of the kind that leads to victory the next time, and for the next time Seward began to prepare.

In 1858, at Rochester, ten years after his notable Cleveland speech, Seward made a more famous speech, in which he declared the existing situation to be "an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation or entirely a free labor nation." This speech was the death knell of further compromise. The North, which was much the stronger section, had no intention of being chained to the chariot wheels of slavery, which was proving ruinous to the South, and, as Lincoln had already argued that the Union could not permanently endure half slave and half free, a mighty resolve began to form in the free states that the United States should become "entirely a free labor nation."

Before the Republican national convention of 1860, the Democratic party had broken into free-soil and slavery factions, thus making assurance doubly sure for the Republicans. To the national convention, therefore, went the most imposing and influential delegation thus far seen at such an assembly, to make it certain that the nomination should not go to any other than its rightful claimant. To the convention, also, went Horace Greeley, shut out from his own state delegation for his virulent opposition to Seward, but with credentials from the new state of Oregon. That Greeley would endeavor to throw the great state of New York to the Democrats if Seward were nominated, seemed incredible, yet his frantic opposition hurt Seward immensely, and gave a sharp point to the more rational argument, that as so many Republican votes would have to come from conservative men, lately attached to the Democratic and Whig parties, it might be better not to nominate the antislavery "war-horse." The candidacy of Chase looked large without being strong, and the nomination almost slid into the long, sturdy and outstretched arms of Lincoln, of Illinois.

When Lincoln knew that he was elected, he lost no time in obtaining Seward's acceptance of the first place in his Cabinet. This was politic, for it made Seward's great following Lincoln's own friends, and was likely to save Lincoln from the danger that had beset almost every President in his first term, of losing a renomination through heartburnings over the distribution of patronage in New York. It was also wise, for Seward proved to be one of the men for the

hour. To Seward the offer was acceptable, because it made up the loss of the prestige caused by his defeat for the nomination, and would enable him to command the support of the administration and its army of officeholders in the convention of 1864, if Lincoln should not be able to command a renomination.

From the meeting of Congress, in December, 1860, until Lincoln's arrival nearly three months later, Seward was the representative of the incoming administration at Washington, and the importance of the position was greatly enhanced by Lincoln's inexperience, and his small acquaintance with the leaders of his party outside of his own state. The party, in fact, still regarded Seward as its leader, and Lincoln, until he could have opportunity to develop his own qualities for leadership, was obliged largely to conform to the party view.

When the fixed intention of the seceding states to stay out of the Union became evident. Seward fell in with the predominant Northern sentiment, expressed by Horace Greeley and Wendell Phillips, that they should be permitted to depart in peace. He believed that if the Union should be freed from the incubus of slavery, Canada would wish to come into it and would more than make good the loss of the slave states. Lincoln, however, would not hear of acquiescence in secession, and rejected Seward's advice to receive the commissioners sent by the newly-formed Confederate States to arrange terms of peaceable separation, payment for the national property in the seceded states, the navigation of the lower Mississippi, and future commercial intercourse. The determination of the South to secede, Lincoln's refusal to accept that determination, and the anti-coercion feeling in the North, made a block that in Seward's opinion could only result in a violent expulsion from the seceded states of the last vestige of national authority, with loss of all the advantages that might be had from an amicable separation. As a last resort to reunite the severed nation, Seward proposed to Lincoln a foreign war, in which South and North could again fight under the old flag. To that Lincoln would not agree, for the reasons that there was no country upon which war could justly be made, and that a foreign war would be used by the seceding states to assure their independence, and not to reunite with the North. Seward then furnished Lincoln with a written declaration that the administration was without a policy, that in the grave existing circumstances a dictator was urgently needed, and he offered either to become dictator to the administration himself, or to serve under any other member of the Cabinet whom Lincoln might prefer to himself. The President, also in writing, denied that the administration was without a policy, questioned the necessity for a dictatorship and expressed the opinion that he, himself, could not be

put aside, as virtually proposed. Before Seward could propose anything further, the attack on Fort Sumter and the sudden uprising of the North cut the Gordian knot.

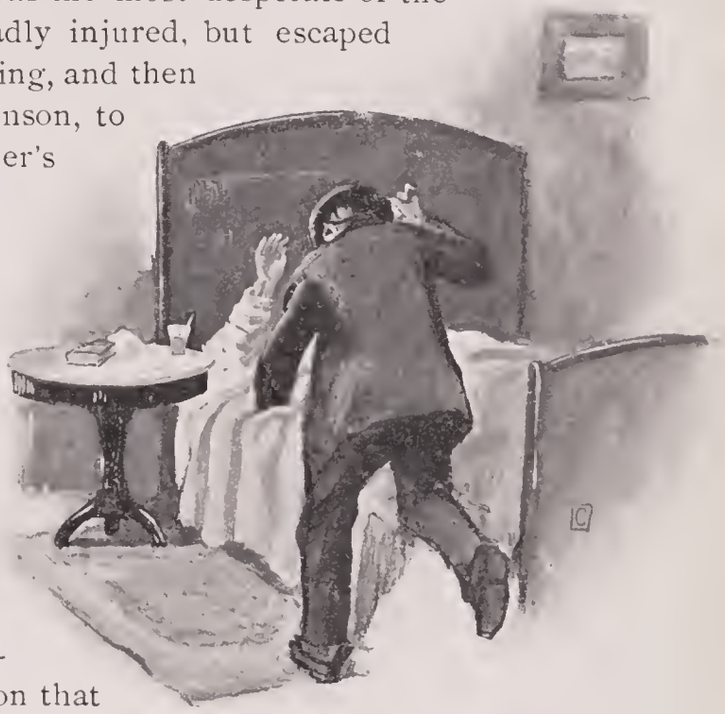
When war came, Seward's ascendancy was shown by the manner in which the military and naval direction fell at once into his hands. He had his own military and naval advisers, and some of the earlier operations of the war were arranged by himself, without even the knowledge of the heads of the war and navy departments. This led to confusion and resentment, until the President intervened and restored the orderly course of administration.

As Secretary of State, Seward complained of the proclamations of neutrality by the European governments, under which the war was treated as one between two belligerent powers, instead of an insurrection. But the censured governments answered that the Confederacy possessed all the attributes of an actual government as prescribed by the law of nations, including seaports and regularly organized military forces, as well as courts and all the machinery of administration; that the new government had completely displaced the old throughout the seceded territory, and that the government of the United States had from the beginning recognized the insurgents by treating them as prisoners of war when captured, and paroling or exchanging them, and according validity to their commissions and enlistments. The theoretical discussion over belligerency was brought to an end by the Trent affair.

Captain Charles Wilkes, commanding the Federal cruiser "San Jacinto," arrested the British mail steamer "Trent" on the high seas, and from among her passengers taken on in the West Indies forcibly removed to his own vessel James M. Mason and John Slidell, Confederate commissioners accredited to European governments, and their secretaries, and conveyed them to the United States. Wilkes, in his blind zeal, had intended also to bring in the mail steamer as a prize, but his executive officer, a loyal Virginian, who had sought to dissuade him from the apparently fatal blow he was aiming at the Union cause, happily prevented this by a clever maneuver, and was privately thanked for the service rendered his government. Seward realized the gravity of the task that Wilkes had thrown upon his hands, but while the hero was being idolized he could do nothing but "spar for time." The Confederate envoys being in a special manner his prisoners, he catered to popular feeling by grandly ordering their incarceration at Fort Warren, taking care privately that their treatment there should afford no additional ground of complaint. Fortunately, there was no ocean telegraphic cable then, and Seward got the time he indispensably needed. In a note to the British Minister, he placed the prisoners at his disposal, saying that the act of Captain

Wilkes was in the teeth of those neutral rights for which America had always contended, and that the United States could not afford to take an opposite position in order to sustain Wilkes.

Seward was included in the assassination plot by which President Lincoln was murdered. His assailant was the most desperate of the assistants of Booth, and Seward was badly injured, but escaped with his life. He was months in recovering, and then resumed his post under President Johnson, to whom he adhered throughout the latter's contest with Congress. He contended, rightly enough, that Johnson's policy toward the seceded states was the policy of Lincoln and he heartily approved it. The real trouble was that Lincoln's policy, as he left it, did not provide sufficiently for the protection of the emancipated negroes, and it was upon that rock that Johnson and Congress split, and upon which Lincoln and Congress probably would not have split. Seward's last public service was the purchase of Alaska from Russia, a transaction that seemed to have a good deal of jobbery about it at the time, but which turned out well in the end, as Seward always insisted it would.



In March, 1869, at the age of sixty-eight, Seward retired from public life, and its retrospect was far from pleasing. Less than nine years before, he had been deemed too radical to be the Republican candidate for the presidency, but the party leaders were now men whom Lincoln had learned to dread before his death, and who forgot or cared not for Seward's past in reading him out of the party as a traitor to its principles. A politician all his life, with an occasional lapse into statesmanship, he had now met a politician's fate. Broken health, the shock of the assassin's assault, intense family bereavements and brooding upon the clouded end of his political career, so reduced him, bodily and mentally, that a tour of the world was arranged, in the hope of assuring to him at least a green old age. He was received abroad with the distinction due to the statesman of the "irrepressible conflict," and the great minister, who had guided the affairs of the republic through the Civil War and the Mexican intervention; nor was his kindly attempt in behalf of the unfortunate Maximilian forgotten in high quarters. He came back greatly interested and enlivened by his tour, but died two years later at Auburn, his home for half a century, October 10, 1872.

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

Who galloped "From Winchester, twenty miles away."

"SHERIDAN'S Ride" is a poem highly flavored with fiction, not at all relished by the subject of it while he lived, but probably destined to stand as the ultimate fact with the public, which likes its history in pleasant form and is not particularly concerned about the truth. Sheridan was a soldier, a whole soldier, and nothing but a soldier. When we see him in camp, on the march, or the battlefield, we see the whole man. Apart from his military qualities, he had no personality to distinguish him from the multitude. But as his military qualities carried him very high, they possess an interest in themselves. His name has been linked with that of Skobeleff, the Russian, who came on the scene later than Sheridan, each being described as the genius of war embodied in a man. But Skobeleff had a brilliancy of manner, and a restlessness and versatility of intellect, quite foreign to the American soldier. Skobeleff would have conquered worlds could he have followed his soaring disposition; Sheridan was content when he saw the rebellion conquered in his own country. Skobeleff was of the type of Napoleon, Sheridan of the type of Blucher, and from one type to the other is a long distance.

There is nothing mysterious or puzzling about Sheridan's military genius. It consisted of a quick and unquenchable courage in action, combined with a careful and even cautious attention to preparation and management of the fight. For the first quality he has had full credit with the public; for the second, credit only among military men. He no more liked the title of "Fighting Phil Sheridan," with the devil-may-care recklessness it implied, than another distinguished general liked to be called "Fighting Joe Hooker." Both declaimed against the distorted picture thus drawn of them.

Sheridan was born in 1831, at Albany, New York, of Irish parentage. In his early childhood his parents removed to Ohio. He was twenty-two when he graduated from the Military Academy. Nearly seven years were spent in garrison life as a lieutenant of infantry, when the resignation of Southern officers brought him the grade of captain, in 1861. Though colonelcies and brigadierships in the volun-

teer army were falling thick among West Pointers, Sheridan had neither the political nor military influence to obtain promotion in the volunteers. But the civilian generals needed trained staff officers to keep them right with army regulations and usages, and Captain Sheridan was detailed from the line to serve as a quartermaster in Missouri. He was not a bad quartermaster, but he did not love the work. Some of his brother officers, who had gone up in rank, were sympathetic, but their sympathy brought neither promotion nor service at the front.

In the spring of 1862, the discontented and unfortunate little quartermaster came under the command and personal notice of Halleck. It was the turning point of his fortunes. Halleck was a distinguished graduate of the Military Academy, who, in civil life, had grown rich and renowned, and was then the rising general of the Union army, having the greatest reputation and the largest field of operations. Far apart as the two men were, Halleck became interested in Sheridan and resolved to look out for him in some way. In May, 1862, the governor of Michigan came to Halleck's headquarters at Corinth, Mississippi, to look after one of his cavalry regiments that was going to pieces from mismanagement and dissension. He found things so bad that he asked Halleck for a West Pointer to serve as colonel. Halleck named Sheridan, and backed up his recommendation so warmly that the governor made the appointment and saw the new colonel installed before he went home.

Sheridan now had his chance, and lost no time in doing well with it. In less than a week the regiment was on a raid and in a cavalry fight, and its commander was commander of the expedition. In another month Sheridan was at Booneville, Mississippi, in command of his own and another cavalry regiment, where he was attacked by the cavalry brigade of Chalmers. He fought Chalmers for seven hours, gaining time to be reinforced and to beat off the enemy. Rosecrans, to whose army, under Halleck, he belonged, issued a general order to the troops, praising Sheridan almost extravagantly. Before the month was out, Halleck was ordered to Washington as general-in-chief, and as soon as he got there, Rosecrans telegraphed him to have Sheridan made a brigadier, saying, "More cavalry massed under such an officer would be of great use to us; he would not be a stampeding general." Halleck was more than willing, but the political pressure for brigadierships for others was too great, and the appointment was not then made. Rosecrans, impatient to have Sheridan in a larger place, telegraphed Halleck again, saying of him this time, "He is worth his weight in gold." Halleck renewed his efforts with the Secretary of War and the President, and Rosecrans being then in high repute, the

pressure of the two great officers could not be resisted. Thus, when Sheridan's luck came, it came quickly.

Sheridan's first assignment was to a brigade of infantry, in need of an experienced commander. In that character he marched to assist in repelling Bragg's invasion of Kentucky. Here fortune favored him again; for the command of a division suddenly fell vacant and he was deemed the best available officer to fill it. In the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862, Sheridan's division received the shock of the Confederate assault, which broke his lines. Then, for the first time, he displayed, on a large scale, that characteristic power of rallying and reforming beaten men, and the day was saved. In the battle of Murfreesboro, he successfully resisted the enemy's repeated efforts to destroy the right wing of the Union army, while the left was taking a new position, rapidly changing direction to meet attacks in front and flank. The gallantry of Sheridan was an inspiration to his men, and the superb valor which they displayed, on that last day of the year 1862, is rarely surpassed in the records of war. The two other divisions of the right wing had crumbled into fragments before the impetuous attack and had disappeared from the field. The stress fell upon Sheridan, who held his position against thrice his number, gaining priceless moments for the new formation, which resulted in the complete arrest of the fierce assault. In Sheridan's brief but bloody combat, all of his three brigade commanders were killed, and nearly fifty per cent of his soldiers were killed or wounded. For this splendid service, the warm-hearted Rosecrans obtained for him the commission of a major-general. At Chickamauga his division was caught in the rout of a portion of the Union army, but the next day he got as much of it together as he could and went out to help Thomas, who, being in position, had held the center fast, and was safely withdrawing the army. After Grant came into command at Chattanooga, he found occasion to praise Sheridan highly for the way in which he had carried his men up to and over the rifle pits upon the crest of Missionary Ridge and, still pressing on, had made important captures from the fleeing Confederates.

Sheridan's reputation was now very high, but there seemed nothing before him except the continued command of an infantry division during the apparently short remainder of the war, and the rank of major or lieutenant-colonel in the peace establishment afterward. Three years of warfare had brought a superabundance of military talent to the front, and only a few of the notable ones could be provided for after the war. As he had nothing but an army life before him or behind

him, his military future meant much to Sheridan. For that future he neither fretted nor strived. It would come in its own time and manner. Fortune, however, was still waiting upon him. Grant, as general-in-chief, had decided to take the field with the eastern army, and, after conferring with Meade, happened to mention to Halleck that he needed a new cavalry commander for the Army of the Potomac. Halleck instantly proposed Sheridan, and Grant as instantly accepted the suggestion. So Sheridan was ordered east and restored to the cavalry service. His position was a trying one, for the cavalry corps had good division commanders from whom a choice might have been made, and it resented the intrusion of a stranger. But the stranger was tactful and modest, as well as companionable, and he and the corps were soon on the best of terms. He followed Napoleon's habit of deeming nothing too good for his men and animals in time of repose, of never worrying or wearying them for small results, and of keeping them in hand and condition for great exertion when great exertion should be needed. His administrative and tactical methods became the models for modern cavalry practice, and have greatly increased the importance and efficiency of that arm in warfare.

At the opening of the campaign against Lee, in May, 1864, the cavalry, for a few days, kept in close touch with the infantry. But Stuart showed such a desire to get at Grant's well-laden supply and ammunition trains that, to draw him away, Sheridan made a straight and independent cut for Richmond, entering the outer defenses and making a short stay there, to give a serious look to the operation. Then he fought his way back to the Army of the Potomac, in good condition, after an absence of eighteen days. Stuart had been mortally wounded in front of Richmond. In twelve days, Sheridan was out on the road again, cutting Lee's railway communications. When he came back from this second raid, he had twice proved two propositions that now constitute part of the art of war — that cavalry, supported by horse artillery, can defend itself against infantry, and that a protracted raid can be maintained without breaking down the horses or wearing out the men.

Grant settled down to a protracted siege of Petersburg, and the cavalry, though busy, ceased for a time to be conspicuous. But fortune was still standing by Sheridan. Lee had sent Early, a very enterprising general, into the Shenandoah Valley, to keep Washington in a state of alarm and to gather supplies from that prolific region. Grant, who had foreseen that this valley route to Washington would be a danger trail, had sought before the campaign opened to create an important command there for McClellan, but the authorities would not have McClellan restored to active service. Now he proposed

Meade, with Hancock to command the Army of the Potomac under his own direction, but both propositions were negatived at Washington. Then he proposed Sheridan, who was deemed too young, but Halleck, as military adviser, smoothed the way for his young friend by the device of a "temporary" assignment. Taking counsel of Grant, Halleck and himself, the temporary commander of the new Army of the Shenandoah, who felt himself as though walking on a glass skylight, began his operations with extreme caution and excited the derision of his foe. But in a few days Early gave him an opening near Winchester, and Sheridan struck a stunning blow. In three days he was up with Early again at Fisher's Hill, and struck as hard as before. In these two battles, Sheridan fought his infantry as he had fought it at Perryville, Murfreesboro and Missionary Ridge, and as to his numerous and well-equipped cavalry, Early wrote to Lee that he had nothing fit to oppose it. Lee had only sympathy for Early in his misfortunes, and reinforced him for another fight, though unable to relieve him from the enterprising cavalry operations that were forcing Early out of the valley.

On the morning of October 19, 1864, while Sheridan was at Winchester, on his return from a conference at Washington, Early suddenly attacked the left of the Union army at Cedar Creek, some twenty miles away. The Union right was the supposed danger point, and the attack at the left was a clean surprise, many of the troops being taken while asleep. When Sheridan reached the front, he found his broken forces four miles from their lost camp, much scattered and greatly weakened from loss of prisoners and stragglers. Knowing that Early would be upon them again as soon as he could get his men away from the plunder of the camp, Sheridan spent a precious two hours in rearranging his forces, getting the stragglers back to their commands, and forming a new line. When all was ready, he rode along the whole front, with his head uncovered, to let his men know that he was with them again. By this time the enemy was coming on, and Sheridan hastened to the rear center, to direct the defense. The attack was repulsed and Early drew off for the day. But as there were still five hours of daylight, Sheridan spent two of them in forming columns of assault; he then advanced upon Early and inflicted upon him such a decisive and disastrous defeat that the war in the Valley seemed over forever. On a smaller scale, Cedar Creek was Austerlitz over again, and for the time being all reputations were eclipsed by that of Sheridan. In glowing words, addressed to all the armies, summing up Sheridan's conduct, President Lincoln bestowed upon him the glittering prize of a major-generalship in the regular army. Moving out from the Valley to rejoin Grant, at the end of

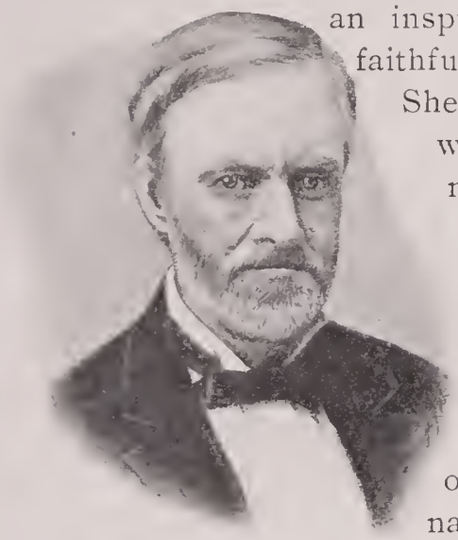
February, 1865, Sheridan found the resolute Early again in his front at Waynesboro. It was an unequal fight, and ended in the complete and final overthrow of the gallant Confederate, who lost nearly everything but honor.

At Five Forks, on April 1, 1865, Sheridan, with a combined cavalry and infantry force, made a successful assault on a part of Lee's works, in which he captured the fortifications and many prisoners. This prevented the southward escape of the Confederate army, and so opened the way for the operations which compelled its surrender a few days afterward. During the flight of Lee's army from Petersburg and Richmond to Appomattox, Sheridan, with his splendid body of horse, was tireless in his efforts to bring to bay the fugitive Confederates. He marched by night and by day, striking quick, hard blows, in front and flank, capturing men, guns, wagons and supplies, and retarding the retreat of the hostile army until Grant's masses of infantry could arrive and finish the work. This closed the brilliant list of Sheridan's battles. At the death of General Sherman, Sheridan succeeded to the command of the United States army and died in 1888, at the age of fifty-seven. During his mortal illness, Congress fittingly raised him to the full grade of general.

JOHN SHERMAN

A master of statesmanship and finance.

FOR half a century, John Sherman played a conspicuous and important part in the statesmanship and the politics of the country. He stood in the forefront of those who guided the ship of state in safety through seasons of sore stress and peril, before, during and after the Civil War. His long and useful career furnishes an inspiring example of success in public life, achieved by faithful, conscientious work and devotion to duty. Mr. Sherman possessed few of those personal characteristics, which, though not necessarily associated with great mental powers, yet are equally essential to inspire popular enthusiasm. Had he been what is called a "magnetic" man, he would, in all probability, have been nominated and elected President of the United States. But as the man who, while Secretary of the Treasury, resumed specie payment for the government, which was rendered possible largely by his own unstinted labors in behalf of sound finance, his name is assured a high place among those who have deserved well of their country.



John Sherman was born in Lancaster, Ohio, May 10, 1823. The branch of the Sherman family from which he was descended is traced back to the Rev. John Sherman, who came to America from England in 1634, with his cousin, Captain John Sherman, from whom Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was descended. The father of John Sherman was a lawyer of great ability and was made a justice of the supreme court of Ohio, in 1823. He died six years later, leaving a widow and eleven children, of whom John, then only six years old, was the eighth.

The means of the family were limited, and a relative living at Mount Vernon, Ohio, took charge of the boy, John. He remained there four years, and then returned to Lancaster, where he entered Howe's Academy. Two years later, when he was ready to enter the sophomore class, his desire to relieve his family of the burden of his support, led him to accept a position as junior rodman, with a corps of engineers engaged in constructing the Ohio system of canals. He

lost the position in 1839, falling a victim to the "spoils" system of politics, which did not even spare sixteen-year-old boys. He was a Whig, and the Democrats, having carried the state election, cleared out all the offices, big and little.

John then abandoned all thought of becoming a civil engineer, and took to the study of law, in the office of his brother Charles, at Mansfield, Ohio. He was admitted to the bar in 1844, and formed a partnership with his brother. Meanwhile he had become keenly interested in politics, and began to make campaign speeches. His brother, William Tecumseh, then a cadet at West Point, and destined to become a famous general, regarded John's activity on the "stump" with strong feelings of disapproval. "I really thought you were too decent for that," he wrote to John, and advised him to keep out of politics. But, fortunately, John did not take his brother's advice; if he had, it is more than likely that fame would have been reserved for the soldier member of the family, alone.

Instead of keeping out of politics, John Sherman got in just as deeply as he could. He made speeches whenever he got a chance, and soon acquired a reputation as a forceful and logical speaker, though the gift of fervid eloquence had been denied him. In 1848 he was elected a delegate to the Whig national convention at Philadelphia, which nominated Zachary Taylor for the presidency. In 1854 he was elected to Congress as an antislavery Whig. At this time the repeal of the Missouri Compromise had become a leading issue. He at once became prominent. His training on the stump stood him in good stead. It had fitted him well for the arena of political debate, just as William's studies at West Point qualified him for the profession of arms. In the dissensions upon all the great questions which were then agitating the country, such as the Dred Scott decision, the dispute over slavery in Kansas, and the fugitive slave law, John Sherman figured conspicuously. He displayed, also, a remarkable aptitude for mastering the intricacies of finance and making its dry details attractive.

Mr. Sherman was reëlected to the thirty-sixth Congress and in 1859 became a candidate for Speaker of the House. That he was the fittest man for the office on the Whig side was conceded. His defeat was due to a trivial incident. He had subscribed to Hinton R. Helper's book, "The Impending Crisis." This was a work which attacked the South with much bitterness. Mr. Sherman had no knowledge of its contents at the time he subscribed for it, but the fact that he had done so estranged the southern Whigs. They demanded of him that

he should make a declaration that he was not hostile to slavery in the South. This he refused to do, and his refusal made his election as Speaker impossible. His reputation did not suffer, however, because of his defeat for the Speakership. He was made chairman of the ways and means committee, and thus became the leader of his party in the House. To him is due the credit, while in that position, of taking the initial steps in the legislation which brought forth the Treasury notes of 1860 and rehabilitated the badly crippled treasury of the nation.

At Washington, in February, 1861, Mr. Sherman first met Abraham Lincoln, then President-elect, and from that time until Lincoln's death, the friendship between them was unbroken. When Salmon P. Chase resigned as United States Senator from Ohio, to enter President Lincoln's Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, Sherman was elected, as the best-equipped representative of Ohio to fill the vacancy in the Senate. When the Civil War broke out, Mr. Sherman gave signal proof of his personal courage and his patriotism. He offered his services to General Robert Patterson, and served as his aid-de-camp until the meeting of Congress in July, 1861. With the convening of Congress, Mr. Sherman gave most strenuous and effective support to the war measures of the administration. At the close of the session he returned to Ohio, and before December he had recruited, largely at his own expense, two regiments of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a battery of artillery. This force, comprising twenty-three hundred men in all, and known as the "Sherman Brigade," served throughout the war with the highest fidelity, zeal and honor.

It was Mr. Sherman's desire and intention to accompany this body of troops to the field, and he was commissioned colonel of one of the regiments — the Sixty-fourth Ohio Infantry. But President Lincoln wrote to him: —

> "I can make brigadiers easily enough, but I can't make a financier. You must remain in the Senate, for you will be of greater service to the country there than you can possibly be in the field."

So Colonel Sherman laid off his regimentals and returned to his seat in the Senate.

On the suspension of specie payments, in 1862, the issue of United States notes was accepted by the government as a necessity, and Senator Sherman was the main reliance of Secretary Chase in securing the passage of a law providing for the issue of these notes; and later, in prompting the legislation that established the national banks and resulted in the abolition of state bank currency. Senator Sherman's crowning achievement in financial legislation was the passage,

in 1874, of the act which provided for the resumption of specie payment on January 1, 1879. It fell to Mr. Sherman's lot, as Secretary of the Treasury, in President Hayes's cabinet, to provide the means for resumption, in accordance with the act. He performed this difficult and trying task with an ability that won for him the admiration of the financial world. Six months before the date set for resumption, the secretary had accumulated a fund of $140,000,000 in gold. The effect of this large redemption fund was to force the legal tender notes up to an equality with gold, so that when the time came for redemption there was practically no demand for their exchange for gold. This was the beginning of the "gold reserve," which has ever since been maintained by the Treasury, and which has served to render United States Treasury notes as good as gold the world over.

After serving four years as Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Sherman, in 1880, was again elected to the Senate from Ohio, succeeding Allen G. Thurman. He was president of the Senate from December 7, 1885, until February 26, 1887. He was reëlected to the Senate in 1886 and again in 1892. He relinquished his place in the upper house of Congress, March 4, 1897, to accept the office of Secretary of State under President McKinley.

Mr. Sherman was several times a candidate for the presidency, and twice the coveted prize was almost within his grasp, but it was snatched from him by tricks of fortune, similar to that which deprived him of the Speakership early in his career.

John Sherman died in Washington, D. C., October 22, 1900, in his seventy-eighth year. His wife, whom he married in 1854, had passed away about a year before. Her death was a severe blow to the aged statesman, and undoubtedly hastened his own. They had no children, but they adopted a daughter, between whom and her foster parents existed the closest and most affectionate relations. To her, Mr. Sherman left the greater part of his fortune.

Mr. Sherman's body rests beside that of his wife, in the cemetery at Mansfield, Ohio, his former home.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

He led an army "from Atlanta to the sea."

THE little army before the Civil War contained two Shermans, distinguished as "Tecumseh" and "Tim," of whom the former eventually became the hero of the "March to the Sea," and the latter the commander of the successful expedition to the South Carolina coast, in the early part of the war. So long as "Tim" was on the stage, the other Sherman remained "Tecumseh." His middle name — that of a famous Indian chief and warrior — seemed to strike the ear of the army and of the public as suggestive of valorous deeds. Some latter-day chroniclers of the war quote "Uncle Billy" as the familiar name of the great Sherman among his soldiers, but he was as often called by them, "Old Tecump." Not that he was old in fact, for he was not yet forty-five at the time of the march through Georgia, yet that seemed a venerable age to the great body of the men in the ranks.

Sherman had graduated from the Military Academy at the age of twenty, in time to see a little service in the Seminole War. During the Mexican War, he served as adjutant-general of the forces in California, and made quite a mark for ability in that office. He married into a cabinet family, which had influence with the administration, and was able to get out of the idle life of the artillery into a captaincy in the staff department of the army. This he resigned in 1853, to become manager of the San Francisco branch of a New York banking house. The branch did well, but the parent house went down in the great panic of 1857, and in 1858, Sherman, who had done some leisurely studying of law, removed to Leavenworth, Kansas, and began legal practice. He did not prosper, and, two years later, he made a welcome change to the superintendency of the Louisiana Military Academy. This position was dignified and agreeable, if not lucrative, and, at the mature age of forty, Sherman was rejoiced to find himself anchored in a pleasant harbor, after so much buffeting during seven years of civil life. He was fond of society and well qualified for it, and became a welcome guest at the house of the planter aristocracy.

Louisiana was an early seceder after South Carolina, but secession was as yet generally regarded as an extreme resort to force a compromise within the lines of the Union. Sherman held on, and his holding on was made easy by considerate treatment from the state officials and other influential people. They did not ask or expect him to remain with them if matters came to the worst, but they wished to keep him so long as there was a chance of matters coming out well. When that hope was gone, Sherman left for the North, with the good wishes of those whom he was leaving, and they had his own in return.

As soon as volunteers were called for, Sherman had offers of command, but he chose to wait for an opportunity for restoration to the regular army, having had enough of civil life. His standing and reputation, and the influence of his brother, Senator John Sherman, obtained him the rank of colonel in the regular establishment, as soon as it was enlarged. Meanwhile, he found temporary employment as superintendent of a street railway at St. Louis, where he was a civilian spectator of some of the opening scenes of the war.

Colonel Sherman was put in command of a brigade at Washington, composed of four volunteer regiments, three from New York and one from Wisconsin. This brigade he led in the first battle of Bull Run, and, when the rout came, he kept his troops well together and did much to check the panic that prevailed. He was then created a brigadier-general, and, on the application of General Robert Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, who commanded in Kentucky, he was sent to that state. Ill health compelled Anderson to retire, and Sherman took his place. At Louisville, his headquarters, he was visited by Secretary Cameron, then on a tour of observation. The Secretary was pleased with Sherman's intelligent grasp of the problems of the war, and was entertained by his racy style of conversation, but when Sherman told him seriously that it would take sixty thousand men to hold Kentucky against the Confederacy, and that at least two hundred thousand would be needed to conquer Tennessee and open the lower Mississippi, the bright man's sanity was doubted. Secretary Cameron, upon his return to Washington, declared that Sherman was crazy. He was, in consequence, removed from command and sent to the safe duty of supervising a camp of instruction at St. Louis, where, at least, he could do no harm. Halleck was there, as commander-in-chief in the West, and, seeing nothing insane in Sherman's estimates, and finding him otherwise a very capable officer, made him commander of a new division and attached him to Grant's army.

After the capture of Fort Donelson and Fort Henry, Grant's army assembled on the west side of the Tennessee River, near Pittsburg

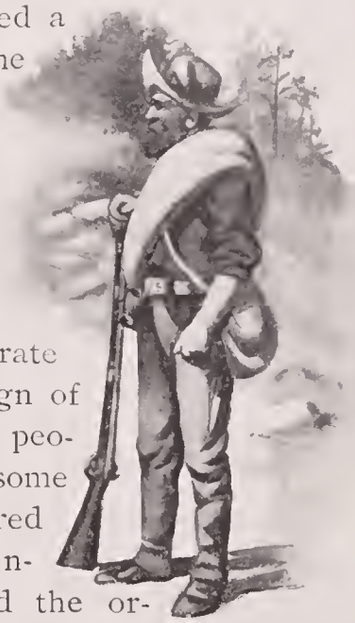
Landing, about thirty miles from Corinth, Mississippi, awaiting the arrival of Buell's army from Middle Tennessee, for a joint movement against Corinth, under the personal command of Halleck. The intimacy, both personal and military, between Grant and Sherman, so fortunate in its results, began at once and was never broken until death severed the ties that so firmly bound them together. Grant esteemed Sherman the ablest of his subordinates, conferred chiefly with him, and left him in general charge of the camp during his absence at Savannah, some miles down the river, where Buell's arrival was daily expected. Grant and Sherman were both of the opinion that the enemy at Corinth would not take the offensive; and in their fancied security, they neglected some of the precautions that prudence should have suggested to guard against surprise. There was plenty of time for the army to have intrenched its position, but scarcely anything was done to thus protect its front and flanks from possible attack.

The surprise came at daylight on a Sunday morning in early April, 1862, by the descent of the Confederate army from Corinth upon the unsuspecting camp. Its effect was partially broken by the resistance of the division next in line to Sherman's, whose commander, Prentiss, had been uneasy, in consequence of Confederate reconnoitering for two or three days, and had quietly made some modest arrangements of his own to provide against being taken unawares. This resistance delayed the general Confederate advance and gave timely alarm to the rest of the army, encamped behind Sherman and Prentiss. Though the unity of the Federal army was broken, its detached fighting was stubborn and favored by the ground fought over. Grant and Sherman did their utmost to repair the well-nigh fatal consequences of their error; while time was lost to the Confederates, first by the scattering of the soldiers to plunder the captured camps, and afterward by the death of their commander, Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed in the afternoon. The battle was undecided when darkness silenced the first day's conflict, by which time the leading brigade of Buell's column was already in line. The next morning, Grant had his reorganized troops well in hand, and, strengthened by reinforcements from Buell's army, drove the enemy from the field. The mishap of the first day at Shiloh bound Grant and Sherman strongly together, and they were fortunate enough not to go down under it. Soon afterward, indeed, Grant was able, with assistance at Washington, to obtain Sherman's promotion to the grade of major-general. In the campaign against Corinth, Halleck seemed to have recovered his shaken confidence in both.

In December, 1862, Grant projected a campaign against Vicksburg, in which Sherman was designed for an important part. But the Confederates destroyed Grant's depot of supplies at Holly Springs and spoiled the movement. He did not give up, however, until Sherman had tried a determined assault on the outworks of Vicksburg at Chickasaw Bluffs, and had been decisively repulsed with heavy loss. The two friends and brother soldiers were under some stress at that time.

In the autumn of 1863, Grant was raised to the chief command in the West, and Sherman succeeded to the command of the Army of the Tennessee. Under Grant, he participated in the crushing defeat of Bragg at Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Then he marched to Knoxville to relieve Burnside from his investment by Longstreet. In the spring of 1864, he succeeded Grant as commander of the western military division.

Johnston wintered at Dalton, twenty miles south of Chattanooga, and when Sherman, with a hundred thousand men, was ready to move against him, he had about half Sherman's strength in men and guns, and was limited thereby to a defensive campaign. This Sherman understood, and both armies were admirably maneuvered. The ultimate Federal objective point was Atlanta, one hundred and forty miles south of Chattanooga, beyond which Johnston could not go without a total failure of his defensive policy. There was continual skirmishing and much hard fighting between parts of the hostile armies, caused by Sherman's efforts to advance and Johnston's desire to retard him; also by Sherman's constant search for a favorable opening. It was seven weeks before Sherman attempted a general engagement, as at Kennesaw Mountain, where he was beaten off and Johnston was enabled to resume his retreat.



How matters would have turned out at Atlanta can never be known, for before the intended battle occurred, Johnston was suddenly relieved of his command. Bragg, at Richmond, had recommended to him an offensive campaign to be conducted in Tennessee, and the Confederate President had been on the side of Bragg. The campaign of retreat had proved very unpopular with the Southern people, whose views were supported by the opinions of some of Johnston's own subordinates. General Lee favored Johnston, but the opposing voice was too strong. Johnston was disliked by the authorities at Richmond and the order relieving him was couched in severe terms, and such as to leave his successor, Hood, no alternative but an immediate fight.

Within two weeks after he assumed command, General Hood, who was a gallant fighter, had three times assaulted with the utmost fury the well-ordered lines of Sherman. Both armies sustained large losses, with no advantage to either; the desperate efforts of Hood to pierce the Union line ended in utter failure. In the second of these engagements, usually called the battle of Atlanta, on July 22, fell Major-general James B. McPherson, one of Sherman's ablest lieutenants.

Then followed the siege of Atlanta. For six weeks Sherman closely invested the fortified city, making sure his position by forts, rifle-pits and other intrenchments of the strongest character. He did not for a moment relax his pressure upon the enemy, but no point was found that offered sufficient prospect of success to justify an assault. The confronting lines often blazed with musketry and artillery. During the last days of August, Sherman boldly cut loose from Atlanta, marched his army by a wide detour around the city, and completely destroyed for many miles the two railroads which were the Confederate lines of supply. This movement forced the evacuation of Atlanta by Hood, and, on the last day of September, Sherman was able to telegraph to Washington: —

"Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."

After he had lost Atlanta, Hood withdrew his army thirty miles to the southwest. Here he was visited by Jefferson Davis, the Confederate President, and the plan was laid for a campaign into Tennessee. When Sherman heard of this he said: "If Hood will take his army into Tennessee, I will supply him with rations!" Sherman began at once to map out his "march to the sea." Hood endeavored to draw Sherman out of Atlanta by assailing his communications, but the plucky Federal commander beat him off at every point of attack and held firmly to his capture. As soon as Hood's plan to march northward was clearly disclosed, Sherman detached two corps of his army, under General Thomas, to smite Hood, while he, with sixty thousand men, set his face toward the coast.

Leaving Atlanta a desolate and almost uninhabited ruin, Sherman telegraphed to Washington that his next address would be Savannah, and, cutting his northward communications, began that "Marching through Georgia" that has so possessed the popular imagination. In point of fact, he had calculated the march to be safe, easy and agreeable, and so it proved. He found the country, as he

expected, devoid of defense or offense, and supplies were abundant and varied. His army arrived in front of Savannah in high spirit and condition, after a leisurely march, and an easy conquest of the defenses put him in possession of the city. The object of the march had been to obtain a seacoast base of supply, from which to move northward through the Carolinas into Virginia, to the rear of Lee's army, then confronted by Grant at Richmond and Petersburg. Hood, he had left entirely to Thomas, who gained a decisive and destructive victory over him at Nashville, a few days before Sherman entered Savannah.

Sherman's march to the sea had an important political result. It proved to the North and to the South that the big Confederacy had become a hollow shell. In the face of impending ruin, Davis and Bragg abdicated the military command in favor of Lee. He, sorely tried, but faithful to the last, called on Johnston to come out from his enforced retirement and place himself in front of Sherman. Johnston responded loyally, but the gallant army he had left in front of Atlanta had vanished under his successor, and there were neither troops nor prepared defenses for another strategic campaign. That, however, mattered little, since Grant alone brought Lee to a surrender, early in April, 1865. All that remained for Johnston was to lay down his arms, on the like generous terms, before his equally chivalrous opponent.

But the fugitive government of the Confederacy had taken shelter with Johnston's little army, and, aware of Sherman's enthusiastic temperament, its members sought to make him an agent for settling all the after relations of the war. Subject, therefore, to the approval of his principals, Sherman signed a convention with Johnston at Durham's Station, North Carolina, April 18, 1865, which, if approved, would have averted the whole dark record of reconstruction, though it would have opened a tremendous chapter of litigation on constitutional questions, for the Supreme Court to decide. Sherman's commanders did not think ill of the proposed settlement; not even Logan, the fiery politician of them all. By some of his far-seeing subordinates, regret was expressed for the mistaken assumption of authority by the too generous Sherman, who had not reckoned with public temper at the North, influenced by the recent assassination of Lincoln and exultant over the complete subjugation of the rebellion.

The storm burst instantly. Lincoln's Cabinet, under Andrew Johnson, the new President, further incited public feeling by a dramatic statement given to the press, pointing out that Sherman's convention was an abject surrender of the North to the South. They also made public a dispatch, in Lincoln's own handwriting, to General Grant, in answer to a proposal by Lee, as general of the Confederate armies, in

March, 1865, for a convention to arrange terms of settlement of the "controversy." In that telegram, the lately martyred President had written for the signature of the Secretary of War: —

"The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on solely minor and purely military matters. He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss or confer upon any political question; such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions."

This reproving voice from the scarcely closed grave, banished the last vestige of public sanity. Erroneously assuming that Sherman knew of the telegram, the populace denounced Sherman as a traitor to Lincoln's memory and Lincoln's country, and called frantically for his head. Amid all the frenzy, there were two cool men, Sherman, himself, — who was already on record to the effect that what was called "the public" was too often a mob that "needed to be shaken by the collar instead of being coddled," — and Grant, who told everybody that Sherman was all right and would loyally retrieve his error of judgment.

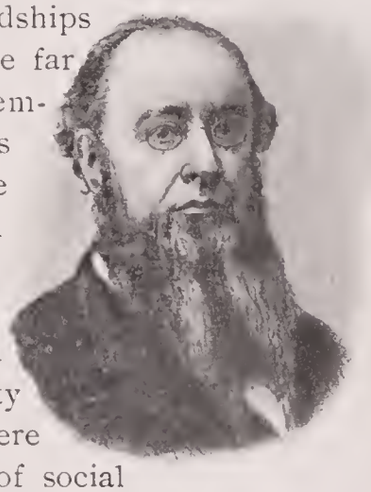
Grant was ordered to go to North Carolina at once and relieve Sherman of the command. To show that he was not a party to the crusade against Sherman, he made his arrangements for departure with deliberation, and even the impetuous Secretary Stanton could not hurry him. Grant was secure in the public confidence and resolved that Sherman should not unjustly suffer. When he reached Sherman's headquarters, in North Carolina, he kept in the background, so that Johnston's final surrender, under purely military arrangements, should be to Sherman, who had fairly earned the right to receive it. A few weeks after the North had rung with denunciations of Sherman's so-called treason, he rode at the head of his troops in the grand review at Washington, a popular idol.

He lived more than a quarter of a century afterward, never out of the sunshine of public adulation, and a keen enjoyer of it. He was also a social favorite and very fond of social life. He liked to be remembered and appreciated, and was always ready with an entertaining after-dinner speech. He died in February, 1891, at New York, a month earlier than his old-time adversary and very dear friend, General Joseph E. Johnston, his antagonist from Chattanooga to Atlanta. Many a cordial hour they had spent together in the happy days of peace.

EDWIN McMASTERS STANTON

The great "war secretary" of Lincoln's Cabinet.

"THE Carnot of the Rebellion," somebody aptly called Lincoln's great war secretary in his lifetime, and the catching phrase, and his portrait on the national currency, constantly remind us of one who in his day wielded a greater power than any other man in the United States, before or since his time. The Civil War, in which he played a great part, has not lost its interest; the friendships and the more numerous enmities which he inspired are far from forgotten. When we remember Lincoln, we remember, also, not only Chase and Seward, but the imperious Stanton, from whose flashing eyes and passionate voice all at the cabinet table, except Lincoln, were accustomed to recoil.



When Stanton was called into Lincoln's Cabinet, he was a supreme court lawyer of high reputation and practice; one who loved the law and found congeniality in his ample employment. His family attachments were strong and his domestic relations happy. He was fond of social life, and in the capital city had set up a home where, as a man of the law, of family, and of society, he might hope for many years of earthly content and all the distinction that his soul craved. The bitter struggle of his earlier years made doubly precious the success and pleasure that came to him rapidly in middle life.

After five years of public life, Stanton went back to his once happy private station, too broken in health to begin life's battle over again, yet so broken in fortune that to make the attempt was a necessity. In 1864 Lincoln had wished to make him chief-justice, a prize greater than would have been the presidency itself, but the war was not over, it was felt that he could not be spared, and when, five years later, a seat on the Supreme Bench came to him, he was on his deathbed. Such, in brief, is the tragic story, and the subject of it was not cut out for any but a tragic part. It was his own nature, rather than the hard demands of his position, that caused his sacrifice of life and fortune in the public cause.

Stanton was born in Ohio, December 19, 1814, and died at Washington in 1869, five days after his fifty-fifth birthday. In spite of

grinding poverty, he gained both a college and a legal education, giving for years an incredible number of hours habitually to study, and living on a diet that a pauper would have spurned. As it proved, this was good for the will and intellect, but bad for the temper and the heart. Having fought every step of his way to position, he became repellent, aggressive and arbitrary; a man always in armor, with lance couched for combat. Yet, in his days of unbridled power and arrogance, he had a remarkable tenderness for children, women and slaves, and any sight or tale of distress or suffering would bring tears to his eyes and a quiver to his lips. He had much compassion and charity, but compassion and charity went to those who were voiceless with the public.

Success in his profession drew Stanton from a country practice in Ohio to Pittsburg, where he made his home and found large employment. He also became prominent among leaders of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania. In 1851 he won for that commonwealth, before the supreme court, the great case against the Wheeling bridge across the Ohio River, erected under an act of the legislature of Virginia. After that his reputation as a lawyer was national, and, highly distinguished as the leaders of the supreme court bar were at that time, he henceforth took his place unchallenged among them. Under President Buchanan's administration, he was special counsel for the United States in the investigation of the many spurious and invalid Spanish and Mexican land grants in California, and preserved and reclaimed vast tracts to the government. He had strong convictions as to the sanctity of the marriage relation, and voluntarily took part in the defense of Daniel E. Sickles, on his trial for the killing of Philip Barton Key, in Washington, in 1859; and his vindication of the "higher law" for wronged husbands and fathers has become a legal classic.

In the last few weeks of his term, President Buchanan was obliged to reconstruct his Cabinet, to fill the places of those who had withdrawn by reason of the progress of secession. Stanton became attorney-general, and, at the Cabinet meetings, strenuously advocated the forcible nipping of the secession movement while it was still largely in the bud. The President, however, decided to let the new administration deal with the question of force, and when, afterward, the question came to force, there was a grateful recollection of the man who had been so far in advance of the mass of his countrymen in readiness to fight for the Union.

Lincoln took his first Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, from Pennsylvania, and, though they had been political opponents at home, Cameron and Stanton were soon on intimate and even confidential

terms. In Buchanan's Cabinet, Stanton had rested his policy of coercion on the constitutional duty of the President to meet by force the interference by a state with Federal authority. Accepting the attack on Fort Sumter as an act of flagrant war, he convinced Cameron of the constitutional power and duty of the President, as commander-in-chief, to take the slaves of those in rebellion, and to declare their freedom as a necessary and proper military measure, and to put them to such uses as might strengthen the military power of the government and weaken the enemy. Cameron did not stay long enough in the Cabinet to see such views prevail, but he did all he could to make the man that held them his successor, and the appointment seemed a very fit one, as Stanton was a typical war Democrat, and one of the confidants of McClellan, then the general-in-chief.

Stanton had just turned his forty-seventh year when he became Secretary of War, and as a lawyer, small and great, for a quarter of a century, he had been all in all to himself and by himself. In the days of his largest practice, his briefs and memoranda were written by his own hand. He had never learned to make use of others or to coöperate with them, and this it was that wore him out when called to the head of a military establishment, which grew in time to exceed that of Napoleon at the summit of his power. This it was that made him the stormy petrel of the Cabinet sessions; that led to the rupture with McClellan as soon as he had become clothed with the responsibilities of office; that led to his being the most hated man, North and South, that had ever been in public office.

Stanton brought to the War Office his lifelong habits of advocacy. As Secretary of War, he held a brief to crush the rebellion, and men, with their ambitions and feelings, were but as dust in the balance. His range of vision at any time was narrow, but it was intense; he was always at a white heat. He chafed under Lincoln's patient and easy-going ways, but for anybody but himself to think of Lincoln as less than absolute perfection in all he said and did, was rank disloyalty to the cause, worthy of the block. He could not send men to the block, but the power of arrest and imprisonment was his and he used it without mercy. As for the army, he had but one idea, that of the unselfish patriotism of the man in the ranks who had left his home and family to fight for the Union. He unjustly disparaged the major-general and unduly exalted the private and the drummer boy. The commanders in the field understood their dependence upon the trained and experienced chiefs of the staff department at Washington — professional soldiers, all, safe from the bullets of the enemy, but cut off from all prospect of fame and promotion. Stanton, too, learned his own dependence upon them, for the Department of War

could not be managed like a law office; but in moments of impatience or disappointment he took his revenge by calling them his epauleted clerks. This was all wrong, but the vagaries were at least those of a noble mind.

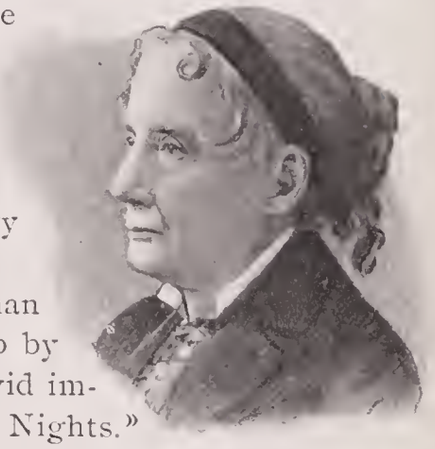
What Stanton contributed to the war for the Union was his unsparing energy, his stern integrity and his inflexible will. The Department was open and at work twenty-four hours a day while the war lasted, and as he kept no regular hours, himself, nobody else dared to be long absent. Great fortunes were made by fraudulent contractors, but in the departmental service all hands were clean. He was a poor judge of men and not a good judge of measures, but, nothing daunted by failure, and unappalled by popular clamor, he gripped the national resources and poured them like a flood upon the rebellion. He could do this because he reverently believed that God meant the republic to be saved, and that he was one of the chosen instruments to work out its salvation. McClellan, at Harrison's Landing, could telegraph him: "You have done your best to destroy this army"; but Grant, from the front of Petersburg, could write: "I have never made a request of the Secretary of War that has not been promptly met." Yet McClellan had been Stanton's military idol, and Grant, he had been long in accepting.

Stanton's attitude toward the Confederate leaders was not generous. Many of them had been his intimate friends and he freely admitted their personal integrity and merit. But from the very first he had denounced secession as sheer wickedness, a rebellion against Heaven itself, and when secession broadened into war he was implacable. He would have hanged every one of the leaders if he could have had his way, and then he would have shared his last crust with their widows and orphans. Against the followers he had no feeling but pity, and he befriended more than one family at Washington, whose menfolk had gone South to fight against the government.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was read around the world.

It has been stated, and is doubtless true, that no other book ever printed, except the Bible, has been read by as many people, in as many languages, as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Stowe, its author, said that the work was an inspiration, and it is not difficult to believe this. Her sole purpose was to awaken the public conscience to the wrong of human slavery. How well she succeeded, the world knows. No other factor was so powerful as "Uncle Tom" in the agitation which culminated in the election of Abraham Lincoln to be President. Then followed the mighty upheaval of the Civil War, amidst the throes of which, slavery was banished forever from the soil of America.



Harriet Elizabeth was the sixth daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, of Litchfield, Connecticut. She was brought up by her grandmother. She was a remarkable child, with a vivid imagination that reveled in Scott's ballads and the "Arabian Nights." An essay upon the question, "Can the Immortality of the Soul be Proved by the Light of Nature?" written at twelve years of age, won the approbation of her father for its literary merit, although she took the negative side. She taught for a time in a seminary in charge of her older sister, Catharine, and when her father was called to preside over Lane Theological Seminary, in Cincinnati, in 1832, these daughters went with him and established a similar school there. Professor Calvin Ellis Stowe was one of the instructors, and Harriet became his wife.

Soon after the passage of the fugitive slave law, in 1850, Professor Stowe accepted a chair at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. It was while living here that Mrs. Stowe wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Most of the material for this remarkable book she had gathered during her stay at Cincinnati. She had visited at times with friends in Kentucky, and saw much of slavery in its mildest form, as illustrated by her in the character of "Mr. Shelby," and the portrayal of servant life on his plantation. The story was published in serial form in the "National Era."

When Mrs. Stowe afterward sought a publisher to bring out the work in book form, she met with the usual difficulty attending the publication of unpopular subjects. At last she found Mr. Jewett, of Boston, who undertook the enterprise, and his presses, though running night and day, could not keep up with the demand. The author sent copies to Prince Albert, Charles Dickens, T. B. Macaulay and Charles Kingsley, all of whom wrote their praise and appreciation. The next year she went to Europe, where she enjoyed a flattering reception from all classes. A "penny offering" was made to her, which amounted to a thousand sovereigns, and the signatures of 562,448 women were appended to a memorial address to her.

In 1853, in answer to criticism in the South, she published "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," presenting the original facts and documents upon which the story was founded, together with their verification. In the same year she published "A Peep into Uncle Tom's Cabin," for children. The story was afterward dramatized and played in many countries.

After her trip to Europe, in 1853, with her husband and brother Charles, Mrs. Stowe published "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," a collection of letters. In 1856 she wrote "Dred — A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," which was republished under the title of "Nina Gordon." In 1859 she gave to the world "The Minister's Wooing," which attained a wide popularity. In 1864 Professor Stowe resigned his chair at Bowdoin and removed to Hartford, where he died. Mrs. Stowe, some years later, bought a plantation in Florida and spent her winters there, though she never met a very cordial reception from the southern people.

In 1869 "Old Town Folks" and the "True Story of Lady Byron's Life" appeared. A tempest of criticism followed the last named, which she met by bringing out "Lady Byron Vindicated." Continuous yearly products followed, all republished abroad, and many translated into other languages. Her "Golden Fruit in Silver Baskets" was published first in London. In 1868 she became associate editor of "Harvest and Home."

Mrs. Stowe was of slight figure, with gray eyes and white hair, which had been black in her youth. Notwithstanding an aggregate sale of two million copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she did not realize above four hundred dollars a year in royalties. Fifty copies, no two alike, were in her library. Next to her brother, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, she was the most remarkable member of a remarkable family. She died in 1896.

JAMES EWELL BROWN STUART

A famous cavalry fighter of the Civil War.

General J. E. B. Stuart was a dashing and usually successful cavalry leader in the Confederate army during the Civil War. He was a Virginian, born in 1833. He graduated at West Point in 1854, and served against the Apache Indians in Kansas during the troubles in that state. After Virginia had seceded, Stuart resigned his commission in the United States army and was made a colonel of cavalry in the Confederate service. At the battle of Bull Run, he greatly contributed to the Confederate victory by efficiently guarding "Stonewall" Jackson's left flank and driving back an attacking force of the Federal army. After a number of successful raids, he was brevetted a brigadier-general.

When the Confederates retreated from Yorktown to Richmond, during McClellan's Peninsular campaign, in 1862, Stuart guarded the rear with great gallantry and efficiency. He made a circuit entirely around the Union army on the Chickahominy, for the purpose of disclosing the position of McClellan's right; and during the Seven Days' Battles before Richmond, he was incessantly engaged. His conspicuous services earned for him the brevet rank of major-general.

In August, 1862, Stuart crossed the Rappahannock, penetrated General John Pope's command at Catlett's Station, captured that officer's war correspondence and personal effects, and carried away as captives several of Pope's staff officers. During the short, sharp campaign, which resulted in the defeat of Pope, Stuart's tireless cavalry was on constant duty, winning high praise for its alertness, endurance and valor. When Lee invaded Maryland, Stuart led the advance, and at the battle of Antietam rendered important service in guarding an eminence on Jackson's left, which was essential to his security. A few weeks later, after Lee had withdrawn into Virginia, Stuart crossed the Potomac with eighteen hundred picked men and gained the rear of the national army, riding as far north as Mercersburg, and Chambersburg in Pennsylvania, recrossing the Potomac below Harper's Ferry.

When on one of his forays, of which Stuart was so fond, he gave evidence of his great fertility of resource. Dashing in the rear of the Union army, he cut the telegraph wires, attached his own instruments and sent forged dispatches to Washington, the answers to which gave him valuable information respecting the position and contemplated movements of the national troops. At another time, he effected the same purpose by capturing a telegraph office. At Chancellorsville, his cavalry screened "Stonewall" Jackson's march across the front of the national army. After Jackson had been mortally wounded and General Hill disabled, Stuart took Jackson's corps and directed it during the following day, leading two charges in person and carrying the ridge at Hazel Grove, which was the key to the field.

Stuart was sent forward to guard the flanks of the advancing column of Lee's army in the Gettysburg campaign, but was opposed and checked by the Union cavalry at Fleetwood Hill and Stevensburg, with heavy losses on both sides. General Lee had directed him to cross the river in advance of the infantry and take a position to cover his right flank, but Stuart could not, or at least did not, obey this order. As the result, Lee was wholly deprived of his cavalry on the march into Pennsylvania and at the battle of Gettysburg, and suffered thereby excessive annoyance and embarrassment. Stuart held the pass in the Blue Ridge for a time, then passed around the rear of the national army, and rejoined Lee at the close of the conflict at Gettysburg. The responsibility for his erratic course at this critical time has been the subject of much controversy.

On the retreat from Gettysburg, Stuart guarded the gaps in the mountains, and during the remainder of the year 1863, his cavalry held the line of the Rappahannock. He evaded General Kilpatrick at Culpeper Court House; retired from General Buford at Jack's Shop; forced back the Union cavalry, under Pleasonton, at Brandy Station; and by a ruse routed General Davies, near Buckland.

After General Grant had crossed the Rapidan, in May, 1864, Stuart led the advance of Hill's corps of Lee's army. When General Sheridan, with his cavalry, dashed into the very suburbs of Richmond, Stuart, by a rapid march, interposed his force between Sheridan and the Union army. A fierce cavalry fight took place at Yellow Tavern, in which the Confederates were defeated. They suffered a far greater loss than that of the battle, in the death of General Stuart, who fell mortally wounded while striving to breast the adverse tide.

CHARLES SUMNER

He had the courage of his convictions.

SUMNER is the highest example of the scholar in politics that our history affords. He was born in Boston in the beginning of 1811, the grandson of a Revolutionary soldier who had graduated at Harvard, as subsequently did Sumner's father and himself. The father — commonly known as "Sheriff Sumner," from his almost life-long office — was a lawyer who had early taken to Federalist politics, and is described as a man of the ancient New England type for austerity, probity and solemnity, but mellowed in demeanor by his addiction to public life, and in personal temperament by a fondness for literature. It is not difficult to trace in the son the qualities of this fine old Puritan gentleman, further modified by his own time and surroundings. The son and a twin sister were the eldest of nine children, and though by family connection, by membership in a learned profession, by official station, and by scholarship, the father belonged to an aristocracy in which mere wealth had no position whatever, his income was so slender that the severest economy was needed to supply the family wants, and to meet the imperative requirements of the high office of sheriff of the county.

The young Sumner was a quiet boy, intellectually forward and fond of books. Though in manhood he grew large and strong, his habits were always sedentary, except for the long, bracing walks which were his habitual exercise in early life. In his sixteenth year he was entered at Harvard, where his tastes developed as classical, historical, literary and oratorical. Within the limits of his talents, he was an eager and devoted student, and though austere and reserved, he was not unpopular in those simple and strenuous days of college life. He graduated after four years, and then spent a year in post-graduate study. After this, finding that his college aversion to and neglect of mathematics had been at the cost of strength and previsision in logical powers, he took up the distasteful subject and for several years pursued it, till he felt that he had overcome his early default. For his future profession he chose the law, and at the

autumn term of 1831, he entered the Harvard Law School, at the head of which was the illustrious Justice Story, a warm friend of his father.

In 1834 Sumner was formally admitted to the bar, and thereafter became editor of the "American Jurist," teacher in the Harvard Law School, reporter of Story's decisions on circuit, and a commissioner of the Federal courts at Boston. These appointments and employments were more important than lucrative, and he became a literary drudge of the law journals in order to live. Still with a bent toward oratory, he continued his long habit of never missing an opportunity to hear Webster, Everett or Choate. He was especially fond of the oratory of Channing, and falling under his influence he became, like his father, an opponent of slavery, though as yet but a reflective and silent one. Scholar and untiring student though he was, Sumner felt himself far too little qualified for the sphere of professional life which he had chosen, and in the winter of 1837 he sailed for Europe, to carry out a long contemplated desire to cultivate jurisprudence, literature and the fine arts in their more exalted seats. When he returned to Boston in May, 1840, he was the most accomplished man of the day, and he had won that eminence honorably, by the hardest sort of discipline — diligent endeavor and no moment wasted.

Home from Europe with the distinction gained abroad, Sumner took ostensibly to the practice of the law, but what he really did, in addition to writing on legal questions, was to get deeper and deeper into antislavery politics. In 1842, at a time of popular excitement, Sumner vindicated, under the law of nations, the right of British cruisers on the African coast to board suspected slavers flying American colors, to ascertain their true national character and the lawfulness of their commerce, and such great jurists as Kent, Story and Choate supported him. In the same year he came down heavily upon Webster — whose presidential ambition had carried him away from the "Conscience Whigs" to the "Cotton Whigs" — for protesting against the act of the British authorities at Nassau, in liberating the slaves on an American vessel that had put into that port because of a slave revolt. On Independence Day of 1845, Sumner delivered before the municipal government of Boston his still famous oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," and in the autumn of the same year he spoke at Faneuil Hall, with notable eloquence and power, against the slaveholding project of the annexation of Texas. Nearly a year later, he made another antislavery speech, invoking Webster, by the memory of his past, to place himself at the head of the antislavery movement, and, as the foremost of Whigs, to make the Whigs

a truly national party. He sent the speech to Webster, who received it coldly.

Sumner denounced the war made upon Mexico as a national disgrace, and when, in September, 1847, the Massachusetts Whig convention voted down an anti-slavery resolution, he left the party, and, in the following year, was chairman of the campaign committee of the Free-soil party in the presidential campaign that brought in Zachary Taylor, owner of three hundred slaves, as a Whig President. In November, 1850, he made his great speech against that new fugitive slave act, devised by Clay and supported by Webster, which shook the feelings of the people of Massachusetts as they had not been shaken since the Revolution, and, Webster having destroyed himself utterly, Sumner became the greatest figure in the commonwealth. That autumn the Free-soilers had combined with the Democrats in the state election, and the coalition carried the legislature. At once there was a popular cry of Sumner for the Senate, but the unwillingness of leading Democrats to be put aside caused a three months' contest, and then Sumner got just enough Democratic votes to elect him.

In December, 1851, Sumner appeared in a Senate composed of thirty-four Democrats, twenty-three Whigs and three Free-soilers, the latter including himself. He was unusually tall; of massive figure, fine features and majestic presence, and in the prime of life. He had a rich and flowing style of expression, interspersed with copious citations from classical and foreign sources; he was distinguished by a wide European acquaintance and the highest culture, and was possessed of all the social graces. The proud Southern leaders could not look down upon him; they would not look up to him, and he settled his position with them by treating them with a courteous condescension, uncomfortably suggestive of disdain. His first important speech was in the summer of 1852, on the national character of freedom and the sectional character of slavery, in which he sharply criticized the political pretensions of slavery.

In the summer of 1854, he caused much feeling among the Southern Senators and their Northern allies by a bitter speech against the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He was at no pains to soften this feeling during the angry debates of the next two years, and on May 19, 1856, he began a speech on the Kansas question which he concluded the next day, in which, replying to frequent and passionate interruptions, he retorted with unusual personal severity upon Douglas, of Illinois, and Butler, of South Carolina. Preston S. Brooks, a nephew of Butler, was a member of the House of Representatives, and, deeply stung by the insult to his revered uncle, which Sumner

had in no wise softened in the revision of his speech for the official report, he went in search of Sumner to demand an apology and a retraction. The Senate had adjourned and the chamber was empty, except that Sumner sat writing at his desk. To a rapid and angry demand, Sumner replied briefly and scornfully, whereupon the visitor struck him on the head with a heavy walking stick. Frenzied by this outburst of passion, and fearful, perhaps, of the personal consequences of finding himself in the grasp of the powerful man before him, the assailant repeated his blows so quickly and frequently that Sumner, unable to push back his chair and rise, at length fell insensible to the floor. At first his injuries were supposed to be mortal, but his strong constitution and frame carried him through; though he was more than three and a half years absent from the Senate, under treatment, and was never thereafter his former self. The assault served to widen and deepen the chasm between the North and the South; but Brooks, the assailant, was personally popular with the members of the House of Representatives, some allowance was made for the provocation and excitement under which he was laboring, and, though he was censured by the House, it was impossible to get a two-thirds vote for his expulsion. In consequence of the censure, he resigned his seat, to which he was immediately reëlected. He was not a vain, violent or quarrelsome man, and loathed the popular adulation from the South as much as he resented the mobbing threats from the North. Feeling himself branded like Cain, he became reckless and despondent, and his health rapidly declined. He challenged Burlingame, a spirited representative from Massachusetts, for taunting him in the House, and a duel was arranged, to be fought in Canada. On the advice of friends, and in deference to the unanimous feeling in the South, he declined, at the last moment, to attempt the journey through "the enemy's country" to reach Canada, and before any further mortification could visit him, death came to his relief, near the end of January, 1857.

Just before the death of his assailant at Washington, Sumner was able to make a public visit to the state house at Boston, where the state and municipal authorities and the populace gathered to do him honor. As his term was soon to expire, and an indefinite sojourn in Europe under treatment would be necessary, he asked that another choice than himself be made, but this was deemed inadmissible, and for three and a half years Sumner's vacant chair in the Senate chamber remained as the "silent protest" of Massachusetts against the violence done to her representative. The chair was filled by its proper occupant at the December session of 1859, and the visible

feebleness of the onee stalwart man was not conducive to good feeling. In June, 1860, Sumner again ehallenged the enemy by a eutting speech denouncing slavery as barbarism, but nobody on the Southern side took up the ehallenge.

On the reorganization of the Senate at the aecession of Lincoln, the ehairmanship of the eommittee on foreign relations went to Sumner, probably the best qualified chairman it has ever had. He took the right side at onee in the "Trent affair," and when the Confederate envoys had been surrendered to the British government, he made a notable speech, asserting that the true glory of the ineident rested with the United States, whieh had bowed to the law of eivilization under eircumstanees of great provocation.

Late in October, 1861, Senator Edwin D. Baker, of Oregon, absent from his seat as commander of a Union brigade on the upper Potomae, was killed in an engagement which inflieted humiliation, as well as loss, on the Union side. The fault may have been Baker's own, but his sorrowing and admiring friends sought to transfer it to his next superior, General Charles P. Stone, a eitizen of Massachusetts and a professional soldier, greatly esteemed by President Lincoln and Generals Scott and McClellan. After this, Stone ineurred the hostility of the governor of Massaehusetts by protesting against the latter's interference with the duties of a Massaehusetts regiment belonging to Stone's command. The Governor applied to Sumner, and he attacked Stone in the Senate. Stone thereupon wrote Sumner a reproachful letter, which Sumner, in great heat, took to the President. Lincoln read the letter and handed it baek, with the remark that it was just the kind of letter that a man who felt like writing it would be justified in writing, under the eireumstances. Sumner was now offended with the President as well as with Stone, and never forgave either.

On the aecession of President Grant, the influenee of Sumner procured the appointment of his friend Motley, the historian, as Minister to Great Britain, but Motley was reealled the year after his appointment, for following the poliey of Sumner, whieh was arrogant and irritating, rather than his instructions from Grant, whose poliey was one of peace. Sumner also became hostile to the administration on the questions of the annexation of San Domingo and the sale of arms for French use in the war with Germany, and in the spring of 1871 he was removed from his chairmanship of the eommittee on foreign relations. The next year he made a speeeh diseriminating between what he ealled "Grantism" and Republicanism. He also advoeated the support of Greeley against the reëlection

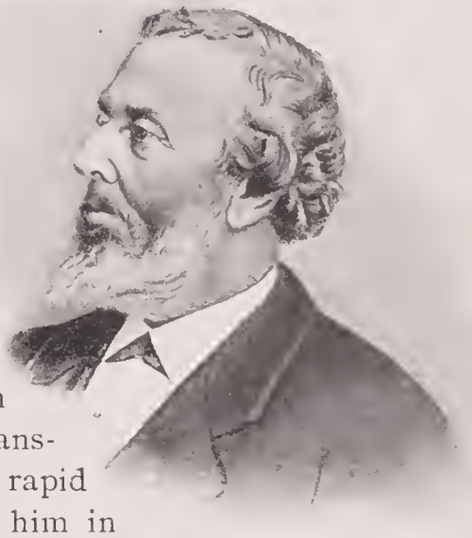
of Grant, and replied sharply to Blaine, who had publicly called him to account. Following the defeat of Greeley, he threw the Republican camp into confusion by a resolution to omit the names of battles of the Civil War from the standards and rosters of the army, citing the example of the ancient Greek republics. The legislature of Massachusetts passed a resolution of censure upon it, but afterward repealed it. When the December session of 1873 opened, he was again upon good terms with his party, and gave himself entirely to the forwarding of his supplementary civil rights bill, in behalf of the race to which he had been faithful for more than thirty years. His civil rights bill of 1866 had been the immediate cause of the rupture between Johnson and the Republicans in Congress.

Late in life, Sumner had contracted a marriage which was unfortunate because of incompatibility. It was followed soon by a separation, and ultimately by a divorce, to give freedom to the other party, and this domestic misfortune, exposed to the world, deeply wounded his proud and reserved spirit. On March 11, 1874, he died at Washington, after a short illness. The noblest eulogy pronounced on him was by Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, originally a disciple of Calhoun. Sumner was intractable and egotistical in disposition, but very simple and kindly in manner; so that while living much to and in himself, he always had friends as well as admirers. In his early days he had defined politics as the application of moral principle to public affairs, and his own political career was one of the greatest and most consistent illustrations of the definition. In that respect he was the American Gladstone, and it was his commanding intellect and lofty character, rather than any talent for practical statesmanship, that must explain his four consecutive elections to the Senate. Equally with Webster, and for a longer period, he was the pride of Massachusetts, and while he lived he represented, in a very real sense, all that was best in that great commonwealth. Like Gladstone, again, he was so self-absorbed as never to have the least sense of humor, a defect which made intercourse with him always hazardous, when not difficult.

BAYARD TAYLOR

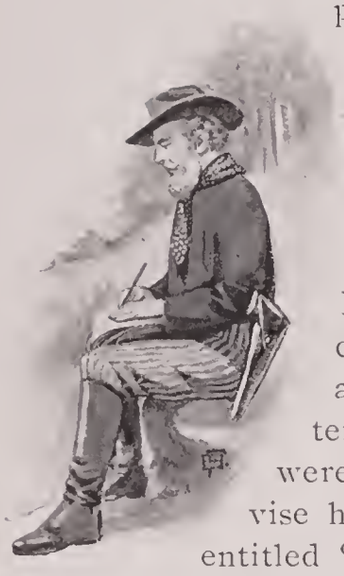
Millions have read his tales of travel.

THERE are few persons of a reading habit who have not been charmed by Bayard Taylor's books of travel. Taylor wandered over the globe, and visited almost every country. He had a wonderful memory to retain the impressions made by what he saw, and a rare facility of vivid and realistic description, which made his books in the highest degree attractive. There is nothing in literature that comes nearer to actual view of the scenes and wonders of foreign countries, than the travel sketches of Bayard Taylor. He traveled with a purpose, and with eyes and ears trained to the execution of that purpose. The world was not slow to discover this, and he passed quickly into fame as a man who knew how to travel, how to observe, and how to paint in words, for others to see, the pictures of what he saw. Then his books, as fast as they were published, were translated into half a score of languages. He was a rapid and prolific writer, and few men have excelled him in the quantity of good literature that they have given to the world. Mr. Taylor also wrote several volumes of excellent fiction and some tuneful verse, although his high literary reputation rests chiefly on his numerous books of travel. Like many other men of letters, he had also an aptitude for diplomacy, and served his government with honor and fidelity at a foreign court.



Mr. Taylor was born in 1825, at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania,—and his birthplace was chosen as the scene of one of his novels, "The Story of Kennett." He was the son of a farmer of small means, and was obliged to make his own way in the world. The outcome showed that he was abundantly able to do this. He obtained a fair education at the West Chester Academy, and later at a similar institution in Unionville. At the age of seventeen, he was apprenticed to a printer. He found diversion in his leisure hours in writing poetry, and at nineteen he published a volume, "Ximena and other Poems."

This did not bring him large returns in money, but it elicited much favorable comment, and, in this way, gave him encouragement for further effort. The publication of this volume led to one momentous result, which had a controlling influence in shaping the course of his life. The book passed under the eye of Horace Greeley, editor and publisher of the New York "Tribune." He was pleased with its contents, and, having ascertained that its author was a young printer, just starting in life, he invited Taylor to call upon him. Mr. Greeley at once installed him in a position on the staff of the "Tribune," and soon sent him to Europe on journalistic business. It was here that his travels began. He made a pedestrian tour of England, France, Germany and Italy, which occupied two years, and cost him but five hundred dollars. He covered his tour with a series of letters to the "Tribune," which attracted the attention of a large and rapidly increasing circle of readers. They were so much admired that, on his return, he was advised to revise his sketches and publish them in book form. This volume, entitled "Views Afoot: or Europe as seen with Knapsack and Staff," appeared in 1846. It was cordially received, and, at the age of twenty-one, Taylor found himself admitted a welcome guest in the charmed circle of literary men.



Mr. Greeley offered Taylor a permanent position on the "Tribune," and he accepted the offer, although he did not long remain in New York. His tour in Europe had developed his taste for roving, and he soon joined a party bound for California by the overland route. The gold fever was then epidemic, and the whole country was in a ferment. Taylor "wrote up" the trip and the gold fields for the "Tribune" in a way that added fresh laurels to the wreath that he had already won. He returned by way of Mexico and at once issued his second book of travel, "Eldorado: or Adventures in the Path of Empire." So great was the demand for this volume, that within a fortnight after its publication forty thousand copies were sold, in America and England.

Taylor's next tour was on an extended scale and occupied nearly three years. He started in 1851, and first visited Egypt. He ascended the River Nile to a high point, storing his mind with countless scenes of beauty and historic legends, to many of which he afterward gave expression in verse. He returned to England and sailed thence for Calcutta and China, where he joined the United States naval expedition to Japan, under Commodore Perry. During this tour, he traveled more than fifty thousand miles. He had continued his letters to the "Tribune," so that when he returned to America, in 1854, the public was eager for the three volumes which he had prepared — "A

Journey to Central Africa," "The Land of the Saracens" and "A Visit to India, China and Japan."

Demand now arose for Taylor to enter the lecture field. It was believed that one who had traveled so much and had written so many entertaining books, could be listened to with pleasure and profit. That the popular opinion was not at fault was abundantly shown. He went upon the platform and became one of the most successful lecturers the country had yet known. Dates were sought everywhere and the largest halls were insufficient to accommodate the people that thronged to hear him. After two years at home, he grew restless and was soon off again, for another jaunt. He desired to study Scandinavian life, customs and literature, and made a lengthy tour through Norway, Sweden and Denmark. During this most interesting trip, his letters —so long an eagerly looked-for feature of the "Tribune"— were continued, and on his return he published a volume on "Northern Travel." He also wrote "Lars," a long poem of Scandinavian romance, and the most ambitious verse-work of his life.

All that has been told had been accomplished when Taylor was but thirty-two years of age. At this time he married Maria Hansen, daughter of a German astronomer and scientist, whom he had met in his travels. The union was a happy one and no cloud ever cast a shadow over their domestic life. In 1859 he made another trip to California, where he lectured to large and enthusiastic audiences. In 1862 he went to St. Petersburg, as secretary of the United States legation. The absence of the Minister soon left him as charge d'affaires at the Russian capital. While here, he wrote "Hannah Thurston," his first novel, and it was published on his return to America, in 1864. Such was the success of this book that Taylor soon published two other novels—"John Godfrey's Fortunes" and "The Story of Kennett."

In 1874 Taylor went to the rarely visited country of Iceland, for though he was now at the verge of fifty years, he could not resist the passion to travel. After his return from Iceland, he spent three years in publishing new volumes and in the revision of his old ones, for new editions. In 1878 he was appointed Minister of the United States at Berlin. A serious malady was soon developed, and this was aggravated by his too sedulous devotion to his literary work, during the intervals of leisure from his diplomatic duties. The progress of the disease was rapid and medical skill was baffled. Mr. Taylor died at Berlin, in December, 1878, but a few months after he had gone to his post of duty.

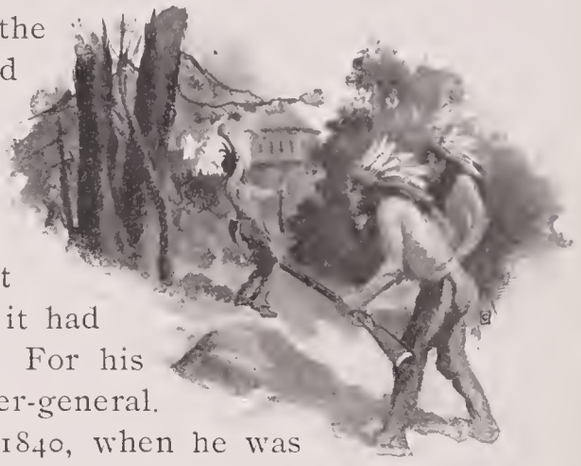
ZACHARY TAYLOR

A President known as "Old Rough and Ready.

PRESIDENT TAYLOR'S father, Colonel Richard Taylor, a member of a distinguished colonial family, served with marked zeal, patriotism and courage through the Revolutionary War. Zachary was born in 1784, and while he was yet a child, his father removed his family to Kentucky. Colonel Taylor was one of the earliest settlers in the section about Louisville, near the site of which he established a large plantation. Kentucky was then thinly peopled, and the scattered inhabitants were much harassed by Indians. Under such conditions, opportunities for education were extremely narrow, and the instruction received by young Taylor was limited to the simplest rudimentary branches. He worked on his father's plantation until he was twenty-four years of age, when the death of a brother, who was a lieutenant in the army, opened the door to his future career of renown. James Madison, then Secretary of State, was related to the Taylor family, and through his influence Zachary, although he had had no military training, was appointed to the vacancy in the army. He was commissioned a first lieutenant of the Seventh Infantry, in 1808, and two years later was made a captain. At the breaking out of the second war with Great Britain, in 1812, Taylor was placed in command of Fort Harrison, a blockhouse and stockade on the Wabash River, fifty miles from Vincennes. This was one of the most advanced posts on the frontier, and was the first object of attack by the savage tribes which, under the influence of the British, Tecumseh, a famous chief, had stirred up to make war upon the Americans. In the autumn the fort was attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians. Taylor had but fifty men, two-thirds of whom were ill with fever. The woodwork of the fort was set on fire by the assailants, but the little garrison succeeded in extinguishing the flames. Taylor and his men made a most gallant defense, and compelled the Indians to raise the siege. For the courage and capacity which he so conspicuously displayed, the rank of brevet major was bestowed on Captain Taylor, the first brevet in the history of the United States army. Until the close of the war, he

continued on duty along the northwestern frontier, and in 1814, reached the full rank of major.

After the war, Congress cut down the army, and Taylor was reduced to the grade of captain. This so displeased him that he resigned his commission and retired to the family plantation in Kentucky Through the influence of friends, he was reinstated as major, and for several years was actively engaged in campaigns against the Indians, in various parts of the country. He added much to his fame during the Black Hawk War, and, after the capture of that famous warrior, Taylor conveyed him to Jefferson Barracks, at St. Louis. In 1836 Taylor, then a colonel, was sent to Florida, where the war with the Seminoles was in progress, with little prospect of a speedy termination. He inflicted upon the Indians so crushing a defeat at Okeechobee, after a desperate conflict, that it had a decisive effect to bring hostilities to an end. For his intrepid service, he was brevetted a brigadier-general. Taylor continued to command in Florida until 1840, when he was sent to the southwest. At this time he bought an estate on the Mississippi River near Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and there established his home.



In 1845 Congress passed a joint resolution for the annexation of Texas. William L. Marcy, who was then Secretary of War, wrote a confidential letter to Taylor, telling him that he should hold his troops in readiness to defend Texas, in the event of an invasion from Mexico. Taylor demanded more explicit instructions, and, in reply, was directed to be governed by circumstances, to carefully avoid aggressive measures, but to protect the territory of Texas, to the utmost power of his command, if necessary. The Rio Grande was indicated as the western boundary of Texas, and Corpus Christi, on Aransas Bay, near the mouth of the Nueces River, was pointed out as the best place to concentrate his troops. Taylor embarked at New Orleans in July, 1845, with fifteen hundred men, and landed at Corpus Christi. By November, his force had been augmented to four thousand.

For several months before war was declared, the relations between the United States and Mexico were greatly strained. During this time, under the most embarrassing and perplexing circumstances, General Taylor conducted himself and the public affairs with great prudence, sagacity and discretion. The administration was marked by an excess of caution. It desired to force the Mexican question to a crisis, while studiously avoiding the responsibility of bringing on a war. President Polk and the Secretary of War sought,

unofficially, to induce General Taylor to advance into the disputed territory, but the wary old soldier was determined that he should not be made a scapegoat. He disregarded the hints and refused to move without a direct and definite order to do so. A positive order at length reached him, and on March 8, 1846, his little army took up the march to the Rio Grande. On the twenty-eighth it reached the river opposite Matamoras, which was being fortified by the Mexicans. Taylor's troops went into camp and built Fort Brown. On the twelfth of April, General Ampudia, the Mexican commander, sent a note to General Taylor, giving him twenty-four hours to break camp and start on his return to the line of the Nueces River, "while our governments are regulating the pending question relative to Texas," and notifying him that non-compliance with this offer would be construed as equivalent to a declaration of war. Taylor replied that he was acting under instructions which would not permit him to return to the Nueces, and that if the Mexicans saw fit to begin hostilities, he would not avoid the conflict.

Soon afterward, Ampudia was superseded in command by General Arista, who crossed the Rio Grande, early in May, and on the eighth, with six thousand men, attacked the Americans at Palo Alto, near Matamoras. Taylor had but twenty-three hundred men to take into action, but they fought with such spirit and determination that the Mexicans were defeated and retreated to Resaca de la Palma, where they took up a strong position. Taylor followed, and the next day he attacked and completely routed them and drove them across the Rio Grande, capturing eight cannon, many colors and a large number of prisoners. This outbreak of hostilities precipitated an immediate decision of the question pending between the two countries. President Polk at once sent a belligerent message to Congress, setting forth that a Mexican army had invaded the territory of the United States, made war upon its government and shed the blood of its citizens. Two days later Congress adopted a resolution declaring that "by the act of the republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that country and the United States." Another resolution authorized the President to call out fifty thousand volunteers. Taylor, who had been made a major-general, immediately crossed the river and occupied Matamoras. He established there his headquarters, and spent four months in organizing and drilling the raw volunteers that had joined him. He marched against Monterey, which he reached September 9, with six thousand six hundred men. General Ampudia was in command of ten thousand Mexicans. These were mostly seasoned troops, while not more than a fourth part of Taylor's men had ever been under fire. Taylor attacked with the

greatest vigor and, after three days of severe fighting, Ampudia surrendered.

General Taylor at once began to prepare for further operations, but, before the end of the year, he was badly crippled by the detachment of a large part of his army to General Winfield Scott. The latter had been directed to lead an expedition against Vera Cruz and a heavy draft for troops was made on Taylor. Friends of the latter openly charged that the leaders of the Democratic administration had a purpose in this; that they were jealous of the fast-growing popularity of Taylor, who was a Whig. Taylor was left with less than five thousand men, nine-tenths of whom were wholly raw and undisciplined. Intelligence was received that General Santa Anna, with twenty-one thousand Mexicans, was marching to attack the Americans. The great disparity of numbers would have appalled one who was not stout of heart, but Taylor marched straight toward the enemy. On the twenty-first of February, he took up a strong defensive position at Buena Vista, a mountain pass a few miles from Saltillo, and awaited an attack. With a confidence inspired by numerical strength, Santa Anna assailed the Americans with the utmost fury. He was signally defeated, after a sanguinary engagement, and fled with his demoralized army to San Luis. Potosi. Taylor's repeated victories had a decisive effect upon the war in that part of Mexico, and the Rio Grande border was not again disturbed.

For several days before and after the battle of Buena Vista, communication with the United States forces was entirely cut off and the greatest anxiety and apprehension were felt. It was known that Taylor was heavily outnumbered, and rumors were current that his army had been cut to pieces and destroyed. When the truth became known, a wave of enthusiasm swept over the country. Words of extravagant praise for Taylor were upon every tongue, and he was the hero of the hour. His soldiers called him "Old Rough and Ready" and this sobriquet quickly caught the popular ear. Public admiration for him was in no small degree enhanced by the modest and dignified tone of his official reports. He was not again conspicuous during the war, as the subsequent operations were conducted by General Scott, in another part of the field, but his fame was assured, and already he was fast becoming the favorite of the people for the presidential nomination of the Whig party. By a number of popular

assemblages, he had been named, early in 1847, and during that year formal overtures were made to him. To them he answered that the country was at war, and, while the war lasted, he could think of nothing but doing his duty as a soldier in the field. This patriotic response, placing country above politics and personal preferment, intensified the feeling in his favor, and, after the war had closed, his candidacy was urged with such enthusiasm that he was induced to consent. He authorized the publication of letters to friends, in which he cautiously defined his position as "a Whig, but not an ultra Whig." When the convention of that party met, it was found that in the strong anti-slavery element there was much opposition to Taylor, because he was a slaveholder; it was feared that on this question he could not be trusted. Clay, Webster and Scott were also powerful candidates for the nomination. The contest was a warm one, but Taylor was successful, and at the ensuing election he carried the electoral vote by a majority of thirty-five.

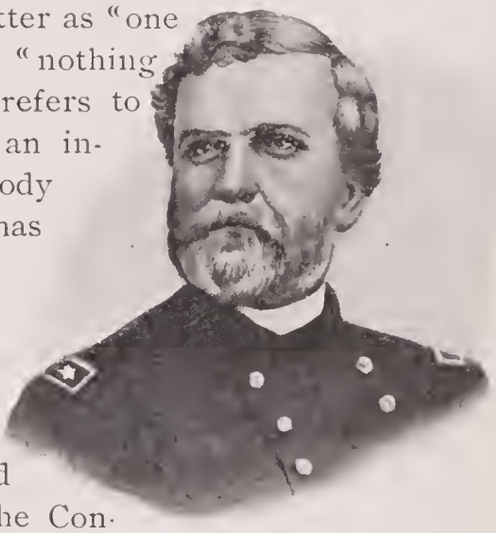
General Taylor was inaugurated President, March 4, 1849. He lived only sixteen months thereafter, and his brief administration was a stormy one, owing to the agitation of the slavery question. Although he had been elected President as a Whig, at the same time the Democratic party secured the control of both houses of Congress. There was a bitter struggle over the admission of California and other territories with or without slavery. The people of California asked that it be admitted as a state with a constitution which prohibited slavery. This was violently opposed by the slavery leaders, as the slave states and free states were then equal in number, and free California would give a preponderance unfriendly to slavery in the United States Senate. President Taylor recommended that California be admitted with a free constitution, and that the people of the other territories should decide the question for themselves. This was not acceptable to the slavery leaders, who made open threats of secession if California were admitted a free state. A large Free-soil sect of the Whig party in the North, known as "Barnburners," also opposed Taylor because he favored slavery at all. While Congress and the people at large were in a ferment over the question, President Taylor fell suddenly ill on July 4, 1850, and died five days later.

Taylor was plain and simple in manner, and this, with his great kindness of heart, made him personally one of the most beloved of the Presidents. In his sturdy devotion to duty, there was a close parallel between him and Jackson.

GEORGE HENRY THOMAS

A shining example of unfaltering loyalty.

HORACE GREELEY, carefully studying the military archives for his work entitled "The American Conflict," pronounced Thomas the greatest general on either side. His was not the opinion of a military expert, but it was, at least, intelligent and disinterested. Sherman, who rose higher than Thomas, speaks of the latter as "one of the grand characters of our Civil War" and as "nothing dismayed by danger in front or rear," and also refers to his "cool and calm deliberation." Sherman had an incisive judgment and a graphic utterance, and nobody could describe Thomas more accurately than he has done in the few words just quoted.

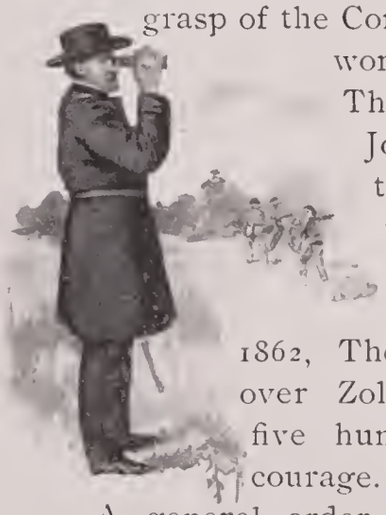


In one respect, Thomas stands almost alone among the leading generals of the Civil War—from beginning to end there is not a single act or circumstance to excuse, apologize for or explain away. Except for "Stonewall" Jackson, he would stand entirely alone, though "Joe" Johnston on the Confederate side and Sherman of the Federal army would be not far behind. The "grand character" of Thomas did not consist wholly of his character as a soldier, but included also his character as a man. In both respects it was massive, like his aspect, though there was nothing picturesque or salient about him. In his smaller field, he was a second and latter-day Washington, and had he come to the presidency he would have been very much such a President as Washington. To put it in another way, Washington, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, would have been much the same kind of man as Thomas. The resemblance is not strained; it is real, and can be verified by anybody who, from the abundant material at command, shall take the trouble to make the two men stand out as they truly were in the flesh. In history, poem and oration, Thomas is the "Rock of Chickamauga," but to this day the survivors of the Army of the Cumberland always speak of him as "Old Pap" Thomas. This is not strictly Washingtonian, yet it is not far from the "Uncle George," a familiarity current in Revolutionary camps.

Thomas was by birth and rearing a Virginian, and in the old army was regarded, in the days when sectionalism was abroad in the land, as a pretty stiff Southern man. Born in 1816, he had reached the mature age of twenty-four when he was graduated from the Military Academy in 1840, and began, as a brevet second lieutenant of artillery, an army life that seemed likely to carry him not very far, as it could not carry him fast. Yet he was still under forty, when, in 1855, he was appointed a major in a new cavalry regiment raised for service in Texas, and owed his appointment to the facts that he had served handsomely in two wars and had been for four years one of the best instructors in tactics at West Point.

Major Thomas served nearly six years in Texas, but happened to be on leave of absence eastward when Twiggs surrendered the troops there to the secession authorities of that state. When his own state seceded, his kindred there took care that his merit and ability should not be forgotten, but when notified that a desirable military appointment was open for him under the Confederate flag, he declined to leave the service in which he was already engaged. Thomas had no political friends, but Scott, another loyal Virginian, looked out for him, and as soon as Congress had provided for the organization of a big volunteer army, he got one of the brigadierships. Before this, and prior to the first Bull Run campaign, he had a brisk and successful little affair in Virginia itself, with his old friend, Colonel Jackson, afterward the famous "Stonewall."

In the fall of 1861, the government at Washington was deeply interested in the project of rescuing loyal East Tennessee from the grasp of the Confederacy. Thomas was sent there and did yeoman's work in collecting, organizing and drilling volunteers. The brilliant and audacious strategy of Albert Sidney Johnston, in establishing the Confederate line in Kentucky, and threatening Louisville with forces that existed chiefly in Federal imagination, transferred the immediate seat of war to that state.



At Mill Spring, near Somerset, on January 19, 1862, Thomas gained a fruitful and impressive victory over Zollicoffer, handling his little force of about forty-five hundred men with consummate skill and resolute courage. General Zollicoffer was killed in the action. A general order from the War Department, graphically summing up the military qualities shown by Thomas, fixed all eyes upon him, and it was emphasized by his speedy promotion to the grade of major-general.

As a division commander in the Army of the Cumberland, he was engaged in Halleck's successful campaign against Corinth, and in the autumn of 1862 was back in Kentucky with Buell, in consequence of Bragg's unexpected leap from Alabama and Mississippi to the Ohio River. On the eve of battle, political intrigue at Washington caused the removal of Buell, who was commanding against Bragg, and the appointment of Thomas to succeed him. Against this Thomas protested, and Buell was left in command till Bragg should be driven southward. Then the doomed Buell was again removed, but Thomas was passed by and Rosecrans was brought from another field to take the command.

In the battle of Murfreesboro, the part taken by Thomas was a repetition of his conduct in the two Kentucky campaigns. Confusion reigned supreme in both armies, but in him was "no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He was, as Sherman said, "nothing dismayed by danger in front or rear," and if his "cool and calm deliberation" forbade him the spectacular role of a war-god, it was something, to be sure of finding in one part of an engaged army things always going steadily and going well. At Chickamauga, in September, 1863, Thomas had the center of the Federal line, and getting into position promptly, yet without confusing haste, he was able to repel the attacks which broke up the rest of the Federal army and sent its commander a fugitive to Chattanooga. His calm, deliberate and immovable resistance saved the campaign, and he was appointed commander of the army which he had preserved from overwhelming disaster.

From Chickamauga to the close of the Atlanta campaign, Thomas served under the personal direction, first of Grant and then of Sherman. But, in the late autumn of 1864, he was sent back to Nashville to take care of Hood,—who, after the loss of Atlanta, had launched his army northward into Tennessee,—while Sherman was executing his plan of moving through Georgia from Atlanta to Savannah. The Confederate army, from which Sherman had broken away, crossed the Tennessee River at Florence in November and moved northward as rapidly as the bad weather and almost impassable roads would permit. Thomas was at Nashville, collecting troops and supplies from all available sources. The Fourth and Twenty-third corps had been detached from Sherman's army and placed at the disposal of Thomas. They numbered less than twenty-five thousand men, but these were chiefly veteran soldiers and could be relied upon in any emergency. This force, under the immediate command of General Schofield, was charged with the duty of closely watching Hood and impeding his progress, to gain time for Thomas in his work of organization, but to avoid, if

possible, a general engagement. Hood's strength exceeded that of Schofield by fifteen thousand or more.

The Confederate commander hoped to interpose his army between Schofield's column and Nashville, and thus prevent the union of Schofield with Thomas. In his desperate effort to carry out this plan, he made a furious attack upon Schofield at Franklin, twenty miles south of Nashville, on November 30. Schofield was obliged to fight, in order to save his long train of wagons. While the battle was in progress, these were passed rapidly over the single bridge that spanned the Harpeth River at that place. Apprised of the approach of the enemy and of his purpose to attack, the Union soldiers had been able to greatly strengthen their position by throwing up intrenchments, and advantageously posting the artillery.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, Hood's assaulting column was hurled upon Schofield. The combat was not exceeded by any other during those four years of war, in fierce and bloody fighting. Its duration was scarcely more than two hours, but, in that brief time, above fourteen hundred Confederates were slain, including six general officers, and thrice that number were wounded or taken. The Union army was sheltered by its barricades, and its loss was but one-fourth as large as that of the enemy. The valor of the Confederates was equal to that of Pickett's division in its immortal charge at Gettysburg, but it was of no avail. Schofield held his position, and at night drew off his army and marched to Nashville. Hood followed closely and formed his line, partly enveloping the city, extending to the Cumberland River above and below it.

Two weeks the armies lay confronting each other at Nashville, while the whole country watched with an intensity of eagerness for the clash of arms. The issues at stake were tremendous; the situation was dramatic in the extreme. Sherman's army was four hundred miles away, in the heart of Georgia, marching to the sea. Thomas was between Hood and dire disaster to the Union cause. If Hood should win a decisive victory, there would be nothing at hand able to stay his advance to the Ohio River, and beyond. As the days grew into weeks, the impatience at Washington and throughout the North became excessive. The most positive orders were telegraphed by the Secretary of War and by General Grant at City Point, Virginia, pointing out the great risk and danger of delay, and directing Thomas to strike at once; Hood *must* be defeated, and that quickly.

Thomas, cool and unmoved, had a perfect comprehension of the situation and a perfect confidence in the result. Hood was strong in

cavalry, and Thomas would not fight with his own cavalry dismounted and inefficient. Nor would he fight what he believed would be a successful battle, until he could follow the enemy as fast as that enemy could retreat. He was growing stronger every day and needed but a few days to reach the desired point of readiness. But his confidence in the result nearly proved his ruin. The authorities at Washington determined to displace him by a commander who would fight. Thomas, working night and day, found time to repeatedly explain his situation, progress and confidence. His telegrams were cool, respectful, measured and unyielding, except that he intimated that he was ready to retire when Grant and the President had lost confidence in him. His behavior in this heated term was singularly like the calm, almost formal, demeanor of Washington and Wellington in their time of stress. At the very last, there was a delay caused by a heavy fall of sleet, which covered the ground with ice and made the movement of an army impossible. Schofield had been appointed by Grant to relieve Thomas, but the order was suspended before Thomas heard of it; Logan was privately on his way from Washington to Nashville to relieve Thomas, by order of Grant, if the battle should not have been fought, and at last Grant decided to go to Nashville himself. But on the morning of the fifteenth of December, the news was flashed that the battle was opened; darkness of the second day closed it. The pursuit continued through Tennessee to Alabama and then there was nothing left to pursue, and very little more to capture. Besides all his dead and wounded, Hood had left at Nashville forty-five hundred prisoners, fifty-three cannon, and many thousands of small arms.

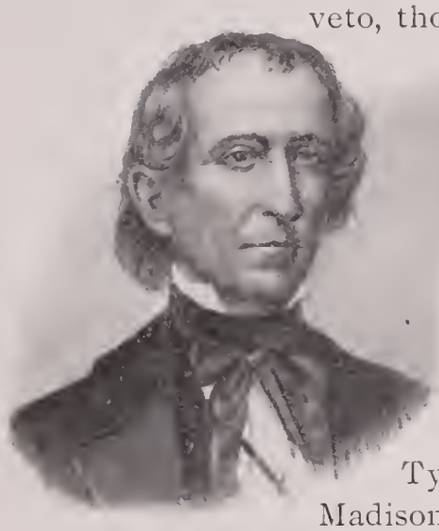
The end of 1864 saw the end of the Confederate Army of Tennessee. If the Confederacy had a remote or feeble chance before the battle at Nashville, it had none afterward. If Grant used his anxiety as an excuse for his treatment of Thomas, the latter never admitted any reason for the anxiety. The two men had no personal friendship afterward, and when Grant became President and transferred his grade of general to Sherman, he gave Sherman's grade of lieutenant-general to Sheridan, passing over Thomas — whom Sherman would not have passed over.

Thomas died in service at San Francisco, in 1870, in his fifty-fourth year. Subsequently the survivors of the Army of the Cumberland erected a noble equestrian statue of him at Washington, thus preserving to posterity the lineaments of a man plain, simple and direct, but whose steadfast loyalty to his country and distinguished services under its flag, mark him as one of the grand characters of the nation.

JOHN TYLER

A noted Virginian whom Death made President.

JOHN TYLER was the tenth President of the United States. He was the first of the so-called "accidental" Presidents. That is to say, he was not elected to the office, but, being Vice-president, became the constitutional successor of Harrison upon the untimely death of the latter. Henry Clay's words, in discussing Tyler's first veto, though bitter, were true: —



"It cannot be forgotten that he came into his present office under peculiar circumstances. The people did not foresee the contingency which has happened. They voted for him as Vice-president."

Tyler was born and nurtured, he lived and died, in the atmosphere of politics. He was born at Greenway, Charles City County, Virginia, March 29, 1790. His father, also named John, was a judge, and later came to be governor of the state. Judge Tyler had been a college classmate of Jefferson and Madison. This explains the son's natural bias for political life, and his devotion to the formative principle of state rights.

Though a studious lad, young Tyler was not backward in action. At the age of eleven, he rebelled against the oppression of a despotic teacher. He was one of the ringleaders of the schoolboys who overpowered the master, bound him hand and foot, and locked him in the schoolhouse, from which he was released, late at night, by a traveler who chanced to pass by. Tyler stood well in William and Mary College, from which he was graduated in 1807. He began the study of the law, but his father's candidacy for the governorship brought him into politics at once. Though but eighteen years of age, he proved an effective stump speaker. He was admitted to the bar the next year. In 1811, or as soon as he was of age, he was elected to the legislature, and was reëlected for five successive terms. This continuous legislative experience was terminated in 1816, when he was elected to Congress to fill a vacancy, and the following year was reëlected. In 1820 he voted against the Missouri Compromise; not from hostility to slavery, but because he believed the measure

violated the principle of state rights, which was the fundamental article of his political creed. He deprecated slavery, and held that the best way to ameliorate the evil was to remove all territorial restrictions, and let it diffuse itself over the country.

In 1821 Tyler's health failed, and he retired to private life. Two years later, he was again in active politics, being elected to the Virginia house of delegates. About this time he was made first rector and then chancellor of his alma mater. During his administration, the college enjoyed signal prosperity. In 1825 he was elected governor of Virginia, and was unanimously reëlected a year later. He was then elected to the United States Senate, to fill the unexpired term of John Randolph, of Roanoke, who had resigned. Tyler was what is known as a strict constructionist; that is, he rejected the implied powers of the Constitution. In much he agreed with Jackson, who became President in 1829, but in many things he bitterly opposed him. He was no less earnest than Jackson in his hostility to the national bank. His words were: —

"I believe this to be the original sin against the Constitution, which, in the progress of our history, has called into existence a numerous progeny of usurpations. Shall I permit this serpent, however bright its scales or erect its mien, to exist by and through my vote?"

At the same time he disapproved, even more vigorously, of Jackson's method of destroying the bank. He opposed Jackson's "force bill," to enable the President to proceed against the South Carolina nullifiers, and he was the only one of the opposition who had the moral courage to record his vote. When the vote was taken, all the other opponents of the bill were conveniently absent, so that the ballot stood thirty-two to one.

Tyler had voted for Clay's resolution of censure on President Jackson. In 1836 the Virginia legislature instructed him to vote to expunge the censure from the records. He could not conscientiously do this, while he acknowledged the legislature's right to instruct him. He therefore cut the Gordian knot by resigning his seat. This same year, Tyler was, in a way, a candidate for the vice-presidency. The Whigs were divided into many factions, and no national convention was held. But, in a few states, the state-rights faction of the party nominated him, and he actually received forty-seven electoral votes. Van Buren, Jackson's candidate, was elected President by a heavy majority, but there was no choice of Vice-president, and that matter went over to the Senate.

When the Whig national convention met in Harrisburg in December, 1839, it was almost certain that the nomination would be

equivalent to an election. The most prominent candidate for President was Clay. But while Clay had a plurality, he did not have the necessary majority of the convention. His many opponents united on William Henry Harrison and secured his nomination. There was difficulty in finding one who would consent to take the second place on the ticket. Four men in turn declined the offer. Then it came to Tyler. Thurlow Weed, who was one of the leaders of the convention, said, "We could get nobody else to accept." Thus Tyler's nomination to the vice-presidency was accidental, as was his accession to the presidency. But it is true that Tyler, like Harrison, had many friends. He had shown great moral courage and had suffered for it. After he had been nominated, he was everybody's choice The campaign which followed is historic. It is known as the "log cabin and hard cider" campaign. The Whigs marched on to a phenomenal victory to the tune of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

Harrison died just one month after his inauguration, and two days later, April 6, 1841, Tyler took the oath of office. As soon as the election was over, Clay imperiously assumed to control the administration. Harrison did not prove subservient. He said to Clay, "You seem to forget, sir, that it is I who am to be president." After Harrison's death, Clay said, "Tyler dares not resist; I'll drive him to the wall." But Tyler retorted, "I pray you, believe that my back is to the wall, and that, while I shall deplore the assaults, I shall, if practicable, beat back the assailants." He did this; Clay's power was broken from that moment. The extra session of Congress, from May 31 to September 13, which had been called by Harrison, was dominated by Clay, but it resulted in nothing good. Tyler vetoed the bank bill. It was reconstructed so as to seem to meet the President's objections, though it did not. He vetoed this also. The Whig leaders were angered and publicly broke off all connection with their President. The session was to adjourn on a Monday. Tyler had retained Harrison's Cabinet, and all of the members, with the sole exception of Webster, summarily resigned on the Saturday before adjournment. This was a coup intended to force the submission of the President. But on Monday morning he sent in a new list of nominations, which were duly confirmed by the Senate. So this crisis passed. About two years later, Webster resigned as Secretary of State. The condition of affairs was far from pleasant to the President. All of his Cabinet had left him. The Whig congress had been against him. The Democratic congress of

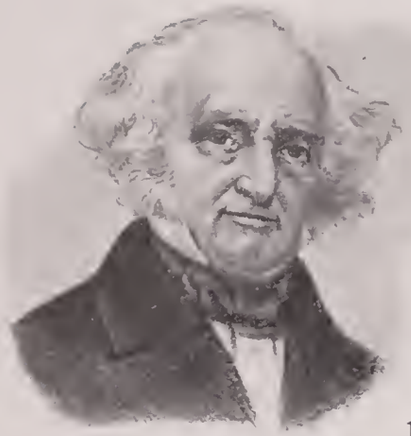
1843, under the lead of Van Buren, was against him. His Cabinet, as finally composed, consisted of state-rights Whigs and state-rights Democrats. The administration was one protracted wrangle, from the beginning to the end.

But despite these unenviable facts, the administration was not barren of results. The Ashburton Treaty settled the Northeastern boundary of the United States, fixing the line between Maine and Canada. Fremont, the Pathfinder, had explored the Rocky Mountain region and prepared the way for future settlement. The heroic Marcus Whitman had been encouraged to take his band of immigrants to the Northwest, thus saving Oregon, Washington and other rich states, to our country. Through Caleb Cushing, a treaty was secured with China. In spite of great financial difficulties, he left a treasury balance of eight million dollars. He was sincere and vigorous in furthering civil-service reform. There was but one defaulter in his administration, and that was for the insignificant sum of fifteen dollars. The most conspicuous achievement was the annexation of Texas. This has been unfairly credited to Calhoun. The fact is that the matter was substantially arranged before Calhoun knew about it. Tyler's acts indicate that it was his purpose to construct a new party, composed chiefly of state-rights men of both the old parties, and he, himself, would be the leader and would be elected to a second term. If he cherished such a purpose, he was destined to disappointment. His course had satisfied no one. Instead of rising, he sank. At the end, he had few supporters except office-holders. A machine convention assembled at Baltimore and nominated him, but it was so evident that he had no popular support, that he quickly withdrew his name.

Tyler was twice married: in 1813 to Miss Letitia Christian, and in 1844 to Miss Julia Gardiner of New York City. After the expiration of his term of office, he retired to his estate, "Sherwood Forest," near his birthplace, and there he lived quietly until the last year of his life. In December, 1860, he was president of the "peace conference" held in the city of Washington. He was a delegate to the state convention of Virginia, where he advised against secession. After the ordinance was passed, he was elected a member of the Confederate house of representatives, but did not live to take his seat. He died January 18, 1862.

MARTIN VAN BUREN

He was famous as a political manager.



Van Buren, by the grace of Andrew Jackson and the votes of the Democratic party, eighth President of the United States, remains yet the ablest and most interesting example of a political manager that party life and action have produced. The son of a small farmer, and without other education than such as the village school afforded, the future "Little Magician" of the political world had, at fourteen, so favorably impressed a leading lawyer and politician of the day that he took the boy into his office, and so opened to him the vista of a professional and public career, beside which his original prospects must have looked small indeed. Seven years he spent with eminent lawyers who were also eminent as politicians, and though he had to wait his coming of age before his formal admission to the practice of the law, he had already attained great proficiency in it and in the closely related avocation of politics. He was already known as a promising young politician when he was admitted to the bar, and, returning from the last of his student days in New York to his native village of Kinderhook, there he began practice for himself. This was in 1803, in the midst of Jefferson's first term, and party feeling and spirit were running high between the Federalists, who had so rapidly worn out their strength during the administration of John Adams, and the Republicans, as the party of Jefferson was then called. Van Buren was a Republican, and so had the fortune to be in the ascendant, from his entry into active politics till his defeat for reëlection to the presidency, thirty-seven years afterward.

The young lawyer was never short of cases, and as the esteemed pupil of such noted lawyers as Francis Sylvester and William P. Van Ness, he obtained important employments beyond what otherwise would have been natural to his years and experience. At twenty-six he was elected surrogate, or probate judge, of his county, an important office which he could only have attained at that age by decided eminence, both as a lawyer and as a politician. Four years later he was sent to the legislature, a further step forward, politi-

cally considered, and one that enabled him to take his place among the foremost leaders of the Republican party in the state.

In 1815 he was appointed attorney-general of the state of New York and held the office for four years, during which time his fame became national as the genius of the so-called "Albany regency," the most powerful and successful political machine ever organized and worked since rival parties came on the stage. It was as the inspiration of the Albany regency that Van Buren won his title of "The Little Magician."

At the time of the formation of the regency under De Witt Clinton, Van Buren was but thirty-three years old: a short, well-formed man, with a large but shapely head; massive forehead; lustrous eyes; a long, prominent, but handsome nose; a small, really beautiful mouth; finely rounded chin; and smooth, but not over-full cheeks. He had an abundance of long, curling hair, which terminated at the sides in luxuriant curling whiskers, then very popular. His upper lip and chin were smooth-shaven, according to the fashion of the time.

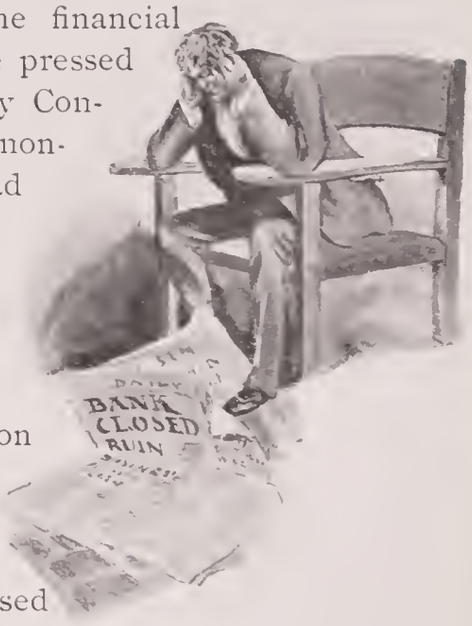
In 1821, Van Buren, then in private life, but in full tide of political activity, was sent to the United States Senate, a real tribute to his public importance and his personal fitness, for no common man reached the Senate in those days. It was during his service in the Senate that the two factions of the Republican party became finally separated into Whigs, under Clay and John Quincy Adams, and Democrats, under Crawford and Jackson; the Federalists mostly going with the Whigs. In 1828 he was elected governor of New York, the highest office in the Union next to the presidency; an unquestionable proof that he was now regarded as the foremost leader of the Democracy in the state. But Jackson, at the same time, was elected to the presidency, and having large views ahead, insisted that Van Buren should take the first place in his Cabinet. It was a descent for the new Governor, but the relations of the two men had been very close ever since Van Buren, in 1827, by a marvelously successful tour of the South, had won over to Jackson, whom they did not like, the support of the Crawford men after the physical breakdown of their leader. Van Buren, too, was very anxious for the success and perpetuity of the Democratic party, and feared that Jackson, passionate, prejudiced and headstrong, might unwittingly deliver it into the hands

of its able and watchful enemies. Lastly, to be Secretary of State in a successful administration would make him the next in line at the end of the eight years for Jackson. He therefore resigned the governorship and went to Washington, where it became his chief function to lead Jackson, without letting the latter suspect that he was being led.

One of the five places in the Cabinet, Jackson had bestowed upon a politician and personal friend of his own state, of no particular character or ability, but who had stood by Jackson through evil as well as good report. This statesman had married the daughter of a tavern-keeper at Washington, captivated by her beauty and vivacity, and disregarding her too notorious reputation. She was, of course, blacklisted by society, and the blacklisting extended to the wives and families of the Cabinet officers. Jackson took up the cause of the woman, and determined that she should be received, but in the warfare with women he made no progress. Van Buren, being a widower, was not fettered like the other Cabinet officers, and showed "Mrs. Secretary" every possible attention, besides intimating to some of the foreign ministers, whose wives had publicly flouted her, that the conduct of their ladies had given the President great concern and might necessitate requests for their recall. Jackson, though defeated in the end, was grateful to Van Buren for his assistance, and under further obligation when Van Buren, to cover the objectionable woman's retreat, tendered his resignation in such terms as enabled Jackson to tell the four other members that a complete reconstitution of the Cabinet was a necessity. Thereupon they all resigned, an entire new Cabinet was appointed, and Van Buren was rewarded by being appointed minister to Great Britain. When the Senate afterward met, there was a prolonged and bitter debate in secret session over the nomination, resulting in a tie vote. Calhoun, who blamed Van Buren for his own rupture with Jackson, gave the casting vote for rejection and Van Buren came home in deep humiliation. Jackson then vowed that Van Buren should succeed Calhoun as Vice-president for the second term, and then succeed Jackson himself as President, and he made the vow good in both particulars. Van Buren was nominated to succeed Jackson by a convention largely composed of office-holders, and though the popular vote was uncomfortably close, he got a good majority of the electoral vote. He had a spectacular inauguration, arranged to please Jackson, who wrote of it as "the glorious scene of Mr. Van Buren, once rejected by the Senate, sworn into office."

The period of Jackson's presidency had been one of wild speculation and inflation, necessarily to be followed by panic and depres-

sion whenever the bubble should burst. The crash was already on the way when Van Buren assumed the presidency, and upon him the storm broke; the more severely because he was popularly identified with the policy and measures of Jackson's administration, which had both hastened and aggravated the crash in the financial and industrial world. A great variety of plans were pressed upon Van Buren, to be executed by himself or by Congress, but he held inflexibly to his policy of non-interference, contending that until the panic had spent itself, and speculative enterprises and inflated values had found their true level, there could be no revival of confidence or soundness in business, and that governmental palliatives could only make a bad situation worse and more prolonged.

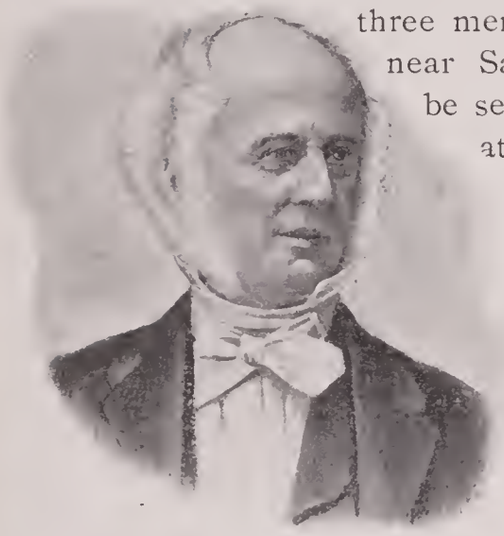


All during his term, Van Buren pressed upon Congress the sub-treasury plan, under which the government, by its own officers, was to collect, keep, transfer and pay out its revenues without the agency of any bank. This plan had been proposed by the Whigs when Jackson removed the deposits from the Bank of the United States and gave them to his so-called pet banks. Toward the end of his administration, Van Buren got the sub-treasury bill through Congress. The system proved a wasteful one for the government, involving the expense of a small army of officials, with buildings and incidentals, and hurtful to the country in keeping all the time a large amount of money withdrawn from circulation and from the channels of business.

Van Buren was a good President, despite his antecedents, and was unanimously renominated by his party; but went down before the wild hurrah of the log-cabin and hard-cider campaign of 1840, that brought in "Old Tippecanoe" and the Whigs. In 1848 the Free-soil Democrats nominated him, with Charles Francis Adams second on the ticket. The nomination did its intended work of defeating Cass, of Michigan, the regular nominee, and the defection of the Free-soilers threw the election to Taylor, the Whig candidate. This campaign ended the public career of Van Buren. He lived fourteen years longer on his estate near his birthplace, Kinderhook, except for some two years spent in a leisurely and enjoyable tour of Europe, during the presidency of Pierce. He died in his eightieth year, in the midst of the Civil War. The eulogy passed upon him by President Lincoln, in making the formal announcement of his death, was a high tribute to his private and public worth.

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT

America's first steamboat and railroad king.



At Port Richmond, New York, lived Jan Avertsen Van der Bylt and his wife Dierber Cornelius. Their son, Cornelius Vanderbilt, was born in 1794. The school days of young Cornelius were few, but he learned something of reading and writing. When twelve years of age he was sent with three wagons, six horses and three men, to carry the cargo of a vessel which had stranded near Sandy Hook, across a sand-spit to the "lighter," to be sent to New York. Cornelius went to the innkeeper at South Amboy, New Jersey, and said, "I have here three teams that I want to get over to Staten Island. If you will put us across, I'll leave with you one of my horses in pawn, and if I don't send you back six dollars within forty-eight hours you may keep the horse." "I'll do it," said the innkeeper, as he looked into the bright honest eyes of the boy. The horse was redeemed within the time.

When this same boy, in 1810, asked his mother to lend him one hundred dollars to buy a boat, she replied, "My son, on the twenty-seventh of this month you will be sixteen years old. If by that time you will plow, harrow and plant with corn the eight-acre lot, I will advance you the money." It was a rough, stony piece of ground, but the work was well done on time. He secured his boat but it was soon ruined by striking a sunken wreck. He secured another, and with it conveyed the laborers to and from the government fortifications, then being built on Long and Staten islands. In 1813, when it was expected that New York would be attacked by the British, all the boatmen except Cornelius put in bids to carry provisions to the military posts around New York. "Why don't you send in a bid?" asked the father. "Of what use," said young Vanderbilt, "they are offering to do the work at half-price. It can't be done at such rates." "Well, it can do no harm to try," said the father. To please his father, Cornelius made an offer which was fair to both parties, but did not go to hear the award. At the commissary's office it was announced that Cornelius Vanderbilt had secured the contract, "because we want

the work done," they said to him, "and we know you will do it." This work was done by running his vessel at night to the forts, but he still kept up his passenger trips to the fortifications by day. In 1818 he owned two vessels, was captain of a third, and had a capital of nine thousand dollars.

At this time steam was coming into use as a motive power in navigation, and Vanderbilt was quick to perceive that it would largely supplant the use of sails. He abandoned his sailing vessels and took a place as captain of a steamboat at a thousand dollars a year. For twelve years he ran between New York City and New Brunswick, New Jersey, and finally became a steamboat owner. Competition was active and bitter and he lost all the money he had saved. But he was not the man to give up. In 1824, taking a partnership in the Gibbons line, he soon came into control and brought it up to a yearly income of forty thousand dollars. In 1827 he controlled the ferry between New York and Elizabethport, New Jersey, on a fourteen years' lease, and conducted it profitably. For the next twenty years he was the leading steamboatman of New York. His boats were upon the Hudson, Long Island Sound, en route to Boston, and the Delaware River from Bordentown to Philadelphia, breaking down all rivalry. With an ambition for a wider field, he built the "Prometheus" and sailed for the Isthmus of Darien, to investigate the prospects for an American and Pacific ship canal. As the result, he planned a transit route from Greytown, on the Atlantic, to San Juan, on the Pacific, by which the water route between New York and San Francisco would be shortened seven thousand miles. In 1851 he placed three steamers on the Atlantic and four on the Pacific, to accommodate the enormous traffic which resulted from the discovery of gold in California. The next year he added a branch line from New Orleans to Greytown, putting on three more vessels. A side-wheel steamer, "The Director," was made to go over the rapids of the San Juan River, on the isthmus, to Lake Nicaragua, which attracted an enormous rush of travel, and required two steamers on the river and a large one on the lake.

After he had realized one million dollars from his isthmian enterprise, Mr. Vanderbilt sold this line, built the "North Star," of two thousand tons, and took his family to Europe. In the meantime the Nicaragua Company grew rich and refused to stand by its contract. The "Commodore" then put on a local line and in two years the Nicaragua Company was bankrupt. In the succeeding five years Mr. Vanderbilt made ten million dollars. In 1856 he received a subsidy for withdrawing his California line, but kept up his trans-oceanic line from New York to Havre. In 1861 he presented the steamer

"Vanderbilt," which cost eight hundred thousand dollars, to the United States Government for the defense of the Union, for which he received the thanks of Congress. The complimentary title "Commodore" was popularly applied to Mr. Vanderbilt because he controlled a large fleet of vessels.

For twenty years Commodore Vanderbilt had been interested in railroads. He saw a greater opportunity in their development than in steamboating, and withdrew from the latter to invest in the New York and New Haven Road. He acquired the controlling stock of the Harlem, and became its president in 1857. The Hudson River Road was then quoted at thirty-three, and Commodore Vanderbilt secured that, also, and combined it with his other roads at an enormous profit. He then became a shareholder in the New York Central, by investing five hundred thousand dollars in its stock. This he gradually increased until he controlled that road, which was the foundation of the Vanderbilt system. Then the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern fell into his hands, and this secured the connecting link between New York and Chicago, the outlet eastward for the vast products of the West.

In 1876 Commodore Vanderbilt was taken ill and continued to fail until his death in 1877. Nearly all of his vast fortune, estimated at one hundred million dollars, was left to his son, William Henry Vanderbilt, with eleven million dollars to the latter's four sons, and four million dollars to his own daughters.

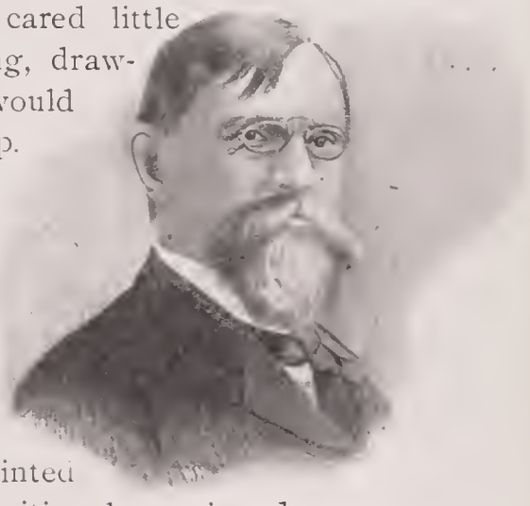
Upon the death of the commodore, William H. Vanderbilt was elected president of the railroad system and continued to build it up. He built on Fifth Avenue his own magnificent residence, and four splendid houses for his daughters. He added two hundred thousand dollars to the Vanderbilt University and in 1884 he gave five hundred thousand dollars to the new building of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. As an encouragement to his railroad men who refrained from entering the strike of 1877, he distributed one hundred thousand dollars among them. He gave fifty thousand dollars to the Church of St. Bartholomew, and removed the Egyptian obelisk, which had been presented by the Khedive, to Central Park, New York, at an expense of one hundred and three thousand dollars.

His death was sudden. During an interview with Robert Garrett, late president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, Mr. Vanderbilt was stricken and died immediately. He lies buried in the family mausoleum at New York, on Staten Island.

LEWIS WALLACE

Who wielded a sword and wrote "Ben Hur."

THIS soldier and author, popularly known as General "Lew" Wallace, was born at Brookville, Indiana, in 1827. As a schoolboy he liked better to play truant than to study. His father once said that he had paid tuition for fourteen years, but Lewis had not gone to school more than one year of that time. An attempt to put him through college resulted in failure. He cared little for general study, but had a fondness for reading, drawing and painting. When he went to church he would draw a picture of the preacher on his white cap. He had a martial turn, and during the Mexican War, though not yet twenty years of age, he joined a company of volunteers, was made first lieutenant, and served with credit. Upon his return, he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He practiced ,his profession somewhat irregularly until 1861.



When the Civil War began, he was appointed adjutant-general of the state of Indiana, which position he resigned to accept a commission as colonel of the Eleventh Indiana infantry. The ladies of Indianapolis presented his regiment with a handsome stand of colors. On receiving it, Colonel Wallace said:—

"Now, remember Buena Vista, boys, and on our knees let us swear to defend this flag with the last drop of our blood."

Then, as he knelt, the officers and men of the entire regiment dropped on their knees, with right hands uplifted, while the colonel in a solemn voice said:—

"We pledge before God and these witnesses, our fellow-countrymen, to defend this flag with our lives and die for it, if necessary, God being our helper. Amen!"

A responsive "Amen" came in one breath from the regiment, and it was echoed in a suppressed sob from the bystanders.

Wallace early developed a capacity to command, and near the end of 1861 he was made a brigadier-general. At the head of a division in Grant's army, he participated in the assault upon Fort Donelson,

in February, 1862. His valor and ability were so conspicuous that he was immediately promoted to the grade of major-general. Still in command of a division, he was with Grant at Shiloh and the siege of Corinth. General Wallace was popular with his soldiers, albeit he was most strict in the enforcement of discipline. During the last two years of the war, under the stress of the long and arduous campaigns, the soldiers appropriated without hindrance the fatlings of field and barnyard, but in 1862 individual "foraging" was prohibited, under severe pains and penalties. One day, while riding about camp at Pittsburg Landing, General Wallace came upon four of his men in the act of carrying to their tent a part of a beef carcass, evidently the proceeds of a "raid." He pounced upon the offenders, placed them in arrest, and ordered each of them in turn for a quarter of an hour, to carry the beef quarter on his shoulder, around a large tree, in the blazing sun. The next day he directed them to fan the meat to keep off the flies, and the third day to bury it with suitable honors.

In the summer of 1863, General Wallace rendered an important service. He was then in command of the Middle Department, which included Ohio and Kentucky. When General Bragg pushed his Confederate column northward, almost to the banks of the Ohio River, a detachment under Kirby Smith seriously threatened Cincinnati. That the city did not fall a prey to the enemy was due, in a large measure, to the prompt and efficient action of General Wallace.

After the war, General Wallace served upon the military commission which tried those concerned in the Lincoln assassination plot. He was a member of the Florida returning board at the presidential election in 1876, and was governor of New Mexico from 1878 to 1881. In the year last named, he was appointed Minister to Turkey, in which position, for four years, he represented his government with dignity, ability and honor.

Since 1885 General Wallace has lived quietly at his home in Crawfordsville, Indiana, engaged in literary work. During his official residence in Turkey he had found time for much study of oriental character, life and literature, and was well equipped to enter the special field he had chosen. Few books have enjoyed a more widespread popularity than his "Ben Hur: a Tale of the Christ." Within ten years after its publication, more than three hundred thousand copies were sold, and it was translated into many languages. Other well-known products of his pen are, "The Fair God," a tale of the Aztec period in Mexico, "The Prince of India" and "The Boyhood of Christ."

JOHN WANAMAKER

One of the merchant princes of the world.

"THINKING, trying, toiling and trusting, is all of my biography," says John Wanamaker. When asked recently where he received his education he replied, "I picked it up as I went along, as tenders on railroads take up water from their track tanks." This man, whose wonderful success as a merchant gives force to his epigrams, was born in Philadelphia, in 1837. He is the eldest of seven children, and, after being his father's assistant in a brickyard, started on his career as a fourteen-year-old errand boy for a bookseller His weekly wage was one dollar and a quarter. He walked four miles, to and from his country home, each day. His next work was in the clothing store of Joseph Bennett, where he gave satisfaction as stock boy, entry clerk and salesman. In 1861 he formed a partnership with his brother-in-law, Nathan Brown. Their joint capital was $3,500. Their first day's sales amounted to $24.67, and their first year's business to $24,125. In 1869 the house of John Wanamaker and Company was established on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

In 1875 Mr. Wanamaker bought the old Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot, at the corner of Market and Thirteenth streets, and when Dwight L. Moody visited Philadelphia, it was fitted up for a tabernacle, and in it the meetings were held. Afterward it was occupied for business purposes. It was extended from time to time until it became the largest retail store in the world. At the beginning of the new century, Mr. Wanamaker largely extended his business by securing the great marble store formerly occupied by A. T. Stewart and Company, on Broadway, New York. He has made this a busy hive of commercial industry. Mr. Wanamaker has great faith in printer's ink to stimulate business, and has spent very large sums in judicious advertising. At first small cards appeared in the newspapers, which were paid for before publication, and it was several years before he opened accounts with publishers. During the first eight years of his career, Mr. Wanamaker did not lose a single day from business.

Mr. Wanamaker's life and character have been given additional luster by his labors in the cause of humanity He was one of the earnest promoters of the great sanitary fair in Logan Square, Philadelphia, in 1865, for the aid of suffering soldiers; was a member of the citizens' relief committee, to raise funds for stricken yellow-fever patients at Memphis; was active in sending relief to the famine-stricken people of Ireland, and later in assisting sufferers from the Ohio River flood; and acted as chairman of a number of relief committees for towns which had been swept by fire. He was a member of the finance committee of the Centennial Exposition of 1876, and in 1882 was active in the movement to celebrate the second centennial of the founding of Philadelphia. Few men have been so prominently active in good works.

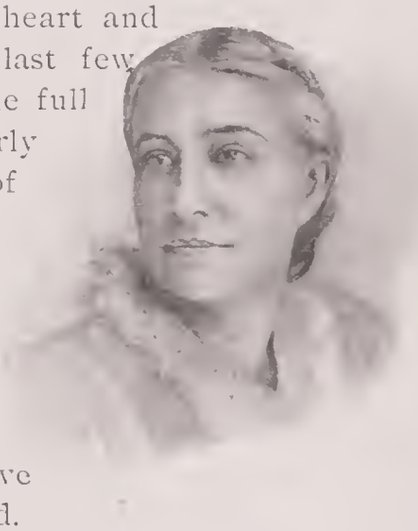
In 1888 Mr. Wanamaker was one of the presidential electors on the Republican ticket. Benjamin Harrison was elected, and Mr. Wanamaker accepted an invitation to enter the Cabinet as postmaster-general — the only office which he ever held. He administered the duties of the position on purely business principles and with the largest measure of success. Mr. Wanamaker has led a strictly abstemious life and has been constant in his efforts to influence young men to lives of industry and sobriety. He established a Sunday School in 1858, with twenty-seven members. This has grown to the renowned Bethany School, with twenty-six hundred scholars and one hundred and twenty-eight teachers. He is the general president of the Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association and gave large assistance in building the association hall. Mr. Wanamaker always refuses to talk of himself, but is frank to explain that "the four steps to success are close application, integrity, attention to details and discreet advertising." To his personal friends, he adds "I attribute my success to thinking, trying and trusting in God." Such is Mr. Wanamaker's personal compendium of the requisites to success.

Like other forceful and magnetic men, Mr. Wanamaker presents a striking appearance. His face is as smooth as a boy's and as mobile as an actor's. His head is full and round, with broad forehead, strong nose, flashing, energetic eyes, heavy jaws and a firmly closed mouth which droops at the corners, giving a sedate and contemplative look to the face. Mr. Wanamaker delights to pass his leisure hours at his beautiful country home at Jenkintown, near Philadelphia. Here he has a wonderful collection of orchids. A stable of fine horses is at the pleasure of his guests. His rule is that all his visitors shall be as free in his home as in their own.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD

A glimpse of heaven through "The Gates Ajar."

IN THE whole record of human character and effort, there is nothing so beautiful and so attractive as the story of a noble woman's life, devoted to God and humanity. There have been many such women, of whom it may be truly said, "their works do follow them." The world has been better, and the lives of millions have been brighter and happier, because they labored with heart and soul and hand and pen. Not until within the last few decades has woman been permitted to rise to the full measure of her capacity for usefulness. Formerly her activity was confined to the narrow sphere of her own home, and public opinion condemned as unseemly her appearance in public or her active participation in enterprises of any kind outside of her domestic circle. A radical change has been wrought, and within the last half-century there has been a multitude of women whose achievements for the uplifting of the race have commanded the affectionate admiration of mankind.



Few persons know Elizabeth Stuart Phelps as Mrs. Herbert D. Ward. She did not marry until she had labored and written, scattering happiness and sunshine about her, for more than a quarter of a century after she had crossed the threshold of womanhood. As the author of "The Gates Ajar" and many other fascinating books, she was and ever will be known to the world by her name before her marriage. She was born in Andover, Massachusetts, in 1844, and was the only daughter of Rev. Austin and Elizabeth Phelps. Her mother was the daughter of Rev. Moses and Abigail Stuart, whose ancestral line runs back directly to the "Mayflower," through Governor Winthrop, of Massachusetts. After she had married Rev. Austin Phelps, she retained her own family name and became widely known as Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, for she, too, possessed rare gifts and attainments, and was a writer of note. So it is that the mother and daughter, whose names were identical and whose careers were closely similar, are often confounded, and mistaken the one for the other.

The baptismal name of the subject of this sketch was Mary Gray, but she took the name of Elizabeth Stuart, in memory of her mother, on the death of the latter, which occurred when the daughter was eight years old. Both heredity and environment directed her career and made her a woman of letters. She grew up under the shadow of the elms of Andover in "a community engrossed in study and thought." As she grew to womanhood, she became deeply interested in humanitarian subjects and enterprises, and resolved to devote her life to the betterment of the social and moral condition of those who were born to lives of toil and privation.

At the age of nineteen, Miss Phelps left school and began to put her ideas into practice. She established a mission at Abbott, a small factory town near Andover, and for six years she gave to this work her most earnest effort. Here she began to acquire a knowledge of the condition and needs, physical, moral and mental, of the working people. She enlisted other women in her mission work, and the wonderful results which followed were the crown of her reward.

A "knack" for graceful writing had been developed in Miss Phelps at a very early age. When but thirteen years of age, she had written sketches which were of sufficient merit to find a place in the "Youth's Companion." In 1864, when she was twenty, she wrote a war story which was printed in "Harper's Magazine" and attracted much favorable notice. It gave her the right to be termed an "author"—to which she very soon established a clear and enduring title. For several years she was a regular contributor to Harper's and other publications. She also wrote a large number of Sunday School books, in the production of which she showed remarkable originality and facility. Her "Tiny Series," "Gypsy Series," and others of this class, have been read by millions of children. All her writings are pure, elevating and helpful.

Her most notable work, and the one which brought her the greatest fame, is "The Gates Ajar." It is a fanciful view of heaven, as it appeared to her active and fertile imagination. It was bold, almost audacious, to write with such freedom on a theme that the moral sentiment of the people held as a thing sacred, which it were a profanation to write or talk of as one would write or talk of the things of earth. She began work on it as early as 1862, but it was six years later that she placed her manuscript in the hands of the publisher. The latter held it two years before he ventured to put it in type, and then it was with many misgivings as to the financial outcome that he placed it before the world. Its reception was no less a surprise to him than to its author. It bounded into immediate popularity, and so great was the demand that it ran through twenty

editions within a year. According to the author's statement, her aim in writing "The Gates Ajar" was to comfort women whose hearts had been crushed by the loss of husbands, fathers, brothers or lovers, by giving them a glimpse of Paradise, where those who had been separated by death were forever reunited. The book provoked much criticism and controversy. It was made the subject of pulpit discourses and of newspaper wrangles. It was enthusiastically praised as inspiring and comforting; while it was attacked by orthodox theologians, who denounced it as irreverent, sacrilegious, fantastic and dangerous. But almost everybody read it and its author was talked about all over the world. Within a few years, more than one hundred thousand copies were sold in the United States, and twice that number in Great Britain. It was translated into all the languages of Europe. Many years later, Miss Phelps returned to this theme, no doubt spurred by her critics. In 1883 she published "Beyond the Gates," and in 1887 "The Gates Between."

Miss Phelps was a prolific writer, and her books, the list of which is long, followed each other in rapid succession. "The Story of Avis," "An Old Maid's Paradise," "Friends: a Duet" and "Dr. Zay" form a group in which the author sets forth her views and opinions regarding woman's sphere in life. Other popular works from her pen are, "Men, Women and Ghosts," "My Cousin and I," "Sealed Orders," "Poetic Studies," "Songs of the Silent World," "The Struggle for the Immortal," "Burglars in Paradise," "What to Wear," "Fourteen to One," "Chapters of a Life," and her latest, published in 1897, "The Story of Jesus Christ." All her writings evince an earnest purpose in the mind of the author to convey an important message. She chose to do this chiefly through the medium of fiction, believing that it could thus be made more attractive to the great mass of readers than if she employed the studied phrase of the essayist or the sermonizer. Her style is strikingly and attractively original and piquant, chaste and refined, with a steady glow of gentle humor and now and then a flash of wit. Her work is always brilliant; not a dull page has she ever given to the world. An English literary critic says of her: —

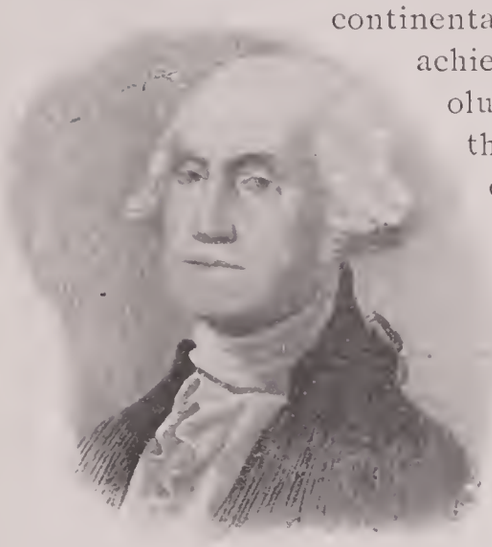
"Of all American women of letters, she impresses us as the most intense, the most high-purposed, the most conscientious in her art."

In 1888 Miss Phelps was married to Herbert D. Ward. With both, the romantic age had passed, but the union was a most happy one Since their marriage, they have usually passed the winters in the South and the summers in Massachusetts.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Always "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

To speak of Washington as the "Father of his Country" is rather to express the affection and veneration in which his memory is held than to denote the qualities and services that have raised him to the first place among the great ones of the nation. The first thought of him is always as the commander of that little army of continentals by which American independence was mainly achieved. But Washington as the general of the Revolution is not the only Washington we know, nor the greatest, if we are to consider him only in that character.



"Thou more than soldier!"

wrote the poet Moore in his apostrophe to Washington after the latter's death, and in that same apostrophe is a confession of the difficulty of dealing adequately with the whole man in the interrogative line: —

"How shall we rank thee on glory's page?"

The same eulogy that pronounced him "first in war" pronounced him also "first in peace," and if that denotes the soldier it also denotes the statesman. Great soldiers and statesmen there have been, some of them combining the two characters in one person, on whom no such eulogy could be pronounced as that upon Washington — "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Nothing less than a distinguishing love of country could evoke for a man such a love of his countrymen for him, and here we know the fact to confirm the proposition; for if ever one man above others stood by his country and for his country, without regarding his own interest or feeling, that one man was surely Washington. From the time that his life begins to come into the public view till its close, there is no incident nor inference that tends otherwise than toward a loyal and constant adherence to the general interest, despite obstacles or contrary influences. His public life was appropriately summarized by John Adams, as consisting in "a long course of great

actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude." This suggests, at least, the quality of his public services, and the personal traits that made their performance possible and successful. We can now see that in calling Washington the "Father of his Country" we mean the Washington whose "long course of great actions" embrace alike the characters of soldier, statesman and patriot.

Though much in war, Washington was not a man of war — many times rather a man of peace. He was born in 1732, at a time when war had scarcely ceased to be the sport of kings; when the profession of arms was still esteemed the highest within the range of man's ambition. His family circumstances pointed to it as a fit career for himself, and his family connections were such as to open the career to him, should he think fit to pursue it. But we see him, a young man, at the very time when a martial life should have had attraction for him, turning away to the peaceful vocation of a land surveyor. That he might have entered the royal navy when still a boy, except for his mother's tears, proves nothing of his own disposition, since it was his loving and elder brother Lawrence who had sought to engage him in his own profession, and Lawrence too, was his guardian. The guardian behaved handsomely, for he obtained for George, who was but sixteen years old, the surveyorship of the vast tracts of land granted to Lord Fairfax, whose daughter Lawrence had wedded.

Washington had been some three years surveying, with intervals spent at Mount Vernon and the colonial capital, Williamsburg, when trouble arose between Virginia and the French. The latter, who claimed all the back country, from Quebec to New Orleans, were gradually hemming in the English colonies between the Atlantic and the Alleghanies. Virginia had originally claimed a westward extension to the Pacific, but had receded to the east bank of the Mississippi, leaving all westward of that river to the undisputed sovereignty of France. Sparse as the population was, the passion for land on both sides was fervid beyond present-day conception, and Virginia set about raising a military corps to drive the French away from the Ohio River. Of this corps, Washington, at the age of nineteen, was made adjutant. There were no active operations at the time, but such military power as the colony had was gradually organized. In 1752 a great speculative company, which had obtained a grant of half a million acres of land in what is now western Pennsylvania, began a fort as a preliminary to sale and settlement. The French advanced eastward and took position at Erie. The following year Washington, just past his majority, was made commander of the northern district, which included the disturbed territory. Under commission from the governor, he went to the French post, where

he was hospitably received, and stayed long enough to assure himself of the French purpose to make the Alleghanies the limit of English settlement and influence. He then conducted four hundred Virginia troops toward the unfinished fort, on the present site of Pittsburg, but the French got there first. Washington then built Fort Necessity, which he gallantly defended as long as possible and then surrendered on honorable terms. This was the beginning, in 1754, of the long war in which France lost its American empire.

England and France had paramount reasons for not openly going to war at that time, but across the ocean each helped its own side in the colonial war. England sent Braddock, a general of distinguished reputation, with a body of royal troops of the highest quality, judged by European standards. The first object was the reduction of the fort at Pittsburg, and to that end Washington went with Braddock, as commander of the Virginia troops. Braddock committed the characteristic mistake of despising his enemy and paid the price, so often paid since, of disastrous defeat and death. But to disregard the odds and "pitch in" is American as well as British practice, a racial quality in fact, and the popular obloquy that has fallen upon Braddock's memory in America is due to his supposed snubbing of Washington rather than to his rashness. His royal troops were accused of behaving badly, upon the authority of Washington himself; but Washington was a young general then and did not know, what he afterward learned, that while the effect of drill and discipline is to make a mass strike with the power of a unit, to disorganize the mass is to deprive it of all power. To this day, the one object of battle tactics is to disorganize the enemy, because that means victory.

On Braddock's field Washington was, for the first time in his life, a veritable "war god." Not our own Sheridan, not Skobeleff, the Russian, surpassed him in that outburst of flaming passion. Like them, too, he seemed to bear a charmed life, and though most exposed of any officer of rank, he escaped unhurt. That the disastrous end of the hopeful expedition wounded him deeply, is certain. The fortunes of Virginia were in the balance, and he felt that he and his Virginians could have ordered things differently. On that day, he was a disaffected subject of the popular king across the ocean. He probably never again reached his former pitch of loyalty, not even when, three years afterward, he led the advance of the forces that reduced the great fort and so relieved Virginia. That accomplished, his part in the great war was ended, for Washington as yet had no feeling

or interest beyond his own colony. But he had seven years of military experience and service to carry forward to a future account.

As the owner of the fine Mount Vernon estate — willed by his brother Lawrence — and of much other property, it needed only the marriage with a rich widow to make Colonel Washington one of the most notable men in the colony. He was, of course, elected to the legislature, but spent his time as a country gentleman, and a very forehanded one. Washington was nowhere stronger than on the business side of his character. This was the side that his contemporaries and neighbors most plainly saw, and, reasonably enough, they saw nothing grand or heroic.

Under the commercial statute known as the Navigation Act, direct trade between the colonies and the West Indies was unlawful, but because it was mutually profitable and convenient it flourished, and the law fell into disuse. The expensive war with France, into which the colonies had ultimately drawn England, was a heavy financial burden upon the British nation, whose trade and revenue were also depleted by the growing American and West Indian commerce. So, toward the close of the war, the home government revived the enforcement of the Navigation Act. Thereafter the trade was carried on by smuggling. To enable them to deal effectively with smuggling, the crown officers applied to the courts for "writs of assistance," under an old English statute, by which authority was given to search any suspected house and seize any suspected goods. Before the royal court at Boston, in 1762, an argument was made by James Otis, a very distinguished lawyer, against the constitutionality of writs of assistance, as transcending the ancient rights and liberties of Englishmen. He enforced and reënforced his argument by points and illustrations which made a complete exposition of the legal situation, as he saw it, of the colonies and their inhabitants. His speech has been called the dawn of independence; properly so, since to give effect to it would have required the statesmen of that day to be born again and a century ahead of their time, in order to conceive how the King's government could possibly be carried on under the limitations asserted by Otis.

In 1763 the home government showed a disposition to treat as crown property the western lands lying between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi. As the charter limits of Virginia ran to the great river, and the prohibition of land sales beyond the Alleghanies was an interference with a favorite and profitable traffic, the Virginians were touched both in their feelings and in their pockets.

From this time forward there was endless contention between the royal government and the colonies, north and south. In 1769 we have the first sight of Washington's deliberate opinion. He was for keeping up a peaceable resistance as long as possible, but doubted a peaceful end. He was enough of an Englishman to see that the home government could not accept the colonists' position, and enough of an American to see that the colonists would not yield without a fight. So he foresaw war as the end, and, foreseeing it as something that must come, he looked forward to it with a resignation born of inevitable necessity.

Four years later, the shadow of war had come so much nearer that Virginia people began to think and talk of Colonel Washington, their foremost military man,—a little out of date now, but still the foremost. Those who consulted him found him on the radical side of pushing matters to an issue, and so ending a state of peace that was almost as bad as war without war's advantage of helping things to a termination.

In 1774 Washington went to Philadelphia as one of the delegates from Virginia to the Continental Congress. He went expecting war and resolved to prepare for it. He evidently had no idea of wasting his own time, or of consenting to further colonial waste of it, by additions to the stream of verbal controversy that had flowed without interruption since Otis's speech on the writs of assistance, twelve years before. War was so evidently and imminently the destined outcome, that Congress soon began to pay serious attention to the business of uniting and developing the colonial power. At the details of this business Washington was so apt that he virtually became the committee of one on military affairs. From Philadelphia by correspondence, and personally when at home, Washington was busy with the organization of the Virginia forces, of which he was the destined commander. But the fights at Lexington and Concord, and the consequent rushing of the New England minutemen toward Boston, the royal stronghold, altered the expected time and manner of hostilities. The forces assembling at will around Cambridge were adopted by Congress as the Continental army, and the delegation from Massachusetts, the seat of war, was to name the commander. Further, to buckle the southern colonies to the common cause, it was decided by Massachusetts to take the national commander from the South, wherefore, as being both available and able, the choice easily fell on Washington. He took formal command at Cambridge, on the second of July, 1775. The first continental battle had already been fought at Breed's Hill,—commonly known as Bunker Hill,—the

technical victory being with the British and the moral victory with the Americans.

It is not intended here to deal at large with the War of the Revolution, but simply to pass in review Washington's connection with it. His military policy he clearly conceived at the outset. He knew the royal power and the deductions to be made from it for the circumstances in which it was to be used. He knew the colonial resources and the very serious deductions to be made from them for individual jealousy and selfishness. An intensely practical man, he neither overestimated nor underestimated his own task. He had no idea of risking battle in the open. He meant to fight in a way that would give him the advantage that was rightfully his from the character of the country and the habits of his men.

Careful as his forecasts were, Washington found, long before the war was over,— indeed, almost as soon as it was begun,— that neither Congress nor the colonies would come up to his minimum estimate of their service. Congress was comfortably placed at Philadelphia, its members were select and representative men, and the social enjoyments and allurements of their lives were large. To them war was showing its pleasant side. The colonial governments, which had superseded the royal authority, were inexperienced and jealous, and very grudging toward the general cause, lest some one of them should do more than its comparative share.

Army organization and discipline being everywhere aristocratic in those days, Washington wanted gentlemen, at least according to the local standards and patterns, for his officers. For the rank and file he did not wish minutemen or militia, to come and go as they pleased, but men willing for long-time enlistment, to be fairly and regularly paid, well clothed and fed — and well flogged, according to current military practice, when criminal or insubordinate.

Washington won no great battles, nor had he expected to win any, but though things turned out from the beginning to be feebler than he could reasonably have expected, and remained so to the end, his military policy was successful. His sagacious and unselfish support of Gates enabled the latter to overcome Burgoyne, and so to reap the one great glory of the war, till good fortune, long shy, enabled Washington, with the aid of the French allies that the victory of Gates had brought, to end the war brilliantly by the capture of Cornwallis.

So far as we can see from looking backward, Washington was the one man of his time who could have kept the military power of the

colonies even feebly on foot, and Franklin the one man of his time who could have brought the reluctant court at Paris over to the American cause. With either Washington or Franklin taken away, the Revolution would have failed, as it was on the point of doing many times. These two men, in their respective spheres, carried independence through, and there is no third man to be put within sight of them.

Washington's patriotism was of the purest and loftiest kind. It was not stained by a thought of personal advantage or preferment. At the close of the war, there was a movement, originating among the officers of the army, to give to the new government a monarchal form and to make Washington absolute ruler, with all the powers of a king. Washington was amazed and indignant when the matter was laid before him. The fact that he had been considered capable of accepting such a position gave him the keenest pain. His high and noble character was never more conspicuous than in his written answer to a communication from a committee representing the army officers, asking his acceptance of the proposition. He said:—

"With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with care the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army as you have expressed, and which I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary. I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. . . . Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or for posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of the like nature."

Washington's all-absorbing desire was to lead his countrymen into the paths of peaceful and orderly government. He might have founded a dynasty, but he never faltered in his course, or permitted himself to be even for an instant swayed by personal ambition. He owed much to the undisguised admiration and respect of the French officers for him. Such an estimate, from a highly qualified and appreciative source, reacted upon his own countrymen, who began to think that they might not have taken their well-known fellow-citizen at his true measure. This increase of popular esteem

had a great public advantage in the troubled and almost fatal times that followed the Revolution. People turned to Washington as they had never turned to him before — as they could not have turned to him before. He became the greatest citizen of the United States, at the very time they threatened to become disunited states, and by becoming such he was able to lead them at last to that "more perfect union" embodied in the Federal Constitution. By becoming such, he advanced to the presidency amid those popular demonstrations of affection and confidence which gave assurance that if anything enduring could be won from the new and reluctant experiment in government, his would be the opportunity.

This first of our Presidents held the office for eight years. The Federal Union and French Revolution came on the stage together, and the latter was destined to affect the former in a manner that none could have foreseen. The revolution across the water began so gently as to put the late American revolutionists almost to the blush for the violence of their own beginning. How soon the gentleness ceased and what the succeeding violence too soon became, all the world knows. What Washington, too, soon knew was that by positive treaty his country was bound to France in the war that her unstable rulers had declared upon England, though a war with England meant seeming ruin to the budding fortunes of the young republic. Any one might well pray to be spared the agony to the conscientious soul of a man in Washington's situation.

Now, more than ever, Washington displayed that prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude which Adams named as the sum of his qualities as a statesman. Compelled by the interests of his own country to an attitude of moderation, he excited the distrust and resentment of the passionate men in temporary control of the destinies of France, without winning the confidence of Great Britain in his sincere and upright intention. His own countrymen were torn apart by violent partisanship for one or the other of the contending nations across the Atlantic, that found childish expression in the wearing of cockades, and which threatened national destruction in the recklessness with which the factional game was played. Amid all was the new Constitution, a still tender plant, needing the kindly dews, but exposed, instead, to a tempest. If Washington had faltered, all would have been lost that had been so painfully gained. He did not falter; the prudence that his habitually calm demeanor bespoke was fortified by the determined energy that always lived in his breast. The reproaches of the Federalists and the insults of the Republicans stung him personally, but did not change his public action. As in the War of the Revolution, the circumstances called

imperatively for a waiting game. He was again the American Fabius and he won. His twice-rescued country turned with horror from the excesses of the French Revolution — excesses which might have been equaled in America if its now repentant partisans had forced Washington from his citadel of right, as he saw the right.

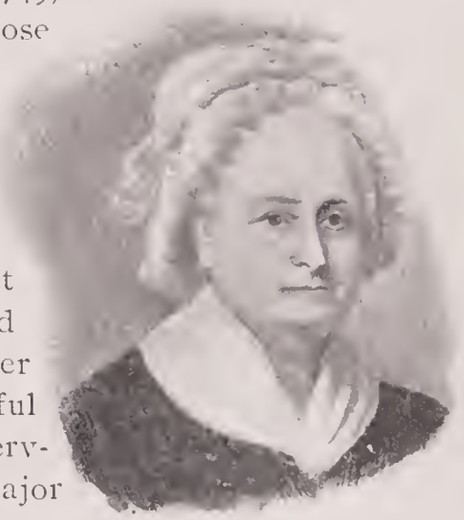
A treaty with England, which had subjected him to the accusation of selling his country for British gold, brought peace with honor, and besides honor, prosperity. Once more, as in the Revolutionary days, the path of duty had become the path of glory, and from out that renewed halo formed about him by the revived affections of a grateful people, came the "Farewell Address," to take its place with the Constitution and Declaration of Independence as a chart of right government. In this address the author poured out his heart, however measured his language. In preparing it, he lived again in the dark and stormy days of the past, but it utters no word of reproach or despair; only words of warning and counsel — words of warning against those tendencies in young and growing and therefore exultant and reckless democracies that had wrecked the democracies of the older world, and in the writer's own day had more than once brought the new democracy close to the wrecking point; words of counsel drawn from dangers escaped and benefits realized. The primal dangers, as Washington saw them, were sectionalism and factionalism at home, and partisanship and entanglement abroad. Against the first two he set up the standard of the Federal Constitution, the one ensign beneath which the American citizen, attentive in his own place to his local affairs, can muster on the broad field of nationality. Against the last two he pronounced the decree of friendship with all nations and alliance with none.

Finally, the Washington we have laid up in memory is the Washington of the Farewell Address. It is that which adds the name of sage to those of warrior, statesman and patriot, and gives us that majestic impression of the man which, though it may be exaggerated, can never be changed.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

How the hand of the "Widow Custis" was won.

A LITTLE below medium height, elegant in figure, with dark eyes, fair complexion, rich brown hair, features regular and beautiful, Martha Dandridge, eldest daughter of Colonel John Dandridge, a Virginia planter, was a sprightly, modest young woman, whose engaging personality attracted many admirers. At seventeen years of age, a reigning belle, she became, in 1749, the wife of Daniel Parke Custis, a rich planter, whose residence was the famous "White House," on the Pamunkey River. As his bride, she rode to her home in a coach drawn by four white horses, flanked by six outriders dressed in white. Upon the death of her husband, after eight years of happy wedded life, she became one of the wealthiest young widows in Virginia. A year later she visited the family of Major Chamberlayne. A young officer of stately figure, in military undress, riding a powerful chestnut-brown horse, accompanied by an elderly servant, almost as tall as himself, crossed the ferry. Major Chamberlayne met him and invited him to be his guest. The soldier had urgent business with the governor at Williamsburg and politely declined.



"I have with me the most charming young widow in Virginia," said Major Chamberlayne. Thus beguiled, the soldier conditionally surrendered, upon the express terms that he should only dine with the major. The young officer was Colonel George Washington, and his colored boy-servant was Thomas Bishop, who had held a similar position with General Braddock, whose dying request was that Colonel Washington would take his servant and his horse — the same he was riding that day. The fame of this young officer had already extended through Virginia, and when he entered the drawing-room of Major Chamberlayne, his stately figure and courtly bearing created a profound sensation among the guests there assembled. Tradition says that when he met the charming Mrs. Custis, that day, it was a case of love at first sight. The guests lingered long at the table, quite beyond the time appointed for the departure of the colonel.

Bishop was at the gate with his master's steed, greatly puzzled in mind, for his master never before had been tardy. It was after sunset when he rose to depart, and Major Chamberlayne said: "No guest ever leaves my house after sunset."

The fascinated young colonel did not desire to break the rule, and was easily persuaded to pass the night. Next morning, when the sun had risen high, Colonel Washington left for Williamsburg, under an agreement that as soon as his business was settled he would return by way of White House. He did so, and wooed, with ardor and success, the pretty widow to whose charms he had already yielded himself a willing captive. They seemed preëminently fitted for each other, and without further delay they plighted their troth. On the occasion of the nuptials, in 1759, a multitude assembled at the little church of St. Peter. It was a gathering most brilliant in character and costume. The rich apparel of the governor, English generals and members of the House of Burgesses added much to the fine display of the distinguished ladies present. It was a notable gathering of "fair women and brave men." The bridegroom was dressed in a suit of blue, his coat lined with red silk and silver trimmings, with an embroidered waistcoat of white satin. His shoe and knee buckles were gold; his hair was powdered, and pendent at his side was his straight dress sword. The bride was attired in a white satin quilted petticoat, heavy corded white silk overskirt, high heeled shoes of white satin, with diamond buckles, rich point lace ruffles, pearl necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and pearl ornaments in her hair. She was attended by three bridesmaids. Washington's body-servant, Bishop, tall and stately, dressed in the scarlet uniform of a soldier of the royal army of George II., booted and spurred, held the bridle rein of his master's favorite charger. The bride and her attendants rode back to White House in a coach drawn by six horses, guarded by liveried postilions, while Colonel Washington on his magnificent horse, richly caparisoned, attended by a brilliant cortége of gay, cultured gentlemen, rode beside the coach which bore his beautiful wife. The entertainment at White House was sumptuous. For three months the bride and groom remained upon the estate of Mrs. Washington, while Colonel Washington was attending the sessions of the House of Burgesses and directing the affairs of his wife's large property before they should remove to Mt. Vernon, their future home. Mrs. Washington accompanied her husband during the session of the Burgesses and was a leading member of the vice-regal court at the old Virginia capital.

Mrs. Washington was a brilliant performer on the spinet or small harpsichord, and a fine instrument was installed in the household at

Mt. Vernon, where they took up their abode late in the year of their marriage. It was left at Arlington House when Mrs. Robert E. Lee, great-granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, left for Richmond in 1861, and was broken up and carried off by relic seekers.

The domestic life at Mt. Vernon up to the War of Independence was typical of colonial Virginia, largely made up of English aristocracy. It was not an extravagant household, for the master was ever watchful and the mistress a thorough housekeeper. Her bunch of keys was always hanging at her side, while she directed her servants in their work. Yet Mt. Vernon was seldom without guests. It was the age of dinner parties, when Mt. Vernon, Gunston Hall, Belvoir and Alexandria were meeting places of congenial friends. So extensive were these entertainments during the hunting season that the hundred cows of Mt. Vernon did not afford sufficient butter for the family table. Mr. and Mrs. Washington sometimes attended balls at Alexandria and Annapolis, when they traveled in their coach and four, with black postilions in white livery trimmed with scarlet, in harmony with the white and red bars of the family escutcheon. In the midst of this seeming display, Mrs. Washington's charity for the needy and her motherly care of her servants, though often concealed, became known and won her great popularity.

By her first husband Mrs. Washington had four children, two of whom died in infancy. The others, a son and a daughter, were adopted into the family of Washington. The daughter, "the dark lady," upon her riding pony, was frequently seen, with basket on her arm, seeking out some needy neighbor. Her death in early womanhood, cast a deep shadow at Mt. Vernon. The early marriage of George Parke Custis to Elcanor Calvert, of Mt. Airy, was touchingly recorded in a letter of Mrs. Washington, as follows:—

"God took from me a daughter when June roses were blooming; he has now given me another daughter, about her age, when winter winds are blowing, to warm my heart again. I am as happy as one so afflicted and so blessed can be. Pray receive my benediction and a wish that you may live the loving wife of my only son, and a loving daughter."

The letter was signed:—

"Your affectionate mother, M. WASHINGTON."

But war times were now at hand, and another class of visitors appeared at Mt. Vernon. Washington had already declared, "I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense and march at their head to the relief of Boston." Mrs. Washington wrote to a friend:—

"Yes, I foresee dark days and darker nights, domestic happiness suspended, social enjoyments abandoned, property of every kind put in jeopardy by war, perhaps neighbors and friends at variance and eternal separations on earth possible, but what are all these evils when compared with the fate of which the Port bill may be only a threat? My mind is made up — my heart is in the cause. George is right; he is always right. God has promised to protect the righteous, and I will trust him."

Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, who visited at Mt. Vernon, spoke eloquently of Mrs. Washington as a "Spartan mother." To them she said, "I hope, gentlemen, you will stand firm; I know George will." When they started away she said, as she bade them good-by, "God be with you, gentlemen." When Washington had been elevated to be the commander-in-chief of the Continental army, he wrote her a touching letter, inclosing his will, with these words: —

"The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable."

Mrs. Washington's life was now entirely changed. The society of Virginia was broken into fragments. Some of her most intimate and cherished friends, among them the Fairfaxes, adhered to the Crown. She was burdened with cares. Her husband had left the management of his estate with his brother, Lawrence Washington, who made his home at Mt. Vernon during the general's absence. When there appeared no prospect of approaching peace, Mrs. Washington was called to join her husband at Cambridge. His headquarters were in the handsome old residence which later was the home of Longfellow. She was summoned there in consequence of rumors that the British would visit Mt. Vernon and carry her off a prisoner. About the middle of November, with her son, George Parke Custis, his young wife and a maid servant, in a chariot drawn by four horses, with an expert postilion and driver, she started northward. Her arrival at Philadelphia, where society was much divided, and Tories were about equal in number to the patriots, created a social commotion, though but few ladies called on her. It was resolved to give a ball in her honor, but the feeling was so antagonistic and the threats of the Tories so pronounced, that it was deemed necessary to send a committee to urge her not to attend the ball, and she readily acquiesced.

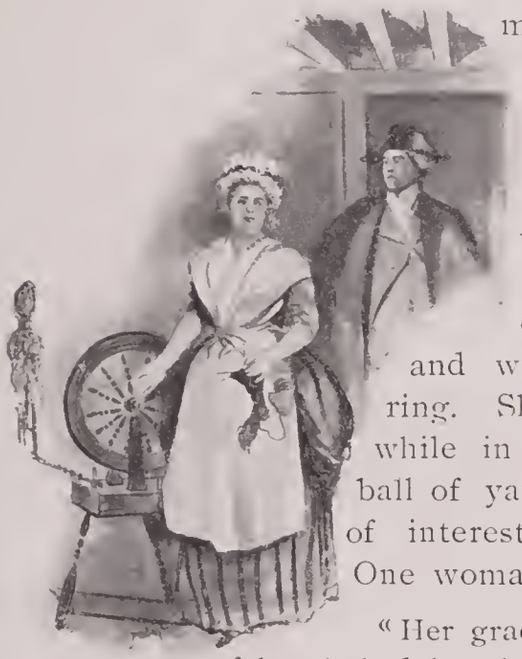
In New York the Tory element was still stronger, and Washington sent her a special message to avoid that city in her journey. She was safely conducted by friends, and upon reaching headquarters was pronounced a heroine, a model of conjugal affection and loyalty, to accept the dangers and vicissitudes of camp life, before a beleaguered city filled with British troops. The wives of the officers called on her and were charmed with her matronly beauty, grace and demeanor. It was a gloomy time when she entered the camp at Cambridge, for the soldiers showed but little desire to reënlist. She remained at Cambridge until after its evacuation, when she went to New York, and thence to Philadelphia. In 1776 General Washington was again called to New York and his wife returned to Mt. Vernon. She did not see him again for seventeen months.

This was a period of momentous events. Disaster after disaster followed in quick succession, retrieved at last by victories at Trenton and Princeton. Mrs. Washington was at Mt. Vernon, dispensing hospitality and doing all in her power to aid the cause of independence. She could hear the distant mutterings of the storm, but she was secure from its fury. Messengers came at intervals, and when General Washington was comfortably established in headquarters at White Marsh, he sent for her. When she arrived, the British had just sent out a body of troops to surprise the camp, but through the loyalty of a faithful woman, who gave the alarm, the detachment itself was surprised and routed. Mrs. Washington reached headquarters in a rough sleigh procured at Brandywine Creek, for her carriage could not pass through the snow drifts. She was most cordially received by the soldiers, to whom it was the winter of desolation. Writing to her friends at home, Mrs. Washington told of the general's anxiety because of the lack of sufficient food and clothing for his troops, many of whom were barefooted. "Oh, how my heart pains for them," she said.

Soon this comparatively comfortable abode had to be abandoned for the forbidding ground at Valley Forge, the march to which might have been traced by the bloody footprints on the snow. On that cold, wintry day she rode behind her husband, on his bay charger, accompanied by a single aid, following the last remnant of the army that left the encampment at White Marsh. In the small house of Isaac Potts, a Quaker preacher, she was made comfortable, but General Washington had promised his soldiers that he would share their hardships and he refused to leave them until he could do something to provide for their comfort. An old lady, who was a girl when Mrs. Washington arrived at Valley Forge, said of her:—

"I never in my life knew a woman as busy from early morning until late at night as was Lady Washington, providing comforts for the sick soldiers. The wives of the soldiers met her at Mr. Potts's to knit socks, patch garments, make shirts, etc. On fair days, with basket in hand, she might be seen with a single attendant going among the huts seeking the most needy sufferers. I sometimes went with her. Once she went to the house of a dying sergeant, whose young wife was with him. After giving him something to comfort him, she knelt by his side and prayed earnestly in her sweet voice. I shall never forget the scene."

Later, when reviewing the New Jersey soldiers, General and Mrs. Washington were saluted — "Long live General Washington and long live Lady Washington." Mrs. Washington's life at Morristown was after the manner of that at Mt. Vernon, where she kept sixteen spinning wheels in constant operation. With pardonable pride and satisfaction she exhibited her dresses which were made at Mt. Vernon. The silk stripes were from ravelings of silk stockings and old crimson damask chair covers. Her coachman, footman and waiting-maid were all dressed in domestic cloth. The winter at Morristown was severe and the soldiers were sometimes five or six days without bread, often without meat, and now and then without either. When women dressed in elegant attire, with jewels and ornaments, called at camp, they were astonished to find Mrs. Washington in a gown of homespun, a white kerchief covering her neck, and with no ornaments save a plain gold wedding-ring. She gave her right hand with a cordial greeting, while in her left she held a half-knitted stocking and a ball of yarn. When seated she conversed upon questions of interest, but ceased not her work during these visits. One woman left a record which reads: —



"Her graceful and cheerful manners delighted us all, but we felt rebuked by the plainness of her dress and her example of persistent industry, while we were in extravagant idleness. She talked much of the sufferings of the poor soldiers, and especially of sickness. Her example was contagious, and all joined her in doing what they could to help the encampment."

On arriving in Philadelphia to join her husband, Mrs. Washington found women at work relieving distress. They formed an association, to which Mrs. Washington contributed $20,000 in continental money. Its equivalent then in specie was $340. Returning again to Mt. Vernon, Mrs. Washington carried on her good work. In 1781 an event of interest occurred. General Washington, on his southern

tour, which was soon to end in victory, had suddenly appeared at the homestead. At early dawn the servants came from every cabin to greet him, and during that brief stay there was not a moment of repose. On leaving, he took with him the son of Mrs. Washington. Soon after their departure, the shout of victory touched all hearts, but with it came the news that young Custis was ill with camp fever. The mother hastened to his bedside, only to see him die. Nor was her husband yet free to be with her in her loneliness, for his headquarters were in New York. Even after peace had come, and he had returned crowned with honors, a grateful nation still demanded his services. It was nearly a month after his inauguration as President when she started to join him as the first lady of the land.

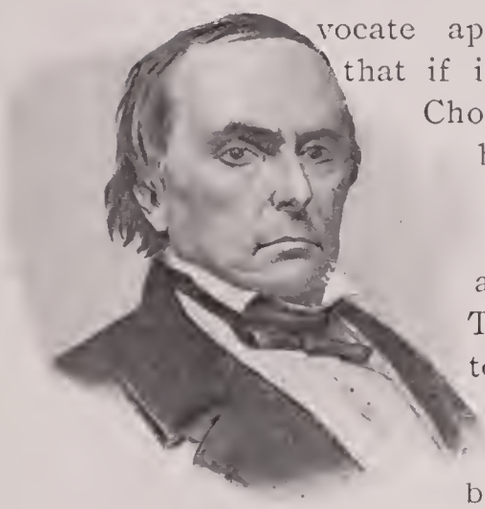
Clad in American cloth, and accompanied by a small escort, her four-in-hand chaise again turned northward. At Baltimore an escort conducted her into the city, amid demonstrations of the most profound respect. At Philadelphia two troops of dragoons rode out of the city to await her coming. She was met by a delegation of women in carriages, who accompanied her to Gray's Ferry. From the ferry to the city, she was accorded a grand ovation, in marked contrast to her reception upon her first visit to that city.

It was necessary to make the executive mansion at New York a place of stately and continuous reception, and all bore testimony to the dignity, grace and splendor of her social reign. In the magnificent English coach of state, when the government had been removed to Philadelphia, she again entered that city, the type of true, patriotic womanhood, the noble wife of a noble husband. It was a happy day for her when, after eight years in the field and eight years at the head of the infant nation, President Washington declined to yield to the demand for four years more. But the longed-for repose at Mt. Vernon was to be of short duration. During his fatal illness, she was again a comforter, a good physician, and when the end had come, declared "I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." Before her death she destroyed her entire correspondence with her husband, as it was her desire that it should not be seen by other eyes. She died, May 22, 1802, two and a half years after the heart of her husband had ceased to beat.

At the foot of the hill which leads up to the mansion, they sleep side by side, husband and wife, hero and heroine. For ages, Mt. Vernon, under the care of the loving women of America, will continue to be the shrine at which millions will pay homage to the memory of those exemplars of loyal devotion to country, whose sacred remains are there entombed.

DANIEL WEBSTER

A giant of the United States Senate.



THE matchless oration of Demosthenes "On the Crown" waited more than twenty-one hundred years for a worthy second, and then found it, on the other side of the world, in the "Reply to Hayne." Upon this magnificent example of human eloquence the fame of Webster in distant ages may rest. His greatness as an advocate appeals to a professional class, which remembers that if it had a Daniel Webster it also possessed a Rufus Choate. The era of Websterian statesmanship had its beginning amid the ruins of a party destroyed by sheer excess of intellect and power, and its end in the dust and ashes of another party intellectually strong, but feeble in aim and achievement. This western world has been and will be too busy to spend many half-centuries of thought on Webster as a statesman. He began a public career of nearly forty years' duration with high views based on deep principles, and in time pursued and at last ended it upon a naked policy of opportunism. Of such a career there can be no perpetual remembrance, but the "Reply to Hayne" will last, even though it may have to be translated into modern English to the masses hereafter, as the Grecian "Oration on the Crown" is translated for present English speakers.

"The great expounder of the Constitution," Webster has been called, but that title belongs rather to Marshall, whose expositions in exercise of judicial power vitalized the bare phrases of the Constitution and gave to it the character and operation that it has borne since the earlier days of the republic. Webster may better be called the expounder of the Union, for to him, above all others, we owe that grand conception of it — its nature, its mission and its future — which carried the North into and through a mighty war, without count of cost in blood, in suffering or in treasure, that what he had so nobly imaged should not be destroyed. He was but little past his eighteenth year when, in 1800, not yet graduated from college, he delivered a Fourth of July oration at Hanover, in his native state of New Hampshire. His theme was the sacredness of love of country, the

glorious prospect of the Union, and the beneficence of the Constitution. His after work, as orator and statesman, was to expand, enrich and illustrate that theme; but, young as he then was, the oration at Hanover contained, in bud at least, all that he ever uttered as a patriot, and from that time to his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol extension, in 1851, there was an unbroken continuity. As the ark of the Union, the Constitution was very precious to Webster, and that sense of its preciousness he sought to convey to the people, so that in their acquired veneration for the Constitution, which few of them practically knew or understood, the safety of the Union, which they did know, might be assured.

Webster was born in New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, and died at his home, Marshfield, in Massachusetts, October 24, 1852. His father had been an officer in the French and Revolutionary wars, was a man of the highest esteem in his neighborhood, and out of respect to his military and civic virtues had been chosen one of the county judges. The family fortunes were below the social rank that the virtues of its head had gained for it, though the pinching was mostly felt in connection with the necessities for education. The Websters were plain-living, high-thinking, pious people, and the son that was to become illustrious was of true Puritan mold and all his life devout. Though constitutionally sound, the little Daniel was an ailing child, seemingly destined to a brief life, and, therefore, the favored one of the family. He was released from much of the hard labor about the house and farm, from which not even his honor, the judge, was exempt, and he used his liberty to roam the woods and streams, and to read, and read, and still to read. At fourteen he went to Exeter Academy, where he was a diligent student, but very shy at the public exercises. Improved health came with years and the expanding mind, and all the members of the family shared a deep solicitude that he should not lack an effective preparation for the battle of life. A few months under a good tutor fitted him for the simple college requirements of those days, and at seventeen he entered Dartmouth College, where he remained two years. He was already remarkable for his fine, sparkling eyes and rich musical voice. Webster was never a profound or accurate scholar, his fervid imagination being a bar to mental drudgery, though all his life a great source of power.

After a little study in a law office and two or three years of school teaching, during which his legal studies were continued, Webster,

then twenty-two years old, became a student clerk to Christopher Gore, an eminent lawyer and publicist at Boston, whose quick but deep interest in the young stranger who called to ask a place in his office, was the starting point of the young stranger's fortunes. In 1805 Webster obtained his admission to the bar and, turning his back on immediate prosperity, went to a small country practice in New Hampshire, to be near his revered and aged father. The latter soon died, and in 1807 Webster removed to the flourishing city of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he rapidly rose to the first rank of the profession.

In 1808 he published a pamphlet against Jefferson's desolating embargo on foreign trade, and in 1812 made a powerful speech at Portsmouth against "Mr. Madison's war," and drew up a protest to the President against the war. That autumn he was elected as a Federalist to the Thirteenth Congress, which Madison convened in special session in May, 1813, as the government was bankrupt and the armies could only be recruited by large bounties or conscription. Webster censured the administration for wasting the public valor and resources on Clay's gauzy scheme of a conquest of Canada, and proposed that as the war, which was very disastrous to England, was ostensibly for freedom of neutral commerce and from impressment of American seamen, it should be fought out at sea, thus utilizing the willing spirit of New England and her important maritime resources. He did not prevail, but the next year the situation was so bad that the administration proposed conscription and impressment, which Webster, among others, strenuously opposed, and the administration was beaten. Many of its own party in Congress refused to support the measures, through fear of the wrath of its constituents, if subjected to the conscripted or impressed. But though opposed to the war and the manner of conducting it, Webster kept New Hampshire out of the Hartford convention, which proved the downfall of the Federalist party.

Peace came in February, 1815, to the general joy, and thereafter Webster was busy in Congress with currency and revenue questions, in which he showed a pronounced opposition to a protective tariff, but was not opposed to internal improvements of national character and importance. He also advocated the exclusive use of specie in payments to the government, a measure afterward adopted by President Jackson. One of the plentiful challenges of John Randolph, under the so-called "code of honor," having fallen upon Webster, he declined it in grave words that poured acid upon dueling and duelists, while preserving his own sense of duty and self-respect.

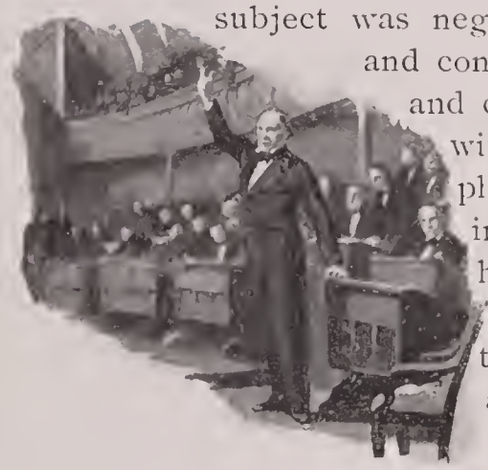
After four years in Congress, Webster retired because of poverty, and removed from Portsmouth to Boston, where he was soon earning the unprecedented income of more than twenty thousand dollars a year. One of his early cases was that of Dartmouth College, the winning of which brought him into national demand as an advocate. In 1820 he delivered the oration at the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims; in 1825, the famous oration at the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument; and in 1826, the combined eulogy and elegy on Adams and Jefferson, who had both died on Independence day of that year. After his Bunker Hill oration, he might be termed the national orator-general, since nobody else was desired upon any great occasion, if the services of Webster could possibly be obtained.

In 1822 Webster had accepted an election to Congress, for his circumstances were easy and all parties in Boston desired him as their representative. In January, 1824, he made a speech in the House of Representatives in behalf of the Greek revolutionists, that carried his renown over Europe, where classical interest in Greece caused the insurrection against Turkey to be popular with the educated classes. His political position at this time was one of independence, if not isolation; for he was not in sympathy with the protection views of Crawford and Calhoun. Clay sought to give a patriotic basis to his tariff policy by calling it "the American system." Upon Clay and his "system" Webster poured ridicule and denunciation. He declared protection to be an "odious foreign policy" that would sacrifice the general interests of manufactures, the general welfare of the people, to the special welfare of the classes, and divert industry from its natural and therefore its best employments to hot-house enterprises for which the unfavored would have to pay. His free-trade views he never directly retracted, but the protective tariff having been carried, and protected manufactures having grown up under it in Massachusetts, he afterward insisted that the policy should not be reversed, to the ruin of the artificially created industries.

In 1827 Webster was promoted to the Senate and there, in 1828, he stood by the so-called "tariff of abominations," from which Clay, its promoter, afterward drew back, because South Carolina passed laws nullifying the tariff act and inflicting penalties on Federal officers who might attempt to enforce it or to take appeals from the South Carolina courts to the Federal courts. Jackson, who was then President, issued a moving address to the people of South Carolina, and sent a well-phrased message to Congress, which passed an enforcement act. Jackson privately blustered a little about what he

would do if South Carolina attempted to enforce her nullification and penal laws, but as the day approached for them to go into operation, and it became evident that South Carolina meant to execute her acts, Clay hurried through a new tariff bill, which Jackson signed, making an annual reduction of duties till all protective features should be cut out. This satisfied South Carolina and the danger of an armed conflict passed away. Webster opposed the passage of a new tariff act while South Carolina remained in a state of incipient rebellion, but it is not clear that he would have risked a civil war for the enforcement of the existing tariff. However that may be, his patriotic and ungrudging support of the administration at a critical moment extorted warm words of gratitude and admiration from President Jackson. Webster was a man of large and generous feeling, always, and the beauty of his eulogy upon Calhoun at the time of the latter's death was surpassed only by its obvious sincerity.

The "great debate" that led up to the "Reply to Hayne" began in December, 1829, and soon filled the country with an excitement equal to that of a presidential election. Though nominally on a resolution concerning the mode of disposing of the public lands, that subject was neglected while the debate ranged the whole political and constitutional field. Traveling was then by the slow and costly stagecoach, yet Washington became thronged with visitors from all parts of the Union. The "Reply" was delivered near the end of January, 1830, in the presence of such an audience as the Capitol had never before seen. The Senate Chamber of that day is now the seat of the Supreme Court, and still the memory of the "Reply to Hayne" gives the apartment its chief interest to visitors. At the time of the "Reply," Webster was in his prime, still on the sunny side of fifty and at the zenith of his fame and power. To quote from a sketch by a master hand: —



"The majesty of intellect sat on his beetling brow, and he had the look and port of Jove. He was, and felt himself, a king. All men bowed down to him; all men crowded to hear him."

It was soon after the "Reply" that Webster again touched the summit of human eloquence, in his address to the jury against the murderers of Captain White, a retired ship-master of Salem. In England that address was deemed worthy of Erskine, the noblest and purest advocate that ever vindicated the majesty and beauty of the law in behalf of the wronged or oppressed, and Webster, himself, deeply felt the tribute implied in the comparison.

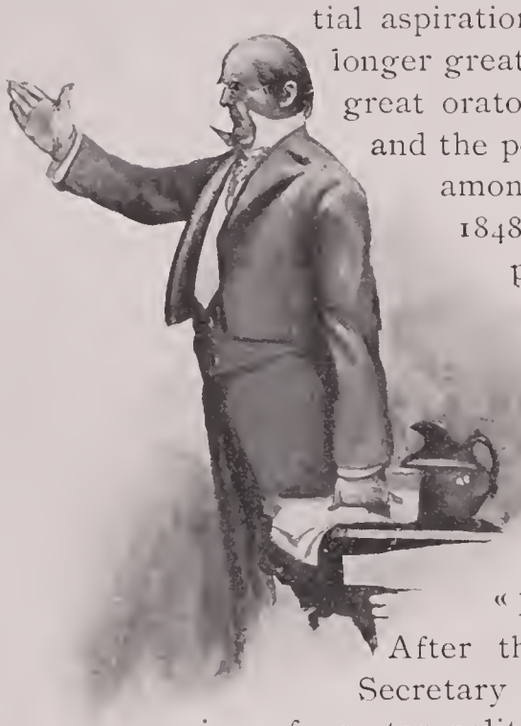
In 1831 Webster bought "Marshfield," that seaside home and farm with which his name remained thereafter identified. All through the eight years of Jaekson and four of Van Buren, while Clay looked after the politieal management of the Whig party, Webster remained its great debater. The struggle with Jackson was prolonged and bitter, and Jaekson triumphed, though the seeds of defeat were planted by his vietory. He simply upset things and let Van Buren meet the consequenees. On the subject of appropriating Federal revenues to internal improvements, Webster's speeehes bore a large part in so hardening popular and eongressional sentiment that Jaekson at last gave way and took to signing improvement bills.

In 1839 Webster, aecompanied by his family, visited Europe. In England, especially, his fame had preeeded him and he left it larger than before. The eloquent friend of Greeee, the relentless advoeate who had sent the eruel and eunning murderers of the old sea captain to the gallows, the renowned parliamentary speaker, had speeial claims in all those eharaeters upon large elasses of eminent people, and his personal majesty earried everything before it.

In the "log eabin and hard eider eampaign" of 1840, Webster "took the stump" for his party, and the next year was made Secretary of State by the new President, Harrison, whom he indueed to appoint the aeeomplished Edward Everett as Minister to Great Britain. Our relations with that eountry were very eritical at that time over the Maine boundary question and the British seareh of Ameriean vessels suspeeted to be engaged in the slave trade. The Demoerats, who had been in possession of the national administration for forty years, save only the one term of the younger Adams, were sore at their defeat, and pushed the administration dangerously elose to war in their attempts to bring it into popular diseredit. By the efforts of Webster exerted through Minister Everett, Lord Ashburton, a statesman of high repute and known friendship for the United States, was sent to Washington as a speeial envoy, where he and Webster, for whom he had a great personal admiration, brought everything to a satisfaetory eonelusion, after a long negotiation. To earry through this important business, Webster remained in Tyler's Cabinet after all the other members had resigned, upon Tyler's break with the Whig party. Though some of the Whig leaders approved his course from high publie motives, he was severely attaeked by journals and politieians of both parties, and on the last day of September, 1842, he delivered his "Faneuil Hall speeeh" at Boston, in vindieation of his patriotie eonduet. The intelleetual brillianey of the address and the eharm of its eloquenee greatly impressed his audienee, and when he was through with the Ashburton Treaty and had

resigned from Tyler's Cabinet, and had actively supported Clay's unsuccessful campaign for the presidency against Polk in 1844, he was returned to the Senate. As the Democrats had gone into the campaign with the cry of "Fifty-four forty or fight," on the Oregon boundary dispute, and it was clear that Great Britain would not and perhaps ought not to agree to the boundary attempted to be forced on her with so much alliteration, Webster proposed a compromise boundary on the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, and this ultimately prevailed. The Southern Democrats did not want a war with England, being already committed to a war with Mexico over their intended annexation of Texas, from which they hoped to get eight slave-state members into the Senate.

In the summer of 1847, while the war with Mexico was in progress, Webster made a Southern tour in the interest of his presidential aspirations, now grown very strong, since Clay was no longer greatly in the way. Curiosity and admiration for the great orator made his reception very cordial by all classes, and the political object of the tour was quite successful among the Southern Whigs. But the nomination in 1848 was carried off by General Zachary Taylor, the popular hero of the Mexican War, and Webster, in a rage, pronounced it "a nomination not fit to be made," a perfectly justifiable censure under all the circumstances. Nevertheless, he came around to the support of Taylor, not desiring the election of the Democratic candidate, Lewis Cass, distinctively one of the "Northern men with Southern principles." After the death of Taylor, Webster again became Secretary of State under Fillmore, a Cabinet office being of greater political rank and value in those days than a seat in the Senate.



As a member of Fillmore's Cabinet, Webster was bound to the support of that acting President's candidacy for the Whig nomination of 1852; and Fillmore, who had been favorable to slavery interests, though a Northern man, was the favorite of the Southern Whigs, with Webster for a second choice. The favorite of the Northern Whigs was General Scott, a Southern man whose life from early manhood had been spent in the army. When, upon the meeting of the Whig national convention, in June, 1852, it became apparent that Fillmore could not be nominated, a great majority of the Southern delegates were prepared to go over to Webster, who needed but

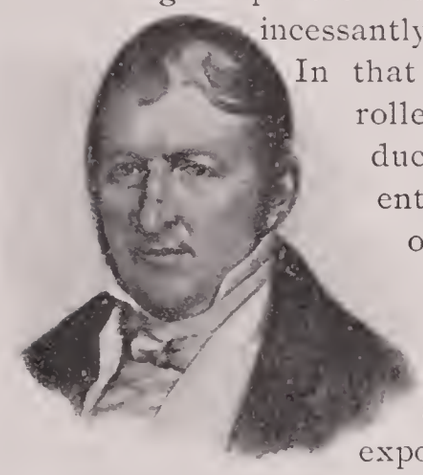
forty-one Northern votes to assure him the nomination. But these needed votes could not be had; it was impossible to unite the Massachusetts delegation for him, and not a single vote could be secured from Maine, then the pivotal Northern state. The opponents of Scott were therefore obliged to stand by Fillmore, and after more than fifty ballotings the nomination went to Scott, who, in the election, was defeated by Pierce, one of his subordinates in Mexico.

Three months after his loss of the Whig nomination, Webster went home to Marshfield for rest and medical treatment. There he died on October 24, 1852, and there, at his dying request, he received a quiet burial. The country was in the midst of a presidential campaign, but a tame one, since it had been evident from the opening of the canvass that the Democrats were to have a sure and easy victory The public, therefore, had the leisure, and was in the mood, to recall the aforetime glory and greatness of the man that had just passed away. Clay had already gone, and with Webster departed there seemed no good reason why the party that the one had founded and the other powerfully upheld should survive them. Its later mission had been to keep slavery out of politics, but its last great effort, the compromise of 1850, had failed; slavery had become the only issue in national politics, and after Pierce had received two hundred and fifty-four electoral votes against forty-two for Scott, who carried only Kentucky, Massachusetts, Tennessee and Vermont out of thirty-one states, the party went out of sight and memory till President Hayes, a quarter of a century later, found a survivor of it, Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, and put him in his Cabinet.

That Webster's later life was unworthy of his earlier days is undeniable. But his public life, in office and out of it, extended over forty years, and upon the whole view of it he must be judged. So judged, his career was noble. He loved the Union with a force and passion that well nigh personified it, as they actually deified it. He wished it to be strong and great, but morally strong and great, not great by war or conquest, for he looked upon a just war as at best a necessary evil. For intellectual strength and the power of expression, he was and remains supreme, and in his heyday he held a greater sway over the imagination and reason of men than any other American has ever held. He was too high and majestic to win the hearts of men, as Clay won them, and he would have disdained the unreasoning homage of the mob. He was like Jefferson in desiring a democracy, but a democracy as exalted and intellectual as Jefferson would have had it virtuous and simple.

ELI WHITNEY

Who solved a problem for the growers of cotton.



In 1792 Eli Whitney, of Massachusetts, graduated from Yale College, when twenty-seven years old. His ability to graduate, and the years lost from his early life in getting to college, are alike explained by the circumstance that his means of support and his college expenses were provided entirely by the labor of his own hands, incessantly continued while he was slowly making his way. In that year when Eli Whitney, diploma in hand, was enrolled as a son of "Eli" Yale, the United States produced a cotton crop of two million pounds, raised entirely in South Carolina and Georgia, and of which one-fourth only was the contribution of Georgia. Of this crop, one hundred and eighty thousand pounds figured in the export trade of the United States. A century later than this college graduation, than this crop of two million pounds, and this export of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds of cotton, the American cotton crop footed up over four billion pounds, of which more than three billions went abroad. This multiplication of the crop in a hundred years by upward of two thousand times, and of the export by more than sixteen thousand times, is fundamentally, and chiefly in every other way, explained by the inscription on a tombstone at New Haven, which in full reads as follows: —

"ELI WHITNEY,
INVENTOR OF THE COTTON GIN."

Cotton growing in the United States, otherwise than as a petty experiment or venture, dates from about 1770, by which time the demand for cotton, caused by the Lancashire inventions of the weaving shuttle, the spinning jenny and the spinning frame, was causing anxiety to English and Scotch cotton manufacturers, and awakening hopes in the breasts of South Carolina and Georgia proprietors, whose lands were not swampy enough for rice culture, that cotton might prove to be the "money crop" they needed, in addition to the crops raised for the supply in kind of their families and negroes. The

lands which could not be used for rice were well suited to cotton, and the introduction of machinery in the cotton manufacture had opened up a practically unlimited and perpetual market for cotton goods all over the world, if only the raw cotton could be laid down cheaply enough at Liverpool, the cotton mart of the world. The one unfavorable circumstance lay wholly in a certain perversity of nature. The cotton plant was prolific in seeds, which embedded themselves tenaciously in the bolls. The separation of the seeds by hand was a tedious and therefore costly process, one pound of cleaned cotton per day being the average work of the slaves.

The average value of the pound of cleaned cotton was a quarter of a dollar, and considering that this had to afford a profit, after charging against it the value of the capital invested, and the whole cost of planting, cultivating, picking, cleaning and packing, it is not surprising that the profit was seldom to be perceived, and that oftener than otherwise the cotton cultivator was sinking his capital for the sake of the ready money obtained for his bags of cotton. The condition of affairs, and the effect upon them of the cotton gin, were thus afterward juridically stated by Mr. Justice Johnson, of the Supreme Court, himself native to the situation and locality he described: —

"The whole interior of the South was languishing, and its inhabitants emigrating, for want of some object to engage their attention and employ their industry, when the invention of this device at once opened views to them which set the whole country in active motion. From childhood to age, it has presented to us a lucrative employment. Individuals who were depressed with poverty and sunk in idleness have risen to wealth and responsibility. Our debts have been paid off, our capitals have increased and our lands have trebled themselves in value."

Whitney was born in 1765 and spent his early years on his father's little farm, helping about in summer and attending the district school in winter. In the intervals of farm work, he found employment at nail making, from which, as his dexterity with tools increased, he rose to the manufacture of women's hat pins and men's walking sticks, and eventually to the mending, in tinker fashion, of jewelry, and, in simple cases, of clocks and even watches. It was his good fortune to have had his mind fixed early on a definite purpose, which was to go to college. He was twenty-three years old before he was ready to execute this purpose, and then he lost a year by a long and wasting illness. But in 1789 he entered Yale, and in New Haven during term time, and here and there in New England during vacation, he got jobs of teaching and mending and metal working, and so kept his head above water till he graduated. He was

then past twenty-seven, and was deemed accomplished enough to become tutor in the family of a Georgia planter. On arriving at Savannah, he found that the place had been filled, but he was hospitably received by the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, who had bestowed her hand, and the estate given by Georgia to the general, upon another husband. Here Whitney resided for the time being, to the mutual satisfaction of all parties, and Whitney had begun the study of law, when his generous hostess, perceiving his mechanical facility, explained to him the plight they were in about the seeding of their cotton, and so plied him with compliment and importunity that Whitney, stirred by pride, chivalry and gratitude, became deeply interested, and as eager to solve the difficulty as the planters themselves. Passing the cotton bolls between crushing rollers had been tried and was even then beginning to be practiced; but seed fragments clung to the cotton and the slimy juice of the crushed seeds adhered to it, making the cotton "dirty" and low priced. The seeds must be removed whole and with the least possible injury to the fiber in tearing them out.

Whitney's first model was made entirely by himself in ten days after he had fairly set to work on the problem before him. It was a small affair, but satisfied him that he had his invention substantially complete and operative. Four months later, in April, 1793, he had a working model finished, so long a time being necessary by reason of the scarcity of material and mechanics, which compelled him to do most of the work himself. This model would clean fifty pounds of cotton a day. Essentially, the machine was a revolving cylinder turned by a hand lever and thickly studded with obliquely set, stiff, wire bristles, which permitted the cotton to pass through, beneath the cylinder, while the bristles forcibly brushed out the seeds.

Unlike the case of most inventions, the cotton-growing industry was waiting eagerly for this one, and as soon as the knowledge of Whitney's invention had spread about the neighborhood, his model was stolen in the night, and the manufacture of "gins"—abbreviated from the term "engine"—began. The widow Greene's new husband, who was to be an equal partner in the invention, decided that heroic measures must be taken to preserve to the partnership its prospective gains. The patent must be obtained as soon as possible, and even before the formalities of examination and allowance, and of issue by Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State under President Washington, could be completed, Whitney must go to Connecticut and there arrange to manufacture gins rapidly enough to meet the demands of the cotton-growing industry.

In the summer of 1793, Whitney arrived at Philadelphia, the seat of government, to apply for his patent; but the yellow fever was raging, the government had fled and scattered, and it was winter before the patent could be obtained. There were already two other claimants for the honor and profit of the invention, and to gin the crop of 1793 the planters were ready to deal with anybody, patent or no patent. Cleaned cotton was worth an average of thirty cents a pound, there was no limit to the export demand for it, and cotton cleaned by gin would afford a large profit to the grower.

Whitney got the manufacture of gins started at New Haven, but then one misfortune after another came. He had a severe illness, and for a long time could not look after the business. The scarlet fever came among his workmen, and caused much further loss and delay. The moneyed partner had become tied up in the Yazoo land speculation, and Whitney was obliged repeatedly to borrow money, at growing rates of interest, as the necessity increased and the security declined. His partner's letters helped the borrowing, if not the paying, for they represented the cotton-growing country as run mad for gins, and begged Whitney to scour New England, New York and Pennsylvania for mechanics to be brought to New Haven, to increase the output.

Though the original purpose had been that the firm should have a supply of gins in operation by the winter of 1793, it was the late spring of 1794 before they had any, and they had but thirty-eight in operation in the winter of 1795, a third only of the number urgently required. In the spring of that year, the factory at New Haven had taken fire and been destroyed with all its contents, including Whitney's business papers, tools, materials and machines in construction. His partner had written on hearing of the fire: —

> "I will devote all my time, all my thoughts, all my exertions, and all the money I can earn or borrow, to encompass and complete the business we have undertaken. . . . It shall never be said that we have lost an object which a little perseverance would have attained."

Further to encourage Whitney, he pressed him to proceed at once to rebuild and remanufacture; to offer twelve per cent per annum interest to lenders who could see the early future as they saw it, and, above all, to conceal the real desperation of their present circumstances. The partner was paying five per cent a month on his own borrowings, to keep his land investment afloat. In one direction he was useful to the embarrassed firm, for he worked up a sentiment in favor of something being done by the South for the man that had done so much for the South. The state of South Carolina,

raised by the cotton gin to immediate prosperity, boundless prospective wealth and a visible pride, led off with a grant of fifty thousand dollars by the legislature. North Carolina granted a percentage on the value of the use of gins for five years, and collected and paid it. Tennessee followed North Carolina as to the grant, but neither collected nor paid it. Georgia, where the battle of the gins had raged from the beginning, neither gave nor promised anything. Virginia and Kentucky were not interested, and there was then no Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Arkansas or Texas. Most of the money obtained from the two productive grants went in suits to enforce the patent right against infringers. A rival maker substituted saw-like teeth for Whitney's stiff wire bristles. The crushing roller gin was improved, and for a time attained a considerable use for low-grade cotton.

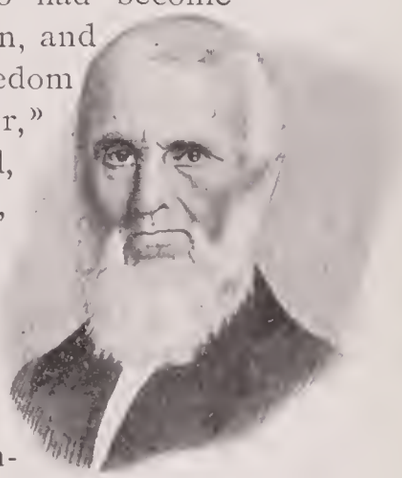
At the beginning of 1796, the firm was running upward of thirty gins in Georgia, and had put ten thousand dollars into sites for the gin houses. Whitney was still engaged in the factory work at New Haven, when, in April, his partner wrote him that news from London was that the cotton manufacturers in England had turned against ginned cotton, that the ginning process in Georgia had come to a standstill, and that he was receiving the condolences of a few real friends over the entire failure of so promising an invention. "Hasten to London," the letter said, "if you return immediately; our fortune — our fate, depends upon it." Whitney, however, was tired of the whole business, and was already contemplating the more attractive industry of making firearms by machinery. In 1798, the imminence of war with France, and the possibility of war ultimately with England, made the government ready to close with his offer to turn out army muskets and pistols, of uniform and approved standards, at an unprecedented rate. Then began that series of contracts which gave the forces of the United States the best arms then in the world; made this country down to the present time preëminent in the manufacture of firearms; afforded Whitney the fortune, if not the fame, that his great invention had denied him, and built up an important manufacturing village, appropriately named after himself. He had long been the greatest citizen of New Haven, and one of the foremost in the state, when he died there, in 1825, after passing his sixtieth year.

The wonderful economic results of the cotton gin, within a century after its invention, have been told in brief fashion. It made cotton growing so profitable that after using up all the adaptable wild, waste and worthless land in the two Carolinas, Georgia and Tennessee, the cotton culture spread into and gave value to the adaptable lands of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida and Arkansas, and ultimately Texas.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The "Quaker Poet" who sang songs of freedom.

IN AN old New England farmhouse, standing where two roads meet, near the little village of Haverhill, Massachusetts, in the valley of the Merrimac, the poet and reformer, John Greenleaf Whittier, was born in 1807. Behind the boy was a long line of God-fearing ancestors — men and women of the Quaker faith, who had become exiles from home and country because of their religion, and to whom the new world had promised liberty and freedom of conscience. His father, often called "Quaker Wycher," was a plain man, hardy and rough, but kind-hearted, and a man of decision and strong character. His mother, a sweet and gentle woman, refined and tender-hearted, ruled her household with the law of love. No strolling beggar was ever turned away from her door shelterless and hungry. Deserving and undeserving alike were taken in and fed; and many a wanderer left her home blessing her for her kindness, often in an unknown, foreign tongue. Deeply religious, she taught the Bible to her children, and lived before them the principles of her faith.



The old house, built over two hundred years ago by Thomas Whittier, who came from England in 1638, still stands on the grassy bank above the road. Over its roof tall trees spread their branches, and at the foot of the bank runs a little amber-colored brook that "foams and ripples and laughs" in the summer sunshine, or lies cold and silent under its winter covering of ice and snow. Across the road stands the gray, weather-beaten barn. The situation is secluded and lonely. Rolling hills shut in the green fields of the Whittier farm so completely that no outlook except skyward is possible. But the winding road leads out over a hill, from which the rugged fields and thrifty homes of old Essex County can be seen, nearly a hundred miles away.

The child grew into boyhood in this country home where life was simple and true. With his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, and his brother Matthew, he roamed the woods and fields at will. Nature taught him the secrets which she is always ready to teach those who come to her with open heart and seeing eyes. Very early the boy

learned to love the country, with its wealth of fruitful life, and this love remained with him always. Years afterward he pictured his care-free wanderings in "The Barefoot Boy":—

"I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played;
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night."

And in "Snowbound," an exquisite winter idyl, he told with minute tenderness of the early home and the members of the household, gathered in the old kitchen round the great fireplace with its "clean-winged hearth," where they watched—

"The first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-fashioned room
Burst, flower-like, in rosy bloom."

While the mother "turned the wheel," or ran the new-knit stocking-heel," telling "in her fitting phrase, the story of her early days," the father "a prompt, decisive man," and the uncle, "rich in lore of fields and brooks," and learned in "woodcraft mysteries," sat in the glow of the firelight. There the elder sister, Mary,—

"A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful, and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,"—

plied her evening task, while Elizabeth,—

"Our youngest and our dearest sat
Upon the motley braided mat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes."

These influences of simple outdoor and indoor life, of frugal, earnest purpose, developed in the boy's character the mingled elements of strength that had come to him from his parents. He had few books and little schooling. His father's library numbered "scarce a score" of books and pamphlets, among them Lindley Murray's "Reader," and

"One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had)."

In this book of poetry, Elwood, Milton's Quaker friend, sang in halting measures of the wars of David and the Jews.

Whittier's first school days were passed in the old brown schoolhouse by the road, among the sumach bushes and the blackberry vines, where Joshua Coffin, his first schoolmaster, taught him "the mysteries of those weary A, B, C's." He was eager to learn, and had, as he afterward said, "a great thirst for knowledge, with but little means to gratify it." He soon began to write verses on his slate in school, childish attempts at rhyming. As he grew older, his help was needed in the homely labors of the farm, and he could only make the most of the winter term of district school.

When he was fourteen years of age, a volume of Burns's poems came into his possession. With rapt delight he read and re-read the songs of the Scotch plowman, and from that time he saw the world with new eyes. Familiar and humble things of the daily routine were no longer common. He thought and dreamed of —

"The unsung beauty hid life's common things below,"

and the impulses then awakened gave afterward to American literature some of its purest and most picturesque idyls of the country and home. The boy-poet's early verses were crude, unfinished exercises, laboriously written on foolscap, in the long winter evenings, after the seven cows had been milked and the nightly farmyard tasks completed. His brothers and sisters highly prized the stiff "pieces," and one of them was finally sent anonymously to the weekly paper at Newburyport, the "Free Press," then edited by William Lloyd Garrison. After several weeks, which were weary days of waiting to the boy, the poem was published. It was a proud and happy moment when he opened the paper tossed over the stone wall by the postman, and saw his verses printed on the first page, in the place of honor.

Other poems followed the first, and were published. The attention of Garrison was attracted, and his interest aroused. On inquiry of the postman, he found his unknown contributor to be "a farmer's son, named Whittier." The young editor rode over on horseback to Haverhill to see this farmer's son. He found a shy, sensitive plowboy, in Quaker dress, with sun-browned face, and toil-hardened hands. But the plowboy was tall, and erect, with black hair, dark, flashing eyes, and firm, resolute mouth. This meeting was the

beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two. Garrison spoke kindly of his work, and urged the lad to go to school, and to prepare himself to write. The father did not approve of this plan, saying, "Poetry will not give him bread." The thrifty Quaker could not see the benefit of much learning. Poetry-making was to him a poor craft, and there was little money to spare to send the boy to school.

But the boy's slumbering ambition had been fanned into a flame. His mother and sisters sympathized with him and encouraged him. They finally overcame the father's scruples, and in 1826, Greenleaf, as he was called at home, was allowed to go to school. He worked his way through two terms at Haverhill Academy. While there he continued to write poems, many of which were published in the weekly papers of Haverhill. He read history, his favorite study, very thoroughly; and the winter which finished his school life was filled with hard work, close study and ambitious dreams.

The following year Whittier left the farm and went to Boston to read and study, and with a half-formed purpose in his mind to take up journalism as a profession. He had gathered some local fame as a writer, but he was modest and shy, distrustful of himself, and too apt to undervalue his own efforts. His first work in Boston was writing for a manufacturing journal. He was soon offered a position as its editor, and accepted it, not from choice, but because he must earn his living. He afterward said that at that time he had political ambition, and during the winter he made a study of political economy and civil government.

A year later he was again in Haverhill, where for six months he edited the "Essex Gazette." One day, while working in the field, a letter was brought to him bearing the postmark of Hartford, Connecticut. Opening it he found, to his great surprise, a request from the publishers of a well-known weekly review, that he would come to Hartford to edit the paper while its editor was absent in the South. It was a flattering offer and Whittier readily and heartily accepted it. The success of his work in Hartford led to further opportunities of the same kind, and for several years he continued his editorial labors on various papers.

In the year 1831 there came a crisis in the life of the youthful editor and poet. He stood at the parting of the ways. Two courses lay open before him, and each appealed to different sides of his nature. One, of course, held brilliant promise of future success in politics and literature. His ability as a writer was gaining recognition. He had all the ambition natural to a young man of character and talent. Only a short time before, he had left his secluded life

to come in contact with men and affairs of the world, to test his own power, to meet and to cope with forces altogether new to him, and to seek and to solve the problems of his own destiny — a destiny which proved to be so inwrought with that of his country. On the other hand, an unpopular cause called for champions. To answer this call by giving up all his dearest hopes and dreams, to live a life of strife and of poverty — for it demanded no less — was a sacrifice, stern and severe. At that time an Abolitionist was almost an outcast, fiercely hated, and often persecuted with a deadly bitterness.

Then, too, the principles of non-resistance, taught and lived by the Quaker sect, were deeply fixed in the young man's soul. By birth and training he was an advocate of peace. Strife and bitterness were elements utterly foreign to his nature. But memories of suffering and wrong endured by his own people in earlier times stirred his soul to vigorous action. The principles of equality and justice were as strongly loved by him as were those of peace. The voice of duty rang clear as a bugle-call. He counted the cost and resolved to obey, though he knew it meant long hardship, suffering, and perhaps death, to all who entered the conflict.

With voice and pen he threw himself with fervent, earnest zeal into the labor of reform.

The years that followed were filled with tumult. He lectured and wrote and worked, meeting everywhere fierce opposition. He was beaten with sticks and stones in Concord, New Hampshire, mobbed in Newburyport, and narrowly escaped a similar attack in Boston. He tried to edit an antislavery paper in Philadelphia, but his office was sacked and burned by a mob. It is remarkable that, in spite of their bitter hatred of his antislavery principles, the citizens of Haverhill twice elected him as their representative to the state legislature. His honesty of purpose and his sincerity of heart won the respect even of his foes.

Whittier was one of the signers of the antislavery declaration of 1833, and this act of signing a despised document he always considered of more value than all the poetry he ever wrote. The sincerity of this sentiment is shown in his counsel to a young friend: "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."

The war poems written during the years of civil strife had little literary value. They were weapons in the fight, forged by stress of conflict, and inspired by generous anger. But the last, and best, "Laus Deo," a great song of praise and triumph, will live long in the hearts of men. How the throb of the great bells beats through every line: —

"It is done!
Clang of bell, and war of gun.
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal!
Fling the joy from town to town."

After the eventful and stirring years of his battle for the slave, Whittier turned again to a country home. His mother and sister then lived in Amesbury, a rural town some miles nearer to the sea than his birthplace. The little town covers a sleeping hillside that stretches down to the Merrimac, the poet's "river of song." Beyond the river rises a high hill, crowned with orchards. The houses of the village are old, and vine-covered, fronted with grassy lawns bordered with forest trees. The streets wind irregularly up and down, the river flows calm and smooth, and over all is the clear, cold New England sky.

The Whittier home, a plain, white building, stands at the corner of two streets, a little distance from the Friends' meeting-house, where the poet worshiped, in the silence that he loved, nearly all his life. In this home he lived until after the death of his sister, and then spent his summers there. He never married. Modest and retiring, he had never sought social pleasures, or the friendship of women. Yet some of his poems suggest in a charming and natural way that his life was not without its romance. In "School Days" he sings of a little golden-haired, brown-eyed maiden; and again in "My Playmate," and in "Memories," hazel eyes, perhaps the same, look forth from the musical lines.

In a letter to a friend, speaking of his lonely life after the death of his relatives, Whittier says: —

"Circumstances — the care of an aged mother, and the duty owed to a sister in delicate health for many years — must be my excuse for living the lonely life which has called out thy pity. . . . I have learned to look into happiness through the eyes of others, and to thank God for the happy unions and holy firesides I have known."

His younger sister, Elizabeth, dearly loved, and a sweet and noble woman, was his "most intimate and confidential literary friend." She presided over the Amesbury home for many years, and her death was the greatest sorrow of the poet's life.

In the study at Amesbury, the Garden Room, the best work of the poet was done. Here, surrounded by books and pictures, beside the genial open fire, with windows looking out over the garden and fields and river, he wrote his sweetest lyrics and sang his tenderest songs.

From 1860 till his tasks were finished, this martial Quaker became the Hermit of Amesbury, and the Woodthrush of Essex. He chose his themes from country life and legend, studying Indian lore carefully and deeply. Some of his Indian poems have the old-time fervor, and war-paint and blood flame out like leaves of scarlet maples in an October forest. Old superstitions and old customs were woven into his verse. Generous charity and deathless hope grew luminous under his pen. Homely tasks and humble ways took on sweetness and beauty. Through it all sounds the note of his own profound faith: —

"And so beside the Silent Sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

A cheery optimism shone in his writings: —

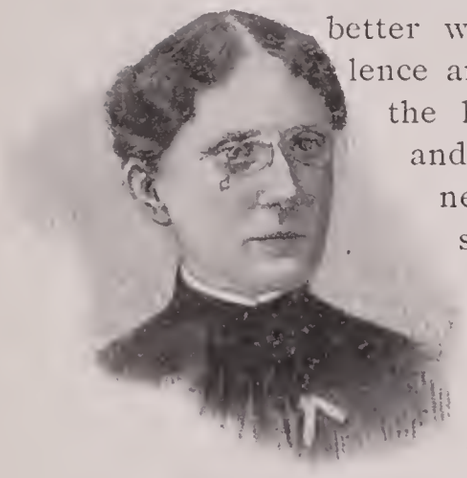
"Of course the world is growing better; the Lord reigns; our old planet is wheeling slowly into light. I despair of nothing good. All will come in due time that is needed. All we have to do is to work and to wait."

Whittier's closing years were filled with peace. His work had brought him wealth, more than enough for his simple needs. Men honored and loved him. Indifferent to fame, he deeply appreciated the affection that came from the hearts of the people he had served so well. His winter home with a cousin at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, Massachusetts, was the scene of many happy reunions of old friends. On his eightieth birthday he received a thousand letters, messages and gifts, from those who were glad to do him honor.

Five years later, one still September day, at the home of the daughter of an old friend, in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, he fell asleep, with the words, "Love to all the world," on his lips. They buried him in the Friends' cemetery in Amesbury, where he lies beside the loved ones immortalized in "Snowbound," his sweetest song of home.

FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

A noble life whose work was to "rescue the perishing."



THE last quarter of the nineteenth century was marked by the rise and development of one of the greatest reforming and uplifting movements in the history of civilization. By the organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, it took definite form as an active and aggressive force. Perhaps "persuasive" would be a better word than "aggressive," for its methods are not violence and compulsion,—except in extreme cases in which the law has been violated and defied,—but to utilize and concentrate the gentle, elevating, refining and magnetic influence of woman to "rescue the perishing" and save from the snare of the intoxicating cup. This influence, as exerted by Christian women through this great body, is powerful and widespread. It has extended around the globe; it has a world organization, and its rich fruitage is seen in every country upon which the sun shines. Women had made their influence felt in the home and in the community, but only in their individual capacity; systematic and concerted effort was necessary to enable them to reach the full measure of their power.

In 1874 the keenest interest and curiosity were awakened in the public mind by the "temperance crusade." It was started in a small town in central Ohio, by a band of women led by "Mother" Stewart. The method of the crusaders was to go in a body to the saloons and ask permission to hold religious services within. Usually they were invited to enter, and did so. The exercises consisted of Scripture lessons, prayer, the singing of "Gospel hymns" and brief talks to the bystanders—generally habitués of the places—couched in the gentlest and kindest terms. No harsh words were spoken to irritate their auditors; the women sought to reach the hearts of the depraved or unfortunate men by the soft words that "turn away wrath"—reason, admonition, suggestion and appeal to manhood. If admission were refused, the women held services without, kneeling in prayer upon the sidewalk or the pavement of the street. Usually they were given a respectful hearing, and only in rare cases did men so far forget themselves as to treat them with rudeness or subject them to insult.

The movement quickly became contagious and spread to other towns and to the large cities of Ohio, and then to other states. In each city there were several "praying bands," composed of women who devoted themselves to the work with the utmost zeal and earnestness. They went out daily for many weeks, visiting the same resorts again and again. For a time, until the novelty of the spectacle had worn off, such great crowds were attracted by the "crusaders," that often the streets were blocked and rendered impassable to traffic. This work of the praying bands gradually exhausted itself, but in its place came the massing of women for systematic and sustained effort. At first the temperance unions were purely local and independent of one another, but leaders soon appeared who were quick to see the value of organization, and then came county, state and national unions, with their unmeasured power for good. No doubt the brave women who marched and sang and prayed, kneeling upon the floors of the saloons and upon the streets, did much by their direct contact with the evil against which their efforts were directed; but infinitely greater than this was the tree that grew from "the grain of mustard seed" which they planted — the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. And now, something of the woman who became the recognized head of the movement, and whose splendid executive ability contributed so largely to its marvelous growth and success.

Frances Elizabeth Willard was born at Churchville, near Rochester, New York, in 1839. In her infancy the mental nature seems to have outrun the physical, for it is recorded of her that she "spoke quite wisely at fourteen months," but she was two years old before she was able to walk. While Frances was yet a child, her parents were borne westward by the tide of emigration. They removed to Oberlin, Ohio, but, after a short stay, went to what was then the far Northwest. Near Janesville, Wisconsin, they selected a beautiful spot and there established "Forest Home," which became known far and near for its culture and its gracious hospitality. There, in the enjoyment of each other's constant companionship, Frances and her beloved younger sister, Mary, spent their girlhood days. But amid her pleasant surroundings, Frances early betrayed an ambition for a larger field than was presented by the circumscribed limits of her Wisconsin home. One day, after she had been for some time in a reverie, she exclaimed, "I wonder if we shall ever know anything, or see anybody, or go anywhere!" "Why do you wish to go away?" asked her sister. "Oh!" said Frances, "we must grow, and learn and do something. This is such a big world that if we don't begin at it we shall never catch up with the rest."

When Frances was fifteen, she and Mary entered a select school at Janesville. Both were more than usually bright, intelligent and attractive, and "the Willard girls" were eagerly sought in literary and social circles. Frances began to write, and her productions clearly foreshadowed her success as an author. Her thoughts dwelt much on humanitarian movements and enterprises, and this strongly indicated what would be the bent of her life. She developed a strong personality and an independence that was quite startling. On her eighteenth birthday, as she sat on the porch at "Forest Home," engaged in reading "Ivanhoe," her father — who was a minister of the Gospel, and most strict in his family relations — came up. "What have you there?" he asked. "One of Scott's novels," was the reply. "Have I not forbidden you to read novels of any kind?" he said, with much sternness. "But you forget, father, what day this is." "What difference does the day make with the deed?" "A great deal, father. I am eighteen years old to-day, and hereafter I do not have to obey any laws but those of God." At first her father showed strong evidence of his displeasure, and even attempted to take the book by force from his refractory daughter. But he thought better of it, and called his wife and told her what had occurred. They both laughed and cheerfully surrendered to her. They had not before realized that she had changed from a child to a woman. These incidents illustrate the strong character which afterward so distinctly marked the woman of mature years.

In 1858 Miss Willard entered the female seminary at Evanston, Illinois. Her qualities of mind and heart attracted immediate attention and drew around her a large circle of attached friends. At this time, also, her religious development became conspicuous, and her zeal and talent marked her for a career of more than ordinary usefulness. After graduation she spent some years in educational work, for which she showed a peculiar fitness. As teacher, preceptress and dean, successively, she achieved the largest measure of success. She suffered a sore bereavement in the death of her sister Mary. They had been inseparable in their younger days, and their hearts were bound together by the strongest ties of earth.

In 1868, to satisfy a long-cherished desire, Miss Willard, accompanied by her most intimate friend, Miss Jackson, made an extended trip abroad. It covered more than a year, during which time they visited nearly all the countries of Europe, and Egypt and the Holy Land. Such delightful letters of travel are rarely seen as those which she sent home at frequent intervals during her journeyings. In 1871 she was called to the presidency of the Evanston College for Women. She was then little more than thirty, but her adminis-

tration was conducted with such skill, ability and tact that she established a very high reputation, both for the institution and for herself.

The great work of Miss Willard's life came to her in 1874. The "temperance crusade" had spread throughout the states of the West, and had set people to thinking and women to working. A leader in the work of organization was needed and many eyes turned toward Miss Willard, who from the first had shown a lively interest in the movement. Her spirit was intensely aroused by the visit of a band of women to the city council of Chicago, to ask that the Sunday closing ordinance be enforced. The women were slightingly treated and were rudely jostled by jeering crowds upon the streets. "Treat any woman with contumely," said Miss Willard, "and as soon as she hears of it every other woman in the world who is worth anything, feels as if she, also, had been hurt." She threw herself into the cause with all the fire and energy of her being. She began to make public addresses which, by their fervor and earnestness and their choice diction, were a powerful factor in the agitation which followed the crusade, and in its splendid results.

In the summer of that year Miss Willard paid a visit to the East. While there she attended a temperance camp-meeting near Boston, where she delivered an address that at once established her name in that part of the country, as a woman of extraordinary gifts and culture. She also visited the slums of New York City and gave her voice to the work that was being done there by Christian women. While there she was called to Chicago to take the position of president of the Women's Union that was being organized. The call was so imperative that she could not resist it. When she was on her return westward, she received at Pittsburg what she termed her "crusade baptism." The crusade was at high tide in that city and praying bands were daily marching the streets. Miss Willard had not yet been in actual personal contact with the movement, and she stopped at Pittsburg for two or three days, that her own eyes and ears might see and hear. She had taught for a time in the Pittsburg Female College and received a cordial welcome from her friends. She attached herself to a band of crusaders, and with it she marched from place to place, kneeling with the others in the saloons or on the pavements, and her voice was most effectively given in pleas for abandonment of drink and for a better life.

Miss Willard entered upon her enlarged field of labor in Chicago with a zeal born of consecration. Time very soon made it clear that no mistake had been made when she was chosen to lead the work. The cause became as dear to her as her own life, and for more than

twenty years, until her physical nature gave way under the strain, she gave to it all her talents, all her energies, all her strength of mind and body. The history of the race presents no higher and holier devotion to God and humanity. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the exponent of that which is best in latter-day civilization, more than any other society that was ever formed. Its scope is the broadest, its aims the highest and its history the most heroic. From it have sprung auxiliary unions, of young women and girls. These are to the parent society what the Sunday School is to the church — a recruiting ground where soldiers receive their training and inspiration for the work. As president of the Chicago organization, Miss Willard was chiefly instrumental in the erection of that magnificent building known as the "Woman's Temple." This will stand an enduring monument to her ability and her power to command the confidence, and the assistance, of those around her.

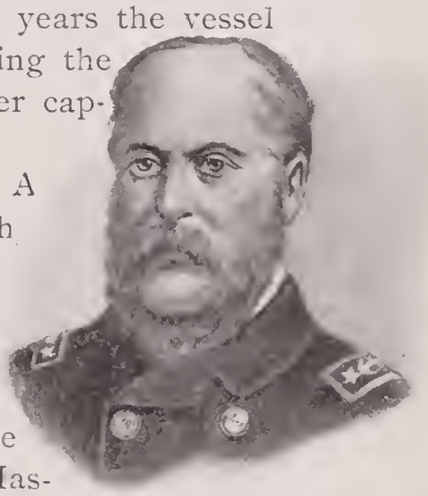
So rapidly did the temperance movement spread. that within a year from the time "Mother" Stewart led her praying band in the first crusade, it was determined to form a national organization of women. This was done at a convention in 1875, and Miss Willard was the unanimous choice for its president. The movement spread to other countries and a mighty woman's union was formed, which embraced the world, with members from nearly every nation. Again, Miss Willard was called higher, in recognition of her worth, and became its executive head. She was regularly reëlected to this position, until her seat was made vacant by death. Her place was filled by that noble exemplar of her sex, Lady Henry Somerset, of England.

Miss Willard died in New York, February 7, 1898. She was not old,— only fifty-eight,— but her physical powers had been exhausted by hard and constant work. There can be no doubt that death came to her prematurely, because in her zealous devotion she had overtaxed her energies. It was with the keenest sorrow that her friends watched her as she slowly but surely passed to the tomb. Millions mourned the death of a good, true, earnest, noble woman. A most valued legacy which she left to young women is her volume, "How to Win." It is especially helpful to the young, but no person can read it without being made better.

JOHN ANCRUM WINSLOW

He sent the "Alabama" to the bottom of the sea.

"SINK, burn and destroy everything which flies the ensign of the so-called United States," were the words of Jefferson Davis, in his commission to Captain Raphael Semmes to take command of the Confederate commerce destroyer "Alabama," destined to become "the scourge of the seas." For nearly two years the vessel continued her career of destruction, successfully eluding the most diligent pursuit and the best-laid plans for her capture.



But the "Alabama's" course was to be ended. A naval officer whose birthplace was Wilmington, North Carolina, was destined to prove more than a match for Admiral Semmes. That officer was Captain John A. Winslow. His mother was a member of the celebrated Rhett family of Charleston, South Carolina, some of whom were then in the service of the Confederate States. His father, though born in Massachusetts, had founded the Charleston house of John Winslow and Company. When the war of 1861 began, young Winslow was in the service of his government and remained loyal thereto, despite the efforts to induce him to "follow his state." He served with credit in the navy, and in 1864 was in command of the wooden corvette "Kearsarge," with the rank of captain. He was ordered to the English and French coasts to watch for the "Alabama," then known to be in that part of the Atlantic waters. The "Kearsarge" was at Flushing, Holland, when a telegram sent by Minister Dayton, at Paris, gave Captain Winslow warning that the "Alabama" was in the harbor of Cherbourg, France, where she had put in for coal and repairs.

The "Kearsarge" immediately put to sea, and entered the harbor of Cherbourg, two days later. Through the consular agent, Captain Semmes sent a challenge to Captain Winslow, stating that he would at once fight the "Kearsarge" on the high seas, outside of the international three-mile limit. Semmes was more brave than wise. Winslow accepted the challenge, and on Sunday, June 10, about half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon, he saw the defiant ensign of the "Alabama" as she came out of the western entrance, accompanied by the

French ironclad steamer "Couronne" and the English yacht "Deerhound." The "Couronne," after seeing the combatants outside of French waters, retired into port. The "Kearsarge" was about three miles from the entrance of the harbor, and to be certain that none of his movements might take place in French waters, as well as to draw the "Alabama" so far off that, if disabled, she could not escape to the shore for protection, Captain Winslow moved out about seven miles, followed by the "Alabama." At eleven o'clock the "Kearsarge" turned about and approached her adversary, and the latter promptly opened fire. The "Kearsarge" made no reply at once, but ranged nearer, apparently to run down the "Alabama," but really to get a position directly astern and "rake" her. Semmes slowed his engine and presented his starboard battery to the "Kearsarge." Both vessels then began to circle around a common center, and Winslow, keeping under full speed, fired his first shot at the distance of half a mile. He delivered an effective broadside, then wheeled the "Kearsarge" and discharged the other, while the shot and the shell of the "Alabama" passed over the "Kearsarge" without damage.

At the distance of a mile, the 11-inch guns of the "Kearsarge" made gaps in the hull of the "Alabama." The latter sent a 100-pound shell through the bulwarks of the "Kearsarge," which burst with a terrific explosion. The "Kearsarge," in return, disabled a gun of the "Alabama" by a shot which killed and wounded eighteen men. A shell exploded in the bunkers of the "Alabama" and wrecked the engine room. At length the "Alabama" turned her head to the shore, followed by the "Kearsarge," pouring in a furious fire, until the flag of the "Alabama" came down and a white one was displayed. Shortly afterward, the boats of the "Alabama" were lowered, and an officer in one of them came alongside the "Kearsarge" and announced that the "Alabama" had surrendered and was fast sinking; in a few minutes the "Alabama" went to the bottom.

There was great rejoicing over the death of the "Alabama." Captain Winslow was promoted to a commodore, and words of praise for his gallantry were upon every tongue. He rose to the rank of rear-admiral in 1870, and commanded the Pacific squadron until his death in 1873.

After the war, the United States secured from the English government an award of fifteen million dollars to pay what were known as the "Alabama claims." This amount was distributed to the merchants and ship-owners of the United States whose goods and vessels had been destroyed by the "Alabama." The liability of England was based upon an alleged violation of the neutrality laws, in permitting the vessel to be built and fitted for sea in a British port.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